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Ladies' Home

JOURNAL

January 1959 35¢

The Magazine Women Believe In

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WHAT DR. SPOCK DIDN'T TELL US
A Frantic Parent Hilariously Reveals All

10 WAYS TO MAKE A FORTUNE TODAY
By the Men Who Did

MRS. EDWARDS LOST 50 POUNDS AND IS HER OLD SYLPH AGAIN

CONDENSED NOVEL "THE HOSTAGE"
COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

St. Louis Woman
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Ladies' Home Journal

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VOL. LXXVI NO. 1

January, 1959

JOURNALITIES



Lenore Turovlin

When a baby sitter was unobtainable, did you ever try taking your baby to a party—an adult New Year's Eve party, say? The couple in LENORE TUROVLIN'S story (*Happy New Year*, on page 32) do just that. The outcome is rewarding and the parents learn something about human nature—theirs—the hard way. The writer, a young mother in Forest Hills, New York, claims all her formal learning came too easily. "I wish I had a string of academic titles to tie onto my name, but, alas, I am a living monument to overacceleration and never graduated anything properly. My round eyes lend me a look of spurious intelligence and alertness that has fooled every teacher I ever had, and I was skipped and whisked along from kindergarten through college. Since my children have grown older and harder to fool, I've had to fill in and adjust my education so the awful gaps don't show too much. However, a great deal is forgiven a mommy who gets her stories printed in the JOURNAL."



Charles Henry

"While waiting to be discharged from the Army, I was assigned a fill-in office job which included, along with practically no duties, a windowless cubicle, a desk and a typewriter," CHARLES HENRY says, "so I became a writer. I am married and my wife is an actress [Molly Dodd]. The idea for my first novel [*The Hostage* on page 36] came to me in the wings of a theater while I was watching my wife do a scene with my next favorite actress, Shirley Booth. I don't believe this is any slight to that night's performance—where else do you start a novel but in the tense backstage atmosphere of the theater? As my wife frequently appears on television, I often have two of her around the house at the same time. Otherwise we lead a quiet and untheatrical life. Our idea of a big evening is to have friends in for dinner and a round of parlor games, or just talk."



Lesley Conger

We have a brief confession from LESLEY CONGER, who wrote *The Inside Window*, through which you will see on page 34. "I never saw the window," she says. "A friend described it to me. As far as I know, she never saw it either. All of it—window, courtyard, tree and bench—existed only in her imagination, then in mine, and now, I hope, in yours." She has written a great many short stories, and she is not certain where her characters or the details of their lives come from. Imagination strong enough to invent seemingly real people is part of the creative process no one understands. "When I need them," she says, "they simply seem to be there. Occasionally I get an idea from my husband, but I am sure he wouldn't recognize it unless I told him—and then he wouldn't claim it."

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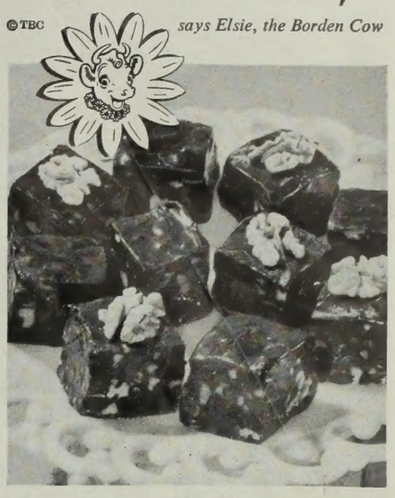
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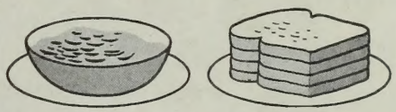


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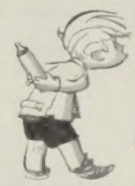
The seven Devlins—with Master Nicholas on the far right.

BOTTLES ANONYMOUS (OR PROBLEM OF THE MONTH)

Westfield, New Jersey

Dear Editors: I have a dear little boy of three. I say "dear" because I've promised to read this letter to him when I finish. My problem is that Nicholas chooses to drink his milk from a bottle instead of the cup.

A new baby in the family has only served to make Nicholas remember his glorious infanthood, and he can be found *anywhere* sporting a bottle in his back pocket. Nursery school will accept him in the fall and I really can't see that bottle packed in between those peanut-butter sandwiches. On the other hand, mindful that we must remove symbols of security slowly, we approach the problem with infinite care.



To point up that there are those who get along swimmingly without one, we may say:

"Superman doesn't have a bottle."

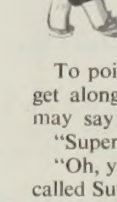
"Oh, yes he does," he will laugh. "It's called Super Bottle."

"Ah—Senator Crane down the street doesn't have a bottle."

"It's in his briefcase," Nicholas will sigh quietly.

As one can never be sure of anything, I retrench until I can show definite proof of my statement.

Now I have many dear friends who feel that they can solve my problem. Who can miss the opportunity to feel wonderfully adequate and abundant with capability? One neighbor offered that her little Betsy Lou's bottle was removed at five months with the tale that the good fairy had taken it. I found out later that Betsy chews up Teddy bears at night and has consumed dozens of unfortunate stuffed animals. Heaven help the good fairy if she ever catches up with her!





Then there is the old chum who shouted across the supermarket, "Is your boy still on that bottle?"

"No, he just carries it for me," I snapped back.

"Why, my little man has been drinking from a cup since two months. He does chew a raft of bubble gum at bedtime, though, and we can't find who's pushing it in our neighborhood." I noted little Atherton in the corner—a nervous little fellow with well-developed jaws who threw light bulbs at his mother at regular intervals. Dodging and ducking with great success, she waved good-by to us.

If I were a lion instead of a mouse type I would simply throw everything resembling a bottle away and let him scream. On the other hand, I might state quietly some fall evening that the baseball player with the *highest* batting average doesn't drink from a bottle at all.



Then again maybe I can pack that bottle crossways in between those peanut-butter sandwiches.

Most sincerely,
WENDE DEVLIN

Are Organizations Rearing Your Child?

Somewhere in New Jersey

Dear Editors: At our local children's museum last year, three girls sought entrance at the five-o'clock closing time and had to be turned away. This hit the town with the impact of an atom bomb. A new building program was launched—and facilities were expanded to include a pet-lending library, complete with zoologist, an art class and an assortment of hobby classes that required enough volunteers to staff a hospital.

All this was conceived through the dilemma of three children who were wandering the streets because their mother was "baking Christmas cookies and wanted to get them out of the way." It still hasn't occurred to a single person who repeated this tale that baking cookies with mother was a much more rewarding experience than pawing a rock collection with a stranger.

Running any project requires untold hours of work. And the brunt of youth activities falls on the shoulders of parents. This releases every goblin in Pandora's box. Junior's membership in a team or pack becomes a necessity while mother carries out her duties. As more and more mothers become involved in civic duties,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

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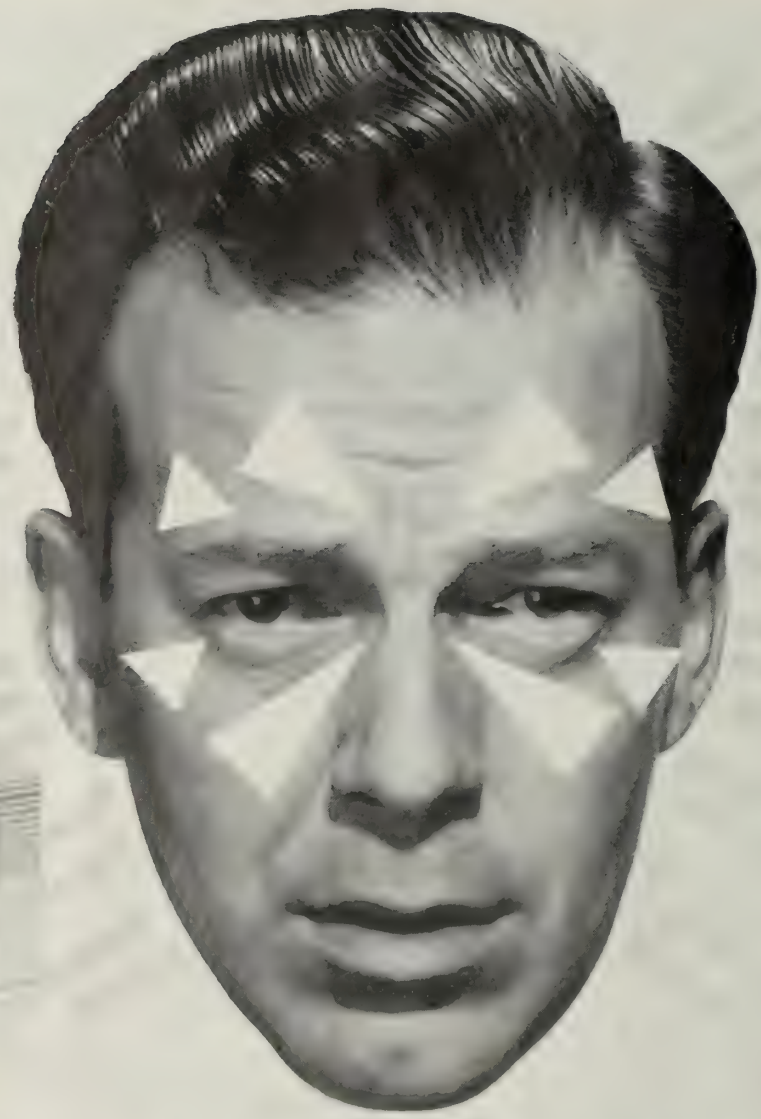
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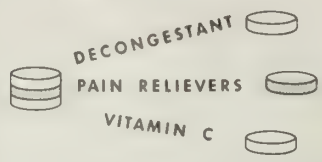
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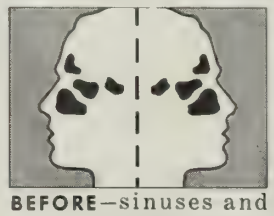
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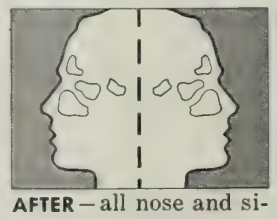
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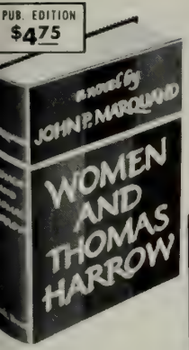
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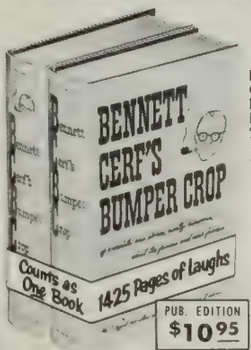
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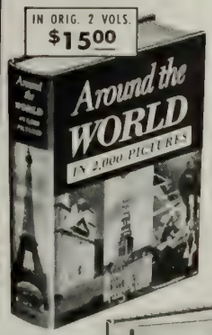
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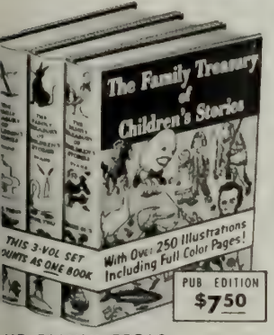
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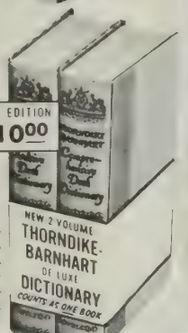
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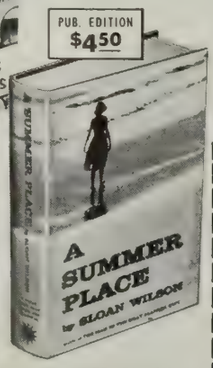
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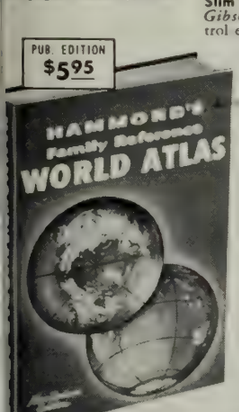
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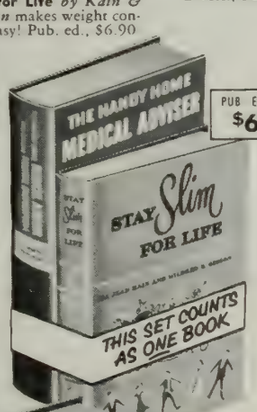
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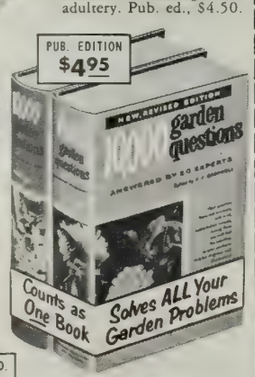


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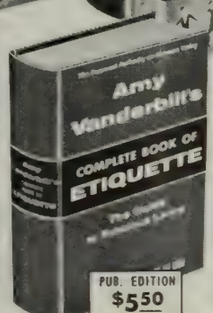


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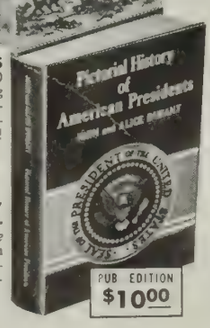
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To Serve Your Family Better

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

more and more activities must be planned for their children.

One year I assiduously "answered the call"—but after a too revealing glance at my disposition and haphazardly run household, I paused in my merry round of volunteering and tried to find out what I was doing and why.

I started with the schools—and was lost in a veritable maze of special-activity rooms. There isn't an interest, talent or hobby that has been overlooked; and then, at 3 o'clock, streams of children pour forth into the outstretched arms of waiting organizations. There are the Scouts, the Y's, the Little Leagues, the Campfire Girls and the 4H Clubs; there are local groups sponsored by the Kiwanis, the Soroptimists, the police, churches, synagogues and the recreation department.

And yet—in a recent survey in our community, three fourths of the teen-age group thought the community wasn't offering enough for their pleasure. Only one boy worked at home, or elsewhere, after school hours. None mentioned studying. The greatest complaint was the lack of nightly activities. No one mentioned a family-planned excursion.

Meanwhile, the children who need the therapy of wholesome activity are neglected. For lack of parents able or willing to assume civic responsibilities, children from broken homes, or with working parents, are herded into town-operated centers where supervision is lax. The settlement house in our community (one of the few left in the state) fights for existence while Little Leagues go merrily over the top to their financial goals.

Today's child starts out his athletic career clad in the finest uniform—and he is being umpired to death. Gone are healthy squabbles. There are so many rules and regulations that children miss half the fun of growing up.

We parents are also missing once-in-a-lifetime experiences. The whack as a bat hits the first home run, the first glimpse of nature in spring, the first sloppy bookend are of true worth only to a doting parent. Instead, our children lose the initial enthusiasm of discovery on a leader nervously counting heads while keeping an eye out for poison ivy.

I am not by nature an iconoclast. But if I have an extra hour to spend from my family, it will go to children who *need* it. My own children belong to nothing but a Sunday school. For their sake, my sake and an overextended community's sake, they will learn of sportsmanship and the beauties of nature at home. If it is humanly possible, I will see that they "Remember Mama" and "Life with Father"—not some den mother or Little League umpire.

Sincerely,
ANN DOELCAM

Of Course, by Return Mail!

North Platte, Nebraska

Dear House Department: I have a friend Elly, and we have a whole family of paper dolls who live in the Portfolio House #8. We paste the pictures on cardboard, and then we lean them against books so that the dolls can stand up in every room. We think it is a georgus house and we make up stories for the dolls who live there.

Elly tore the living room and I am writeing to find out if you can mail us another one? Yours truely,
MARY LINDA BROWN

Why Hate Your Job?

Baltimore, Maryland

Dear Editors: The other day I heard a friend complaining about her job—the hours, the pay, the boredom—and it made me wonder just what would have happened to me if *I* had stayed in the job I suffered through for nearly three years. I'm sure I wouldn't be the person I am now!

I was always able to draw and paint well (I made the best trees in kindergarten), and *everyone* expected me to be the world's most successful artist. I had lessons all through school, and three years of special training besides. Finally I was a commercial artist.

Frankly, I hated it. I loved sketching my friends, but I *hated* the pressure of agency work—and the isolation of free lancing. I wanted *people.*

So I quit. It even meant going back to school at night, but guess what I'm doing now. I'm a recreation director! I work with children all day (I'm a whiz at clay modeling), I sketch in my free time, and my own children will have wonderful murals in their rooms someday. I'll even make more money eventually. (I'll now admit I didn't even do very well with the ads!)

Yours for changes,
BARBARA J. PARKINGTON

Voice of Women

Empress of England
En route to New York

Dear Beatrice: I come from a country whose long tradition holds that it takes two to live a man's life, a man and a woman; a patriarchal country where men have power and women patience.

In the United States, by contrast, I am struck by every sign pointing to your being a matriarchal country. I am told that women own 70 per cent of the property, so the women "who pay the piper call the tune."

As a country ruled by men we English have known some of our greatest periods in history when we have been reigned over by a queen. Four hundred years ago a perspicacious Scot, Sir James Melville, said to the reigning Queen Elizabeth the First: "Your Majesty thinks that if you were married you would be but Queen of England. But now you are both king and queen; I know your spirit cannot endure a commander." Men were commanders of women's lives in law, in learning and in love. In the reign of that "Virgin Queen" my country never ceased to grow in stature in all the manifestations of man's endeavors.

In Queen Victoria's reign that spinster of intrepid genius, Florence Nightingale, broke the Lilliputian strands of family ties, to the undying benefit of battling and suffering mankind. She heralded the dawn of careers for women in Britain, but it took two world wars and the commando raids and imprisonment of Mrs. Sylvia Pankhurst and her suffragette followers in the early years of this century to throw open the doors to careers for non-exceptional women, to secure university places for them, to achieve their legal equality with men, and finally in 1918 to win for them the right to vote in parliamentary elections at the age of twenty-one.

Now the slow wheel of women's emancipation has turned so far that at last four ladies were introduced into the House of Lords, and now sit as Baronesses of the Realm. I watched their introduction. They were clothed in a baron's scarlet robe, edged and striped with ermine according to their rank, and fastened at the neck with a bow of black ribbon. On their head they wore the now historic, newly designed black tricorn hat, enlivened by a golden braid rosette worn on the left side.

The scarlet figures took their oath of allegiance to the sovereign, and walked slowly past the throne where the queen is seated when she opens Parliament. They bowed and disappeared to the traditional murmurs of approval from the watching peers.

Thus have these four women achieved what no other has ever done before, and another page has been written in the annals of our history.

When the young Queen Elizabeth the First ascended to the throne there had been the long civil Wars of the Roses, and the country was impoverished, and the people weary. The first command she gave to her Councillors of State was, "No war, my Lords."

When our young Queen Elizabeth the Second ascended that same throne, two world wars had been fought, followed by their attendant monetary impoverishment, but she has become queen when the status of women in the world has profoundly changed. Women's voice is now heard in the Council Chamber, and at the Congress of the Nations. When that voice is the voice of women from every nation, and it echoes the historic words, "No war, my Lords," then the world might well halt in its mad tracks and this Age of Anxiety disappear.

Affectionately,
NANCY

▶ ***Nancy (Lady Dugdale, who has been in this country lecturing for the English Speaking Union) is a sister of Mrs. Walter Elliot, D.B.E., one of the first four distinguished women to be admitted to the House of Lords. ED.***

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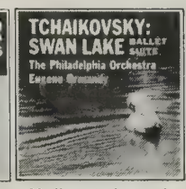


47. Pianistic fireworks abound in these 2 romantic scores



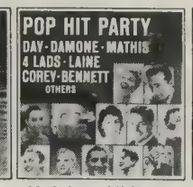
62. Blue Skies, Mean to Me, Nearness of You, 9 more



46. 8 numbers—Louise, Moulin Rouge, I Love Paris, etc.



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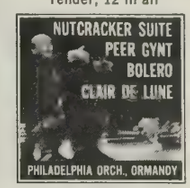
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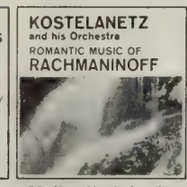


22. Mozart's last work —called "an opera for the angels"



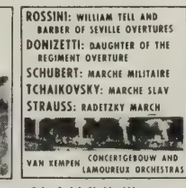
1. Make the Man Love Me, Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, 10 more



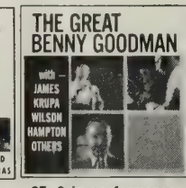
48. Rain in Spain, I Could Have Danced All Night, etc.



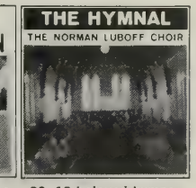
28. Hauntingly lovely music—beautifully played



61. A hi-fi thriller. Six stirring overtures and marches



27. Orig. performances of 11 Goodman Classics in Swing



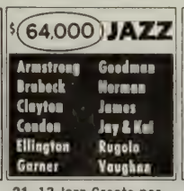
38. 12 beloved hymns —Let Him In, Sweet Hour of Prayer, etc.
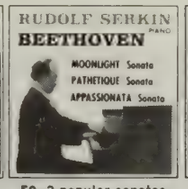


7. Jezebel, High Noon, I Believe, Jealousy, Granada, 8 more



10. Schweitzer's interpretations of three Bach organ works



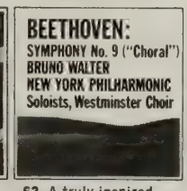
21. 13 Jazz Greats perform Honeysuckle Rose, Laura, etc.



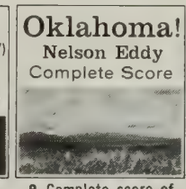
50. 3 popular sonatas —played with rare keyboard artistry



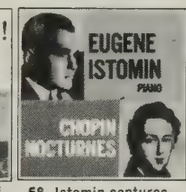
19. Duchin plays The Man I Love, April Showers, 13 more



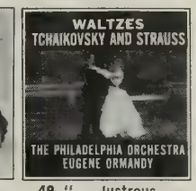
63. A truly inspired performance of this majestic work



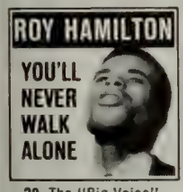
9. Complete score of Rodgers & Hammerstein's great hit
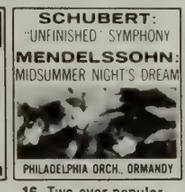


58. Istomin captures all the poetry and passion of Chopin



49. "... lustrous sound"—High Fidelity. 7 waltzes



29. The "Big Voice" sings Ebb Tide, I Believe, 10 more



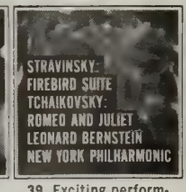
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EDITORS



SAMUEL CHAMBERLAIN

Seagoing men and their families have worshiped at the First Parish Church of Kennebunk, Maine, since 1773. In 1803 the church was enlarged by the usual method of sawing it in half and moving back the rear section. The belfry, which contains a Paul Revere bell, was erected at that time.

PALACES EMPTY OF EDUCATION

BY DOROTHY THOMPSON

In this space I have frequently, in the past, written about the condition of American education. A digest of one of those articles, "Must Schools be Costly Palaces?" which reappeared in The Reader's Digest for October, 1958, has brought me another spate of letters from teachers and citizens. Letters received in the past eventually filled a suitcase. They are no longer in my possession; I thought them worthy of expert analysis and forwarded them to the Council on Basic Education, which is fighting to have fundamental learnings restored to our public schools at the sacrifice of "frills."

There has recently been so much discussion about the shortcomings of American education that the public probably thinks that great progress is being made in its improvement. I doubt it very much. If there is an increase of scholarships for gifted pupils—almost exclusively for those gifted in the sciences—there is little indication that the teaching these pupils receive is, or will be, radically improved. The fact that a young person receives a degree in physics or chemistry no more proves that he is a competent physicist or chemist than does the receipt of an A.B. degree from any one of hundreds of colleges prove that the student can read, write or spell words that he uses every day.

Meanwhile, super-duper school "plants" are expanding from coast to coast, burdening the taxpayers with bonded indebtedness and maintenance costs that are beyond the capacity of the community to sustain.

Over a year has gone by since I reported on several Northern New England primary and high schools that have recently been erected, and on one in particular.

At the time I wrote that article this high school was not quite finished, and its estimated cost was $650,000. Optimistically I accepted the figure; a year later it is completed—for nearer $700,000. The entire community it serves has fewer than 5000 people; its "students" number 282.

What has been the effect on the community? Taxes have gone up so high that many people (in a largely home-owning area) are wondering how they are going to keep their houses, and some are selling them. The recession has deepened, rather than retreated; business is slower in the stores; cars are not selling well; the woolen mills which employed nearly all the able-bodied men and women of one small district with which the school is consolidated are working only part time; machine tools and other industries that employ labor some twenty miles away are staggering employment—the men and women are sufficiently employed not to be eligible for unemployment relief, but must cut down on their standard of living.

Women with small children, who never did so before, are going out to work, usually in households, or are taking work home.

Extensive plants do not in themselves improve basic education. One school in particular had an exceptionally devoted teaching staff, many of whom had served for years. By reason of experience and seniority they received *relatively* good salaries. But with a super-duper gymnasium to pay for, beautifully equipped home-ec and shop-work rooms, cooks and dishwashers for hot lunches, something had to be cut, so the teachers were replaced by cheaper ones, just out of teachers' colleges.

These costly and expensive plants are actually *interfering* with real education. The last graduating class of one Vermont high school refused to accept as valedictorian the best scholar in the class because he had never taken a course in driving! His parents did not want him to learn to drive. Probably they took notice of the problems of the parents who have scenes at home when they want to use the family car if it conflicts with one of Junior's dates. Probably they also thought of the gas bills, and the increased insurance costs. Doubtless they had noted the appalling accidents in which sons and daughters of their neighbors or acquaintances have been killed, maimed or sent for weeks to hospitals; and perhaps they realized that one reason why Junior stood at the head of his class was that he spent time at his books, and got to bed at a decent hour. But in this town driving has since become a *compulsory* study, and to help finance it 50 cents has been added to the cost of every driver's license.

In this state junior licenses are granted at sixteen. The accident rate has been so high that the authorities will probably be forced to raise the age to eighteen. And if teen-agers are to learn to drive and receive school credits for it, we might well, in all states, copy the European rule that no one is granted a license who does not understand

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the mechanism he is to drive and be able to take a car apart, at least in theory, and put it together again. A mechanic in the home able to make at least minor repairs, and disposed not only to check gas and oil but occasionally to remember that batteries need water, would perhaps be able to reduce to some degree the car's expenses.

Some schools positively encourage expensive and unhealthful habits. A friend recently visiting me from a neighboring state informed me with bitter humor, "Our school is *really* superior! We have a *smoking room* for our teen-agers!" She added, "We've kept our boy and girl from smoking, but now the jig is up. Youngsters all want to be like the others." And she added, "Cigarettes are thirty cents a pack. My husband gave up smoking purely as a matter of expense. I know he is just going to refuse to pay the kids' cigarette bills, and then there will be wrangling in the family."

In the course of time and in the face of observed realities I have revised many previous opinions, one of them being on the subject of hot school lunches. These have become, it seems, compulsory for all public schools, primary and secondary, that receive state or Federal aid. I shall not pass a blanket judgment against them under any and all conditions, but I will make a few observations. The first is that they add greatly to building and maintenance costs. A modern kitchen and cafeteria, together with a dining room, are extremely expensive to install and require a cook and sometimes the wages of a girl to help with preparations, wash dishes and wait on table.

Secondly, in none of the schools I have used as illustrations can the pupils and faculty all be fed at once. They must be fed in three sittings, which means that they stand in line, and eat in a rush, something extremely bad for digestion.

When children carried their lunches to school—as to a picnic—they had a full hour in which to eat them; no special room was required, nor additional service of any kind. When the weather was fine they ate outdoors, at other times they gathered in compatible groups in any classroom, often exchanging titbits from one another's boxes, afterward neatly disposing of wrapping papers in containers set out for that purpose.

The Federal Government, which on the one hand pays farmers to produce more food than they can sell, and on the other pays them not to produce at all, finds school lunches one way of disposing of the food the taxpayers have compulsorily paid for. But distributing it into every hamlet, village, town and city is also expensive. Even a tiny four corners, with a one-room school, receives rice, beans, onions, potatoes, spaghetti and macaroni by the hundredweight; butter, canned beef, pork, lamb, frozen turkeys and chickens, cheese and canned fruits in quantities sufficient to feed a regiment. What is left over when the next shipment arrives is taken away to a central distribution center and nobody in my community can tell me where it goes from there.

When the pupils come home in the evening to a family meal either they are not hungry or they complain of the home food in comparison with that of the school. "My fourteen-year-old son, now in high school, says he can't bear eating margarine, and why do we never have butter on the table," a small-town woman writes to me. "He simply cannot understand that the reason we can't afford butter is that over a quarter of my husband's income, deductible at the source, goes for Federal taxes, and that the taxes on our home have doubled in the past three years. He thinks everything he gets at school comes for free. He doesn't understand anything about work, either work with his brains or with his hands. He will not assume the slightest family tasks without being nagged (which he resents). At school he is waited on at table—at least a girl takes the dishes away. At home I am expected to do the same thing. He never gets up."

The great English public (private) schools, such as world-famous Eton and Harrow, do, and have done, just the opposite. The children of lords, earls and industrial magnates live at boarding school a life so austere that home seems a paradise of comfort and luxury. Here, except for families who really do live luxuriously, the opposite is the case. School is a place where you play, eat well and have a good time. Home is where someone tries to make you do your homework, help with household tasks and mow the lawn.

I find this *psychologically* very serious. Whether done deliberately or not, it is conditioning the young to a collective mentality, in which the state becomes the indulgent parent and the home irksome.

In the Soviet Union nothing struck me so much as the fact that home life was practically nonexistent and all the pleasures of life collective. Schools, to be sure, demand and get hard work and strict discipline. But out of school all pleasures are through state institutions. Home is drab and crowded, with no place where either adults or youth can entertain their friends. But there are clubs, superb children's theaters, public recreation grounds, magnificent sport palaces.

For the Soviet system it must be said that those children who are able to absorb the only education that is offered—aside from schools for the retarded, to train them in becoming efficient manual workers—are really superbly taught. But what is the result of mass education, preposterous indulgence, selective courses at the high-school level, and luxury schools in this country?

Some time ago I received a letter from a Western college, from which I quote:

"Instead of collecting stamps, antique glass or Audubon prints I collect specimens of spelling from college students who come to the clinic at the student-health service, of which I am director. This is a state school where the only entrance requirement is a high-school diploma. Sometimes I wonder how a student completed the eighth grade."

My correspondent enclosed a list of 325 descriptions by students reporting to the clinic for help, or answering the question: "What is your chief health problem?" Lest I should think she was making it up, she enclosed samples of the original slips made out by the students themselves.

Like the author of the letter, I shall be indulgent of the spelling of medical terms which the students probably heard from doctors and rarely, if ever, encountered in print—though many felt competent to diagnose and prescribe for themselves. I find it laughable that one thought he needed "violent ray." I continue to wonder what complaint can be called "whoritis," hoping the obvious conclusion to be false.

But the ability to distinguish between words in common use, or to spell either phonetically or visually words the students use every day, is really appalling.

Injured and injury are spelled *injoired, ingury;* stomach appears as *stomic, stomick* or *stomac;* sore throat is seldom described with both words correctly spelled. Students complain of *sour* throat, or *soure* throat, sore *throut, soar throught* and (most commonly) of *soar throte.* This is real illiteracy, inability to distinguish in any way between three commonly used words: sore, sour and soar.

Vomiting is spelled *voimting*—a total ear failure—and heart repeatedly appears as *hart.* Nausea is written *nassau, naseau* and *neausea.* Although all know the word athletic, they spell it, in describing athlete's foot, as *atheleats* and *althele.* An ingrown toenail is *ingroin.* Asiatic flue is *asiaasitic flue,* and flu is spelled *flue* and also *flew*—apparently the mind saw no disparity between an infection, a chimney and flight.

Rupture is *rapture* (which it certainly is not!), gland *glan,* fever *feaver,* knot is *not, notte* or even *nod,* ache undergoes remarkable translations and appears as *eag* or *ach.* Tongue is *tounge* and *tung.* Neck is *nek*; a youth suffers from having been "kicked in the kindy (kidney) by a borse" (horse). They have *coulds* and *coles,* complain of *coff,* are *laim* in *muscels* and *mussels,* suffer from *bruses, inflimmations, acme* and *acknee.* They have difficulty *swalloning,* have *molds* and *molls* (moles), and have trouble with their *noises* and *wirsts* (noses and wrists), or have *spraned* or *spranned* their *ankels.*

Medical science or simple therapies, administered to them wholly or partly gratis, will, no doubt, quickly cure ailments less serious than *paranitel sist,* or *pianiel cysoulia* (no translation attached), but nothing whatever will redeem young men and women who have reached the age of eighteen, stuffed full of calories plus indolence; unobservant, incapable of seeing or describing anything. They do not care. Society owes them an education, and a college diploma will open the doors to positions which will carry "presteege" but require no real and concentrated effort, of which they are, in fact, incapable. END



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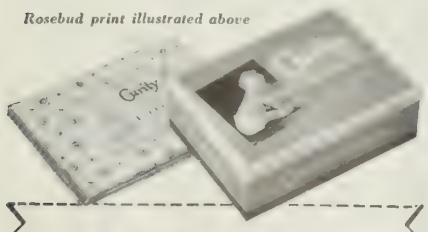
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DR. SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHERS

There's a mean child in every block

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

"Can the parent physically protect the child who gets picked on? In some ways yes, in more ways no."



ABBOT MILLS

A mean older child scares the life out of an inoffensive youngster just to see him suffer.

"I wish that you would write about how parents can teach their children how to meet the cruel kind of teasing without indulging in it themselves. All the children I have observed engaging in a kind of sadistic teasing have been teased that same way by an older brother, a father, an uncle. (I have never happened to find it a sister, a mother or an aunt, but expect the male sex has no monopoly.)

"You might think from my question that in our family we have no sense of humor and do not tease. This is not the case. We distinguish between the kind of teasing which makes us all laugh and the kind whose object is to produce tears, despair or anger.

"For examples of the latter type, a playmate locked one of my children in his cellar and left her there for a fair part of the afternoon. My daughter was bothered. Two teen-age boys took a favorite toy from my three-year-old, hid it, and told him it was lost forever. My child was nearly hysterical. How can I help my children not to be too much bothered, without giving them the idea that such treatment amounts to little and that it would be all right for them to treat other children that way?"

This mother brings up a major problem. She also throws in a couple of side issues—about the difference between gentle and cruel teasing, and about males' being the worse teasers—which I had better try to dispose of first. I'm not sure there is an absolute difference between friendly kidding and the mean kind. Both are meant to hurt, at least a little. A good parent may kid a child who is beginning to make a nuisance or a monkey of himself, as a more playful way of bringing him back into line than scolding him. This parent's intention is good, and he tries not to use an amount of sarcasm that will hurt feelings badly. In the same way an adult may tease a good friend, as an indirect, socially acceptable way of showing that he is irritated with him.

There's a lot of difference—in degree and in intention—when a mean older child shatters the feelings or scares the life out of an inoffensive younger child with cruel stories or pranks, just to see him suffer. This is simply a release of sadistic feelings without any other justification. But even here you can see that the torturer is showing a bit of control in that he's using an indirect, imaginative form of cruelty instead of hitting the child with a stick. (He can't be quite so easily accused of overt wrongdoing, though the effect is just as bad.)

I agree with the writer of the letter that men and boys are, on the average, much worse teases. The possible reasons get us back to the old controversy about whether males are temperamentally different from females and, if so, whether this is inborn or due to upbringing. My own opinion is that most boys are born with greater aggressiveness than most girls but that they also, as a safety measure, have more mechanisms for controlling aggression, which parents and other teachers take care to foster. Our society—in the person of fathers and older boys—teaches each generation of younger boys that kidding is one of the acceptable ways, even an admirable way, of expressing irritation or hostility. It is developed to a fine art by the wit. A majority of girls and women don't see the fun in artfully fashioning their hostility into jokes. They are much more apt to express it directly, when they feel justified.

Before we leave the subject of a father's teasing, I want to add that, even if it is well intentioned, it may be too sharp for a young child or a sensitive one. The child hasn't been around long enough to develop a thick skin for such darts or to be able to get a laugh at his own expense. He realizes at a very early age when he is being laughed at, and feels totally ignominious. It will be years before he will be able to fight back with his tongue.

I agree with the mother when she observes that if a child is constantly mean, it is usually apparent that he has been regularly taking meanness from someone else in the family. But I would add that it is not necessarily just teasing, as she suggests, but harshness of any kind from either sex.

What kind of defenses do parents have against teasing or bullying of their children? There is usually no point in moving to a different neighborhood, even if you can afford to. It has been the experience of most parents that there's a mean child in every block. When you move into a new house with a sensitive child, it takes the local bully only an hour or two to show up.

Can the parent physically protect the child who gets picked on? In some ways yes, in more ways no. Preschool children who tease may be stopped as long as a controlling adult stays right on the spot, but the inhibition doesn't usually last very long afterward. A mother who is likable may be able to persuade a neighbor child of school age to be more kind, if he has only a small streak of meanness and has responsible parents who, he thinks, might hear complaints. On the other hand, if the mother flies out like a cross witch, the neighborhood children will consider her an enemy, lump her and her child together as undesirables, and feel quite justified in further persecution. The confirmed bully retreats only temporarily when pounced on, and lies in wait for further opportunities to tease the child, and the mother too. He often has parents who have little control over him and who are either insensitive to neighbors' complaints or rudely refuse to believe them.

I do think that a mother of a sensitive preschool child can accomplish a lot if she is able and willing to devote a part of each day to supervising the outdoor play of her child with others of his age. I don't mean that she should be directing the play all the time and I certainly don't mean that she is there to scold the children who are unkind to her precious one. But a friendly adult, just by her presence, keeps children in line. If she sees tension developing she can distract them into a new activity, and if hostilities break out she can calmly step between the warriors,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 17



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

either as a suggester of compromise or as a stone wall. In the long run a mother's unobtrusive control of a group of moppets helps her timid child to find, gradually, an enjoyable place for himself. Or she can sometimes get her child out of the habit of being a victim by taking him, for a few months, to play with a group farther away which happens to have no meanies in it.

A father who has a knack with boys can, by playing games occasionally with the gang, help his son a bit in gaining acceptance and learning not to be so afraid of teasing.

If we are really going to find the basic answer to teasing, though, we've got to figure out why certain children get teased so easily while others escape almost completely. You might think it was a matter of physical strength and skill in self-defense. That may be a helpful factor but not the main one, for sometimes a husky child is persecuted by one who is much smaller; and you can often see a frail, clumsy child getting along fine in a group that contains mean ones.

There are some children who draw down teasing on themselves the way flowers attract bees. They not only have a fatal attraction for the real bullies, they seem to bring out the meanness in average children. Occasionally it is an obvious quality like quick temper. I remember a boy in my childhood who got along with the gang all right most of the time, but if he was needled just right, he'd suddenly explode with temper. He'd race around with a purple face, screaming like a banshee, striking out clumsily at the circle of hooting tormentors. Teasing him was like lighting a rocket, and temptation to get him going was irresistible.

More often the child who is *very* easily teased is a somewhat sensitive, timid type. He meets other children with a facial expression which is a mixture of distrust and unfriendliness. He does not usually attack, by action or words, but he looks as if he fears that children will attack him and as if he dislikes them all on this account. They detect this instantly. They feel provoked to attack by his expression. Of course his attitude is due, in part, to the accumulation of bad experiences he has had with them, and you can't blame him for that. The question remains, however, why he started with poor social relationships in the first place. There are various factors in a child's earliest years in the family which might contribute to such a disposition. I think myself that an occasional baby is born more apprehensive than the average; and then the usual run of unfortunate experiences, which hardly make a dent on another child, keep adding to his mistrust. In another case, a mother who is inclined by her own anxiousness to be overprotective may give her child the feeling that he is safe only when he is close to her and that the rest of the population is suspect. Sometimes the first child of very devoted parents is slow to learn the fun of give-and-take because for his first couple of years he has been the focus of so much gentle or fussy adult attention, and because he may have had little experience with other roughnecks.

To put it the other way around, when parents are fortunate enough to have dispositions composed of reasonable amounts of affectionateness, self-assurance, easygoingness, it is more simple for their children to untie themselves gradually from the apron strings, and to turn to other children with the expectation that they will be as easy to get along with as the parents have been. Children, like adults, find in the world about what they are disposed to find. The neighborhood bully is not tempted to attack the friendly self-confident child nearly so often as he is tempted to attack the fearful, self-conscious one.

All this is not to say that the timid young children who get picked on are doomed. Most of those who are reasonably well adjusted in other respects find comfortable social places for themselves sooner or later. Some of them become unusually successful, having gained strength and understanding from their troubles. It is important to distinguish in early childhood between those who are gaining in assurance and those who are being pushed farther back. The latter can profit from child guidance, or their parents can get help from a family social agency.

But the mother who wrote the letter does not complain of a continuous problem of persecution of one child. She speaks only of occasional teasing of various ones of her children. She asks for advice about how to handle it and whether telling a child to fight back will not make him mean too. I have a couple of suggestions in addition to those I made earlier. I myself would never try to teach a normal child *not* to fight back. Well-adjusted children get into occasional mild fights from the time they begin playing with others (which they should preferably do as soon as they learn to walk). This is one of the ways they learn to respect each other's rights and to stand up for their own. This doesn't make them mean. I would not interfere in ordinary brief scraps as long as the children were fairly evenly matched in spirit, were doing each other no serious physical or emotional harm, and were generally friendly characters. If I had to interfere, I'd do it casually, rather than with shaming. (If my child were more aggressive than average and fought too much or without provocation, I'd seek professional advice.) To put it the other way around, I think it can handicap a child who is a generally friendly person to teach him that it's wrong ever to come to blows. (Incidentally, a usual problem, when parents become alarmed because their young child is too timid, is that they can't persuade him to fight back, even when his persecutor is smaller.)

Parents can help a child not to be too upset by teasing, and thereby improve his chances of not being teased so soon again (make him less teasable), by not being too upset themselves. With every new and potentially disturbing experience, whether it is a thunderstorm or a barking dog or an injury, a young child looks to his parents for the cue in how to take it. If a mother, listening to the tale of a weeping or frightened child, becomes visibly agitated and talks indignantly of the tormentor as if he were the devil incarnate, it can magnify the child's sense of the danger he was in, and might be in again. If she rushes out several times a day, obviously to scold the aggressor or to rescue her child, she teaches him that his only defense is his mother. On the other hand, she doesn't need to be hardhearted. She can comfort him for a minute and then cheerfully send him out again, as if she assumes he'll be all right. If he keeps complaining, she might suggest ways in which he could pooh-pooh future threats or fight off the attacks if they come again. It is not that he can surely defend himself the next time with her suggestions, but her assumption that nothing horrible has happened, and her confidence that in the long run he can take care of himself, will make him at least a bit less obviously fearful on the next encounter, and therefore less likely to invite attack. When I point out the consequences if an upset mother constantly flies to the defense of her child, I don't mean that she has to sit paralyzed in her window watching him be bullied. If things look serious she can always saunter out, as if on another errand, and her presence will usually do the trick.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—Ed.

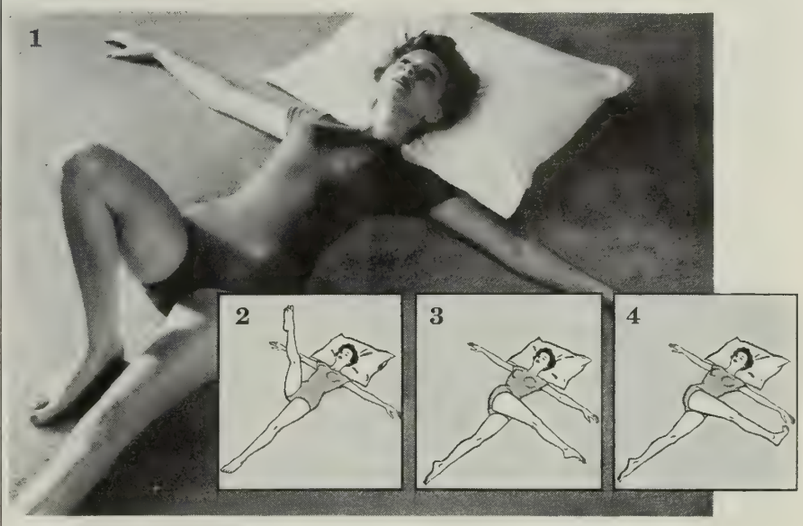
OF FEMININE FASHION AND THE TENDER PASSION

By GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

If we must have revivals,
Try peekaboo blouses
And black silk hose.
They've had few rivals
At making spouses
Of cagey beaux.

An information-packed article about your baby's care, feeding, growth and fun.

Help yourself to a better after-baby figure



New feeding secret you should know

Plain talk about baby talk

Of course you can hardly wait to get a nice flat tummy again! But before you begin after-baby exercises, *ask your doctor's permission.*

• **The Maternity Center Association** teaches this exercise to help maintain good muscle tone and circulation in the abdomen, waistline and legs. It's meant for use after baby is two or three months old.

• **Lie flat** on floor or a firm mattress, with your head (not shoulders) on pillow; legs straight; arms out to sides; body in good alignment. (1) Flex right leg. (2) Raise leg straight up. (3) Keeping knee stiff and shoulders flat, twist lower body so right leg is parallel with arms. Point toe down, like a ballet dancer. (4) Point toe up, toward left hand. Then reverse action, from 4 to 3 to 2 to 1. Repeat exercise with other leg.

• **A good after-baby figure begins** in pregnancy! For a free copy of "The ABC's of Prenatal Care," Heinz authoritative new book, just send your name, address, expectant date, and ages of your older children to: Heinz Baby Foods, Box 28, D-26, Pittsburgh 30, Pa.

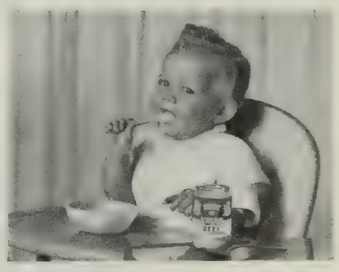


• **Baby loves to hear himself talk!** Long before he says a word, he likes you to "talk" with him. After six months or so, he'll start trying to mimic your sounds as well as tone. If you talk only baby talk, he'll do the same. Better "speak English," or you'll make baby's learning job harder!

• **For your convenience,** Heinz is *first* to begin offering baby foods in easy-to-open, screw-top jars. Just a twist of your wrist opens or reseals Heinz exclusive new screw caps—already on several favorite desserts.

• **To be sure** which flavors and textures babies like best, *we "ask" the babies!* Hundreds of babies taste every new recipe before we add it to the Heinz Baby Food line. Mother watches carefully and marks baby's "X" on a ballot, for his favorites.

• **Let your toddler** pat lotion on the new baby occasionally. Asking him to help makes him feel much less left out of things.



Over 100 Better-Tasting Strained and Junior

HEINZ Baby Foods



. . . including meats, cereals and juices

• **Know the easy new way** to make sure baby gets a balanced menu? Serve Heinz' High Meat Dinners—protein-rich, meat-and-vegetable combinations containing *3 times* the usual amount of meat, plus nutritious vegetables and cereal. With milk or formula, fruit or fruit juice, you can rest assured that baby's meal is truly balanced.

Will Your Children Play Second Fiddle To a Big Car?

by GEORGE ROMNEY
President, American Motors Corporation

As the father of four, I know only too well how the cost of raising and educating



a family grows more expensive with each passing year. As the price of food goes up . . . as the costs of clothing, medicine, education continue to mount . . . family budgets are often strained to the limit. And, in far too many cases, the added expense of a big, oversized, gas-hungry car robs the children of things they need.

Big Cars Cost More Than You Think



In 1958, the average American family poured 10% of income after taxes into their automobile—some as much as 50%. Big-car owners often spend up to $1500 annually in depreciation, gasoline, repairs, insurance, etc. Think how much even a small part of this sum could mean to a youngster interested in travel, in musical training, or even in a professional career.

The Compact Rambler Cuts Costs

Hundreds of thousands of families have discovered that the compact Rambler—with big car room, small car economy—is the sensible answer. While almost every new car this year will be bigger, heavier, *more costly*—Rambler for '59 offers bigger savings than ever before—with even more miles per gallon and highest trade-in value. It is easiest to turn, to park, to handle in traffic.



New For '59 *"PERSONALIZED COMFORT"*

Sectional sofa front seats for driver and passenger glide backward and forward independently . . . assure comfortable legroom for both. Reclining seatbacks, adjustable headrests, too, help make driving a *pleasure* again. Try out "Personalized Comfort" for yourself. And let your Rambler dealer show you, in black and white, how Rambler can save you hundreds of dollars in 1959.



George Romney

THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER



HARRY MACE

"Try not to think about it. sometimes that helps."

Our neighborhood's champ worrier: when her daughter's third child arrived she was still agonizing over hurt feelings of people she forgot to invite to the wedding.

With puzzled embarrassment, my Brave New Worlder next door confesses on their family vacation he found himself stealthily reading a paper-back Sexual Behavior of the Teen-ager, while his teen-age son read (and explained to him) a book on Einstein's theory.

"I haven't the heart to throw away lovely Christmas cards!" muses Betty Comfort, lunching on a slice of holiday fruitcake. "Maybe I'll paper a room with 'em. Or at least a closet."

It's easier to diet at home, free from exotic temptations. But I can save as much as $5 or $10 a day if I diet while traveling, snubbing rich and expensive dishes. (On my superman, high-will-power days.)

Our village matrons (even my wife) are so prim about the new shorter skirts (or the old ones shortened). Their mothers once wore 'em shorter than the magic 15½ inches; and I predict knee lengths again, one of these days.

Our town's most indomitable motorist reports that within a few years the entire East Coast from Boston to Norfolk will link up in one uninterrupted urban area. "You'll never be farther than a mile or two from a hamburger or a poor-boy sandwich," he predicts.

Once upon a time I dared comment flippantly on my Dream Girl's feather hats. But now that the wives of two of my bosses also wear 'em I conclude discretion is better than valor.

Some of our friends act startled when they hear our Junior has chosen to become a career officer in the Air Force. Later they do a double take and tell us how discontented their own sons are in the pleasantest of civilian jobs.

Among Detroit wizards, my pet is the saboteur who installed my ignition lock so delicately that every month or two it retreats shyly into the inner recesses of the dashboard. I'm forced to fish for it while lying on the back of my neck, muttering blessings upon him.

One of the fathers in our block is being chided by the amateur psychologists: he told his son to win a few A's and B's in his classes at the state university, and lose twenty pounds, before he takes his hi-fi music to the campus. This might wound his psyche?

You can distinguish the Sedates in our town from the Brave New Worlders at the New Year's Eve dance: at midnight they kiss their own wives instead of some other man's.

Every three months my Dream Girl and I celebrate by inviting a couple in for a breakfast of champagne and scrambled eggs between 9 and 10 A.M. A sound dietitian, she decrees that four times a year champagne is an acceptable substitute for fruit juice.

I've advised our young collegian to choose golf over wrestling in his required phys. ed. course. "After you graduate," I confided, "you can't very often phone a friend and suggest 'Let's wrestle tomorrow afternoon.'"

Our town's antisniffle doctors frown more and more on open bedroom windows in cold weather. "Enough fresh air," they warn us, "gets into an insulated house around the weather-stripped double storm windows."

I hear our daughter-in-law in Japan is the proud owner of a new knitting machine. I hope it's something that'll knit a necktie that won't stretch to seven feet.

Our town's stingiest millionaire is gleefully saving more pennies a new way: he intentionally sends all his letters and post cards out carrying the old postage, lets the recipients pay the extra pennies due.

Our village philosophers discussed at lunch why Americans have gone so entertainment mad. "If a clown, an actor or a singer can make us forget reality for a moment, we fawn as if he were a demigod or grand duke!" growled our local Cato, wolfing his pie à la mode.

I admire the new "model homes" in our town; such gimmicks! One has an intercom speaker above the front door. You can hear the doorbell as you sit in your tub and respond clearly, "We don't want any!"

No matter how much the roadside cafés dilute canned soup, it often remains tastier than the "homemade" concoctions. When touring I carry a few tins of soup in the car, my defense against "home cooking."

"We men are all growing stronger and silenter," growls Peter Comfort, putting on skates at the pond. "Not because we haven't anything to say, but because our dear talkative ladies won't let us say it."

Our Autocrat of the Coffee Break argues a few literate states are quite backward. "Their villagers suspect the city yokels of having too much fun," he explains, "and so cheat 'em with unfair taxes and too few seats in the legislature."

A greater plague than any uncertain risk of lung cancer is the pugnacious untidiness of cigarette smokers. They make their presence smelled, a defunct cigarette in every ash tray left for nonsmokers to empty.

Face to face with the challenging Russians, are we Americans getting fuzzy-witted more swiftly because of radio and TV? Or do we accept TV and radio because we're fuzzy-witted? After an hour of TV I feel ashamed, embarrassed, guilty.

I've just seen the Air Force Academy cadets, and I marvel how swiftly they've attained a quality like Army's or Navy's. If we could train diplomats or writers that way!

. . . When Junior states the arguments pro and con with irresistible logic and force,

. . . And our daughter gives birth to her third child with charm and éclat,

. . . Or our son-in-law writes me a three-page letter worth an A in senior English,

. . . And my wife keeps our household records like a C.P.A. and even balances my checkbook,

And all this besides remaining easy to love: then my cup runneth over, and I wear my wedding band like a medal.

CLAIRE BLOOM co-star of "THE BUCCANEER"
A Paramount Picture in VistaVision Color by Technicolor



. . . so beautiful . . . a Lux Complexion



"...lovely colors to please the eye
...a gentle lather that feels so good
...a complexion that's softer and smoother..."

THAT'S THE BEAUTY OF LUX

That's how Claire Bloom describes Lux. As one of Hollywood's prettiest young stars, Miss Bloom knows how important it is to have a complexion that looks lovely at all times. So she uses Lux.

Of course, *naturally gentle* Lux, with its creamy Cosmetic lather, can do as much for you. All four pastels and White Lux come in both complexion and bath sizes. And the Lux fragrance is a blend of several fine perfumes.

Used by more beautiful women all over the world than any other soap . . . Lux is the proven beauty care. Lever Brothers unconditionally guarantees complete satisfaction with Lux—or money back.

9 out of 10 Hollywood Stars depend on Lux





Piping-hot new way to brighten breakfast, from Betty Crocker

New Wild Blueberry Muffin Mix

(And guess what—mixing time just 3 minutes)

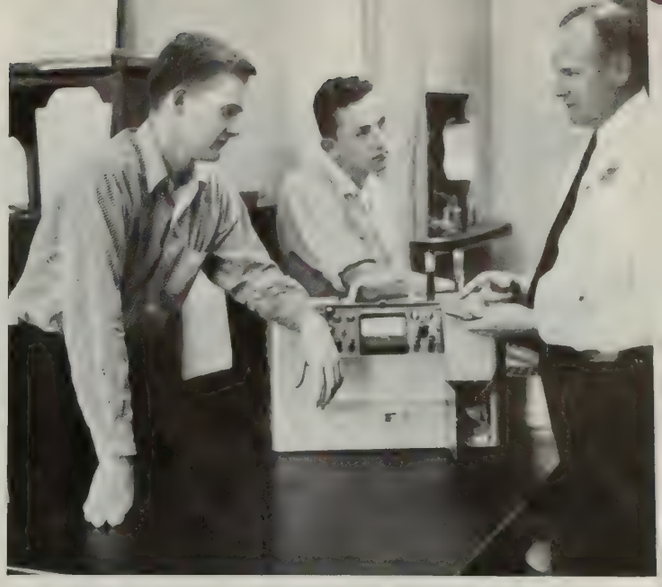


So new... so easy... and such a wonderful way to start your family's day: Plump, steaming-fragrant muffins bursting with the fresh flavor of wild north country blueberries. All the ingredients you need to make muffins like this are in one package (even the can of juicy-sweet blueberries). And the mixing time is just 3 minutes! Tomorrow, give family hearts a happy lift with this newest of famous Betty Crocker Muffin Mixes.

Betty Crocker Muffin Mixes also come in Orange, Corn, Date, and Raisin Bran flavors. Guaranteed to turn out homemade perfect every time.

GOOD CITIZENS IN THE MAKING

Teens Intern in City Government



Teens learn police work is not always "glamorous," that it includes sorting traffic tickets as well as solving robberies. Chief Joseph Blackmore briefs them on modern methods and equipment.

Young Volunteers

By MARGARET HICKEY

Saturdays are busy days for teen-agers everywhere. Opportunities for fun beckon—but the call to service is sounding too. One proof that sensitive and responsive hearts are not limited to any age is the work of high-school girls in nine cities who give their Saturday mornings or afternoons to assist the visiting nurses of the Dominican Sisters of the Sick Poor.

Going with the nuns into homes of the ill—Catholic and non-Catholic alike—who cannot afford to pay a nurse, the girls help change beds and give baths. Often they take over undone household chores: wash dishes, clean rooms, shop, put children in the tub.

In Ossining, New York, 29 ninth- through twelfth-graders take part in this volunteer program, giving an average of one full day a month (much more in summer) to nursing visits, in addition to the time they spend in preparatory classes on Saturdays at the Dominican convent. Before girls can accompany the sisters (who are all registered nurses), they must have 40 hours of instruction in home nursing (Red Cross course), ethics and approach to illness.

"We try to prepare them for the social conditions they will meet," says Sister Mary Virgine, who is in charge of the nationwide program, "and often this means helping them realize that poverty is not necessarily rags and filth. We try to make them see that it could be their home." When a case is particularly difficult or a patient is close to dying, a sister will give the young volunteer advance preparation for what she will encounter. "I have never seen a girl show any sign of disgust or repulsion," Sister Mary Virgine reports.

The girls are also taught some recreational activities suitable for the ill, and when holidays, birthdays, wedding anniversaries come around, the volunteers use after-school hours for friendly visits, giving small parties in patients' homes.

Similar groups of visiting nurses' aides are at work in New York City, Denver, Detroit, Boston; Dayton, Cincinnati, Columbus and Springfield, Ohio. Often they include older girls who have continued after high school.

Service as a volunteer can be an experience which shapes lives. A number of the girls have gone into nurse's training. Reflecting the feelings of many, one wife and mother writes, "It was the best preparation I could possibly have had for marriage." END

The little girl seemed to be lost. Slowly she walked along the rather forbidding corridor of the City Building, looking hopefully into each office, backing away again. Everyone appeared to be very busy: there were a great clatter of typewriters, a rustle of papers, a chatter of voices. She paused, confused, and spotted a pretty young girl hurrying out of a door marked "Chief of Police." Quickly she ran after her. "Lady, lady!"

Seventeen-year-old Sarah Smith turned and smiled. "Why, hello. Are you looking for someone?"

The child nodded. "I want to know," she said shyly, "where you go to get the money daddies pay mommies after they're divorced."

After she had recovered from her surprise, Sarah took the little girl's hand. "I don't know," she confessed, "but we'll soon find out. You just come with me."

Recounting the incident to her parents one night last spring, Sarah said, "Honestly, until you work in city government, you can't imagine how many things city officials actually *do!* Who screws new street-light bulbs in after they burn out, for instance? And where do firemen's boots come from? And who decides if it's O.K. to have a parade or run a bazaar? All these things you never think about—unless"—she laughed—"you happen to be a high-school intern!"

Sarah, then a vivacious high-school senior in Middletown, Ohio, is one of numerous students who have learned about city government through actual experience as interns. Every afternoon from 3:30 to 5:00 the old yellow brick City Building is filled with twenty-odd enthusiastic boys and girls engaged in every conceivable activity—from conducting traffic surveys to drafting a "welcome" pamphlet for new residents of Middletown. "Frankly, I never thought the kids would help *us* so much," admits City Manager Charles Thompson, who originally conceived of the program as an educational experiment. "But the boys and girls aren't content simply to *learn;* they want to put their learning to good use."

The city manager's office walls are lined with professional-looking maps showing all land owned by the city, all recently annexed areas, street resurfacing work done each year. "I'd wanted maps like these for years. The teen-agers dug in the files, collected the necessary information, transferred it to maps. Now I can't imagine how I got along without them! Hundreds of such jobs which would make our daily work far easier must normally be left undone, because of more immediate problems. In these jobs, the interns are invaluable."

Doris Kronborg, clerk of the city commission, agrees. Sandy and Phyllis Figgins, twin sisters who "never came to the City Building except to pay the water bill" before the intern program started, found themselves working out a master application form for the myriad licenses issued by Miss Kronborg, and streamlining her system of filing ordinances. "When completed, the new system will speed up my work tremendously," Miss Kronborg says happily.

In the department of inspections, Dave Danner and Russ Galloway made a careful study of signs in the downtown area, noting details of size, method of construction, state of repair, projection over the sidewalk. "All this legwork takes time," says one official, "and the kids are wonderful at it. I only wish we'd started this program years ago."

Middletown's unique plan sprang into being three years ago through a happy coincidence. At Middletown High, assistant principal and Dean of Boys Herman H. Lawrence decided to form a citizens' club to promote responsibility and intelligent citizenship in school, home and community. Encouraged by the student response—since 1955, the club's membership has skyrocketed from 23 to almost 300—Mr. Lawrence began investigating ways to canalize the members' enthusiasm into really worth-while activity.

At this same time, City Manager Thompson was concerned with an idea stated almost two centuries ago by Thomas Jefferson: "Democracy depends upon an educated electorate." Aware that a city's health, community spirit and social conscience are mirrored in its local government; and that, inevitably, local government reflects the interest or inertia of the people, Mr. Thompson was looking for a way to give Middletown's citizens a better understanding of their town's government. And what better ambassadors could be chosen than bright, imaginative young people?

When the two men met, ostensibly to arrange a government-class tour of the City Building, both were bursting with bigger ideas. Together they planned the intern program through which juniors and seniors might volunteer to spend one or more afternoons a week actually working side by side with regular city officials. Students would have a chance to sign up for departments which interested CONTINUED ON PAGE 23





Why Grapefruit keeps your vitality high!

For Vitality—Get Your Vitamin C The Natural Way! To keep your youthful vitality, you must get a fresh supply of Vitamin C every single day—because it's one vitamin your body can't store up. And it's equally important to get your Vitamin C *as nature intended*—in combination with the other vital nutrients and health benefits found in fresh Florida grapefruit. That's what's meant by *Vitality* Vitamin C!

• • •

No Wonder The Smart Set Goes For Grapefruit! As your doctor will tell you—grapefruit can play an important part in helping you look and feel youthful—healthy—full of life! For in addition to natural Vitamin C—grapefruit and grapefruit juice provide other important vitamins and minerals—help maintain your alkaline reserve—fight fatigue and give you quick energy.

• • •

It's Smart To Be Trim! And fresh Florida grapefruit is satisfyingly *low* in calories. Grapefruit is loaded with *flavor*...not pounds! Enjoy fresh grapefruit through the day—as a sparkling appetizer before meals—in hearty main dish salads—instead of rich desserts. Get your Vitamin C the *natural* way—in delicious fresh grapefruit from Florida.

gold mine of Vitality Vitamin C

WONDERFUL GRAPEFRUIT SPOONS THAT REALLY WORK!

4 for $1.00

- Serrated tips eliminate sectioning
- Famous William Rogers Silverplate
- Lovely new pattern—goes with any service
- Amazing value—you'd pay 3 times more in stores

MAIL TODAY! Grapefruit Spoon, Dept. L, P. O. Box 64, Wallingford, Conn.

Please send me_____set(s) of 4 Grapefruit Spoons.
I enclose $_____in cash or money order.
(no stamps, please)

Name_____
(Please Print)
Street_____
City_____ Zone_____ State_____

FRESH GRAPEFRUIT

from **Florida**

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

them most, but would get no school credit or pay for their work, and would do all their interning after school hours.

An excellent idea, both agreed—but would it work? Would students already busy with extracurricular clubs and sports be willing to sacrifice precious after-school hours in the interest of good citizenship? Would city officials approve the project? When Mr. Thompson explained the idea to heads of departments, some were dubious. Members of the citizenship club, however, reacted with excited approval. Thirty signed up immediately, and others were placed on a waiting list. "It's too fast . . . too unexpected . . . we don't have room for them all!" protested the city manager, pleased but rather overwhelmed. And indeed, there were quite a few problems to cope with during those first weeks. In the absence of a general orientation period, department heads had to explain their work individually to each new intern who reported for duty. The popular fire and police departments were swamped with eager volunteers, while less "glamorous" jobs in purchasing and finance went begging. Other questions arose: Should teen-aged boys be allowed to accompany patrolmen and firemen on calls that might be dangerous? Should interns be rotated from department to department, or should they remain in one job? Is it fair to give youngsters the responsibility of typing and filing confidential reports of the municipal court and the health department?

One by one the questions were answered, gradually the necessary adjustments were made. Now in its 4th year, the intern program is a little smaller and considerably more efficient. Before starting work, students hear an introductory talk by the city manager or his assistant, Patrick O'Brien; afterward, department heads explain to the group as a whole what their offices do, and how they relate to one another. After this careful briefing, students decide which jobs appeal to them most. They may continue to work in their chosen department throughout the quarterly term, or they may be shifted after having completed a specific assignment.

Don't flatter yourself that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. The nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

This year for the first time students may report on their intern work instead of writing a research paper for their government courses. But—"I didn't even know about that part when I signed up," says Tom Tenforde, tenth-ranking tennis player in the state and top student. "I really enjoyed working in the Personnel Department—getting credit for it, too, was just frosting on the cake."

Mr. Lawrence, who confesses that he has to discourage some of the juniors from interning in order to make room for interested seniors, estimates that well over 100 students have taken part in the program so far. Some of these, like pretty Sarah Smith, were active as both juniors and seniors.

Sarah, literary editor of the yearbook and vice president of the debating team, completed over 300 hours of work in comparison to the 100 hours usually expected of interns. Filing accident reports, checking dog-license records, posting water bills, Sarah slowly began to realize "all the things people think just mysteriously get done actually take a lot of time and work. Those city officials have to worry about broken sidewalks and jammed parking meters—to say nothing about something complicated like the sewer tax!"

Tom Tenforde can tell you about that. "A lot of people didn't understand the reason for the sewer tax, and kept complaining. Mr. O'Brien gave me a lot of cut-and-dried facts about the sewage system, and it was my job to condense all that information and write a sort of brochure in terms that made sense to the public."

Tom also helped plan the highly successful student election, in which five mock commissioners were chosen to "run" the city for a day.

"All candidates were put on the ballot by properly notarized petitions," Tom explains, "and they made speeches at the regular 'Know Your Candidate' night after the real candidates for city offices had spoken. They even spoke on the same issues—whether to annex West Middletown, the need for an overpass at Central Avenue, whether municipal employees should be unionized."

Lynn Danner, who helped Tom plan the election, and on her own organized a student League of Women Voters, remembers what a large crowd attended the meeting, in spite of a heavy rain. Both Lynn and Tom were elected to the commission, later helped appoint various "city officers."

On the long-anticipated "City Day" a "crime" was committed, the culprit brought before Chief of Police Noel LeMoyne, and tried before Judge Rosalie Maffett with Sarah Smith as prosecuting attorney.

Such enthusiasm is gratifying to Manager Thompson, who hopes that at least a few interns will decide to make city government their career. And in some cases the influence of the program is already evident. Blond Kay Clark now plans to major in government at college. Sarah Smith has decided she wants to teach government in high school. And senior Max Sample liked making traffic surveys so much that he's seriously thinking of going into police work.

Max and Noel LeMoyne, working for Chief of Police Blackmore, stood on a particularly busy street corner one afternoon and counted all the left turns. "We counted about one hundred and fifty in an hour," Noel told his parents that night, "and man! Some of those cars went around on two wheels! The chief says that's a dangerous corner, and because of our survey he's going to prohibit left turns there from now on."

One of Noel's most fascinating jobs so far was taking calls for the desk sergeant. "The first time I answered the phone, expecting nothing less than a murder or a fire," he grins, "it was some guy wanting the correct time. But once I got a call about a kid hit by a car, and had to send an ambulance over; and another time there was a big oil-company robbery!"

Noel isn't the only intern who comes home in the evenings full of anecdotes about "what goes on at the City Building." One girl's mother confessed that, purely because of her daughter's interest, she had started listening regularly to radio broadcasts of commission meetings. Tom Tenforde's father, head of the tax department in a large steel company, was intrigued by his son's work on the sewer-tax brochure. "When Russell was a junior, I warned him to *save time* for this particular project," says Mrs. Galloway, busy herself as a minister's wife and mother of five children. "My eldest daughter was first president of the citizens' club, but by the time the intern program got under way she was too involved with other activities to participate. I was always sorry. A chance like this—to broaden young people's outlooks, teach them the realities of life, arouse their civic consciousness—well, such opportunities shouldn't be lost!"

One girl who lost no opportunities as an intern is Nancy Kincaid, who graduated from high school over two years ago but is still remembered for her quick wit, her dependability and her eagerness. Nancy had not been interested in many high-school activities, so when she "fell in love with the intern program," her parents were delighted. After a few weeks of inspecting beauty shops and barbershops for the Health Department, Nancy started working with Doris Kronborg, clerk of the commission. Soon she began attending regular meetings of the commission, calling the roll on motions, listening attentively to the discussions. In the summer, as a temporary employee, she handled work in Miss Kronborg's absence,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

Old-Fashion Soup Kettle Supper

Only Minute Rice makes it . . . so old-time good, so easy!



On winter evenings . . . warm the cockles of your family's heart with piping-hot Soup-Kettle Supper! It's so wonderfully tasty, and such a delicious way to use up leftovers!

Recipe for a friendly meal with real vigor!

Easy! Easy! Fry 8 strips of bacon until crisp in that big family soup kettle . . . leave 2 tablespoons of the drippings; then crumble bacon...add 1 cup diced cooked ham or beef, or any leftover meat . . . sauté until lightly browned. Then—add 1 pkg. of frozen or 1½ cups cooked mixed vegetables, 3½ cups of canned tomatoes . . . 3 cups water or broth, some salt and pepper, a bit of finely chopped parsley . . . and then—most important of all, because this is what makes your Soup-Kettle Supper so great . . . 1⅓ cups of nourishing Minute Rice!

Bring to a boil; then let your Soup-Kettle Supper simmer until the vegetables are just tender and there!—within minutes—delicious Soup-Kettle Supper is ready for your family . . . warming, robust, stick-to-the-ribs! Serve Minute Rice's Soup-Kettle Supper soon! Makes 1 quart.



Tested Recipe from General Foods Kitchens

IMPORTANT NEW CONTRIBUTION TO FAMILY HEALTH!

New **Soilax** with **GERMISOL**

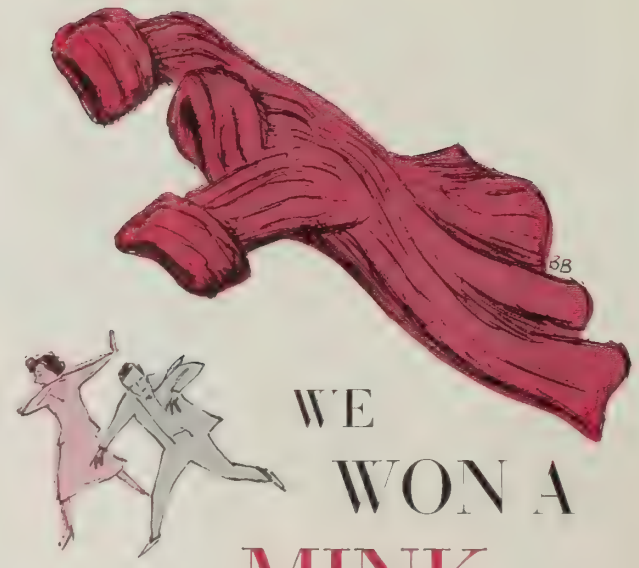


REMOVES GERM-LADEN HIDDEN DIRT OTHER CLEANERS CAN'T REACH!

- Reduces infection threat from germ-ridden surfaces
- Exclusive new ingredient fights bacteria on contact
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- Wipes on anti-germ protection with every stroke
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Clean the Healthier way— **Soilax** *with* **GERMISOL**

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WE WON A MINK ELEPHANT

A lucky winner tells how her fabulous prize has changed her life . . . and how much she'd like to change it back.

By VIOLA H. EVANS

A little over a year ago, by the act of putting twenty-five little words on a contest blank, I came into possession of a perfectly beautiful mink coat valued at $10,000. My husband and I were a normal couple, in our late thirties, with modest, mannerly sorts of aims, and I meant no harm. Now we hardly recognize ourselves as the same creatures. We are seriously in debt, frazzled by countless hours of wasted time and inhuman demands on our patience, the legitimate prey of strangers, and helpless before a large monkey wrench that sits in the middle of our dearest future plans. We would like nothing better than to have done with the care and feeding of this coat, but our simple aim of selling it only further complicated our lives.

It sounds silly, but it began because I needed a coat. I had recently quit a job that had kept me in uniform for three years. We had just taken our savings and put them down on a house in the country—our first. Both my wardrobe and our funds were very low. The contest caught my eye because it offered 53 mink stoles as second prizes, and I worked rather hard on it because I really thought I *might* win one of those. In our circles, a mink stole would have made a delicious splash.

I won the makings of a tidal wave instead. When the news first came we were as excited and awed as anyone would be, although even in that first flush I still had wits enough to ask, "What will we do with it?" The sponsor gently informed us of their legal department's ruling that cash could not be substituted.

The excitement included one of those royal trips to New York that are such fun to read about, including a suite at the Waldorf, bouquets of flowers and a presentation of the coat over a coast-to-coast television show. I was told I would need a light-colored dress for the television cameras, so I bought a beige wool for $22.95 (with money I was saving to buy a coat), borrowed a friend's cloth topcoat, and my husband and I went forth to receive my prize.

I regret to say that my memories of those two days are mostly of my private battle with abject stage fright, and it wasn't until after the show was over that I could relax, appreciate how generous and nice everyone had been, and look at my mink. It was a supple, elegant vision, with policemen standing on guard. It was a Stewart EMBA Autumn Haze, cut with a large collar, tuxedo front and luxurious "cocktail" cuffs. There was a day when my four-skin kolinsky scarf was all I knew about furs, but I know now that the preparation, matching and tailoring of those soft, smoky skins was a work of art. Beautiful as it was, however, I never, even wistfully, saw me *wearing* it. The coat belonged to one world, I another. I would as soon decide to breakfast off gold plate in our little kitchen at home. The coat was not quite finished, and we came home without it, but with the innocent idea that our financial problems regarding the house were a long way toward being solved. *This* would fix the man at the bank who was looking into our mortgage.

Our phone was ringing as we came in the door at home, and it hardly stopped ringing until, three weeks later, we asked the telephone company for mercy and a temporary disconnection. We were driven mad by people who wanted money. They telephoned, they sent bags of mail, from unsolicited merchandise to subscription tickets (one pair worth $25 apiece) and they came to the door. Salesmen caught me dressing, undressing, eating meals and hanging laundry. All the real-estate men who had taken us house hunting in the last year were sure we wanted to start all over again. My day was no longer my own.

Meanwhile, we were a little poorer (counting that $22.95 dress and the price of stamps) rather than richer, and we eagerly awaited the arrival of the coat so we could begin the business of selling it. We knew we would have to pay a Federal tax of from $2000 to $3000 on it, and we wanted to have it sold by tax time.

The day it finally came and I unwrapped it from its box with quite a few extra heartbeats was probably our point of highest hope. Anything up to $9999.95 seemed possible then. Naturally, friends and neighbors dropped in to see it, and they were welcome. Strangers came, too, but precious few to buy; they came to peek. The lack of manners of some took me so by surprise that I found myself standing speechless and helpless. They sniffed and declared that it couldn't be worth more than a couple of thousand dollars, that of *course* the sponsors had misrepresented it to us. They pawed it over as though I were running a bargain basement. A free one-year insurance policy was to come with the coat, but the insurance company was (understandably) investigating my husband and me to make sure we were not apt "accidentally" to lose or damage the coat, and had not yet written the policy. I had to watch while

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

KRAFT Jellies and Preserves are FRESH-FRUIT GOOD!

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The luscious fruit ripened in the sun. It was hurried to our kitchen and carefully cooked at a low temperature so the fresh flavor of the fruit didn't boil away. That's why the Kraft label proudly promises you jellies and preserves that are *fresh-fruit* good!



FOR BREAKFAST . . .
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Spread Kraft Pure Red Raspberry Preserves between hot pancakes and top with additional preserves.



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Spread toast triangles with Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese and Kraft Pure Grape Jelly.



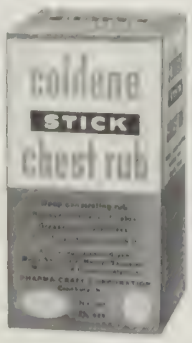
Strawberry Coffee Cake

Spread ¾ cup Kraft Pure Strawberry Preserves in greased 9-inch round cake pan; sprinkle with ¼ cup chopped pecans. Dip biscuits from 2 packages Ballard or Pillsbury Biscuits in melted Parkay Margarine. Place 15 biscuits, overlapping, around outer edge of pan. Make inner circle of 5 remaining biscuits. Bake in hot oven, 425°, 20 minutes. Turn out upside down.

Free Recipe Folder! New ways to add fruit flavor to baked goods, desserts, main dishes. Write Kraft Jellies and Preserves, Box 522J, Chicago 77, Illinois.

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Everything to feed your baby

EVENFLO, RAVENNA, OHIO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

women I didn't know picked up the uninsured coat with lighted cigarettes in their hands, plucked at the fur to see if it would come out in tufts, and dragged it (literally!) across the floor. One night while my husband was out and I was in the midst of washing my hair, my doorbell rang and in trooped fifteen women. They had all been at a party and had thought it a splendid idea when someone suggested, "Let's drive down and see that coat the woman won."

Milton's work took us to Virginia for several months, and we found that no vaults would store the mink without full insurance, so we took it along. Our first harrowing experience was when a thief stole the floor mats of the car while we sat inside a restaurant drinking coffee and the mink was locked in the trunk. After that, wherever we went, so went the mink in its big, clumsy box. We took it to dinner and to the movies afterward. We took it calling on Sunday afternoons. Several fires occurred in the neighborhood of our rented apartment, and I found myself making a beeline for the closet every time I went out to walk the dog.

We found baby sitting for the mink nerve-racking, time-consuming and unbelievably inconvenient, and we were just on the point of buying our own insurance, which we could ill afford, when the blessed insurance policies came through. The mink was stored in a furrier's vault by nightfall.

When we came home again, we (most of it fell on me) turned our full attention to the problem of selling it. The coat had been made to my size, and thanks to its exquisitely elaborate tailoring it would be expensive (not to say a shame) to alter it in any way. One prospective buyer politely declined when her furrier gave her an estimate of $700 to $1000 to alter the shoulders to fit her. This meant that from the first our search for a buyer was limited to 5'7", Size 14 women with (we hoped) at least $4000 in fairly immediate cash.

Such women were few and far between, so here were some of the other alleys I tried, all of which proved to be blind:

I wrote to dress designers, movie and TV actresses, notables and women of wealth, and received courteous answers but no buyer. One of the world's best-dressed women wrote back, "What a lot of money for a coat!"

No charitable organization was interested in raffling it because of its elegance, definite size and the problem of getting back to us at least $3000 which we needed to break even. We couldn't even *give* it away, for under tax laws it would be considered simply a generous gift and we would still be liable for the tax. Since we were not in the fur business, capital gains and losses did not apply.

A promoter who arranges supermarket openings and the like felt it was too risky for him to try to raffle. He brought up the question of whether the person winning the coat would also have to pay the tax, which would greatly reduce its raffle appeal.

An auctioneer warned us that we would receive far too little if we put it up for auction.

A Cadillac dealer offered us his wife's used mink coat and a '57 Fleetwood that had been used for demonstrations. Before accepting, we scouted for possible sales of the Cadillac and thereby added thoroughly to the confusion. I saw Milton's face grow red as we stood in a used-car lot and explained to a dealer that we wanted to sell him a Cadillac we hoped to get in exchange for a $10,000 mink coat we had won in a contest. The dealer's suspicion that this was some new flimflam was perfectly visible, and he ostentatiously took down our license number. While we were still trying to peddle the Cadillac, the first dealer's wife decided that she already had worries enough with her $4000 coat, and the offer was withdrawn.

No furrier would handle the coat, although all were intense in their admiration for it. Furriers are not interested in selling another furrier's garment, especially for only a small sales commission.

The kind of display advertising needed to attract a serious, individual buyer of the coat proved expensive, so we agreed to a certain amount of newspaper publicity. As soon as it ran, more crackpot mail arrived. An anonymous letter gave dire warning that the vault where the fur was stored (mentioned by name in the article) *might* be burgled, and I should hold myself responsible. We turned that one over to the police. We received mystery telephone calls at odd hours of the night. When we picked up the phone someone breathed, there was a silence, then a click as the person hung up.

And sure enough, people declaring an interest in buying the coat trickled in. With literally only one or two exceptions, all seemed to feel that a fair price was an outrageous demand on our part. The newspaper article had made it clear they had us at a disadvantage. One man telephoned that he was kindly bailing us out of our difficulties: his agent was on

SAYONARA

By GLENN WHITE

Shall we die together on the mountain?
I can't have you; you can't have me.
Hand in hand at the edge of nothing,
Shall we step into eternity?

Oh, let's die together on the mountain!
Close, so close, come lovely death.
Come! If blood and earth and water mingle
Spring flowers will be our breath:
The rain, our tears; the breeze, our sigh;
Each leaf that reaches for the light
Will turn to us—and jutting peaks
Against the sun will mark our flight.

Beloved, beloved, embrace me forever—
This is the knife that ends all thirst.
Steady my hand—let's die together!
I'll write some verse about it first.

the way with a check for $2500. When we explained why we couldn't accept less than $3000 he sounded insulted, and when we asked for his name and phone number in case we ever decided to accept his offer, he refused. His "agent" never turned up.

One woman, whom the mink fitted perfectly, was determined to write us a check for $2500. When I explained all over again why we were not yet ready to go below $3000 she abruptly lost interest. She haughtily told me it was sloppily made, its "real" value was $1000 less than she offered, and the value of the insurance policies was proof of nothing. For some reason I cannot take these things calmly. That night I couldn't sleep a wink.

We followed every faint hope of a sale, and made several keenly disappointing trips of more than a hundred miles each way. Once the prospect and I had had half a dozen preliminary conversations by telephone before we started out on a long, inconvenient trip. I had made it perfectly clear that we were asking (at that point) $5000 for the coat, and when we arrived and they saw it, they expressed their delight. Then it came out that the husband expected to pay only $500, because he assumed the coat was "hot." I don't think I'd bat an eyelash now if someone offered us 50 cents.

A man telephoned to say that he had read about the coat and he definitely wanted it for his wife's birthday. He arrived in a shin though not late-model, Cadillac, looked at t coat with enthusiasm, and actually started write his check for $5000. Then he asked i would mind holding the check for a few day and, taking my courage in my hands, I aske his business. He turned out to be a mechan firmly convinced he could make the che good—he had a sure thing at the race track!

Our most frustrating loss-of-sale was to woman from Germantown, Pennsylvani who could have worn the coat without alter tion, and offered us $4000 for it. At the sam time (it doth pour!) we had our most hopefu bid of all: $4500, with $500 actually deposite Ten days later our buyer was in a dreadf automobile accident that sent five members her family to the hospital, and we were on glad that we had not yet spent her $500 a were able to send it back to her. By then, happens, I had lost the telephone number the woman in Germantown. I hadn't her fu name and address. The telephone book list three spellings of her name—four full pag under one spelling alone. I studied that pho book until every exchange sounded familia and we even put two ads in the personals co umns of the newspapers. We have never be able to reach her, and if there were anythi to mental telepathy she surely would have ceived thought transmissions telling her ho badly we wanted to.

The coat remains unsold to this da Meanwhile, the damage it has done to o previously carefully tailored finances is pro ably irreparable. First, we paid a little extra have a tax consultant work out our tax. Ev so, it was questioned, and my husband had put in an appearance at the Internal Reven office. We couldn't *pay* the tax, since hadn't the cash, so we asked for a thr month extension for filing. This, too, meant little extra in interest.

When the extension expired and the mi was still very much a frozen asset on o hands, we settled our tax bill by borrowi $1357 from the bank. If within three years manage to sell the mink for a "reasonable fa market evaluation" we will be able to file amended tax return for the amount we act ally receive (rather than the full $10,000), a we may get some reimbursement. However, our need to cut down expenses we a dropped out of Milton's company's sto bonus plan after ten years' participation. T stock we *might* be accruing can never be d ducted as a loss on any income tax, nor ev recovered.

Lastly, after five and a half years of nig school working for his degree in mechani engineering, Milton has had to abandon t project. We simply can't afford it this year. hope this is only temporary, but so far it is o keenest disappointment and greatest loss.

Our second year with the coat has now gun. We had barely got last year's taxes out our hair when this year's fell due, followed a renewal of the insurance on the coat (at o own cost this year), and, of course, a new stallment on the storage bill. We find o selves, somewhat grayer, trying to foot th bills and salt away $50 a month to liquid our debt. When the note falls due we are going to be able to pay it all, and we hope renew the balance. Yet we are a couple w once felt rash when we undertook a $500 d at a time when we were both working.

We have moved into our own house now could have worn a $10,000 mink coat at m ing time, but instead we did all the packi wrapping, crating, and much of the haul ourselves to save every cent. We would l some new rugs, living-room furniture, *so* thing new and pretty for our new house. had planned to spread a little on such thin but for the time being we are doing witho We are now putting in our lawn from scrat and our most cherished possession is not mink but our wheelbarrow.

The coat makes a fascinating conversati piece for our new neighbors. But we ferven wish, as we stretch our food budget, patch c clothes, repair broken furniture, even try mend our own shoes, that we could once m be "the people who grow those gorgeo dahlias" instead of "those lucky people w won the $10,000 mink coat."



Is your conversation still at home?

Back at the house, the baby sitter's in charge and the children are asleep. Now you're in a different world for a while—the wonderfully exciting world of ideas stretching far beyond everyday cooking and cleaning and mending.

Can you really hold your own in this change of scene? Or did you leave your conversation at home?

If you're the kind of woman who reads LIFE Magazine regularly, you know the fun of being well informed, of being able to share in wide-ranging, worthwhile conversation.

For LIFE brings the whole wide world to your doorstep. More than 350 journalists, the largest staff of any magazine, range every part of the globe, so that you may see what they see and understand it swiftly and clearly.

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Whether the subject is fashion or medicine, theater or politics, nuclear submarines or the schools your children attend, you understand it more fully in LIFE. The great events of our time—and the quiet, heart-warming moments, too—come vividly, intimately alive.

Especially for you, because you're a Journal reader: If you are not already a LIFE subscriber, you can get LIFE at only $4.97 for 37 issues. Mail this paragraph with your name and address to LIFE, Dept. J-3, 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois. LIFE will bill you later.

Only* LIFE *gives you so much understanding...so swiftly, so surely



Peach Pie Parisiènne

Just team up golden cling peaches and MINUTE TAPIOCA® and voila! A fabulous French pastry is born!

Here's the kind of dessert the French are famous for . . . the kind *you* can be famous for! Crisp little shells of pastry . . . and inside each one, a sunny, juicy-sweet peach. *Magnifique!* Just be sure you make them with the plumpest, prettiest, best-tasting peaches you can find. Which means—in *any* language—clings!

- 1 (No. 2½) can cling peach halves
- 4 teaspoons Minute Tapioca
- ¼ cup sugar
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- ¼ cup strained orange juice
- 1 teaspoon coarsely grated orange rind
- 5 or 6 baked 4-inch tart shells

Cling Peach Advisory Board

Drain peaches, saving syrup. Combine ¾ cup syrup, **Minute Tapioca**, sugar, salt and orange juice. Bring to boil, stirring frequently, and cook until tapioca is translucent. Add orange rind, pour over peaches, and let stand 1 hour or more. Just before serving, spoon peach filling into tart shells. Garnish with whipped cream, if desired. **Makes 5 or 6 tarts.**

P.S. If you have a favorite peach pie recipe try thickening it with **Minute Tapioca** instead of flour or cornstarch. No runniness, no precooking—and what a wonderful difference in flavor and color! (See package for easy, foolproof directions.)

"Minute" is a Registered Trademark of General Foods



CLING PEACHES

CANNED CLING PEACHES FROM CALIFORNIA

SUNNIEST WAY TO BRIGHTEN ANY MEAL

"Should I change my personal habits just to please my husband?"

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

"WHAT DOES A WIFE DO WHEN SHE'S MARRIED TO A FUDDY-DUDDY?"

Many husbands and wives are separated by marked differences in respect to age, religion, race or education. Unless these differences are accepted and reconciled, grievances develop and the relationship may be seriously disturbed. Conflicts arising from sources like these are obvious, and can usually be recognized and understood by the couple's friends as well as by the counselor.

Conflicts also develop when standards and values are different, and one mate adopts a form of behavior unacceptable to the other, such as drinking, flirting, gambling or conspicuous dress. Most people can understand why extreme behavior in these respects leads to trouble.

But how much is too much? A wife may tolerate moderate drinking, but object to what she considers her husband's excessive indulgence; by his definition, her idea of "too much" is arbitrary and unrealistic. Similarly, she may regard her manner of conduct with men as mere social pleasantry, whereas he interprets it as flirting.

"We've been married three years and get along well enough except for one thing. My husband objects to what he calls my 'daring' way of dressing and 'teasing' behavior around men. It is perfectly ridiculous. My friends dress the same way and I am no more of a flirt than they are. I am pretty independent and feel I have a right to have a good time in my own way as long as I don't let things get out of hand. . . . What does a wife do when she is married to a fuddy-duddy?"

This wife's wording of her question, as well as the content of her statement, reveals that she and her husband disagree on definitions, as they do on standards and values. What he regards as daring she regards as fashionable. She sees no harm in behavior he considers unsuitable. Unless they can compromise (which is unlikely so long as she feels he is a "fuddy-duddy") their quarrels and hostility will continue.

The basic issue here is a difference of opinion about what is right and what is wrong. Without taking sides, it is easy enough for the objective observer to understand how such differences create problems. The husband and wife themselves may grasp the situation, even though they cannot cope with it.

But in many marriages, conflict centers around personal habits in which no moral issue is involved. Such conflicts are subtle, intricate and may be crucial. It would be hard to classify as morally wrong a wife's tendency to excessive use of cosmetics, her indulgence in slang, her habit of napping during the day in order to stay up late at night. Yet these matters (which she regards as personal concerns) may be seriously distressing to her husband. What she does not see is that persistent behavior of a sort he dislikes is a subtle form of disrespect, even though no moral issue is involved.

"What am I going to do? I love a drink when my husband and I are out for an evening. And I dearly love smoking, though I keep under a pack a day. But Tom neither drinks nor smokes, as his parents disapprove, and so does he. He dislikes my drinking but is willing to put up with it since I am very moderate.

"But he says my smoking drives him wild and he insists I stop by the end of the year, 'or else.' (What that means I don't know and don't want to find out.) We are very happy otherwise, and perhaps I should quit for the sake of our marriage, but I don't see any sense in it. It would be hard to stop; but more than that, I don't see why I should give up something I enjoy just because he demands it. He knew before we married that I smoked. Both my parents smoke and drink a little, and they don't understand his taking this attitude about something so unimportant any more than I do."

Before their marriage, Tom may have felt that his future wife's smoking was not his concern. But now it is, because whatever she does affects him. He may have several reasons for objecting, aside from family background. Perhaps he considers it a health hazard (many authorities would agree). He wants to be proud of her, and he may be one of the men who think smoking unbecoming to women. He may find the odor offensive, as nonsmokers often do.

But whatever his reasons, he is not unreasonable or tyrannical, since he has agreed to her social drinking, even though he dislikes it. The question for this wife to decide is whether the pleasure she gets from smoking is enough to compensate for the pain she inflicts on her husband by persisting in a habit she knows he disapproves.

Giving up a habit or form of behavior which is obnoxious to someone you love does not mean giving up your independence or relinquishing your rights. On the contrary, it is concrete evidence of your concern for his comfort and respect for his opinion. The inconvenience you suffer by giving in will be temporary and minor; the grievance he endures if you persist may be permanent and deep. Smoking or drinking may not create a problem between you and your husband. But perhaps you have some other habit which does. Do you consistently overeat, despite his dislike of overweight? Do you indulge in long "gossipy" telephone calls within his hearing, knowing he is disturbed and annoyed? Do you habitually wear slacks, knowing his aversion to "women in trousers"?

To persist in mannerisms or actions distressing to your husband is to indulge yourself. It reflects lack of consideration and suggests disrespect. Ask yourself if self-discipline for his sake might not be more rewarding than self-indulgence.

BE SURE YOU'RE READY FOR PARENTHOOD—BEFORE YOU HAVE CHILDREN

Most young mothers sincerely want to be good parents, and during pregnancy they may seek to prepare themselves by reading, observation or attending classes in child care. Praiseworthy as these efforts are, being a good parent involves far more than attention to schedules and knowledge of diet and hygienic techniques. Preparation for parenthood should begin even earlier, and should concern the prospective father as well as the mother.

Consider this letter: "During the three years Bill and I dated before we were married, I worked full time in an office. I knew practically nothing about keeping house and could cook only the simplest things. Bill had looked forward to a comfortable home of his own, and I soon realized that the food and living arrangements I provided were hardly what a man would hope for. We had decided I would keep on working until we got out of debt, so that first year was pretty rough.

"But I took night courses in homemaking, and devoured women's magazines. By the end of the year I had things under control and we were out of debt so we began to talk about having a baby. I knew it would mean a big change in the way we lived—less money, less freedom, less time to do things together. Giving up my job would mean I'd be tied to the house. We discussed it for several weeks; Bill said he would take over the heavy chores and help with the baby and he realized he'd have to cut down on personal expenses. Even so, we were worried about finances, but in about four months Bill got a raise and we decided to go ahead.

"Billy Junior is now seventeen months old and we are very happy. We're hoping he'll have a little sister in about six months (we'll settle for a brother). Bill was wonderful while I was pregnant, even going to the doctor with me several times. He still does the heavy work and insists on taking over one night a week so I can get out. Most of my friends started having babies right away, but I'm glad we waited till we were really sure and ready. Money isn't plentiful, but we get by and manage to save a few dollars every month."

This wife makes no attempt to generalize, to advise or criticize other young wives. Nevertheless, her attitudes and behavior reflect a sure regard for the vital elements in happy marriage and successful parenthood. Let's see how her approach can serve as an example to others.

She was sure she loved her husband. Since she and Bill had known each other for three years, their relationship was based on mature affection and respect, not mere infatuation.

She recognized her limitations as a homemaker, and therefore as a wife. Instead of resenting Bill's disappointment or implied criticism, she took definite steps toward improving her skills.

She worked after marriage to establish the family on a sound financial basis, not merely to enjoy a higher standard of living.

She postponed pregnancy until she and her husband were adjusted to each other, happy in their marriage, and sure they wanted a baby. She learned to fulfill her role as a wife before she undertook the further responsibilities of motherhood.

She enlisted her husband's co-operation. By discussing with him her thoughts and feelings, by seeking his aid and thanking him for it, she made him an active partner in the experience of parenthood, even during pregnancy. Now she is encouraging him to be a real father, not a mere spectator. (In their determination to be good mothers, many young wives actually neglect their husbands.)

The responsibilities of parenthood are impressive. So are the rewards. But the rewards are limited unless the responsibilities are fulfilled. This means anticipation and preparation.

Too many young couples today undertake to have a baby simply because their friends are doing so, it is the thing to do, or even in the mistaken notion that having a child will make theirs a real marriage. Such considerations do not contribute to a child's happiness or welfare, or to the stability of the marriage.

Launching a new life is a magnificent opportunity, and an ennobling experience. But to accept the challenge before you are ready to meet it will bring frustration to you and your husband, and will deny the child his birthright. Prepare for parenthood before you undertake it.

ASK YOURSELF: Do You Help—or Hinder?

Most wives are pleased and encouraged when their husbands praise their efforts as homemakers and take an interest in what they do. Probably you react the same way. Has it occurred to you that a man likes to feel his wife cares about his work, is appreciative of his efforts and aware of his progress? The following questions should help you evaluate your influence on your husband's career. If you can't answer "Yes" or "No" confidently, reply "Don't know."

Do You:

1. **Respect the work he does and the job he holds?**
2. **Feel sure he will get ahead?**
3. **Enjoy discussing his work with him?**
4. **Praise his extra efforts, like night work or special study?**
5. **Try to inform yourself about his field?**
6. **Pass on any items that concern him?**
7. **Like his business associates?**
8. **Regularly prepare his breakfast?**
9. **Help him get to work on time?**
10. **See him off in good spirits?**
11. **Look forward to his home-coming?**
12. **Make sure he gets enough rest?**
13. **Listen attentively to his job complaints?**
14. **Avoid "knocking" his job or his boss?**

Count 2 points for each "yes," one for "don't know," and zero for "no." If your total score is 23 or more, you are a definite asset to your husband in his work. The average wife scores between 18 and 22. If your score is below average (17 or less) something is wrong. Either you don't like his work, he doesn't like it, or you haven't learned to work as a team. A frank discussion is indicated.



Now! one soap that handles your skin with kid gloves



For the gentlest care in the world today

flower-fresh

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JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN

EDITED BY EILEEN SHARPE

WHAT WE DO
WHERE WE GO
WHOM WE MEET



DI PIETRO

How to pose the hard way—with a head clamp. Fashion Editor Cushman tries out model Mary Jane Russell at Daguerre exhibit, New York Historical Society. A 40-second pose was Mary Jane's limit.

50 years ago in the Journal

In January, 1909, President Roosevelt's elder daughter, Alice, reproved for smoking in the White House, took her puffs on the roof. In a blind fog off Nantucket the steamships Florida and Republic collided; a new installation on one of the ships, a wireless, saved hundreds of lives. Handsome John Barrymore was a matinee idol in The Fortune Hunter; Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland was written, and chaperons were still in vogue.

"In the grape cure for overweight, from one to eight pounds of the fruit are eaten daily," reports the January, 1909, JOURNAL.

"Gladys: The girl wearing short sleeves and continually leaning on the table will not have to wait long for ugly, calloused elbows."

"At what age is it safe to talk to a baby without risk of stimulating his brain too early?" a mother wants to know. "My baby is beginning to smile at four weeks. Should this be discouraged?" Answers Dr. Emelyn Coolidge: "When he is three months old you might begin to play with him for a few minutes after his nap, but never before bedtime when his brain should be at rest."

Asks a reader: "If a baby wears a string of Job's Tears around his neck is he exempt from teething troubles?" Answer: "No—merely a superstition."

"Whether a stocking should be darned on the right or wrong side, the best darners cannot agree," remarks the sewing expert. "One way to save holes is to darn a patch on the heel of every new sock before it is worn."

Correct dress for men for an afternoon call: frock coat, white silk waistcoat, striped trousers, high silk hat, white kid gloves and top-buttoned cloth boots.

"Irma: If your eyes are giving you trouble, banish your spotted veils."

Do you know that in early picture taking a victim's head had to be clamped for an hour and twelve minutes? Even when posing time was cut to eight minutes (try that!) tears ran down people's faces from holding still. After seeing an early photography exhibit in town, we leafed through past JOURNALS to find daguerreotypes of our own and came across Mrs. Charles Dickens posing for us in an 1892 issue. She looked scared stiff, and we understood why. Today's cameras, lights and lenses click off celebrities like ***Helen Traubel*** (page 38) in a thousandth of a second. ***Wilhela Cushman*** flies several times yearly to Paris, takes her own fashion pictures, is back before we know it. For each of ***Nora O'Leary's*** half a dozen patterns per month, photographers take a dozen or more exposures. ***Donald Stuart*** "rehearses" a food picture in ten or more different arrangements before settling on final photographs. ***Joe Di Pietro*** takes 1000 feature shots to make 40 prints to use 6. And we all take it for granted as part of top coverage and brilliant storytelling. That old Chinese proverb, "A picture is worth ten thousand words," may have had meaning when the Chinese were an almost totally illiterate nation, ***Bruce Gould*** reminds, but it has no relevance today. Words take you powerfully past the eye and into the imagination. As a parlor game, try to beat ***Oliver Wendell Holmes.*** He defined a camera in three words: "mirror with memory."

Late-to-work *Excuse-of-the-Month:* Department: Homemaking. Winner: Pat White. Excuse: "Somebody's bowling ball was stuck under my car."



BY CYNTHIA STUBBS

She wears it at 60 below.

*Within a few days we talked to **Edna Ferber**, who wrote Ice Palace, and **Mary Martin**, who read the book and promptly decided to go to Alaska. Mary planned a 60-city music tour and made a snap decision to open in Oogruk (the Eskimo Village in Ice Palace, April JOURNAL), which is really a town called Kotzebue. She simply added a parka and boots to her dazzling new Mainbocher dresses. Later the tour takes her through Canada and the U.S. to Dallas, not far from her home town. "You open in Oogruk!" author Ferber asked her unbelievingly. "Absolutely," Mary assured her. "For two reasons. I'm determined to see your Alaska. And I have to check things for myself. I want to find out if it's really bigger than Texas."*

Inventions we've enjoyed lately: swivel seats in cars, zippers without metal, canned stockings for supermarkets, a flower-scented spray for trash cans. That old know-how keeps life entertaining, but it can't make people obsolete. We heard ***Vicky Harris*** telling ***Abbot Mills*** about a new appliance that refrigerates a baby's formula, heats it to the prescribed temperature, and has it ready on schedule. "Does it feed the baby too?" asked Abbot, father of four. Vicky shook her head. "Rings an alarm to wake up papa," she said.

*Some people get into the movies without even trying. **Alice Kastberg**, of the decorating department, calmly watching The Naked Eye, was floored to find herself in its camera-store sequence. "I just went in for a roll of film," she says. Similar experience happened to editorial associate **Ruth Matthews.** When visiting in Anamosa, Iowa, she walked right into a Government movie that presents it to Europe as "a typical American town." **Mary Bass'** twelve-year-old Dick may be heard—not seen—in France's Mon Oncle, English version. While in Paris, young Dick went along to a studio with friend Morris Hughes, Jr. The director tapped Dick for a mob scene. He says, "Batter up!" And **Beatrice Gould** once found herself on TV rooting as a typical Dodgers' fan (Brooklyn era). **Duke Snider**, her favorite royalty, had just hit a homer.*

So many thousand readers sent us "cat quotes" (for the cat picture in the September issue) we were hard put to vote. But by now we have dispatched cat pictures to all winners. Among those we liked: from ***Jerilyn Strucker***, Rankin, Pennsylvania, a spaceman variation: "Take me to your litter!"; and from ***Alva J. Smith***, Stafford Springs, Connecticut, came an inspired "Never underestimate the purr of a woman."

Cat chitchat charmed us.



CHANDOHA

If you want to make chores fly, try music. ***Neal Stuart***, who wrote about the Sharps of Utah for How America Lives, page 117, pitched in to help with milking as part of research. When ***Willis Sharp*** starts work at 5 A.M. he turns on the barn radio for music first thing. A friend in the Dairymen's League told us later that 99 per cent of farmers do. We discovered that cows in the Southwest listen to



Milkmaid Neal helps out in Utah.

cowboy music. Some genteelly cool cows in the East listen to classics on a special rural network. (Some chickens have music piped in to up egg production.) Nobody seems to have made a survey on what kind of music animals prefer nationally. So we asked Neal, who didn't know, either, but who did some speculating for us. "Rock and roll would be too distracting," she said. "Ballads or country music—anything rhythmic—set a good pace for me while I was carrying pails to the cooling vat. The cows seemed serene about it too."

*The other day we heard that commuter subways are running especially decorated "ladies' cars" to New York, so we asked decorating editor **Cynthia McAdoo Wheatland** what makes a room—or subway car—feminine. "Color," said Cynnie. "Pastels, and most particularly pink." All ten cars are pink, we discovered, and perfumed. They have foam-rubber contour seats, air conditioning, and are located mid-train. Subway segregation of sexes isn't new. It started in 1908 when the first president of the Manhattan-Hudson tubes opened a car to "ladies only." And who was he? **William Gibbs McAdoo**—Cynthia's grandfather.*

HAPPY NEW YEAR

ANY YEAR IS NEW IN ANY MARRIAGE—IF A HUSBAND AND WIFE LEARN WHAT BEN AND JANEY LEARNED.



By LENORE TUROVLIN

"Thank you, no," Ben said, picking up his book. "I've never been to a good New Year's Eve party yet, and I'd rather not go to this one."

"But, I don't want to stay home alone again," his wife Janey protested, flicking back her pony tail, looking young and pretty and terribly earnest.

"We won't be alone—we'll be together," Ben comforted her, his blue eyes gravely sympathetic. "Just you and me. We'll get a bottle of champagne and a jar of caviar, and we'll sit in front of our fireplace ——"

"Oh, how gay," she said dully.

"You don't really prefer paper hats and tin horns, do you? It all seems so infantile."

"Maybe so, but it also seems like *fun*."

"I can promise you that Edith and Andy's New Year's Eve party won't be any. Fun, I mean. Just a bunch of married couples busy being carefree and bubbly. Honestly, honey, I don't want to go." And with an air of finality, he opened his book.

"Don't dismiss me that way," Janey said, flaring up. "Your trouble is that you never want to go anyplace or do anything, except sit here, night after night, reading another Civil War book, or marking papers, or making notes ——"

"I have work to do, and I like my home," Ben said reasonably. "What's so awful?"

"I like my home, too, but I want to get out of it once in a while." She paused, then went on dramatically, "Sometimes I feel that my whole life is passing by while I mold out here in the suburbs, without even anybody to *talk* to ——"

"You always have your son for company."

"Bobby's barely two years old, and all he says is 'Bee-bee,'" Janey said. "What I'm talking about is some stimulating *adult* company."

"Look, Janey, it's all so simple—teaching is exhausting, and I'm too tired at night to gad around. It's all I can do to mark papers, prepare reports and notes, and read another Civil War book—and another and another—so I can start my thesis so I can get my Ph. D. so I can crawl a notch higher on the academic jungle gym so I can make more money so you will be happy." And taking a deep breath, he turned back to his book.

"I'm not asking you to gad around every night," she appealed to him, "but with a tiny little effort you could make me happy *now*, instead of waiting for your Ph. D. in a year or two or six."

Ben regarded her silently for a moment. Her high clear forehead, her childishly simple pony tail, her round brown eyes, with their look of hopeless yearning—all made her seem touchingly young and deprived.

"O.K." He melted. "I want you to be happy right now—this minute," he told her. "What do you want?"

"I want to go to Edith and Andy's New Year's Eve party," she said promptly.

"Even if I were willing," Ben said, with the smug confidence of a man producing the trump card, "you know we'll never be able to get a baby sitter."

"If you'd only *listen* to me when I talk to you!" she cried. "I *told* you, the plan is to bring all the children over to Edith's, and put them to sleep there."

"How?"

"Well, we thought our Bobby and Edith's little Stevie in one room, and the Russells' two boys in the guest room, and the girls, Gail and Annie, in the ——"

"Ye gods, how many?"

"Five couples, six kids. And we're planning a community midnight supper," Janey continued. "Everybody will bring something. With the community baby-sitting, we'll be sharing our problems. Don't you think it's an intelligent solution?"

"I think it stinks," Ben said. "And I don't want to share my problems with the community. I'd rather struggle in privacy."

"See? Do you *see?*" she cried. "There you go, you antisocial beast, crawling back into your shell ——"

"It will be chaos," he predicted. "The kids will scream, and too many cooks will spoil the broth ——"

"The voice of doom," she said, "the wet blanket, sour grapes ——"

"O.K., O.K." He gave up, recognizing a dead end. "We'll go. We'll try it your way; but remember, it's only because I want to make you deliriously happy."

"Well, gee, thanks," she said ungratefully. "I told Edith I'd bring the rice pilau ——"

"You've already *told* her? You mean, everything was all arranged, and you were just going through the motions with me?" He gazed at her, awestruck, then burst out laughing. "Whatever in the world makes me think of you as a child bride, you—you—Machiavelli ——"

"—— and be sure to have your dinner jacket pressed," she went on serenely, "because it's formal."

"Hah?" His jaw dropped stupidly. Then he leaned forward and addressed her earnestly. "*Why* is it formal? What for? It's ridiculous. There isn't a single, logical reason why ——"

"Because it's a party, that's why!" she exclaimed, exasperated. "Because the girls are sick and tired of old chino pants and wrap-around aprons, and we all want to get dressed up for a change, even if it isn't logical." She stopped for breath and glared at him. "I bet if I could dig up a pair of pantaloons and a Civil War crinoline you'd think it logical ——"

"Hey," Ben said with interest, "how about that?"

"You go study all about Bull Run, and *I'll* take care of the twentieth century." CONTINUED ON PAGE 126



Ben whispered, "Janey?
Come on, honey, it's New Year's Eve.
You'll miss the whole party."

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL C. BURNS

The Inside Window

By LESLEY CONGER

Miss Hannay looked out
on a tiny tree in a bricked courtyard . . .
and into her own heart.
In each case she was surprised by what she found.

Miss Hannay, of the Evening News, had an inside window. This was not considered an advantage. Of course some people had no windows at all, but sat in the middles of rooms, under the fluorescent lighting. But the best desks were at the outside windows, where their occupants could look out at the stimulating view of the busy street, the bit of harbor beyond and the far, bluish hills. Miss Hannay looked out upon a bricked courtyard, a stone bench, a bit of earth and a malnourished tree.

The News building had been erected in days when every square foot of metropolitan land was not so valuable as it was now; but even then the builder's vision had been limited, and the court around which the building raised itself was so small and insignificant that almost everyone had forgotten it was there. The tree grew (or had stopped growing, perhaps) in the exact middle of it; and under the tree—if you could say *under* for such a tree—was the bench. The bench was too large for the courtyard, and the tree was too small for the bench. The tree was like one of those dwarf trees the Japanese grow in little pots: it had accommodated itself to the size of the courtyard and had decided to grow no larger. As for the bench, it could seat five people, but was never used except as a resting place for a winter fall of snow.

Miss Hannay, who had been librarian for the Evening News ever since October, had never seen anybody out in the courtyard—except once, she remembered, the first day she came. She hadn't brought her lunch that day, and Miss Clarke, of the Women's Page, had given her a sandwich and a paper cup of coffee. She sat there feeling self-conscious even though a dozen other people were eating all around her, and then she happened to glance out the window. There, in the courtyard, was a tall, awkward man in a brown suit (later identified as Stephenson, the rewrite man). He had a paper bag in his hand, and he laid it on the bench. Then he went down on his knees in front of the tree and its bit of earth, and for one wild moment Miss Hannay was certain he was burying his lunch. The next moment she had spilled her coffee into her lap, and in her misery and embarrassment, enduring solicitudes and moppings, she forgot all about him.

Elizabeth Hannay had spent the winter at her inside window. In a way, the very dullness of the view was to her taste. The tree could become a forest, the bricks a carpet of moss; she sat (in her imagination) on the bench—a spirited horse, a deck chair, a box at the opera—for Elizabeth was an almost incurable dreamer. For all this, she worked efficiently and her face did not betray the turbulence of her romantic thoughts; only once did anyone inquire, and that was Stephenson, the rewrite man, who came to get a clipping and looked at her with narrowed eyes. "What *are* you thinking of, Miss Hannay?" he asked, and Elizabeth wrenched herself away from the famous Shakespearean actor who was begging her to play Juliet, thought hard and answered, "Lunch."

When she looked out the window, she rarely thought of Charles. Charles did not enter the courtyard, though he seemed to enter the Evening News building with her in the morning and often spent the day (so she felt) hanging about her desk and refusing to go home. The only way to exorcise him, Elizabeth had discovered, was to look out the window into the courtyard, the little world of her dreams.

Charles was Elizabeth's last chance. She did not put it that way, but her mother had no scruples. Charles was, *she* insisted, Elizabeth's last chance, and a very good chance at that, and she had better say "Yes" and be grateful for the escape from a long, dull, dreadful life of work, spinsterhood and loneliness.

Could a shy, plain girl like Elizabeth say, "No, mother, I'm waiting for a knight in shining armor, a silver prince; I'm waiting for love"? She was courted from early fall all through the long winter and grew to know the clasp of Charles' warm hand on hers in the dark of the movie theater as an inevitable part of every movie's plot. Was there somebody else? her mother wanted to know. Somebody down at the newspaper? . . . No, Elizabeth answered; who would it be—Oren Friend, the loutish, tooth-picking reporter? old Mr. Hargreaves? . . . Then what was she waiting for; what was wrong with Charles? . . . Nothing, Elizabeth said. It was true. Nothing was wrong with him. She wished something were, something gloriously wrong, even. Or, perhaps, if he would just do one impulsive, unnecessary thing ——

He didn't. And then, last night, knowing that the next day was the beginning of spring, and seeing ahead of her the years of being Miss Elizabeth Hannay, she nevertheless (spring notwithstanding, or perhaps because of it) told him "No."

It was a final, irrevocable "No." They would not remain the best of friends; it occurred to Elizabeth immediately that they had never been the best of friends anyway, but only courter and courted, suitor and CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

"I planted them," Stephenson said,
"the first day you came, I think."

THE Hostage

He was a little boy lost
and there were no signs to tell him
which road led to safety
and which to a deadly trap.

His breakfast was still there before him, cold and untasted. Across the room his mother and Mrs. Primus had already begun to take the dishes down from the cupboards. Davey's gaze, moving from one to the other, finally came to rest on Mrs. Primus' broad, sweatered back with an expression of increased bereavement. Neither of them cared.

Mrs. Primus, who usually came at nine, had arrived at dawn that morning, her wide, plain face ruddy with cold and good humor. As her lips had brushed his forehead, his mother had appeared in the kitchen doorway to say that he would have to be especially nice to his old friend today, since he wouldn't be seeing much of her any more.

The full meaning of the day had assaulted his still-dozing senses like a sudden splash of cold water. There were so many wrenching divorcements he had not anticipated, so much abrupt tearing away. And the awful inward kind of pain that he had never felt before. For all his mother's and father's explanations about why the move to the country was necessary, he couldn't understand. They just didn't care a bit how he felt. They didn't even bother to notice. Lost in misery, Davey turned away to the uncurtained window beside the table and looked down into the gray, sunless morning, down the three intervening stories to the park across the street.

The chill hand of winter, in falling across the park, had crushed out even the last small signs of life. The trees, bereft now of their leaves, lifted numb, skeletal branches as if they had died in an agony of mute supplication. The grass was charred and patchy.

A man, drifting wraithlike in the distant gloom, appeared from the center of the park and came slowly along the walk toward the row of wooden benches just inside the center entrance. Selecting the last of the benches, settling himself with great care, he extracted a newspaper from his overcoat pocket, opened it out on his lap and, presumably, began to read. From the way the man moved, Davey knew he was old. And from the shapelessness of his coat, and the fact that he wore no hat, he knew, too, that he was poor.

And then, aware of a voice across the room, he was drawn abruptly back into the kitchen.

"Just the same," Mrs. Primus was saying, "I wouldn't leave until they come and unhook it."

Davey's mother, slim and auburn-haired, took up a piece of paper and placed it at the top of a stack of dinner plates already wrapped. She worked swiftly and gracefully, with the confident and slightly careless ease of a woman who expects from life only those blessings she asks of it. Her hands, as they sped to their chores, seemed almost to speak with a special kind of eloquence. What plate would ever slip and break beneath her touch, they seemed to say, how could it possibly? She was young and reasonably pretty. She had a risingly successful husband whom she adored. She had her seven-year-old son who was a miracle all in himself. And today, by nightfall, she and her two beloved males would be snug in their own beautiful home in the country. How could any disaster, large or small, intrude upon her happiness just at the moment when it was so wonderfully complete? She smiled.

"They promised they'd be here first thing tomorrow morning."

"Promised!" Mrs. Primus lifted her eyes to heaven; she and the Almighty knew about promises. "Oh, they always promise! This couple I worked for once—they moved out and left the phone hooked up. And let me tell you—somebody got in there and made three long-distance calls."

"But the apartment will be locked. It'll be all right." Her gaze lingered softly on the older woman



He hugged the ground desperately. Would the footprints betray his hiding place?

By CHARLES HENRY

a moment longer before she turned away. "I'm just too excited about the new place to think about anything else."

The new place.

It had cast a deepening shadow over everything. For a long time now his mother and father had seemed to think and talk of nothing else. It precluded everything: their evenings together; their weekend adventures. The new place was always in the way—the hundred-and-one things that needed to be done to make its acquisition easier, cheaper, quicker. Finally Davey had begun to believe that the new place had actually usurped his place in his parents' affections.

Twice, after long drives out along a broad, divided highway and onto a series of uneven back roads, he had seen the new place. It stood at the end of a long drive which was flanked on both sides by grass and trees with strange red winter berries. The house was a sturdy, one-story structure of stone and wood, and one wall was almost entirely covered with dark green ivy. The area before the entrance was made private by a tall, stanch-looking hedge.

Beyond the house were softly rising hills covered with tall sharp-smelling trees, and at the base of the nearest hill there ran a bright, winking stream which had been widened by some former owner to provide a shallow pool. Here, his father told him happily, he would learn to swim with the other children of the area.

"Oh, what I wouldn't have given for a place like this when I was your age!" his father said.

Davey had looked away in fright. Both at the strangeness of the country and at his parents' persistent blindness to his fear. Didn't they care about him at all any more? Not at all?

"Davey! Oh, look—you haven't even touched your egg. You've just been playing with it."

Davey looked up, keeping his face a blank.

His mother took a step forward. "Davey, what's the matter with you lately? What is it?"

"It's just the excitement of moving," Mrs. Primus suggested hopefully.

His mother sighed. "Well, I don't have time to argue this morning. We'll stop somewhere on the way; maybe you'll be hungry by then. Anyway, I've got to wash those things and pack them."

Crossing to the table, she took the spoon from his hand and picked up the plate. Davey looked up with quickened anxiety.

"I want to go outside. I want to go down to the park."

"Darling, you know better than that. Now, please don't make trouble. You can see how much we've got to do. And the movers will be here any minute now."

"I want to go over to the park," Davey insisted.

"Well, you can't. You know you're not allowed to alone."

"I've got to. There's a man and he wants to see me." The appointment with the man in the park, now that he had conjured it up, strongly appealed to him. "I know this man. He likes me very much. He said for me to come over and say good-by to him."

His mother turned, bringing her gaze down levelly to his. "Then suppose you tell me his name. Is it someone I know?"

Davey's smooth young brow puckered against the effort of trying to summon a plausible name. The only ones that came to mind, however, were those of real people, ones that his mother would know too.

"It's a big name," he said, making his voice and his face very earnest. "I can't say it right."

His mother nodded. "I thought so. Now listen closely, young man. You have two choices. You can stay here with Mrs. Primus and me or you can go downstairs with your father and Mr. McCracken. Just make up your mind. But if you go downstairs, put your sweater on first."

Resentful at so summary a dismissal, Davey descended to the floor in silence and started toward CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

THE JOURNAL'S
COMPLETE
IN-ONE-ISSUE
CONDENSED
NOVEL

© 1958 by Charles Henry
THE HOSTAGE
is soon to be published in book form
by Random House

ST. LOUIS WOMAN

"If I had three wishes, I could put them all into one:
'Let me have my life over as I had it—with all the sorrow, despair, exaltation and rejoicing!'"
A great opera singer tells her story.

By HELEN TRAUBEL
IN COLLABORATION WITH RICHARD G. HUBLER

I have had a lot of fun singing my way through life—and it must have started just after I was born in South St. Louis on June 16, 1903. It was a wonderful place in which to grow up: wide asphalt streets, big overarching poplar trees; long, green, shaved lawns; houses of brick or clapboard with wide porches and the smell of cooking coming out from the fretwork along the eaves. It was the part of town that was full of Germans in those days. Everyone spoke German when they met. There were singing societies, *Turnverein*, the *Liederkranz* clubs and any number of festivals and places where the beer (my father told me) was wonderful.

There were four in our family: Otto Ferdinand Traubel, my father; Clara Stuhr Traubel, my mother; Walter Leonard Traubel, my brother; and myself. It always seemed as if there were a lot more; what with relatives and friends, we never sat down to a meal alone, and the only time the house approached any degree of silence was at night when we were all asleep. Even then our two dogs would be gently snoring.

Ours was always a joyous household. I think most of it came from my father. He had a classic, handsome face with sharp features and a Roman nose—yet his eyes were as soft and melting as those of a woman. My father was a druggist and ran a store at the corner of Jefferson and Shouteau avenues. He owned the small property and two-story brick building. The store occupied the front. A general surgeon had the three rear rooms. We had the six-room flat above—parlor, second sitting room, dining room, kitchen, two bedrooms and bath.

Papa had come from East St. Louis where my *grosspapa* and *grossmama* lived with five kids. Grossmama Traubel, after my grandfather's death, raised the children and dabbled in real estate, dying worth more than $50,000—quite a sum in those days. I always knew that on my father's side the family made money and kept what they made; on my mother's, they always lost everything they had. I am sure that I became something of each; I can detect the same failings and virtues that I knew in those days about my father and mother.

Mother was the daughter of a German baker who made delicious things out of dough—but who could never bear to collect a bill. My mother, one of four daughters, was tall, dignified, and wore her light-brown hair high on her head. She had an immense air of reserve. When she wanted to show her disapproval of something she would simply withdraw in spirit. She never had to punish either of her children—so fearful were we that she might stay away from us altogether.

We always really knew she would not do anything so cruel. She loved us too much—and it was her love and my father's assurance that I still treasure as my finest memory of those days.

Walter, my brother, was two years older than I. He was a very gentle person, a trait which clashed with the vehement way in which he played football. He loved sports and hated to go to pharmacy school, which he did only to please papa.

The drugstore, of course, was the hub of all our activities as children. For us, the whole affair was built around the imposing nickel-marble-ebony soda fountain. Walter and I were allowed two sodas a day, but if it was warm we could have three. We were given permission to mix one of these ourselves—and of course I always said, "Walter, three big scoops of ice cream and just a couple of drops of soda."

My father also decreed that we could give a soda apiece to our friends. After a few weeks he cut this down to six sodas apiece daily. More youthful customers than that got in the way of the prescription department.

My father died when I was twelve years old. It seemed impossible that we buried such a person full of so much life and energy. He stepped on a nail in a board from an opened crate, got gangrene that lasted fifteen weeks—and it was complicated by diabetes. His septicemia was impossible to stop without the drugs that science has recently discovered.

I was so sure after his burial that he was still alive that I followed a man who looked like him for a dozen blocks; it was a cruel disillusionment when the man turned around and proved to be a stranger. For the first time I was aware that *he* was gone.

I was a tomboyish little girl who ate too much, who fell in love with everything and everyone around her and who wanted to sing all the time. It was a natural instinct, but I suppose it sometimes made me a little pushy in the St. Louis social life. I was always in the midst of any songfest. Even though I might have been a nuisance, I was never treated cruelly and I have often wondered whether it is better to spoil children or to bring them up short. As it was, I never sought any kind of career except singing. I never wanted to do anything or thought of anything other than singing for as many people as would listen.

As a matter of fact, I was so fond of music that I learned to play the piano. For four years, three times a week, I bedeviled the teacher—a long-suffering gray-haired little lady named Mrs. Tatum—by listening to a tune and instantly memorizing the first couple of pages. These I could rattle off—and the end was usually just as easy to remember. But it was the middle that used to frustrate me; I do not believe I ever learned the middle of any piano selection.

Most of this happened in the Big House, the one we moved into from the flat over the drugstore in 1909 when I was six years old. My mother sold it when I was thirteen, after the death of my father. "Ach, Helena," she said sadly, "what do I want with so much room now that Otto is gone? It only reminds me of what used to be."

The most fortunate part of my life has been that I never had to do anything I considered to be work. Not that I did not work: becoming a singer is harder on the nerves and physique, more taxing for the soul and body, than almost any other occupation. What I mean is—I loved every moment of it. I had the luxury of doing what I wanted, not what others told me to do.

I can still see the hazy night the first time I really sang in public—for a fee—in St. Louis. It was in the Washington University Hall on some occasion to raise money for a good cause. I sang Gounod's Ave Maria and something about spring, perhaps Mendelssohn's chirpings.

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THE JOURNAL'S
COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NON-FICTION BOOK

©1958 by Helen Traubel Bass and Richard Hubler.
ST. LOUIS WOMAN
is soon to be published in book form by
Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc.



At two, with Brother William. "I ate too much, loved everyone and everything and wanted to sing all the time."



With Melchior in Lohengrin. "Lauritz would gently turn my shoulders so my aria was sung into the ear of a stage hand."

VER



rehearsal with José Ferrer, o would talk business until o in the morning. "And he did the talking too," says Helen.



WIDE WORLD

Helen Traubel today. "Becoming a singer is harder on the nerves and physique than almost any other occupation. I loved every moment of it."

WIDE WORLD



Of her association with Margaret Truman, the singer declares: "Margaret's fault was that she never knew what a real amateur she was."

WORLD



"I sang lieder and popular songs at troop encampments whenever I could. The response set me thinking seriously about reaching another audience."



With husband and manager William Bass. He said "No" to President Truman, and heard the receiver slammed in reply.



I love horses. I was brought up a city boy and have never been on a horse in my life except once to have my picture taken and then I held on like grim death while Betty snapped me, but still I love horses—especially Dandelion.

I love horses, my wife, and my daughter Betty, and my son Tom, but I do not worry about my wife or my son. Fathers have a special responsibility toward daughters, and when you see a man still in the prime of life but with prematurely gray hair, you can give odds that he is the father of a girl.

The trouble in our family was never the horse. The trouble was Spike, who should have been thrown back at birth, but my daughter Betty fell in love with him, pimples, furtive looks, sniffles, and unkempt hair and fingernails.

My wife says I should try to put myself in Betty's place. So I sat in the living room one bitter black Saturday afternoon and looked at Spike slouching on the davenport and tried to put myself in my daughter's place and sought for something in Spike to love. The experiment was a failure.

Betty came in from her bedroom. She is small—five feet one and a half—but even so, taller than Spike. She saw Spike and color flamed in her face, her blue eyes became misty, her voice sounded as though she should have been in bed with laryngitis.

"Hello, Spike," she whispered

"Hi, kid," Spike said Indolently, h got up. "Yah read to shove off?"

Check

rein

There were Betty and Spike and Dandelion — two of them would make a lovely couple

By WILLARD TEMPLE

He was an innocent boy, contentedly working on the innards of his car — but then he looked up, dropped a wrench and entered a new world.

I could have driven a stake through his heart without a qualm.

"Where are you going?" I said.

"Oh, daddy," Betty said. The question humiliated her. "We're going cruising."

"Riding up and down Main Street," I said. "On an afternoon when the temperature is in the eighties and there isn't a cloud in the sky. You haven't ridden Dandelion all week."

"Oh, daddy," Betty said again, ashamed of me, and I let her go. I listened to their footsteps on the walk outside. Down in the corral I heard Dandelion nicker. He sounded forlorn and unloved and I felt the same.

I watched the car go off. It roared out of the driveway in reverse. Spike slammed on the brakes, gravel spurted under the tortured tires, and then the car lurched forward, smoke pouring from the exhaust, the motor loud and strangled.

"How can you just stand there?" I said to my wife, who was arranging flowers she had cut. "Have you forgotten that you were once a girl?"

"Well, I like to have you remind me," she said. She is a calm woman, my wife. "I do not like Spike any more than you do. But nothing is to be gained by shouting."

"And what do we gain by sitting on our hands in a crisis?" I demanded. "We have been waiting a month for her to get over Spike. We never had this problem. Betty had the horse. She did not chase through downtown traffic in cars that someone had salvaged from the junk yard. She lived a healthy outdoor existence ——"

"It had to come someday, dear," my wife said.

"Did it have to be Spike?" I said. "She doesn't ride the horse any more. Three days ago we ran out of feed because Betty forgot to order it. She hasn't even kept the corral clean. Who do you think is going to spend Saturday afternoon in the corral with a rake and a shovel? Spike?"

I went down to Betty's room. The wallpaper was a motif of horses' heads, the pictures were of horses, the bookcase was filled with books about horses. Other fathers had told me of their problems, but I had no problems because I had had the good luck to purchase Dandelion two years before, when Betty was twelve.

Now there was one new picture in her room, a photograph of Spike which looked as though it belonged on a post-office wall, and across the bottom of it was scrawled "Love ya."

Wincing, I returned to the kitchen, took an apple, and went out and sat on the corral fence and fed the apple to Dandelion.

"Something has to be done," I said.

Dandelion bobbed his head and took matters into his own hoofs sometime that night. I got the word at six A.M. Sunday when the telephone shrilled beside my bed.

The taut enraged voice of a crusty neighbor a quarter of a mile down the road said, "There's a horse in my flower bed. I believe it belongs to you."

"Sorry, be right there," I said, and roused Betty.

I pulled trousers over my pajamas, thrust my bare feet into shoes, and Betty, sleepy-eyed, ran for the garage and I met her outside. She had a halter and lead rope, and we hurried past the empty corral, two of its rails lying on the ground splintered.

When we arrived, the neighbor was making ineffectual shooing noises and throwing clods at Dandelion from a safe distance. Betty had no trouble putting on the halter, and the neighbor slammed the door in my face while I offered to underwrite the repairs to the flower bed.

The trip back to our house was made in silence, but sleep was out of the question and the Sunday paper not yet delivered. I made coffee, brooded alone, and reached a decision.

When the family met for breakfast I put on my executive mien.

"Dandelion has never broken out before, Betty," I said. "He broke out because you haven't exercised him enough. You know a horse can't be kept around as a pet like a dog, especially in a pint-sized corral. What do you propose to do about it?"

Betty just sighed wistfully, her chin propped in her hands.

"I've had a talk with Betty," my wife said. She gave me a warning look. "Spike asked her to go steady yesterday."

"She's only fourteen," I said, coming off my chair as though it were a launching pad.

"Everybody goes steady," Betty said.

Before I could marshal my objections, my wife said, "It was quite a day for Betty yesterday. Spike asked her to a formal dance for this coming Saturday night. She doesn't have a formal ——"

On my daughter's face a grin broke through the clouds. "Mother," she said, "I have a feeling this isn't the best time for me to ask daddy if I can have a formal dress."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112

HOW TO MAKE A FOR

Who can make a million dollars today?

Starting from scratch, that is.

With taxes taking a fat slice of

every dollar a man can earn.

Many say, "It's impossible."

But here are a score of men who've

made at least $10,000,000 apiece!

Within the last twenty years, several dozen enterprising Americans have established fortunes of at least $10,000,000. Some have made over $100,000,000! All have made their fortunes without the help of inheritance. And all have done it during the years of high income tax.

Not too long ago, American boys were being brought up on Horatio Alger and the theory that making a million dollars—like becoming President—was largely a matter of determination and hard work. Today, in the face of modern taxes, it can't be done by the same methods.

Who are the new multimillionaires? How do they make their money—and, perhaps more important, how do they *keep* it?

They come from Boston, Los Angeles and Lafayette, Indiana. They may be found digging oil wells, building shopping centers, filming television shows. Some have names familiar to every school child; others are scarcely known to their neighbors. But all have certain characteristics in common: imagination and foresight, willingness to take chances, ability to cut costs relentlessly when necessary, capacity for hard work, drive—and a rather disarming lack of pretentiousness. Apparently, modern fortune builders feel no desire to impress the world with their wealth. Or perhaps they're simply too busy to care. After all, making a fortune is a full-time job.

In a rather drab section of Northwest Chicago, far from the financial district, is an old building that looks, on the outside, like a sleepy small-town bank. Inside, however, the Bankers' Life and Casualty Company has thousands of employees busy at work. And walls into surrounding buildings have been broken through (there hasn't even been time to tidy up the breakthroughs with new plaster!). Two flights up, in a small office haphazardly furnished with plain maple and oak furniture at least twenty years old, a genial, rumpled man stands at a window overlooking a filling station and Little Joe's restaurant. He is John D. MacArthur, brother-in-law of actress Helen Hayes—and reportedly the richest man in Chicago.

In his firm, blunt voice Mr. MacArthur explains that his company has 255 branch offices and is the nation's second-largest writer of health accident policies. If he and his wife wished to liquidate their holdings, they would have more than $100,000,000. They built up the company together—from scratch.

Mrs. MacArthur, officially secretary of the corporation, and unofficially her husband's trusted adviser as to "what's important and what isn't," steps in from her own cubbyhole office. She is trim, taciturn, and right now a little tired, having just got back from inspecting a model home for a housing development she and her husband are building in Florida. Flying trips to Florida seem commonplace to the MacArthurs today. But both of them can remember clearly the discouraging years of the depression.

"That's when we started out—when it was hard to sell any kind of insurance. We offered to insure anyone willing to pay a dollar down and a dollar a month. And we still consider installment selling a key to our success—that and heavy advertising. We believe in cutting costs in nonessentials; that's why our files are kept out on open shelves, to save time and money. And we've never seen any reason to build fancy marble office buildings, as many of our competitors have done. Bricks and mortar don't sell insurance—men do."

The MacArthurs are no more flamboyant in their personal lives than they are in business. At their pleasant, modest, nine-room house in Libertyville, they're out in the yard on almost any Sunday afternoon raking leaves or gardening. They have no chauffeur—"It would drive me crazy," says MacArthur, "to have some guy standing around waiting for me all the time!"—and Mrs. MacArthur is as likely to serve hamburgers for dinner as *filet mignon*. Jewelry, yachts and riotous living don't appeal to the MacArthurs, who, as they explain, "live the way we like to live."

John MacArthur, like other new multimillionaires who have managed to keep as well as make money, has necessarily acquired a thorough understanding of Federal tax laws. A salaried executive today who makes more than $300,000 a year must relinquish most of it to the tax collector. MacArthur, however, manages to keep most of the wealth he accumulates through paying no dividends to himself and limiting his salary to a meager $25,000. His sales manager makes $75,000.

There's no denying that men who succeed in building personal enterprises can prosper on a scale that corporate executives can only dream about. The new fortune builders play the risks coolly and boldly; New York securities brokers complain that they show little

Lucy and Desi Arnaz pioneered in TV films—thus made a fortune.

PICTORIAL PARADE



Today's oil tycoons are expert in geology or finance. John Mecom is a geologist.



Discount-house tycoon at 45, Stephen Masters slashes overhead. He still doesn't have a private secretary.

PICTORIAL PARADE



TUNE ... *NEW STYLE*

By VANCE PACKARD

nterest in conventional plans for personal investnent—the potential profits seem too small. Wealthy, ree-wheeling Texans scoff at salaried corporate xecutives as "pigeons."

A New Yorker whose fortune exceeds $10,000,000 ays, "There are ninety zillion ways of getting income vithout taking it in taxable salary." Actually, for urposes of simplification, the "ninety zillion ways" nay be reduced to two ways. Fortunes made in the ast twenty years are basically either capital-gains ortunes or depletion fortunes.

A capital gain is made by selling property for more han was put into it. As an incentive to enterprise, the Government claims only one fourth of the money ained in the transaction, even if it runs into millions. Many successful businessmen regularly put annual rofits back into the enterprise, to build up its total vorth. Then, if they finally decide to sell, they lose nly one fourth of their profit (or capital gain) to the Government.

The depletion allowance is a special tax break iven people who extract from the earth such reources as oil, gas, uranium or gravel. A Texas oilnan, for instance, can pocket 27½ per cent of his rofits as a depletion allowance before he even begins o compute his tax.

Since knowledge of complicated tax laws is so vital n modern fortune building, it would seem that men ike MacArthur, who deal directly with money, might ave an advantage over ambitious men in other fields. And it is true that the man who seems to be getting ich faster than almost anyone in America is a moneyender from Los Angeles. (After starting off as a fireinsurance salesman at twenty-one, Howard F. Ahmanson bought the Home Savings & Loan Assoiation eleven years ago when it had $1,000,000 in assets; today it has more than $500,000,000! He modestly admits he owns "every single solitary share of tock.") However, in analyzing the more spectacular modern fortunes, we find that there are other fields besides money dealing which seem to invite fortune building. There are, in fact, nine other fields.

The explosive growth of America in the past ten years and the favorable tax position of those who make their profit from the sale of property have provided excellent opportunities for *builders*. Those who have the boldness and ingenuity to build in new ways and on vast scales have prospered sensationally. In fact, this field is responsible for more recent fortunes than any other.

Leo Corrigan, an amiable, slight-statured Texan of sixty-four, confesses that he owns so many shopping centers he can't count them. A couple of years ago, he recalls, he owned a mere thirty-six. Today, besides the uncountable shopping centers that have mushroomed all over the United States, he owns or controls more than a dozen hotels, fifteen or twenty office buildings, and as many apartment projects. His holdings are in such far-flung cities as Atlanta, Los Angeles and Rochester, Minnesota. His personal fortune, which is almost entirely in real estate, is worth at least $70,000,000.

The son of a sign painter, Corrigan grew up in a tough section of St. Louis, quit school in the fifth grade to go to work. At twenty-one, he started out to Dallas with $55 and plenty of ambition. After a few years there as a realty salesman, he started buying, with the help of mortgages, small commercial buildings. Using rental income from these, he bought still more property. During this time he never kept a cent of rental income for his own living expenses, and for years he and his family scrimped along on commissions he made from selling real estate for other men.

And then Corrigan made the decision which was to prove his genius. Studying population statistics, and noting the big city-to-country shift, he foresaw an enormous need for suburban shopping centers. Hopefully, he began buying likely sites throughout the nation. From then on, it was only a matter of time before the Corrigans were fantastically rich.

The Corrigans still live in Dallas, in the brick-and-stone house they built almost thirty years ago, when it was really more than they could afford. Their son and daughter, babies then, are now grown; the son has recently joined his father's business. But the old house in Highland Park is filled with memories and will never be sold. After one of his hurried, nerve-jangling trips to the West Coast or New York, Corrigan likes to come home to find his wife calmly pruning roses in the familiar garden. It's pleasant to have roots in the past when you've got an eye on the future.

And Leo Corrigan's plans for the future are big. Striding briskly to his giant world globe, he spins it around to Australia. Today, he explains, Australia is three days away. Tomorrow? Well, tomorrow the new jet airlines will cut that time in half. Tomorrow, undoubtedly, the Corrigans will be trying to count uncountable shopping centers and hotels in Melbourne and Sydney, as well as in St. Louis and Miami.

Leo Corrigan's climb to success, spectacular though it is, seems unremarkable compared with the sudden skyrocketing of Jim Price, the mass home builder from Lafayette, Indiana.

People chuckled indulgently as they watched young Jim going up and down the streets of Lafayette, trying to raise a few thousand dollars to finance his scheme for building prefabricated houses. That was eighteen years ago, Jim was twenty-eight, and his idea seemed harebrained. Today, an original investment of $500 left untouched in his National Homes would be worth $250,000—and people around town are no longer laughing. Instead they remember what promise Jim showed even as a farm boy: how he kept working in the rain, while other boys sat in the shed until the rain stopped; how he quit college to save his CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

More interested in research than money, Dr. Edwin Land invented a new camera.

WIDE WORLD



William Lear invented the autopilot, other devices; gross, $60,000,000 a year.

PICTORIAL PARADE



Leon Jolson, $8 in his pocket, saw a market for sewing machines performing twenty operations.

WIDE WORLD



Louis Wolfson hunts ailing businesses, develops them, sells them at a profit.

WIDE WORLD



COURTESY MRS. ALBERT D. LASKER



THE LORELEI

SALVADOR DALI, 1904—

Dali has never wasted time, and perhaps his youth was all the wilder because he was utterly convinced of his destiny. No one absorbed academic recipes with greater avidity; he ransacked the current isms, read Freud, and sobbed over the philosophers. In 1930 he announced his program: "To organize confusion and thus to help completely to discredit the world of reality." Dali's secession from Surrealism began in the late 1930's; yet he seems as little obvious as ever. *The Lorelei* (1948), for instance, is emphatically not the German charmer of our childhood. She sits drowsily upon her rock, overcome by the scent of flowers; surely it is a true opium poppy that dominates the picture. Flowers abound, haunted by butterflies. The lesser iconography is as puzzling as the Lorelei herself. The two male figures in the cleft of the rock, on which butterflies and flowers have cast sinister shadows, are in no danger of being dangerously ensorcelled; and a minute Mercury and galloping rider seem equally free. What remains of the legend is an element of doom, and the twist may well be that the doom has recoiled upon the siren.

Here is typical Dali trickery: taking our most conventional bits of legend and folklore, and doing some curious violence to them. He disdains the first interpretation that comes to mind—he gallantly, frenziedly works as a psychopathological pioneer in situations that seem hopelessly stale.

From a commentary by Wallace Brockway in "The Albert D. Lasker Collection," published by Simon and Schuster, Inc.

The Great Adventure

By JEAN BOLEY



LEO STASHIN

"I put my hands together and said aloud:
'If this can't be taken away from me, let me accept it.'
At that instant I found a view of death as the great adventure."

You're condemned to death at the age of 42. You don't know what month or what day, but in six months or a year you'll be dead. You don't want to die—at 42.

This is how it is with me. They tell me I'm going to die.

It began in 1954 out in Java. I used to get a backache playing tennis. The sickening Javanese sun shone down on the American Embassy tennis court in Djakarta, and after just one set we'd sit on the low stone wall under the flamboyant trees and drink orangeade sent out by the ambassador's wife. Soaked, drenched, purple from the sun, we'd marvel at the unsweating barefoot Sudanese boys running gently after the balls. And my back would ache. That was all, really, the only symptom, and it seemed natural in that climate.

My husband and I would drive out to our suburban house, shower and dress and sit wet and cool on the open veranda and watch the great Javanese bats fly over on the way to the distant fruit orchards. I would feel tired, sunken-eyed, limp like the end of the tropical day itself, but also content with a strange feeling after one year in the East that I was expanding, using all of myself. I put the tiredness down to this. I was working hard and playing hard. Nights there were the handsome late-evening parties in the embassy gardens, with the stimulation of having a pretty good idea why the Indian ambassador might be talking so earnestly to the Ceylonese minister. A sense of power is buoyant, especially to a medium-sized fish in a little diplomatic puddle.

In October of '54 our annual local leave fell due. We were planning a month in Hong Kong and Japan. I decided to go over ahead of time to Singapore and Malaya to visit friends on a rubber plantation for two weeks before meeting my husband in Manila for the flight to Japan. I stayed in a two-story plantation house without walls on the ground floor, just pillars and a fine stone balustrade to mark the separation of house and garden. The house stood on a grassy hillock. It was intensely quiet in the surrounding valleys of rubber trees. The only sounds as we sat on the cretonne sofas having drinks were the voices of the Chinese servants in the kitchen wings. The land seemed peaceful and asleep as if it were perpetually Sunday afternoon, but at the four edges of the lawn stood four machine guns trained into the dark alleys of the rubber forest. And three armed guards marched slowly around the perimeter of the garden. In the plantation quiet there were Chinese Communists, the creeping murdering enemy, using at midnight the cry of the crow pheasant to make signals. When you hear that bird you never know. Melodramatically we kept loaded revolvers even on the tea table.

We went to dinners where the talk was good and the mahogany tables were polished to a gleaming coolness in the warm nights. One night we went to Kuala Lumpur, the capital, to have dinner with the Chief Justice. The food and wine were superb. Sir Charles was an old, strong, civilized man. We talked of U. S. politics until 3 A.M. He was brilliant, and with two aspirins for the backache I was joyful. What was a backache when you were 39 years old and out in the very tender gaiety of the last days of Kipling's East? But two aspirins weren't helping the pain so much any more.

In Manila I met my husband, and on the last day before the flight to Japan I went out to the American Seventh Day Adventist Hospital only to get a prescription for codeine. But the director, a blunt old-fashioned American used to dealing with Manila's poor, said:

"Backache? Low down? We'd better have a look."

On the table he examined me thoroughly and suddenly, from some tension in his hands, I knew. In the small hot boiling room I closed my eyes, waiting, and the sweat broke out all over me. I had no place to look except a foot away at the white painted wall and I remember seeing the smear of a grimy thumb. The hospital, I thought, needed paint.

"Young lady, you have cancer," he said.

As I lay on my side, sweat ran down over my eyes. "Yes, I suppose I have."

"I'll take a tissue sample to be sure, but there's no doubt about it. It's cancer," he said, trying the word again with a determined bravado as if he were concerned that I should face the truth.

"How long have I had it?"

"More than a year, from the size of the tumor," he said.

After a short pause, and with the greatest reluctance, I said, "What are my chances?"

"Fifty-fifty," he said instantly. "It may have metastasized from the original site in this time. Get dressed."

He went out and I stood up and fainted. When I came to I was back on the table and he was saying in a rambling tone:

"You know there are people walking around here who had what you've got five years ago. I see them around. Who can say? But you won't neglect it, will you? You'll go home at once?"

In his office ten minutes later he outlined the nature of the operation, a vast intestinal procedure, and suggested a New York

CONTINUED ON PAGE 87

"It's a nothing of a dress...but I love it!"

These understated midwinter pickups are in brilliant colors, interesting textures . . . and best of all, easy to make: the beige dress was made in our workroom in less than two hours—you could easily make it in an afternoon. They are simple adaptations of high-fashion details and we think they are "a lot of dress for a little sewing." By NORA O'LEARY
Pattern Editor

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROGER PRIGENT JEWELRY BY JOSEPH WARNER

This citron-yellow woolen was made from a basic pattern. (There are three other versions.) We added the fringed pockets and neck trim. Vogue Design No. 3000.



This "Short Cut" pattern has only four pieces. Soft fullness falls from the yoke. The skirt is tapered and slim. We added the green bow belt. Vogue Design No. 9604.



SHOES BY BEN SOMMERS
HATS BY ELIZABETH MARKS
GOLD JEWELRY BY JAMES NAPIER
BAG BY ELIZABETH STRAUSS



This bright pink woolen, pretty under a fur coat or a dark cloth coat, is the essence of simplicity. We like the raised waistline and the soft unpressed pleats in the skirt. The tie belt has fringed ends. Vogue Design No. 9632.



The blue woolen with an interesting looped surface has ease, grace, comfort. Pockets are in front seams. Vogue Design No. 9671.



This charming black crepe dress is completely basic and lends itself to the prettiest accessories—a jeweled pin, a gay pink rose or bright shoes. Vogue Design No. 9672.

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Page 128. Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10c additional for each pattern ordered.

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Compass of fashion

Points South Points Summer

Prettiest clothes of the year (and some of the most indicative) are the summer fashions that come while the snow flies. Whether you are going South now or planning for June, you can do some immediate thinking on wardrobe ideas: a beige tweed travel coat over a bud-yellow lightweight wool dress or a willow-green suit, a pink dress, something white, a brilliant print, a bathing suit with the new pleats.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN

ist-length jacket, willow-green tweed
e this suit fashion all year. By Stephan.

e yellow basket-weave woolen with a lifted waistline by David Crystal. Col-
ess, double-breasted, tweed travel coat by Dick Dumas. Bag by Lederer.



WILHELA CUSHMAN

Palest mauve linen coat dress with a wide suède belt, by Gif Johnson. The bag is a pansy-printed linen with a wicker frame. Fuchsia linen pumps by Jean Bandler, pretty with the mauve tones.



Flowers from an artist's palette in a printed cotton dress for beach or dancing. By Jane Crawford. Pink necklace by Brian Bishop.

White waffle-piqué dress with the stand-away overblouse John Weitz. Red leather bag by Gucci, red kidskin pum





Green silk-shantung suit for southern or summer travel, David Crystal.



Silk sheath with a high waistline by Suzy Perette; knitted jacket by Goldworm.



High drawstring waistline in powder-pink linen-textured silk by Anne Fogarty. Turquoise beads.



Dance dress for a cruise ship or summer roof—green flower-printed chiffon. David Klein.

Compass of fashion Points South Points Summer

The fashions on all these pages are presented to you because they show you the trends of the season and serve as a guide, as you shop. You will find many of them in stores throughout the nation. However, if you do not find identical styles in your local shops, we believe similar ones will be available.

ABBREVIATED JACKETS
confirm a new proportion of silhouette shown also by drawstring waistlines and high-rising wide belts.

SALT-WHITE AND GRAIN BEIGES,
pale green and lilac are the light tones. Nasturtium colors go with exotic pinks. Blues are azure and lapis lazuli.

LINEN, THREADY SILKS,
piqué, mohair mixtures, silk surahs and easy-care mixtures are the fabrics . . . prints are brilliant and splashy on white.

THE STRAIGHT-AS-A-STRING
vertical sheath is back again in a beach dress or a casual. Knife pleats especially wonderful in white skirts or dresses.

Peppermint-pink waffle-piqué dress, Julia Richards. Printed linen sandals.



Sea-green printed bathing suit with pleated skirt and matching Celanese-sharkskin beach coat.



Pleated Empire bathing suit in Dacron-and-cotton print by Jean Novick. T-strap sandals.





Eight months later, 50 pounds lighter. At her newly reduced weight of 130 pounds, Mrs. Edwards is enjoying daily walks (no more naps), wearing "frisky" dresses (no more potato sacks) and "feeling peppier than I've felt in years!"

Substitute a good low-calorie reducing diet for excuses—"My dears, I hardly eat a thing!"—and see how the picture changes! This "before" snapshot shows Florence Edwards at a whopping 180 pounds (she's only 5'2" tall). Appropriately enough, she's attending a cooky sale.



Mrs. Edwards is her old Sylph again!

By KATHARINE HILLYER and KATHARINE BEST

THE BEAUTY DEPARTMENT
EDITED BY DAWN CROWELL NORMAN

"Your health is really resplendent," the doctor said. Mrs. Edwards regarded him vivaciously. "That," she declared, "is not bad for a woman of sixty."

The doctor beamed back, nodding agreement. "Now," he finished amiably, "all you must do is lose fifty pounds."

Deepest gloom settled in the fatty regions of Mrs. Edwards' heart. To think that she had driven 250 miles to San Francisco to hear this.

A day later, back home in Virginia City, Nevada ("Liveliest ghost town in the world, population 450"), Florence Ballou Edwards, a widow and popular owner-operator of the Silver Dollar Hotel, lugubriously announced to everyone in sight her decision to diet. Four hundred and fifty men, women and children registered awe, delight and, in many cases, disbelief.

We believed her. We know it takes courage of a high order to whack off large quantities of pounds, yet we knew Mrs. E. for a fearless woman. She has climbed Fujiyama twice. Made her way by yak into Outer Mongolia. Once when a bull was alarming her picnic party, she sidled up behind him and tweaked his tail. In short, she has demonstrable courage.

Our relieved delight at Mrs. Edwards' avowed determination to shrink from 180 preposterous pounds to 130 reasonable pounds (she's 5'2") was alloyed with irritation. Having watched her change in this past decade from petite to plump to fat, and having hounded her to no avail to stop her outrageous eating, we could not refrain from asking why she hadn't taken *our* advice, and that of numerous other appalled pals, long ago.

"I paid the doctor sixty-five dollars for *his* advice," she answered loftily. "I am going to get my money's worth."

We waited until we got home to laugh, knowing that it is unwise to laugh at the neophyte dieter on any score. Temporarily, long-term dieters are both touchy and humorless, tortured with visions of hot chocolate-fudge sundaes. They are hungry (or think they are) and bleak at the prospect of a future without nibbling.

It seems to us there are more fat people waddling the world convinced right up to diet post time that they hardly eat enough to keep a fruit gnat alive than there are pastries in Denmark. Mrs. Edwards was one of those.

"There are some people who are bound to put on weight," she told us a few years ago. "Metabolic influences, age, or some such. I am one of those."

"You are not," we answered. "You just eat too much."

"Why, dears, I hardly eat a thing."

"You eat all the time!"

She avoided us for days. Except for the fact that we live in a small town, where friends are treasures not to be sneezed off lightly, she probably would have dropped us entirely.

One of the contributing factors to Florence's implacable gain in weight was the fact that she hadn't the remotest idea of where or in what quantity lurked the insidious calorie. We encountered her one morning padding down the middle of Main Street. "Look," she cried, "fudge from the bake sale." Virtuously she continued, "I purposely passed up a lovely caramel cake, because it was big. Fudge is little."

Then there was the idea that food was a cure-all for the blues. Sometimes, in the winter months, the Silver Dollar is empty, the winds howl and the snow piles up outside. Mrs. Edwards, attuned to welcoming guests at all hours in her hotel, would awaken to a window's rattle in the predawn darkness.

"I would be lonely," she has confessed, "and perhaps scared. Not of the storm, but of the fact that no revenue was coming in. It gave CONTINUED ON PAGE 115

A TYPICAL PREDIET DAY

Mrs. Edwards is an habitual early riser and so, for an eye opener, she would have at 5:30 A.M.:

	CALORIES
2 cups tea with cream and sugar	140
1 buttered English muffin with marmalade	275
8:00 BREAKFAST:	
Fruit and cream	150
2 scrambled eggs	200
2 slices bacon	65
1 French toast and jam	300
Tea with cream and sugar	70
10:00 SNACK:	
Milk, peanut butter and crackers	350
11:00	
A lovely double-decker cone	500
1:00 LUNCH:	
3 slices scrapple	300
1 serving fried apples	250
1 slice fried mush	150
2:00:	
A couple of candies, perhaps, or a slice of cake	250
4:30:	
Tea with cream and sugar	70
1 toasted cheese sandwich	230
5:30:	
2 drinks	200
Snacks (popcorn, potato chips, nuts)	300
7:00 DINNER:	
Roast leg of lamb	375
Mashed potatoes	100
Gravy	100
Mint jelly	100
Peas	65
2 hot rolls and butter	250
Lemon-meringue pie	350
Tea with cream and sugar	70
Total	5210

SAMPLE REDUCING-DIET MENU

5:30 A.M.:	
2 cups tea with saccharin, no cream	0
½ grapefruit	50
8:00 BREAKFAST:	
2 slices bacon	65
1 buttered toast	100
1 cup tea with saccharin, no cream	0
10:30:	
1 cup bouillon	0
1:00 LUNCH:	
Shrimp, hard-cooked egg, asparagus-and-lettuce salad with dietetic dressing	185
1 glass nonfat milk	85
2 rye wafers	50
4:30:	
2 cups tea	0
7:00 DINNER:	
1 large serving roast beef	300
Yorkshire pudding	115
1 broiled tomato	30
Cucumber-and-lettuce salad with IT dietetic dressing	35
1 serving low-calorie pudding	40
Total	1055

Soup Triumphs

**Make a meal on soup,
with plenty of warm, crusty bread,
a crisp salad and/or a glorious dessert!
Four superlative soup suppers,
beginning on this page.**

Crab & Shrimp Gumbo

Put 6 slices bacon in a skillet and sauté until crisp. Drain on paper toweling and crumble into small pieces. In the bacon fat sauté until golden 2 large onions, peeled and chopped, and 2 cloves garlic, peeled and crushed. Transfer to a large kettle (4-quart) and add 2 No. 2 cans tomatoes and 6½ cups consommé. Cover and bring to a boil. Now add 1 diced, peeled carrot and 4 leeks cut into thin rounds—include some of the green leaves. Continue simmering for ½ hour. Now add 1½ pounds shelled and deveined shrimp and 1 pound boned crab meat, fresh or frozen. Season with ½ teaspoon each cayenne pepper and saffron. You might like to add about 1 teaspoon salt, depending upon your sea food. Reheat to simmering again and add 2 pounds fresh or canned okra cut into ⅓" rounds. Cook gently for ½ hour more. During the cooking stir occasionally, being sure to reach the bottom of the kettle. Just before serving add 3 tablespoons chopped parsley and thicken with 4 to 6 tablespoons flour worked to a thin smooth paste with a little water. Cook until soup thickens slightly. Add crumbled bacon. Makes 8 servings.

Lemon Ice Cream Pie

To prepare the pie shell, crush sufficient corn flakes with a rolling pin to make 1 cup. Add ⅓ cup melted butter and ¼ cup sugar. Mix well. Press firmly against the bottom and sides of an ungreased 9" pie plate—leave the rim uncovered. Chill for about ½ hour or until the shell is firm. Allow 1 quart vanilla ice cream to stand at room temperature until soft and mushy. Add ½ cup thawed frozen lemonade concentrate and mix well. Fill shell with ice-cream mixture and place in freezer or freezing section of your refrigerator for about 4 hours or until frozen again. (Use 2 rectangular ice trays if your refrigerator will not take the 9" pie plate.) Take the pie out of the freezer and allow to stand at room temperature for about 20 minutes before serving. Remove just the rind from 1 lemon (leave the bitter white part on the lemon). Cut rind into thin slivers. Put in a saucepan with ¼ cup water. Cover and boil for 10 minutes (nearly all the water will evaporate). Add ⅓ cup sugar and cook for 5 minutes more or until the rind is transparent. If the sugar does not dissolve easily, add 1 teaspoon water. Stir occasionally. Cool and dribble over the ice cream just before serving. Makes 6–8 servings.

STUART-FOWLER



Soup Triumphs CONTINUED

"Soup comes into its own as a main course.
As happy a gustatory experience as can come to mortal man!"

A fragrant bowl of steaming-hot soup is so much more than just the prologue to a delicious dinner. Each of our four triumphant soups deserves to be treated as a meal in itself; each could be the star of a family supper—or make a dramatic entrance at a big supper party. Serve our succulent crab-and-shrimp gumbo in big plates with a mound of fluffy rice in the middle of each. Crisp raw radishes, carrot curls and celery sticks take the place of salad, and there's luscious lemon ice-cream pie for dessert. A big tureen of corn-and-clam chowder, subtly seasoned with curry, is a quickie; try English muffins with the chowder, split, toasted and spread with butter into which you have mixed a little blue cheese. A shimmering apricot mold with fruit is a perfect salad-dessert finale for the meal, bordered with grapefruit sections, frozen melon balls and strawberries, and a frill of lettuce. Soul-satisfying peasant *minestrone*, with spicy sausage, succulent vegetables and *pasta*, is topped with generous spoonings of Parmesan cheese, served with slices of buttered Italian bread, followed by the cool, fresh taste of apples in Waldorf salad, made glamorous with red grapes and walnut meats. Lentils, tiny meat balls of lamb, tomatoes and dill combine in our next stouthearted soup, which simmers slowly, creating its own delicious alchemy of juices and flavors. Toss a green salad to go with the soup, adding a handful of toasted slivered almonds. Twice-frosted angel cake (first with mocha cream, again with seven-minute icing) is our heavenly dessert!



Curried Corn & Clam Chowder + Apricot Fruit Aspic







Clip these recipes and add them to the 50 treasures yo find in the new Journal Recipe Treasure Box. To o

CURRIED CORN-AND-CLAM CHOWDER

Sauté until golden, in 1 tablespoon butter, 1 medium onion, chopped, and 3 tablespoons each diced red and green pepper. Add about 2½ teaspoons curry powder (more or less, according to your taste) and sauté for another minute, stirring constantly. Empty 2 cans each condensed cream-of-mushroom soup and condensed cream-of-celery soup into a 3-quart kettle. Add an equal quantity of water, the contents of the skillet, two 10-ounce packages frozen corn, 3 drops hot red-pepper sauce, and four 7½-ounce cans drained, minced clams. Rinse the skillet with 1¼ cups water and add this to the soup. Heat very slowly until simmering, stirring occasionally. Continue simmering for 20–30 minutes or until the corn is tender. Beat 2 egg yolks lightly and add to the soup just before serving. Add extra water, milk or clam juice if the soup is too thick. Reheat but do not boil. Makes about 4 quarts.

APRICOT FRUIT ASPIC

Mix 3 envelopes unflavored gelatin with 1 cup cold water and heat until dissolved. Drain 1 No. 2½ can apricots and reserve the syrup. Purée the pitted apricots in a food blender or through a strainer. Mix together the purée, syrup and gelatin. Add 1 pint-bottle ginger ale. Flavor with 4 tablespoons lemon juice and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Stir thoroughly. Chill until thick and syrupy, stirring occasionally until all the froth has disappeared. Pour into a 6-cup ring mold and chill until firm. Unmold on a large platter and fill the center with a selection of fresh and frozen fruit. (We used seeded black and green grapes, frozen melon balls, frozen whole strawberries and grapefruit sections. Frozen pineapple, frozen raspberries, canned pear halves, fresh orange sections might be substituted.) Decorate the base of the mold with chicory and more of the mixed fruit. Serve with your favorite fruit-salad dressing. Makes 6–8 servings.



Peasant Soup + Waldorf Salad

PEASANT SOUP

Buy a veal shank with about 2 pounds meat attached. Put into a 5-quart kettle and add 2 quarts cold water, 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Cover and heat until boiling. Lower the heat and continue simmering for about 2 hours or until the meat is fork-tender. Allow the meat to cool in the broth. Remove the bones and meat. Cut the meat off the bones into bite-size pieces. Chill the broth. Now remove the fat from the surface. Heat ¼ cup salad oil in a skillet and sauté ½ cup each chopped celery, fresh spinach, green pepper (remove seeds) and peeled onion until the onion is golden. Heat the veal broth until simmering and add the contents of the skillet and ½ pound thinly sliced pepperoni; you might like to remove the skin first. Also add 2 cups each peeled and diced raw potatoes, white turnips and carrots. Continue simmering until the vegetables are almost cooked. Cook about 2 cups small macaroni shells according to package directions. Drain well and add to the soup. Now add the veal, 1 No. 2 can tomatoes, 1 package frozen peas, 3¾ cups beef broth. Season with 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon garlic powder and ¼ teaspoon each dried basil and pepper. Reheat until very hot. Serve sprinkled with grated Parmesan cheese. Makes about 5 quarts soup.

WALDORF SALAD

In a large bowl mix together 1 cup mayonnaise, 1 cup commercial sour cream and 2 tablespoons honey. Add 3 cups tart, raw apple, peeled, cored and diced. Mix well with the dressing to prevent discoloration. Now add 2 cups diced, raw celery (for color use Pascal celery), 1 cup coarsely chopped walnut meats and 2 cups halved, seeded red grapes. Mix and chill. Serve garnished with thin unpeeled apple slices. Makes 6–8 servings.

Lentil & Lamb Soup + Twice Frosted Angel Cake



Recipe Treasure Box, send $1.35 (Pennsylvania residents add 3% Pennsylvania sales tax), LADIES' HOME JOURNAL RECIPES, *Dept. 10, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.*

LENTIL-AND-LAMB SOUP

Wash 1 pound lentils and drain. Put in a heavy 5-quart kettle together with 2½ quarts cold water. Add 1 No. 2 can tomatoes, 1 large onion, peeled and finely chopped, and ½ cup butter. Season with 2 tablespoons salt, 1 teaspoon dried dill, 5 small cloves garlic, peeled and crushed, 2 bay leaves and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Cover and bring to a boil; reduce heat and continue simmering over low heat for about 1 hour and 45 minutes. Meanwhile, soak ¾ cup white bread crumbs in ½ cup milk for 10 minutes. Squeeze dry. Add to 1 pound ground shoulder of lamb. Season with 1½ teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon dried dill, ¼ teaspoon pepper and ¼ teaspoon garlic powder. Mix well. Now add 1 lightly beaten egg and mix again. Form the mixture into about 48 small balls and roll in flour. If the mixture is too soft to shape, chill for 20 minutes before handling. Heat 1 tablespoon salad oil in a skillet and sauté the meat balls until golden brown. Drain them on paper toweling and add to the soup. Simmer for 20 minutes longer. Cool and refrigerate overnight. Remove the fat from the surface. Cover and slowly reheat soup to simmering. Simmer for at least 10 minutes. Add a little water if the soup seems too thick. Garnish with small pieces of cooked bacon. Makes 8 servings.

TWICE-FROSTED ANGEL CAKE

Bake or buy one 10″ angel-food cake. Split cake horizontally twice—giving three layers. Add 2 tablespoons instant coffee to 2 cups heavy cream and whip until very thick and glossy (stands in peaks). Use no sugar. Spread the cream on each layer of the cake and put the three layers together. Frost outside of cake with cream. Chill overnight. Make a 7-minute frosting according to your favorite recipe and flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla extract. If you wish to decorate the cake, reserve about 1 cup frosting. Tint the remainder to desired shade with yellow food coloring. Use it to frost the top and sides of the cake. (Be careful not to work the cream into the frosting.) *To make the daisies:* Use a star-shaped point. Fill a pastry bag with ⅔ of the white frosting. Draw out 8 petals, starting at the center. Tint the rest of the white frosting green and make the leaves with the leaf point. Put a dot of yellow frosting in the center of each daisy.



WHAT DR. SPOCK



TINA S. FREDERICKS

An Encyclopedic Guide to Hitherto Uncatalogued Afflictions, Aberrations, Exotic Diseases of the American Child

The first time my wife announced that I was in a fatherly way, I bought a book on the care and maintenance of babies. I wanted to find out if a baby would upset the even tenor of a parent's ways, and so on.

The book was quite thick but most comforting. There were chapters on breast feeding, weaning, bowel training, diets, schedules, the standard childhood diseases and such fancy extras as protruding navels and undescended testicles, but nothing, I felt, that a child, a mother and a good pediatrician couldn't handle. I was quite relieved. As was my wife. She felt there was nothing that a child, a good pediatrician and a *father* couldn't handle.

So, in due time, the child arrived, a fine baby daughter, and for three weeks we hewed to the line laid down in the baby book.

"My, but I was smart buying that book," I told my wife. "When you know what to expect from a baby, it isn't bad at all."

But shortly thereafter I noticed something rather strange. I was getting up with the baby at night much more often than was my wife. She said she hadn't noticed it, but I persisted and called in our neighbor, John Blackheart, a bitter old man with five children.

Upon hearing my story, he brightened considerably. "The reason you're getting up so much at night," he said, "is that your baby has got a bad case of Traitor's Throat."

"Traitor's Throat?" I said. "I never heard of such a thing!"

"Traitor's Throat," he said, brightening even more, "is what a baby has when she cries just loud enough to wake her father up but not loud enough to wake her mother up. The father has two alternatives: he can either get up and change her or he can lie there half the night waiting to see if she won't wake the mother up. With Traitor's Throat, she never does."

DIDN'T TELL US!

A Survival Kit for the New Parent By B. M. Atkinson, Jr.

"What a diabolical disease!" I exclaimed. "But why isn't there something about it in my baby book?"

"For the same reason there is nothing about Potty Arm in your baby book!"

"Potty Arm?" my wife wheezed.

"Potty Arm," John explained, "is a compulsion all children get when they're about two years old. They start throwing stuff in the potty. Mostly the mother's stuff. Her toothbrush, her facecloth, her powder puff, her girdle. It's almost as bad as Vesuvian Bladder."

"Good heavens!" I said. "There are more of these things?"

"Hundreds more! Physical *and* mental. And every one is this catalytic-type thing. The child has the affliction, but only the parents suffer from it."

"I repeat," I said. "*Why* isn't there something about it in my baby book?"

"Don't be silly!" he said. "If those experts told *everything* about children, there wouldn't *be* any more children and without any more children there wouldn't be any more books about children."

"But," I whimpered, "if the experts won't tell *all* about children, why doesn't some victim do it? Why doesn't some poor, beat-up father catalogue the strangest of these afflictions, the grisliest of these surprises, and put humanity into his debt forever?"

"Well," John smirked, "all you need is a few more years and a notebook! Why don't you do it?"

EPILOGUE

Now that was some time ago—15 years, 4 children, 20 notebooks and 823 afflictions ago, to be exact—and I am now prepared to put humanity in my debt, but not at the risk of discontinuing humanity. I realize now that the technical experts on child maintenance are right: tell new parents, potential parents *everything* they can expect from children and there won't be any more children. (And God forbid that I should deprive our deserving teen-agers of the joys of parenthood.)

Therefore I am cataloguing only a fraction of the afflictions in my vast collection; not enough to frighten man and wife away from the Trap, but still enough so the Trap won't be too much of a shock once they're in it.

I have arranged the afflictions in alphabetical rather than chronological order for a very simple reason: a catalytic-type affliction follows no set chronological pattern. A child of three may take such delight in the suffering that some one of his infantile afflictions is causing his parents that he will cling to it for years—or until such time as he is big enough to be hit.

B. M. ATKINSON, JR.

ARCARO'S DISEASE: A temporary form of insanity in which a crib-bound baby supposes himself to be Eddie Arcaro. The baby will place himself on all fours somewhat in the manner of a jockey astride a horse and then will commence to ride this imaginary horse as though he is Mr. Arcaro aboard a Derby winner. The rocking of the crib can be heard throughout the house and quite often in the next block. A new father, upon first hearing this noise, immediately assumes that at least eight burglars are breaking into the house. Especially is this true if the child should suffer a seizure between midnight and 4 A.M. Technically, the disease at this hour is known as *Revere's Visitation.* The child, instead of thinking he is Eddie Arcaro, thinks he is Paul Revere and acts accordingly.

BELL'S PARALYSIS: A short circuit of the legs and ears occurring in a child when called on the phone by a playmate. The ringing of the phone, no matter how long or loud, is completely lost on the child, and the call is finally taken by the father, who for five minutes has been either in the attic, the basement or the shower screaming for somebody to answer the thing.

BUTT'S DISEASE: A malignant oiliness of the tongue in which an older child, accused of tormenting a brother or sister, will habitually preface her defense with the words, "But all I did was ——" These words, always uttered in profound amazement and innocence, are indicative of a brilliant but diabolical mind, in that the child has discovered how to cause a maximum of grief with a minimum of effort. Thus she will send a younger sister into a screaming tantrum, and upon the arrival of the mother on the scene will pitifully protest, "But all I did was give her a little pat on the head!" Though the truth, she fails to add that she was fully aware that nothing irritates the victim as much as "a little pat on the head." As Paris, a pioneer in the field, remarked upon the occasion of Achilles' death: "But all I did was shoot him in the heel!"

DR. WEST'S DELIGHT: A joint perversion of the retina and taste buds causing a child to regard a toothbrush not as a toothbrush but as a hairy lollipop. Rather than brushing with it, the child sucks it, the resulting noise being that of a man on snowshoes wading through a vat of egg whites. Though this fixation lasts from five to six years, the suctional force is greatest in the earlier stages of the affliction. A two-year-old boy can, within three days, reduce a brand-new toothbrush to a state of limpness found only in pipe cleaners. Occurs always in association with *Hope's Obsession,* a morbid fondness for tooth paste. So insatiable is this craving in some children that the paste will often wind up as sandwich spread. This results in a corollary affliction known as *Jelly Roll Clutch,* a muscular disorder of the fingers which makes it impossible for a child to squeeze a tube of tooth paste from the bottom. Being squeezed always in the middle, a new tube of paste will, within four days, take on the appearance of an exploded jelly roll. In an effort to curb these dietary extravagances, many parents will outlaw paste and substitute tooth powder. Very seldom is this change in menu successful. Rather than pour the powder into the palm of the hand, the child will moisten his brush, thread it through the opening in the top of the can, and dip it into the main body of the powder. A few such baptisms of the brush and the powder is no longer powder but a collection of dirty gray marbles of practical value only to the gourd section of Xavier Cugat's band.

DURANTE'S FRENZY: A violent thrashing of a baby's arms, legs, head, feet, rib cage and buttocks punctuated by shrieks from the baby and profane mutterings from attendant parents seeking to control the thrashing. Caused by belief among babies that the human nose is a fit depository for anything but nose drops. The average eighteen-month-old will, without a qualm, introduce into his nostrils peas, marbles, collar buttons, cigarette butts and carpet tacks, but when asked to submit the same organ to four drops of nasal balm immediately fears for his life, evidently confusing the nose dropper with a suctional device for removing the brains. Administering the nose drops against the child's wishes is the equivalent of force-feeding a python, and unless the mother outweighs the child by 150 pounds or has recourse to a vise, strait jacket and leg irons, the assistance of the father will be required. In such case, the father should first gird himself with ear muffs, raincoat and catcher's mask, as in the ensuing struggle there is always considerable doubt as to who will wind up with the drops and where. In administering suppositories, the father should exercise even more care.

GERONIMO'S BOUNCE: A congenital binding of the leg muscles making it impossible for any child under fourteen years of age to *walk* down a flight of stairs. Thus handicapped, the child spends the first fourteen years of his life *jumping* down stairs, his parents spending the corresponding time ducking, as a forty-pound boy can, in one jump, shake houses three blocks away. This terror, however, decreases with age. Whereas a boy at four years of age will require thirty jumps to negotiate thirty steps, he will, at twelve years of age, require only three jumps. However, in requiring only three jumps, he may also require splints, traction and a bone graft, but that's the paratroopers for you.

GOAT MOUTH: A dietary phenomenon in which babies, usually from nine to twenty-four months, are possessed of a great appetite for everything but food, showing a marked preference for coffee grounds, eggshells, lamp cords, soap, soil, crib railings, dog biscuit and quite often the ear of the dog itself. Just how the infant, with his small and limited number of teeth, can chew his way through crib railings, spaniel ears, and so on, will forever remain a mystery to the parent *unless,* in an effort to remove splinters, dog hair, eggshells, and so on, the parent is stupid enough to stick a finger in said infant's mouth. Not all nine-fingered fathers have power saws.

HAMLET'S MANIA: A morbid fondness for death scenes; a temporary but violent hysteria in which an injured child, no matter how slight the injury, believes herself to be at the point of death and howls accordingly. These cries have such a high anguish content and are accompanied by such elaborate dramatic effects that the father is immediately convinced that the child *is* at death's door and will race through the house, vaulting tables and crashing through unopened doors, going to her rescue. He fails to realize that, in staging death scenes, a six-year-old child with a skinned knee can outscreech a gut-shot panther. Even more deceptive are the dramatic effects. A child falling down the front steps and slightly skinning a shin *could* hobble

CONTINUED ON PAGE 123

Foolproof Color Schemes

Pale pink walls set the stage for rooms inviting and cheerful.



Colorful plaid

Purple corduroy



Green rug





Simple lines of the white brick fireplace and marble coffee table set off the bright reds and pinks used on furniture and cushions. Antique brass sconces and early-American andirons add a decorative touch to the room.

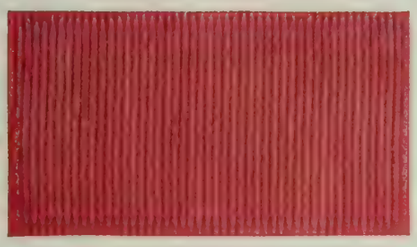
#5



HAROLD TOWLER

Green corduroy





Pink corduroy



The elegance of rose-flowered chintz on the sofas blends beautifully and warmly with a traditional background and shelves filled with antique china.

Shown in two very different rooms, cherry red and carnation pink combine to provide a stimulating color theme in rooms gay and inviting. In the traditional setting, bouquets of pink and red roses bloom in a setting of the palest pink walls and white woodwork. The grass green of a cotton rug is echoed in green corduroy pillows, and a splash of violet corduroy adds an air of luxury when used on antique footstool and other pillows.

In the modern setting, the sofa, covered in brilliant pink corduroy, picks its color from one of those in the bold and colorful plaid used on benches and window seat. Here the rug is jute—practical and inexpensive.

In either type of room the warm, pretty combination of red and pink offers a cheerful invitation to sit by the fire.

By CYNTHIA McADOO WHEATLAND
Interior Decoration Editor



STUART

Pork chops and ruddy sweet potatoes, baked to a juicy tenderness in a sweet-sour sauce, will delight the most discriminating guest. Molded spinach salad, surprisingly seasoned with herbs, is the perfect complement.

Good-Time Buffet

for 8 $1.00 per person

By MARGARETTA STEVENSON

It's fun to take foods that are gingham in price and give them silken charm. Here is a delicious party menu to cheer the heart of any thrift-minded hostess. Besides, it has all the elements every party dinner should have: heartiness to please the men; color, artful seasonings and subtle nuances of flavor to pique the curiosity of the women. I've often wondered why some hostesses feel that unless they have an elaborate feast it isn't a party. It's the taste and drama you use in presenting your dinner that really make it a festive, long-remembered occasion.

MENU

BAKED PORK PIQUANTE
AND SWEET POTATOES

MOLDED SPINACH SALAD

CORN STICKS

PEACH SNOW CAPS

COFFEE



Peach Snow Caps—a light, refreshing finish for a bountiful meal.

PORK PIQUANTE

Buy a 4-pound loin of pork, rib end, and have your butcher bone and cut it into chops. You should get at least 9 thick chops from this amount. Cut excess fat from the chops, otherwise the sauce will be greasy. Sear the chops until they are golden brown on both sides and drain on paper towels. Arrange the chops in the bottom of a shallow 3-quart casserole and season with about ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper.

For the sauce: Drain 1 No. 2 can crushed pineapple. Reserve the pineapple. To the juice add ½ cup water, ¼ cup each vinegar and brown sugar, 2 tablespoons each lemon juice, prepared mustard and Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Moisten 2 tablespoons cornstarch with a little cold water and stir into the pineapple-juice mixture. Cook until slightly thickened, stirring constantly.

Drain 1 can sweet potatoes and arrange in between the pork chops. Peel and thinly slice 2 medium onions, separate the rings, and layer on top of potatoes and chops. Sprinkle with 1 teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Pour the sauce over all. Cover and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 2 hours, or until the pork and onions are fork-tender. Uncover and top with pineapple. Bake, uncovered, for another 15 minutes. Makes 8 servings.

MOLDED SPINACH SALAD

Cook 6 packages frozen chopped spinach according to package directions. Drain well and cool. Add ¾ cup commercial sour cream, 8 tablespoons coarsely chopped celery and 6 tablespoons grated onion. Season with 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 tablespoon each finely chopped parsley and salt, and 1 teaspoon each dried tarragon and chervil. Mix well. Pack the mixture into a 2½-quart ring mold or custard cups and chill well for at least 2 hours. Unmold and serve with sour-cream dressing. Decorate the base of the mold with water cress and peeled sliced cucumber sprinkled with finely grated carrot. Makes 8 servings.

Dressing: Mix 1 cup commercial sour cream with 2 tablespoons grated cucumber.

PEACH SNOW CAPS

Open 2 No. 303 cans cling peach halves. Drain, reserving juice. Arrange halves in a shallow baking dish, hollow side up. Crumble 12 small macaroons (1⅓ cups) and add 3 tablespoons peach syrup and 1 tablespoon melted butter. Mix well and let stand until the syrup has soaked into the macaroons. Fill the hollows of the peach halves with the macaroon mixture. Pour about ¼ cup peach syrup into the bottom of the dish. Cover and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about ½ hour. To the remaining peach syrup add 1 tablespoon each sugar and cornstarch. Mix well. Heat until the mixture becomes clear and slightly thickened. Tint it a delicate amber color with a few drops red and yellow food coloring. Serve the peaches hot, topped with a scoop of vanilla ice cream and a sprig of mint. Pass the hot peach sauce at the table.

BUSY-DAY MENUS

made souper with soup— Campbell's of course!

Take a tray — heat a soup! Any one of Campbell's good soups! Add a salad or a sandwich and dessert. You can have a delicious, nourishing meal ready in minutes! Try these busy-day menus or make up your own. It's easy with Campbell's Soups!



GOOD 'N HEARTY
Vegetable Beef Soup
Grilled Cheese Sandwiches
Pickles Swanson Frozen Apple Pie Coffee



LOW-CALORIE SPECIAL
Chicken Vegetable Soup
Peach-Cottage Cheese Salad Crackers
Angel Cake Hot Tea



MEATLESS MEAL
Tomato Soup
Tuna Salad Potato Chips
Instant Chocolate Pudding



CROW-ABOUT COMBO
Chicken Noodle Soup
Scrambled Eggs Buttered Toast with Jelly
Apple Milk



SOUP-SANDWICH DUET
Chicken with Rice Soup
Peanut Butter and Bacon Sandwiches
Carrot Sticks Oatmeal Cookies Banana



ALL-AMERICAN
Vegetable Soup
Grilled Frank with Cheese
Green Salad Doughnuts



DAD'S FAVORITE
Minestrone Soup
Hamburger (with everything)
Chocolate Sundaes



SATURDAY-NIGHT SPECIAL
Turkey Noodle Soup
Browned Link Sausages Succotash
Applesauce Milk



Have you had your soup today?

ST. LOUIS WOMAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

I was on stage for about twenty minutes and I received one hundred dollars.

The five-hundred-odd people who heard me knew me, most of them. I smiled as I sang and nodded at friends in the audience. I wore a plain white chiffon dress decorated with Alençon lace, my hair was done up on the top of my head like mamma's (I had been waiting years to do it) and I had no make-up. I looked five or six years older than my almost thirteen—and I was as tall as I am now, though a good deal thinner. The concertmaster of the symphony orchestra played the violin with me and we had a piano accompanist. "*Schön, schön!*" he kept whispering to himself—"Beautiful, beautiful!"

Not that I had not sung in public before. From the third grade on, whenever the teacher of my class had an extra five minutes to fill, she called on me. I was delighted to respond with numbers taken from vaudeville to opera.

When I sang for my hundred dollars I had already commenced music lessons. I had no illusions about the training it would take to make me what I wanted. I went to the Roman Catholic church in our neighborhood and offered to sing in the four-voice choir. After two Sundays they awarded me all the solos.

Not that I was Catholic. Our family was thoroughly mixed up in a religious way. My mother was Catholic; my father was a Mason, a Knight Templar; my grandmother was Lutheran; and Walter and I fell somewhere between. Actually, denomination never has made any difference to me. What I wanted was someplace to sing and the churches provided it.

Competing with the roar of the organ and the other voices, I got volume and strength. But after fourteen months I deserted the choir and started to keep my mouth shut. Not because anything went wrong, but simply because my new singing teacher told me, "You should study, not sing. This free-and-easy style of yours is all very well, but it interferes with your musical line of thought. You have to stop it if you want to be a real singer."

There was nothing I wanted more—and I quit public appearances (except for perhaps two or three a year that I could not resist) for five years.

Mrs. Louise Meyerson Vetta-Karst was a small-boned, very pretty and dominating woman. She had long blue-green eyes, heavy red-brown hair piled on top of her head, and a complexion of pure cream—with exclamation points of black eyebrows. She loved singing more than anything else and, I think, she loved me next to singing. I know I felt that way toward her.

Lulu—as her friends called her—was related to Chouteau, a fur trapper in the early days, one of the first settlers of the trading post of St. Louis. When she was very young, she traveled to Europe and lived there for a time, then came back and married the French consul in St. Louis. Six or seven years later she was divorced, went back to France and entered the Sorbonne for seventeen years of studying music.

She was composed of opposites; she had an explosive temper and yet the most tremendous patience I have ever seen. She was a close friend of my family and it was my mother who told me she would be my teacher when I informed the family that I wanted to study.

"I want to be a real singer," I said grandly, "and I don't care how hard I have to work."

If I had known then just what those words meant, I might never have gone to Lulu. I could not have imagined that I would be her pupil for exactly the same time—seventeen years—that she had studied abroad. It would have terrified me. Today I would not exchange those priceless years for all the treasures of the world.

How she came to be my teacher is a story that has always impressed me with the idea of fate. I had been singing with the choir of the Roman Catholic church for a few months and I had some Italian friends who were impressed with my untrained voice. They used to urge me to take lessons. "At least," they said, "why don't you visit someone who can really tell you what a treasure you have in your throat?"

Their daughter, Florencia Bettini, had been taking piano lessons from one of the foremost teachers in the city—a tall, dignified, handsome man who was highly respected by the Midwest society of the day. I was impressed by his reputation and finally he agreed to hear me and I agreed to go.

I was not too happy about it. I kept mumbling that his studio was the place where "the kids with lots of money went." The size and rich decorations made me unhappy; so did his brusque greeting and the fact that he ordered me up on the small stage with an accompanist and sat down and commenced to open his mail. I determined that I would show him.

The song I had selected opened on a very high note that was a sustained one. I hit it and held it—and watched my audience-of-one like a hawk.

As soon as that note hit his eardrums, he jerked as if someone had stabbed him. But he kept on ripping open the envelope. As I went into the song, he took out the letter and opened it—but I do not think that he ever finished it. He bounded up in the middle of the song and cried, "What's your name?"

I told him what it was and that I was almost thirteen.

He shook his head. "I know I'm not wrong," he told me, "but in something as important as this, we must make sure." He dragged me out of the studio and beat on the door of the next studio. I waited outside as he rushed in and I could hear the argument: "I don't care who you're teaching, Lulu, you have to stop and listen to this angel!"

Finally he came out again, and took me inside. That was the first time that I ever saw Mme. Vetta-Karst—a woman of real beauty, about sixty years old, staring at me as if she wanted to drill holes in my head.

"Sing!" she said in her gravel voice.

I repeated the song I had done for the piano teacher. Lulu seemed unimpressed. She got up and peered at me.

"What's your name?" she asked. "How old? Where do you live?"

Then she was silent. Finally she said, "I want to teach you, my girl."

"I'm sorry," I said firmly. "My mother doesn't want me to take lessons from anyone except a woman she knew as a child."

Lulu puffed away fiercely on her cigarette. "Who is this woman?" she jerked out. "Maybe I know her."

"My mother sang, but not professionally," I said doubtfully. "I can't ——"

"Nonsense!" she snapped. "What's your mother's name?"

"Mrs. Traubel," I said.

Lulu shook her head impatiently. "What's the name of this wonderful teacher she wants you to have?"

"A woman named Lulu Meyerson," I said defiantly.

A change came over Mme. Vetta-Karst's face. She did not smile, but somehow it seemed as if she had relaxed inwardly and were enjoying the moment.

"Tell me, child," she said, "what was your mother's maiden name?" I was surprised at the gentleness of the question.

"Clara Stuhr," I said.

"I see," Lulu said thoughtfully, "I see." She marched to a telephone and, turning, demanded our home number. I gave it to her and she told the operator and waited. Suddenly she rasped, "Clara! This is Lulu—Lulu Meyerson!"

From then on, for seventeen years, she was my second mother. Probably I spent more time in her company, in that old studio, than I did with my family if the hours of sleep are not counted. And the first lesson I ever took with her was the same as the last: scales and more scales, up and down the scales until I felt as if I were climbing endless mountains of notes.

Perhaps the hardest lesson for me to learn in starting with Lulu was obedience. I had been used to having my own way; my voice was the magic wand that opened most doors for me in St. Louis. Now, with the whip of her gravelly tones cutting through my weary ascending and descending of notes, it was different. Yet I loved it; it was wonderful because it was, I knew, the object of my whole life. This was a person who really knew singing. Anything that I ever proved later in life by my singing was something that Lulu dreamed of first.

Starting with a half hour of scales each day and increasing steadily from then on, Lulu listened to me and corrected me, closing her eyes, leaning back with her ears cocked to hear the slightest deviation from what she had commanded. It was as if some famous baseball coach had picked a kid off the sandlots and was trying to teach him to swing and hit like Babe Ruth. When I despaired, she assured me that I was capable of it; when I was supremely confident, she deflated me expertly. Four, eight, twelve notes up and down, trying to make each one as perfect as possible.

That is what I always started to do, what I never finished doing: simply to sing an absolutely perfect set of scales. What I was interested in was not volume nor holding a note, nor hitting a high or a low. I only wanted balance and control to be achieved and held to their utmost limit. I wanted perfect clarity, perfect tone, perfect levels. "You don't want any *holes* in your voice," grated Lulu. "That's why you have to work."



"Then he turned on the full force of his charm and here I am."

I would practice scales for a month and then, possibly, as a particular reward, she would allow me to learn a song. Another six weeks of scales, then another song—nothing popular, only the classic literature of music. I got so I could hit and hold high C's and get down to B flat below middle C—with a range of about two and a half octaves—but I never considered this as an accomplishment in itself. My training with Lulu added three notes on top and three or four below what I had naturally—but its great and incomparable contribution to whatever Nature had given me was simply the purity and sustaining of notes in flight. "Your goal must always be a beautiful sound," snapped Lulu, whose voice was anything but—yet who had all the wisdom of the ages in her aristocratic head about the art. "Never forget that!" I hope I never have.

Because of those years, today I never think of singing as "hard" or "easy." I love to sing songs where I can use my voice in expanding—in long-sustained phrases. If a song is wordy, I sometimes have difficulty breaking up my own sound in order to get the words in the right order. I recall that in 1947 in Chicago, which has some very perceptive music critics, one of them wrote that my singing some light, familiar songs in a recital was "like sending a dreadnought to do a rowboat's job." I enjoyed the truth of that—and the counterclaim that I have kept in my memory was one made during a tour with the Philadelphia Philharmonic Orchestra in Michigan in 1950. I was singing excerpts from the role of Brünnhilde in Wagner. The audience was entranced and I was satisfied. I never read reviews; I take my cues as to a good or bad performance from what I feel coming over the footlights in waves from the audience. If they like me, I can feel it; if they don't, it is like throwing one vast mattress over me, smothering me to death. But this line from a review was read to me and I have always remembered it with pleasure: "The wonderful Traubel hoisted a few tones over the audience that you could chin yourself on."

With such recollections always comes the vision of Lulu Vetta-Karst. I can hear her harshness, warning, admonishing, denouncing—and, very rarely, praising—over all the din of the past years.

Once I stopped in the middle of a tone. Lulu whirled, her dark eyes flashing. "Why did you stop?" she demanded. "Did I tell you to?"

"I—I didn't think that tone was very good," I stammered.

"You! *You* didn't think it was good!" exclaimed my outraged teacher. "I'll be the judge of what's good or bad!" All that afternoon she used a whip of verbal scorpions across my back.

She never let herself get soft toward me even at the end. When, in 1944, I returned to St. Louis I was the guest of honor at a Women's Club reception. I had been in town for twenty-four hours and I had not called Lulu—something which I had never done before and which I knew was unforgivable. To her I was still her pupil and no one else.

I had not seen Lulu for three or four years and she was not invited to the party. But she came; she came in late, dressed in a beautiful gown, smoking the inevitable cigarette, the cynosure of all eyes. She went to the middle of the room, planted herself there, cocked her head and put her arms akimbo. She stared at me in the receiving line—and I, of course, went directly to her and caught her to my heart.

"I was wondering if you would come," she said. She regarded me a moment through her slitted lids, then threw away the cigarette, and hugged me in return.

She was old, very old—in her late eighties—when she died in 1948. I was not able to get back to see her in time, but we had kept in touch and she still loved me, for which I am eternally grateful.

I consider my deepest failing to be the fact that I am a very poor judge of people. I like everyone—until they disappoint me. Ther

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FRANCO-AMERICAN

BEEF GRAVY

FRANCO-AMERICAN IS A TRADEMARK OF CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

something inside me closes like stone gates. I cannot help it; I feel like the child in a fairy tale, picking daisies in the fields and running up to the castle gates only to have them slam shut. It is this bitter disappointment that gives me firmness in a crisis. After I make up my mind, there is nothing left for me except to go forward and remember with gladness.

Another in my assortment of faults is that I like to be comfortable. Not that this is a sin in itself. It just tends to make anyone fond of her possessions. When I was young I saw three of my dearest relatives—my mother, uncle and aunt—cajoled, one by one, out of their fortunes. Furniture, apartment houses, even personal belongings went. They must have lost well over $200,000. Perhaps this has had some influence over my own thinking: I am wary of holding anything too tightly and too long.

I recall putting $10 every week under the cover on my uncle's dresser so that he would not be embarrassed about asking me for spending money. I recall my mother and aunt saying, in their most distressed accents, "But I can't let that go; I have to keep that; don't you remember what a nice time we had when we got *that?*" It cluttered up their attics—and their thinking.

What do I really value? My husband, my singing, my health and my friends. Of these, the singing—which for such a long time was my whole dedicated life—is now the least. Of the other three, I would choose my husband as my most precious possession, that and the understanding we have between us on life. If he should die or be taken from me? Then I would have the memory of twenty-three years of superb and happy living.

My first public singing after I was taken on as a pupil by Lulu was singing concerts (eight years later) with the St. Louis Symphony orchestra. In 1924 it was an excellent, very responsive organization of perhaps eighty-five men. Rudolph Ganz was its conductor. He was a great pianist in his own right, a tall, gentle man who performed miracles with his musicians. I went out on two tours with the orchestra—one of ten and the other of seven weeks. We covered the Middle West, from New Orleans to Chicago.

Rudy always played beautifully for me. He often accompanied me himself on the piano. He even composed and sometimes orchestrated for me because, as he said, "a beautiful sound should have a beautiful setting." I was paid $800 a week and sang seven times a week on tour. I was not very well acquainted with concert life—my mother was always with me so I always felt at home. When my turn came to sing they just turned me around and pointed me toward the stage. I went out and opened my mouth at the right time. Audiences never bothered me. I could feel their friendliness and their warmth for me—and as soon as I commenced to sing all feelings of stage fright or anything like it fell away.

I must have calmed down a little in my estimate of myself in those hard-working days, because my family stopped calling me "Queenie." Mother handled the money—in those years I was the earning mainstay of the Traubel family—and I had little to do except tour the various cities, admire them, and do my chore of singing each night.

In 1926 Ganz went to New York. He gave a concert in the Lewisohn Stadium there. I sang the Liebestod from *Tristan und Isolde*. The dressing rooms were open, under the stage. During the performance I noticed a man walking back and forth, back and forth, before mine. Finally I demanded nervously, "Who is that man?" No one knew. At the end of the performance I found out. He was a guard posted there by Arthur Judson, one of the most successful music agents in the business.

Judson, I think, was one of the handsomest males I ever saw. He was tall, with perfect features, erect carriage and perfect aplomb. He came right in and said, "You have the greatest voice I have ever heard."

"Thank you," I said.

"Come to my office," he said. "I would like to talk to you."

"I'm sorry," I said obstinately, "I'm very busy."

I was not being shy or coy or impudent—I was simply wary and a little scared. Judson must have sensed it. He laughed. "All right. Where are you staying?"

"At the Algonquin Hotel."

"May I call you in the next few days?"

"All right," I said.

Mother and I lived in the Algonquin Hotel because it was a busy place, full of coming and going. We loved it, though we did not know many of the famous people who inhabited it. We paid a solid price for a living room and two bedrooms—$14 a day in those times—and were unhappy about it. A tenor living there with his wife felt much the same way. One day he reported excitedly to us that he had found a fine new residential hotel—the White Hotel—at Lexington and 36th Street. It was just built and it had what seemed reasonable rates. We moved in.

From the first the manager loved my mother; the pastry chef loved me. Two or three times a week he used to send up baskets of *petits fours*—the basket being made of fine peppermint candy. We got to be very fond of this gift and kept expecting it; we even shared it some-

MAMMA'S DREAM HOUSE

By JANET HENRY

I don't want a fine architectural plan
In a setting sublime or elite;
Just give me a house with a sitter next door
And a plumber across the street.

times with our friends when our consciences and weigh-ins commenced to bother us. The manager's only complaint was, "Mrs. Traubel, there's no service in the kitchen when the chef is getting something for you!"

Both of us loved food. I have always been grateful that in my profession a stylish stout is considered an asset to the production of rich tones. You have to have the space to make the noise and you have to have the weight to surround the space.

That first trip in 1926 proved to me New York had all I wanted as a place to live. With rides on the subway, the ferries to Staten Island, the walks in Central Park, the museums, concerts, zoos and theaters, I felt with all my heart a part of its electric way of existence. I wanted to stay. But I knew I was not yet ready to meet what the city had to offer. I would have to learn much, much more.

Meanwhile, I was looking desperately for a singing teacher. I knew Lulu would not mind. She was always confident that however far I roamed I would always come back to her. Not because of sentimentality but because she was sure of her own talent's dovetailing with what my voice needed and my own good judgment about her.

The Ganzes—Mary and Rudy—took me to visit a voice teacher whom they knew and endorsed. She was one of the most famous in the world, having taught for years in Europe, and had lately opened a studio on 57th Street. I sang the familiar aria from Louise while she listened. At the end, she rose—a tall, austere woman—and moved around the piano toward me. Her eyes were moist.

"This is a great, great voice," she said emotionally. "I must teach this girl."

"Do you hear her?" demanded Mary. "Aren't you flattered?"

"Oh, yes," I said doubtfully. "I don't want to seem impertinent, but tell me—what is your theory, madame?"

"Theory?" she said, amazed.

"I mean," I said, "how do you teach what you want me to learn?"

"Helen!" cried the scandalized Mary.

"I have to know," I said stubbornly.

"Of course she does," said the teacher. She launched into a long dissertation on her ideas about singing.

I had heard the same vague lecture a dozen times. I was not looking for a teacher to show me how to produce tone: Lulu was doing exactly what I wanted in that direction. I needed someone to show me how to sing a song—how to convince an audience. My prospective tutor, out of breath, paused.

I nodded. "I really meant what you want me to do in practice," I said politely.

"I can show you in France," she said. "I conduct a school at Fontainebleau every summer. I take perhaps ten or a dozen pupils—the daughters of the rich who feel complimented and want to get rid of them—for four thousand dollars apiece. You will go with me for nothing!"

"Thank you very much," I said stubbornly. "But tell me, can you give me the name of someone who follows your teaching and who has become successful?"

Mary stared at me in stupefaction. I heard a snort from Rudy. The teacher, a little stunned, rose and pointed to a picture on the wall. It was of a Metropolitan Opera singer who was famous at the time but who, in my heart of hearts, I had always considered a hack. She sang any role at any time on short notice—from contralto to soprano. She did a competent job, surely, but it was nothing of which I thought I would be proud.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I don't care for her singing at all."

After that there seemed little to be said. We murmured our good-bys and went down to the sidewalk. Mary was furious with me; Rudy was laughing.

"Good heavens!" said Mary indignantly. "How can you be so gauche, Helen? This is the greatest singing teacher alive."

"I know," I said contritely. "She may be, and I'm sure she will mean everything to some people, but she has nothing for me."

"You can't expect to push Helen," interposed Rudy, still chuckling. "There has to be some sort of rapport between teacher and pupil." He laughed all that evening through supper.

I imagine I was brash and impudent in those days. It is hard to think of a girl in her twenties who has such fixed and immovable convictions. But I believed then that I was right; I still believe it.

Back I went to St. Louis. I was to stay there for the next eight years—singing at the Pilgrim Congregational Church and the United Hebrew Temple, earning about $3600 a year from both jobs and occasionally getting $100 for a funeral of any denomination. The money went to my mother. I went to Lulu regularly—up and down the scales, learning a new tune, up and up and down and down the scales again. It was to be 1934 before my life was to take a really significant change.

In New York, I had sung for Walter Damrosch. He had not let me finish my selection before bounding up and inquiring what I was going to do with my voice. I gave him my stock answer: go back to St. Louis. He appeared disgruntled, but he said no more. He evidently forgot completely about the girl from the country because the next time we met he was convinced I was a stranger.

It was eight years later, at the St. Louis *Saengerfest* in 1934. I was happily studying with Lulu, giving joint recitals at the Ethical Culture Society, and once in a while singing with the St. Louis Symphony. That year the town commenced to buzz: it had been chosen as the headquarters of harmony for that year. It was a huge honor for a city. More than 50—sometimes nearly 100—German singing societies would attend.

One day I returned home to find an invitation to be the featured solo singer at the *Saengerfest*. I discovered that Walter Damrosch had been invited to be the guest conductor. I accepted on the spot.

In those days Damrosch was a tall, handsome man with an aquiline nose, a good figure, bushy white brows and white, sleek hair. He talked as if he were the Pope of Music—which indeed, to most of the United States, he was. He had started his famous Music Appreciation Hour on radio. His voice was piped into practically every school. Previous to that he had been conductor at the Metropolitan and had led the New York Symphony, which later merged with the Philharmonic.

I asked about the program. I saw the selections: all Wagner. That suited me down to the ground.

It did not suit Damrosch. I learned (long afterward) that my acceptance of the offer to be the soloist had enraged the old man. "Who," he demanded resonantly over the telephone to the apologetic committee head in St. Louis, "is this Helen—Helen What's-her-name?"

"Traubel."

"Traubel! I don't know her. If you think you can foist some squeaky little local-talent girl onto me, you are very badly mistaken!"

I imagine that the committee might have thrown in the towel, paid me off, and got some other singer—but for the fact that civic pride had been roused. Telegrams and telephone calls raged between Damrosch and St. Louis. I went on serenely practicing my numbers with Lulu, unaware of the storm.

"All right," said the St. Louis delegation finally, "we'll meet your demand, Mr. Damrosch. All we ask is that you rehearse with her. We will stand on your judgment. If she does not measure up to your standards, we will hire whomever you say." His pride mollified, Damrosch agreed.

Completely ignorant of all this, I came down to the Arena Auditorium that morning at 11:30, humming a tune, ready to go to work. Damrosch was on the stage. He nodded and spoke to me very politely without the slightest sign of recognition.

"What would you like to sing?" he asked.

I said mischievously, "Anything, as long as it is the aria from Tannhäuser and the Liebestod of Isolde," the two selections he had programmed.

Damrosch's lips tightened. "We'll start with the Liebestod," he said. As he told me afterward, "I said to myself, 'We'll blow her off this platform right now.'" He had one of the best pieces in the world to blast a budding soprano: the voice has to come in exactly on the note of a bassoon. It is very difficult to hit it correctly. But I had sung it enough so that I did not care if the bassoonist dropped dead. I could hit the note in my sleep.

"My dear," said Damrosch, "we'll try it right now if you don't mind."

"I don't mind," I said.

He looked at me and turned to the orchestra. With one hand on his hip and the other condescendingly waggling over the heads of his men, he coughed and gestured me to begin.

Three kettledrum notes introduced the Liebestod. I took my three and let loose. I kept going and watching Damrosch out of the corner of my eye. His head jerked around, his beat became slower and slower. I finished the little number and he sprang upon me. He kissed me on both cheeks.

"My dear, I must see you after rehearsal!" he boomed excitedly. He turned to the orchestra, all of whom were St. Louisans. "Why," shouted Damrosch, "why have you buried a voice like this in this miserable city and done nothing about it?"

The first cellist moved diffidently. He said, "We thought you *might* like her, *Herr Doktor.*"

After the rehearsal I met Margaret Damrosch, who was always one of my best friends. "You have one of the great voices of the world," she said instantly.

"I wish I could think so too," I said.

Damrosch came bustling in. "This is insanity, hiding yourself in this out-of-the-way city!" he cried. "You must come to New York!"

"Thank you very much."

"Will you come, then?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I don't think I'm ready, Doctor Damrosch."

He was amazed. "You will sing under my sponsorship. You will be the hit of the Metropolitan. You *will* sing at the Metropolitan?

I said seriously, "I want to, of course. But ot yet. I must go on with my training."

Damrosch sighed and shook his head. He oked at Margaret, who looked down at her ands.

"Well," Damrosch said heavily, "I'm com-osing an opera, The Man Without a Coun-y. It is written only for men. It has no female oices in it—I did not know there was such a oice as yours in the world. Now I shall go ack to New York and rewrite the whole ork—if you will only consent to sing the ad."

"No," I said.

"You can sing it at the Met or at my ome!"

shook my head. My eyes felt wet. "We've et before, Doctor Damrosch," I said. "You ought I was good then, but you never even othered to remember me!" I left the room.

During the week that Damrosch was in St. ouis, he and his wife invited me to have lunch ith them often. He asked me again and again take the role in his proposed opera. Just often I refused. He was not used to having meone as stubborn as himself—I think he ed still thinking I was crazy in trying to per-ct a beautiful sound. But at length he yielded.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked e on his last day.

I relented a little. "Why don't you send me e opera when you have it finished and we ill see?" I said. I had no thought that he ould rewrite it with such a vague and con-tional reply. I was wrong.

He called me in 1935, saying that the music as finished. He asked if I would help him dition his score for a Met production. I re-ctantly agreed, saying I would sing it only if was performed in his house.

I arrived in New York alone. I wanted to avel that way, to sop up all the electricity d massiveness that it could contribute to my elings. I went to the American Woman's lub and set up housekeeping. The Dam-sches welcomed me and we commenced hearsing the opera at breakneck speed for o weeks. At the end of that time the per-rmance was given with a cast of eight and a orus of eight—before the most select musi-l audience possible in America.

I must say all eight of us in The Man With-t a Country sang our little hearts out for that p-drawer audience. After it was over and the ngratulations—polite and sincere—had died wn, we had supper. I was sandwiched in tween Edward Johnson, the ex-tenor and anager of the Metropolitan Opera, and hn Royal, of the National Broadcasting ompany. This craggy-faced, abrupt Irish-an and I struck up a friendship—good ough for me to call him Finnegan for the st of his life.

It was Johnson who got in the first licks. Why don't you sing the part of Aïda at the letropolitan?" he asked.

"I'm not ready," I said.

"If you got the part you would be," he posted.

Royal broke in from the other side: "Where ve you and that voice been? We have to ve you at N.B.C."

"What could I do?" I asked.

"Sing! Sing!" he cried.

"No," I said.

"Why not?" I gave him my usual answer d he roared like a wounded lion. "Set your wn time!" he told me.

Before I went to see Royal, I agreed to ap-ar on Damrosch's Music Appreciation radio ogram. I went down to the studio and sang few songs by Brahms—and as I left, I was et at the door by Royal.

"I heard it," he said with a grin. "Now I ow we have to get you. We don't have this nd of singing anywhere in the United States day."

We went into his office. He sat me down and id, "We'll give you your own program. nything you want. You name, we'll get."

"I have to earn my living," I said naïvely.

"How much do you make in St. Louis?" he ked.

"Five thousand a year," I said.

"How much do you want here?"

"It would take at least ten thousand for me live in New York," I replied.

Royal jerked around, punched (he never pressed) a button, and hollered for his secretary.

"Not so fast!" I cried, alarmed. "What's going on?"

"You said ten thousand dollars and ten thousand it is," Royal returned.

"You're using blarney or something on me," I told him wildly.

"I know, 'You're not ready,'" he mimicked me.

"No, I'm not. I have to go back to St. Louis!"

"All right," Royal said, "take the contract with you—but don't keep us waiting too long."

Nor did he give up his campaign. He hammered at me luncheon after luncheon: sign, sign, sign. He tried to romance me, flatter me and flatten me—all difficult feats at that time.

Damrosch was having more success. He blandly overrode the pledge he had given and wheedled me into saying I would sing The Man Without a Country in the Metropolitan.

After the opera audition and a few more programs with Damrosch on the radio, I fled back to St. Louis. Before I left one incident happened that changed the whole course of my life.

I remember that winter night in 1936 when I opened the door of the house of a friend in Greenwich Village. I went inside, into a big living room. There I saw, for the first time, a husky, well-mannered man with slicked brown hair and the most beautiful hands. He was, as I discovered, wise and witty. He was forever gay and gentle. I sat down with him and our mutual friend. We talked—from eleven until seven o'clock the next morning.

Going home in the gray, chill, delightful dawn of New York—with the streets hosed down, the early risers hurrying along the sidewalks—I leaned back in the corner of my taxi. I thought, *I would like to be married to a man like that.*

It was impossible. I was already married. I had been married since I was nineteen years old.

It happened in the apartment house that mother bought and moved into after the death of my father. The year was 1922. I was young, eager for any kind of adventure, in love with life. We were having a gathering of friends one evening with the resultant hubbub and pleasant eating and drinking that always went on. I noticed a silent young man in a corner. He looked to me like a romantic combination of John Gilbert and Ronald Colman, my idols in the movies. I went over to him and introduced myself. He shyly told me his name: Louis Franklin Carpenter.

That was how I met my first husband. We dated each other for a year. I suppose we fell in love in a romantic way. I never even met his family, who lived in a small town in Indiana. He was reserved, a man full of aloneness; moody—gentle and aloof. I was eager and outgoing, ready for the wave of the next moment to break, to dive through it into the unknown beyond.

I do not know the exact moment when he asked me to marry him, but I impulsively agreed. Perhaps it was my own energy that drove him to propose. I told my mother about it. She shook her head gravely. "You have to make up your own mind, Helena," she said. "I'm not going to say anything, but I am not sympathetic. You could make that young man unhappy, you know."

"Nonsense, mamma!" I said. The next moment I was out the door. The next day we were off to Minneapolis. There my fiancé, a car salesman, had a new job. We had eloped.

I stayed in Minneapolis only two months. It was a fine, bustling city—though a little chilly—yet I had the most miserable sixty days of my life. I was not only away from my family and friends, but I was away from my music. Lou cared nothing for music of any kind; he never could know what it meant to me.

I begged Lou to go back to St. Louis. He heard me out, nodded solemnly and said, "We'll do whatever you want to do, Helen."

We went back to my mother's apartment. Lou got back his former job. I went back to my studies with Lulu. We all lived together in



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THERE IS, of course, no *sure* way to escape colds and other respiratory ailments during the chilly months of winter. But there are certain safeguards that you can take *now* to help you go through this season in better health—and enjoy some of those invigorating days that winter always brings.

Keep in top physical condition. If you've neglected to have a health examination in the past year, now's the time to see your doctor. If you're especially susceptible to colds, he may be able to advise you about ways to help avoid getting them.

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If you protect your health in these ways, the chances are that your resistance to colds, virus infections, pneumonia and other winter ailments will be increased. In the event you develop one of these ailments, your ability to fight the infection and recover quickly will be greater.

Remember that the danger of the common cold lies mainly in other infections that may follow it. So, if your cold is accompanied by fever, a persistent cough, or a pain in the chest, face or ear, call your doctor promptly.

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the boisterous, vital surroundings of our previous existence. Nothing was changed except that my husband had been added to my mother, aunt and uncle. I do not believe Lou and I were alone for one moment of the years following. I cannot blame him for whatever frustrations he felt.

Dozens of times my friends and my family—though never my mother—asked me why I had married Lou. I was driven to the point of angrily defending us when we really needed no defending. At last I came to the point where I asked the question of myself—and then went to ask it of him. I got no answer except that he loved me.

He went his way, I mine; he was quiet and industrious while I was impulsive and outreaching. I had met Bill—and this man, a year older than I at thirty-three, attracted me strongly. The keenness of his mind, his high spirits, wide interests, and the roster of friends that matched my temperament so well—all these stirred me deeply. But Bill had his own impossible situation. He, too, was married—unhappily and firmly married.

The first night after I got back to St. Louis, I asked Lou for a divorce. "Do you really mean it?" he asked. I nodded. "Is there someone else?" he asked. I nodded vigorously. Lou sighed and stood up. "It's still the way it's always been," he said. "If that's what you want, it's what I want. I wish you'd think it over—and give us another chance."

I shook my head.

On Bill's end of the line almost the same scene was being repeated—except that he was requesting her to divorce him. She first replied as Lou had to me. Bill said quietly, "I *do* want to give you a chance, but this time I want a chance for myself too." After that crisis, it worked out without a hitch. We were granted our divorces.

I happened to meet Lou on the street in St. Louis long afterward. He was still his handsome, affable, quiet self. We chatted a while, and just before we parted he suddenly asked, "What do you remember of our marriage, Helen?"

"I have a very pleasant memory of being married to a wonderful young man," I said truthfully.

He smiled. "Yes," he said slowly, "but we're all older now, aren't we?" We shook hands and said good-by. I have never seen him since.

I arrived in New York again on March 17, St. Patrick's Day. I saw the picturesque parading of the green up Fifth Avenue; I thrilled as always to the sharp, keen winds that whistle around the skyscrapers, to the great unceasing sound of life and ambition and activity in the city.

I appeared for the first time in the six-tiered, rococo opera house of the Metropolitan. The Man Without a Country was given three times that spring, and twice in the fall. It was not much of a success, I am sorry to say, for Damrosch. My reviews were acceptable. He was very disappointed, though most of the reviewers were quite kind to him. All I recall is that my tenor was much smaller than I was. In one scene I had to teeter across a gangplank, arms out, singing lustily to him. It was a rough few seconds for everyone in the house. If I had slipped and fallen on that fellow, The Man Without a Country would have been The Country Without a Man.

I had to find out more about myself and my capabilities. To do this and to earn money to support myself in my studies, I went back to Finnegan. I said I would be delighted to face his black oyster of a microphone and sing my heart out for N.B.C.

Finnegan said he, too, was delighted. I went to work, earning money and salting away as much of it as I could. I sang weekly for months—and then abruptly decided I had had enough. Not because of N.B.C.; I received nothing but the most gentle treatment at their hands. My reason for leaving in the fall of 1937 was more elemental: I loathed the way I sounded.

Perhaps it was just selecting songs and singing them and not caring much about any one of them. On the radio I simply did not have time for rehearsal. Nor for understanding. I simply picked up a sheet and let go.

I went upstairs to Finnegan one Tuesday and told him I was leaving. He grinned. "Yes, I understand," he said. "I wondered how long you would go on like this." This puzzled me. I asked him why.

He said, "You looked so dissatisfied every time I saw you."

Back to work I went to learn to use my voice better. My headquarters were in my apartment at 57th Street and Seventh Avenue. I made arrangements to learn to sing almost all over again.

This came about because of a concert I attended where Marian Anderson, the great contralto, was featured. She has one of the most exciting voices in existence. Miss Anderson had always seemed to me too tight in the larynx to let herself go completely, but her songs were totally, wonderfully expressive.

During one of the concert breaks, I stood in the lobby talking to a friend from N.B.C. I said how much I wished I could "deliver" a song like Miss Anderson. "Her teacher is here," said my friend. "Would you like to meet him?"

"I would like nothing better."

He introduced me to a little roly-poly man—fat, brown hair, blue eyes, who looked almost exactly like Santa Claus without the white beard. His name was Giuseppe Boghetti. I told him what I wanted. He cocked his head to one side and said, "So you want to sing like Marion Anderson?"

"No," I said. "I want to sing like myself. I want to learn to sing a song with the same finish that she does."

"There's no problem to that. My studio's right across from Carnegie Hall. You must come and see me."

"There's no problem indeed," I told him. "I live cater-cornered from Carnegie Hall."

Previous to this I had acquired an accompanist called Eva Zayde, a tiny, four-foot-ten-inch White Russian girl who was one of the loveliest little persons I have ever seen. She was with me for twelve years. We never addressed each other at any time except as Miss Traubel and Miss Zayde. She worked with me five and six days a week, from early in the morning to late in the evening. She came to every performance to satisfy her own vanity, as she put it.

It was she who accompanied me to Boghetti's studio. I found him a very aggressive little man—from whom I learned more about song interpretation than I have from anyone except Lulu.

We quarreled violently but never seriously. I worked with him for four years. At the end of that time I owed him $1000. It was one of the first debts I paid when I had enough money to do it. I was able for the first time to "expose" myself, to be corrected, to sing songs, to find what color and expression really meant.

The days when I was not working with him I worked alone an hour; then three hours with Zayde; then sang in the bathtub. I had put aside $4000 from my N.B.C. work. I was keeping up the St. Louis home—sending mother $100 a month, some of which she saved and even sent back to me.

Bill and I were married in October, 1938. Our troubles and delights had begun. From then until October 8, 1939—when I gave my first recital at Town Hall—we lived by the skin of our teeth. It was the worst and the best time of our lives.

Worst because we scrounged to eat and walked always on the knife edge of a budget; best because we learned to rise above it and find ourselves in happiness with each other. Bill and I married without money. His family's silver firm had gone kaput in 1929. He had entered into a gentleman's business agreement for the promotion of an optical process. It had succeeded, but Bill had no written contract. He signed away his stock and salary in the enterprise for less than $4000. I had just about that much in the bank. We decided to pool our funds and our future in my voice.

Bill tried to get any kind of work—from a trucker's helper to a soda jerk. He failed at all of them; meanwhile I was slaving at my lessons from dawn until long after the necklace of green and red lights went on along Park Avenue. We set so much money aside for food, rent and music, entertainment and other essentials. Most of it went for my lessons. As a sample of what we spent, we allowed ourselves 50 cents a week to go down to attend movies on 42nd Street. We would walk from our apartment—still on 57th Street at Seventh Avenue—fifteen blocks after ten o'clock when the prices dropped to a dime. After the show, we would spend what we had left for hamburgers and popcorn.

Our only luxury in all those months was a rented piano at a cost of $6 a month. My teacher lived in the same building. Anyone who wanted to see us had to come over—and bring their own food. I cooked all our meals in the big two-story living room, wedging myself into a tiny Pullman kitchen. I must say that the odors were delicious and the food was good. Our friends came in during the evening; we sang, played cards and had a grand time, much as it used to be back in St. Louis when my father was alive. I used to go to the window and look out on the endless stream of traffic moving across 57th Street; I would think how much he would have enjoyed such a night.

Bill and I never borrowed nor fell behind in our rent nor paid for anything that either bodies or souls did not really need. We had no new clothes. We could not afford them. I became expert at turning Bill's cuffs—trousers and shirt. Today I think I could get a job at any tailor's. Both of us soon felt so shabby that we stayed indoors most of the time, venturing out only when the darkness hid the frayed edges of our clothes. Clean but shabby—that would describe us.

"You have to say one thing for us," Bill remarked ruefully one night, contemplating the shirt I was mending for the sixteenth time. "Our tempers are the only things about us that aren't short."

It was true: we have never had a quarrel from that day to this in which there has been any tincture of bitterness. Bill often has ideas that are different from mine; many times he can make me change my mind just by remaining patient. He showed me this quality of understanding so many times during that year.

I did indulge in one extravagance. I took a trip to St. Louis in June, 1938, to spend my birthday with my mother. A friend drove me out there and I shared the car expense for a total of $16. I took a train back for about $42. I got the money by selling a $1000 insurance policy I had kept up for years on my mother—I got only $362. I gave the rest of the money to her.

It was not a happy reunion for me. My mother was lying helpless in the hospital.

It had happened in the spring. I had visited St. Louis to fulfill an engagement singing on one of the famous Magic Key radio programs. My mother and I had been shopping that day and I looked at my watch. "I'll have to hurry," I told her. "Would you get the rest of these things for me?"

She took the list and smiled; she loved to shop. "Of course I will, Helena," she told me.

Back at the house, getting ready for the program, I did not hear from my mother. This was not unusual. It was not until I was backstage at the studio just before my appearance that I was called to the telephone.

"Miss Traubel," said an unknown voice, "we have a woman here named Clara. We think it is your mother."

"Who is this?"

"I am calling from the city hospital."

It was my moment to go on. "Please send her to St. Luke's Hospital," I said rapidly. "I will be there as soon as I can." I was rushed onto the stage. I finished my numbers, ignored the curtain calls, and was on my way.

It *was* my mother. She was lying in the receiving room, her face gray-green with pain. She had started shopping and had fallen off a stool in the store, fracturing her hip. She looked up at me as I ran in. The faint, pain-tortured ghost of the smile I loved crossed her face. "I'm all right now, Helena," she managed to whisper. "You will tell them what to do." She was sixty-eight years old and a strong woman, but her injury was terrible: her jagged hipbone protruded through the flesh.

I fell on my knees beside her as the doctors hurriedly gave her a hypodermic injection. She was to stay in the hospital for fifteen months. She finally left to live with my brother in Dallas—and one day I got a wire saying that she was very ill; in two hours, another, saying she was dead. It was three months before my Town Hall recital.

Mother died in July, 1939. I had no money to go to her funeral—though I paid for it, together with the $3500 hospital bill. I had intended to send to Texas as soon as I could, to have her come to live with Bill and myself—but it was one of many things that never happened.

In the fall of 1939 I carefully bought a dress, a plain, untrimmed, Nile-green affair of soft wool. It had a low square neck high in the back, with long sleeves. It cost $16.

I bought a pair of green shoes for $3. I selected a $4 hairdo that clumped my auburn locks on the top of my head. I carefully selected songs from Beethoven, an aria from Gluck's Alceste and other parts of Schubert and Richard Strauss. I then picked some Wagner arias, a group of five songs by contemporary composers, and a selection from Damrosch's The Man Without a Country.



"He looks like the kind of man who could eat one salted peanut and stop."

I was getting ready for my first stratospheric recital at Town Hall, the proving ground for so many neophytes in music. It was either to be the end of a long drought for me and Bill, or it was to be the beginning of an even longer one.

In the spring of 1939 I had gone to see Coenraad Bos. I wanted him, no other, to play for my first so-important 1939 recital.

Bos was the dean of all accompanists. I could not have been more than fifteen years old when I went to a concert with Lulu and first heard Bos play. I recognized even then that he was all any singer could ask. I listened entranced, to this ageless Dutchman, as bald as a mountain peak, as stern and changeless. He reminded me then and later of Jan Sibelius, the Finnish composer. He had agreed to accompany me for a minimum fee of $75.

The rental of Town Hall cost $300; I had to pay my manager, the woman who arranged it, $300 more. The only person who appeared free on my program was the one who could have demanded the highest price: Walter Damrosch. Because he considered me his protégée, he would take nothing for appearing with me on the platform. Even this generous gesture alarmed nervous me. Damrosch was such a darling with musical people everywhere, he had such an easy manner from the platform, that I feared it would turn out to be one of his own perennial debuts. As it happened, he was wonderful. He accompanied me for the whole second half of the program without a single indication of his pre-eminence in the musical world of that time.

What happened behind-scenes at that recital, however, was quite different from this kind of professional generosity.

A friend knowing we were looking for some sort of prestige break-in to the musical world gave us the name of a woman who managed concerts. She had come to hear me one afternoon and offered to give me her contracted date on October 8 at Town Hall. (At that time, recognized managers "bought" dates and promised to fill them with acceptable artists.)

Lest anyone think that singers attain their stature on the basis of a free-for-all, it should be made clear that these things are all sedulously arranged beforehand. Money is the key that unlocks all doors. I had seen too many build-ups not to know this. I inquired the price and got the bid of $300. I thought that ended it. I was mistaken.

Friday afternoon before my Sunday recital, the "manager" called me. She demanded that I drop all my preparations for the concert and come to her office, saying it was "terribly important." I walked to her office two blocks away. She ushered me inside and came to the point.

"I have great faith in you," she said. "I know you have a wonderful voice. Your appearance will be a success."

"Thank you," I said.

She leaned toward me and made her point with a finger. "If it is a success, as I know it will be, I must ask you to sign a contract with me for your exclusive services."

I jumped to my feet. "No!" I cried.

"Think it over," she said calmly. "It's now two in the afternoon. Your program is exactly forty-eight hours away. You do not have the contract with Town Hall. *I* do. If you do not wish to sign, I can cancel your appearance and substitute another singer at a few moments' notice."

I hesitated. I could see she was not bluffing. "I want to telephone Bill," I said at last.

With my head in a despairing whirl, I rushed into the next room and dialed our apartment. I explained to Bill what had happened. I told him I had made up my mind to refuse this kind of blackmail.

He listened without a word. Finally my outburst subsided. Then he said, "Helen, we've come so far and prepared for so much. You can't let this moment upset the chance you've waited for." His quiet voice sounded like my mother urging me as she had so many times. The tears were flowing, but I managed to gulp agreement with him. I went back to my "manager." I said I would sign. She handed me the contract. I read it: it was for *three* years, not one.

Again I passionately refused. She told me, "I have the date, *you* don't. I have an agreement with you to put on a recital by you. There is no date specified. It could be ten years from now, my dear—and I intend to hold you to it."

Again I called Bill. Again he listened. Once more he said, "Helen, this is your chance. No matter what is in the fine print, sign the contract."

I stumbled away from the telephone, unable to see for tears and misery. I signed the contract without reading another word.

For the next three years, this woman held Bill and me to the contract, letter by letter, all that time we paid her 5 per cent of our earnings. She never managed another concert of mine. Instead, we paid the Columbia Concerts Bureau an additional percentage.

To this day, my thrifty German blood can still boil at the remembrance of such polite bludgeoning. I must confess at the same time that Bill had been right. I finished my preparations for that Town Hall appearance with fierce determination, and floated out on the stage on a cloud of mingled fury and ecstasy. I was at last making my real debut in the most professional atmosphere.

After the reviews appeared on Monday I received a call at eleven that same morning. It was from one of the secretaries at the Metropolitan. She said that Edward Johnson would like to see me. I went in my best bib and tucker, full of expectations, downtown to this Valhalla of music.

I was not too nervous as I waited outside in the office. My nervousness had largely gone with the recital the day before. In the face of such a set of reviews as were tucked inside my purse, I had little fear.

But as the minutes went by, my confidence began to turn into anger. Johnson kept me waiting more than half an hour. When I was finally ushered in, he was completely charming—and, I hope, so was I. I was seething



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inside. The little dapper Canadian with his bouncing gait, immaculate clothes and probing eyes, who had once been a top tenor for the Metropolitan, talked for more than fifteen minutes about any number of subjects, none related to opera. It was I who finally brought the subject—tactfully, I think—back to what I supposed he had brought me there for.

"My dear," said Johnson tenderly, "we would like very much to have you as Venus in Tannhäuser."

I stiffened. I knew very well the part of Venus in Tannhäuser was not for me. This conviction has persisted through twenty years. Although I have sung nearly all the great female roles in Wagner, I have never sung that of Venus. If it was not for me then, it is not for me now. The woman must wear diaphanous clothes; she should have an unearthly beauty; she must be a siren of sirens; and she must be supremely aware of her power over men. I do not feel and did not feel at that time I was any of these.

"No," I said shortly.

Johnson's blue eyes sprang wide open. He commenced to argue with me. When he was through, I said three more words which concluded the interview, "No, thank you," and left.

Next Sunday I went to Detroit. I had been engaged to sing on the Ford program. In those days the Ford Sunday program was the one great classical program on the radio. It was conducted by Fritz Reiner. I selected as my contribution the lovely Liebestod from *Tristan und Isolde* and a few numbers such as I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls, Stars of the Summer Night, and one by a St. Louis composer named Ilgenfritz called Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind—a selection I have since grown to thoroughly dislike.

I thought it went off well. Fritz congratulated me warmly; the audience was extremely happy; and I was re-engaged on the spot to sing the next January—the final proof of appreciation.

I flew back to New York on the night plane. In the back of my head I suppose I half expected a call the next day from the Metropolitan Opera offices saying Johnson would like to see me again.

Nothing of the sort happened. The telephone was blackly silent. I went on into rehearsal for my next appearance.

October 22 I sang for the first time in Carnegie Hall with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony. Barbirolli was conducting—and I think that he and the audience and the orchestra were as happy as I was with the performance. I appeared in a new black dress which I adored. It had no train, long sleeves, and I was totally without jewelry. I stood completely still during my solo, which again was Brünnhilde's immolation scene, the greatest aria of all opera. I did not move a muscle during the whole sixteen minutes, and then walked off the stage to a storm of applause. I believe I took eight curtain calls.

The next morning I again expected a call. This time I was not disappointed. At precisely eleven o'clock there was a ring from the Metropolitan. Johnson would like to see me. Somewhat cautiously, I said once more that I was honored; that, of course, I would come down. This time he kept me waiting only fifteen minutes. Once more I was ushered into the big stately office with its photos and paintings, heavy desks and furniture. Johnson leaped from behind the desk and escorted me to my chair. He sat down and after only a short dissertation on various other subjects told me that he was very happy to offer me the part of Venus.

I could feel the hackles of my short hair rise on the back of my neck. I swallowed and said, "Mr. Johnson, you are confusing me. You have offered me this role several times. I have refused it each time."

"I can't think you mean it," he said archly.

"I do," I snapped. He began to argue once more. I cut him short. "No," I said, "that role is entirely out of the question."

"You can't mean this!" said Johnson. "It's a wonderful part. You would be wonderful in it!" He reached over and pressed a button. As if he had popped up through a trap door, Edward Ziegler, the sturdy businesslike second in command in the Metropolitan Opera House, came in. He came directly to me.

He said, "How are you, Helen? I'm so glad to see you," and he left.

This confused me even more. I turned to Johnson, who commenced talking about Venus once more.

"No," I said determinedly. "This is a waste of time. I don't want it."

"What would you sing for us?" asked Johnson.

This was a question to which I had a ready answer. I knew precisely what I wanted to sing for my debut in the Metropolitan.

"I would want to sing the part of Sieglinde in Die Walküre."

This is a part in the Wagnerian cycle which is not so spectacular as Brünnhilde, but it is very moving. It is the part of a woman who is sympathetic to the audience, a fine, heartwarming character. Sieglinde was marvelous music to sing. In the plot she is married to an older man and in love with a younger. She is not a siren or an enchantress. She is a simple woman with a great deal of appeal—a part I thought I could dramatize with my voice.

Johnson seemed to relax. He leaned back and put his fingers together. "You don't seem to understand, Helen," he told me. "All I have to do is ring bells and I would have six Sieglindes in here in a moment. Why should you be the seventh? It is one thing, my dear, to sing an aria and another to sustain an opera."

MOTHER TOLD ME SO

By ANNE MARX

"Bend the twig and trim the tree
In its youth!" The memory
Haunts me now, as my own three
Twigs are snapping back at me.

"All I would need would be the opportunity," I said calmly. "I would like, if I may, to watch rehearsals. Then I could find out whether I could sustain the role or not."

"No, no, no, no!" said Johnson. "We cannot allow the public to come in and see Metropolitan Opera rehearsals."

"I'm not just one of the public," I said.

"Why do you want to come to the rehearsals?" he said.

"I want to find out what not to do," I told him.

"No, it's impossible!" said Johnson. He turned back to the old familiar subject. "Now, about Venus. Venus is ——"

"It's impossible, totally impossible," said I, mimicking him.

He bounded up from his chair. "You're getting me hot under the collar!" he said. "I have some Irish in me too!" He began pacing the office.

"Well, I have some German," I said. I began to laugh.

He glared at me. "Don't you think for a moment you can tell me how to run the opera!" I, who had been a little amused up until that time, saw that he was playing for keeps. I stopped laughing.

"Don't you tell me how to run my career," I said. "You, or Ziegler, or anyone else!" I rose, towering above him, and pointed my finger at him, almost touching his nose. "Mr. Edward Johnson," I said loudly, in furious and level tones, "you can take the Metropolitan Opera House apart brick by brick and ——" I told him what to do with the Metropolitan Opera House.

My first recital outside New York came at the end of November. It was at Wellesley College near Boston. Once more it was a tremendous success. Three more appearances were scheduled for me in December, on the tenth, eleventh and twelfth. I was very happy. It would prove to the opera connoisseurs that I had been no flash in the pan, that my twenty-six years of working and training and studying had at last paid off. One thing I could do at these three concerts—and I did it—and that was to let all stops out. I really sang *bravura* and *fortissimo*. By the time the cluster of concerts was over, the applause was louder than ever.

On Monday after the last Carnegie Hall concert with the Philharmonic-Symphony I received, as I had expected, my call from the Metropolitan. They wanted me to come down and talk. I said I would not come.

The whole situation was getting a little ridiculous. The Met was under the guns of the critics; I certainly had no objection to singing there. But we were both standing on the formalities. And Bill and I, as babes in the wood in the musical world, did not know quite how to find our way home.

At this juncture the Met got hold of a mediator. He was a friend of Bill's, William Sullivan, a big, husky, jolly lawyer, and a Met director. He had been an opera buff for years and was, we found out, opposed to Johnson's policies.

I told him the whole story in one rush of words. He laughed. Suddenly he became very serious. He said, "What can I do to help you?"

"Well," Bill said, "we can't ignore the Metropolitan. We don't want to. Helen is perfectly willing to sing there, but it should be something mutually agreeable."

"There's no reason why not," said Sullivan. "The critics have been asking the Metropolitan why she hasn't sung there. They want to know what's the matter with the management. The public wants Traubel. I would like to hear her myself in the Metropolitan. Let's see what we can do."

After more discussion it was agreed that Bill Sullivan would write a letter in my name, saying that I would be, now and always, glad to sing at the Metropolitan Opera. He specified that I must have a contract flatly stating that I would debut in the part of Sieglinde.

The letter was sent. There was an immediate reply—this time from Edward Ziegler, then the true power behind the Met throne. He agreed to all the terms. He said he was calling a special rehearsal. I should bring down my score and be prepared to sing the following Monday.

I had won my battle. I was to sing Sieglinde in Die Walküre as my debut at the Metropolitan.

When I signed my Metropolitan Opera contract Bill automatically became my official business manager.

It has always been a minor miracle to me that Bill and I ever met. The one responsible was Robert Hanna, a friend from St. Louis whom I had known years before. He had gone to New York to become a writer. He had had a play produced and had made motion pictures. Hanna talked to Bill about me in 1934 in what, Bill told me later, were enthusiastic terms. Bill always maintained he never wanted to meet me. To him I was simply a voice with a woman attached to it. He did not care for that and he did not like St. Louis either.

I felt much the same way about Bill. I had avoided meeting him even when Hanna described him in the most glowing terms. I thought Bill would talk about himself; he thought I would talk about me. We were two people straining at opposite ends of the same rope. He had no use for the arty crowd; nor did I—but he did not know that. I had little use for the business world; he had even less—but I did not know that.

Hanna phoned me on that strange and lucky night in New York. He asked if I would come over to his house. I said, "I don't want to meet anyone there." Hanna was in the habit of having me barge into a whole assortment of characters.

"All right," he said. "Yes. There is someone here, but I'll get rid of him in fifteen or twenty minutes."

As Bill told me later, he quizzed Bob after the phone call and learned that I was coming. According to Bill, "Robert sounded so unsubtle, as if he wanted to get us together at any cost, that I said to myself, 'I'll sit this one out and get it over!'"

I arrived at the house, came in the hall, and said in panic to Robert, "There's someone here!"

"Don't worry," said Bob. "He's just leaving."

In the living room Bill made no move to go. I drew myself up, prepared to be really nasty. But when I saw this particular person, suddenly all my tension became ridiculous. I knew then what he was: gay, wise, a man who could not only understand business but also happiness—one of the greatest talents in the world.

Bill never formally proposed. All we had was a deep understanding between us. He became tremendously interested in my career—I had no manager at the time. He handled all the intricacies of my Town Hall debut, of the Philharmonic-Symphony concerts, and the final signing by the Metropolitan Opera Association. It was inevitable that he would assume the full load of my contractual commitments and leave me free to do the only thing I wanted: sing.

When I joined the Metropolitan—signing my contract in the last days of December, 1939—I knew only one role. It was Sieglinde in Die Walküre. I was learning Elizabeth in Tannhäuser. During all that next year of 1940–41 I kept myself busy learning two of the heaviest roles in opera to be ready for the following season—the two Brünnhildes of Die Walküre and the Götterdämmerung. I can frankly say I came close to killing myself with learning roles, actually singing other roles, and singing in concerts. The following year I learned the roles of Isolde and the Brünnhilde in the opera Siegfried. That season I finally qualified to sing the entire ring cycle and one extra opera. That was the year when I made my first round trip on the Wagner merry-go-round.

My roles were few at first at the Met. I sang only twice the first year because when I joined the season was half over. The season of 1940–41 I sang eight or ten performances. In 1941–42, I sang fifteen or twenty. In 1942–43 I sang twenty performances again. In 1943–44 I sang nearly twenty-five performances.

Such a schedule was a grinding performance—one that took more energy and stamina than most people think possible. It is my own opinion that a day at the docks with the longshoremen, working shoulder to shoulder heaving cast-iron pipe, is a picnic compared with an evening at the Met for a Wagner singer. As I once said to an ambitious student: "Singing opera is like baseball. It depends on your equipment—not only how good you can pitch but how long."

The parts I had first suited my equipment; that is, the quality of my voice, my thinking, and the size of my person. It should be understood that I am not a small woman. I am very tall, with big broad shoulders, forty-six-inch bosom and a forty-three-inch waist. This reflects the structure of my rib cage: it has practically no slope, going straight down. My hips are about forty-one and my weight then was 186 pounds. I forget who it was who called me "an instrument expressly made by God for the purpose of singing."

That first season the Metropolitan Opera paid me $150 a performance. There were only two. I sang ten concerts the same season. Even before I joined the Met I got $1000 a concert, so the total income of Bill and myself that year was roughly $10,500. Bill was working on my management problems, assisted by Columbia, and we acknowledged that our lean times were not over. For nearly two years we had to confine ourselves to the same program we had before.

One of the reasons was that we had to pay commissions to two different outfits for three years. This, plus other fees, cut our income down to 75 per cent of its total. I may add that 35 per cent and more had to go for my wardrobe. In the first year and a half, for example, we jointly owed $22,000 for clothes to a single New York store. I was forced to dress up to my part, though I did not particularly care for it—fur coats, evening dresses, and all the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 7

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OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

rest of the armor which any opera star must have.

Meanwhile Bill and I lived on as we had. I was practicing parts in opera, rehearsing songs, learning new parts, learning new songs. I was taking lessons in acting and drama. I was working continually on my vocalizing to improve the sound of my voice. I was shopping for food and clothes, cooking all our meals and cleaning our apartment—and even doing our laundry. The days never had enough hours.

Bill was angling to get me a radio-broadcast spot on the famous Telephone Hour. At that time it was one of the top prestige programs—and Bill had a friend in a New York advertising company. He pulled all the strings he could and got the same answer: "Let her get famous and we'll think about it; we use only the biggest names."

This left Bill frustrated to the point of frenzy—but there was nothing he could do about it until one evening we had dinner with Giorgio Polacco. This dapper little man—the epitome of all maestros with his lapel flowers, white hair and mustache, upright carriage and impish traits—had been a great conductor of opera and symphony in his day. He had been general manager of the Chicago Opera Company when that organization was really great under the millions of Samuel Insull. One night he declared he would cook the chicken *cacciatore* at our apartment. I told him to bring his daughter, a charming girl named Graziella. We were going to have Robert, another old friend, so I asked Giorgio to get a friend for his daughter. He looked at me queerly and then, with a twinkle, nodded. "I get one," he said, and went off.

That evening he turned up with his friend, a young, handsome man in his thirties—John Barbirolli, who had just succeeded Arturo Toscanini as conductor of the Philharmonic. I suspected that our beaming Giorgio had some scheme in his head; I never expected he would ask me to sing. He knew I loathed it at private parties—but he also knew that I had been denied any auditions of consequence in New York.

Here was my chance; he was determined I should take it. It was a wicked thing to do. Barbirolli (who later became a genuinely close friend of ours) looked exactly like a Christian thrown to the beasts of the arena.

I could not blame him. I objected as long as I could without being obnoxious. "This is a case of bringing my harp to the party and being told to play," I muttered despairingly to Bill.

Barbirolli picked up the score of a song lying on the table. I started to sing and he paid instant attention. By the time I finished, he was glowing. On the spot, he wanted to sign me up to sing on his Philharmonic program that fall.

After he left, I turned to the radiant Giorgio in terror. "He wants me to sing the Immolation scene!" I exclaimed.

"So?"

"So I don't know it!"

"So neither does he," said Giorgio placidly. "Don't you tell him and he won't tell you. You both have plenty of time to learn it."

"Oh," I said feebly.

"And from this time on," added Giorgio severely, "if anyone asks you if you know any music, including cadenzas from the Eskimo, always say yes"—advice I have followed to this very minute. I learned the part in a week—and spent the following months until October polishing it.

The news—which Bill was careful to spread around in the right places—began to work like yeast in the ferment of the musical world. It proved to be exactly the right enzyme for my career. Soon after that I was notified that I would be allowed to perform an unheard-of audition for the Ford Hour.

The day before the scheduled "tryout," Bill and I went to Connecticut to visit friends. They had one of the cutest black kittens I have ever seen. I picked it up to cuddle it under my chin. Within a couple of hours, I broke out in blazing red spots the size of fifty-cent pieces. The kitten had been rolling in poison ivy!

There was no rejoicing in our New York apartment that night. The next day my arms were so swollen we had to cut the sleeves off my best dress. I was loaded with gobs of white lotion—arms, chest, throat, face. But I was determined to sing, even if I did look like some strange spotted being from Mars. We arrived at the studio and I was taken to the audition room—only myself, a piano and an accompanist. The bigwigs were supposed to listen to me somewhere upstairs via their desk sets.

I started to sing. In the middle of my selection, I noticed that the engineers in the control booth were laughing. I suppose I was oversensitive about my appearance. I halted in the middle of a note and said into the microphone, in a voice cold with anger, "I'm sorry this amuses you." I started to walk out.



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Instantly one of the engineers flipped a switch. His contrite voice boomed out: "Please don't go, Miss Traubel. We'll tell you *why* we were laughing when you finish."

Only half appeased, I went on to the itchy end of my song. I waited for their apology—but it never came. Instead. they told me the reason they were laughing. It seems that the brass upstairs had phoned down to them. "Stop your kidding," they had ordered. "Turn off that Flagstad record and let that kid you're going to audition start singing."

I can imagine that statement today as a compliment, but at the moment I was still mad. What soothed me was the fact that I was signed up for two appearances on the Ford Hour.

I sang those two broadcasts in 1939 and three or four the next year. The results of my salesmanship-by-song must have been good. Altogether, I sang fifteen such appearances for commercial sponsors.

Music—if one is part of it, either as artist or appreciator—is like living on another, more glorious plane of sensation. The friends I have made in this second existence have always given me a new kind of life. Here I must talk about a few of them, about what they meant to me. Lauritz Melchior was one of the first—and is still a good friend. Possessor of one of the finest operatic tenor voices of all time, he was an experience.

I met Lauritz first in 1938. As a young, aspiring soprano, I sang a Wagner operatic concert with him in Minneapolis. He was a big, healthy, lusty, vital man. It was a peculiar combination of temperament and tremendous physical vocal qualities, coupled with his beautiful voice and ability to sustain the most taxing role, that made Melchior the world's greatest Wagnerian tenor.

Much as I admired Lauritz, however, many things I learned from him were not musical. My real education from him came in handling myself on stage, trying not to be "Melchiorized."

With an inward glee, known only to ourselves, Lauritz and I carried out grand maneuvers on stage for years. Those behind scenes knew it was going on; it caused amused whispers. A horse in a race, a boxer in a ring, an actor in a movie, a politician on a platform—all of them know the techniques. Anyone in the public eye must learn it. The rule is: be noticed or die. In grand opera in my day, it appeared in a somewhat different form. My great rival—and one I must bob a curtsy to—was not Flagstad. Mine was Lauritz. Fifteen years my senior, he was my singing companion for a dozen years. He was a darling and a voice unexcelled this side of heaven—but he was a devil on the stage.

This tug of war between Melchior and myself lasted for years. Gentle old Reidel, the prompter, with his lean, handsome face and spectacles, who sometimes led the orchestra on off nights, sat in his hooded cubicle just below the stage as prompter. He saw it all and used to laugh so hard that he would drop off his chair, wiping away the tears, and disappear under the stage to regain his calm.

Clad in our majestic, glittering Wagnerian costumes, we would come lovingly to each other in our duets. Lauritz would put his arm about my shoulders, protectively, his huge cloak enfolding me. It all looked so warm and affectionate from the audience—but it was smothering me. Lauritz's arm weighed a couple of hundred pounds, it seemed; the cloak added as much. He would gently turn my shoulders as he sang—so that when I was delivering my aria, I would be singing directly into the ear of some stage hand at the rear of the cavernous Met stage. I got around this by lovingly turning away and walking a few steps downstage, delivering my sorrow or ecstasy to the audience. I got back at Lauritz by maneuvering around him when he was supposed to be singing to me so that he had to fling phrases over his shoulder.

At another time, Lauritz would move ponderously in front of me, between the spotlights and myself. His shadow would fall over me. It was a mighty shadow. It blacked me out until all I was to my hearers was a soprano blackface minstrel singing somewhere in the distance. Lauritz and I must have walked miles around each other each season, just singing our hearts out and casting shadows. Mine was hefty enough to make him worry. He would also walk away from me when I was singing my soul's love to him—so I would transfer my affections to the front row center. Later, I would pay him back in kind.

One scene I did complain of to him. It was a moment when we rushed across the stage from opposite wings and clasped each other madly in our arms. It was exactly like a couple of two-ton trucks having a collision in the middle of Broadway. We rushed together, had our head-on crash with a rending of my brocade and a clash of his armor (I can still show scars), bounced apart from sheer observance of the laws of physics, then came together again. Lauritz crushed the breath out of me every time with his bear hug.

"Lauritz," I whispered pantingly one night, "we can't keep this up. The wear and tear is too much!"

"My love," he muttered, his eyes twinkling, "how can you speak so of our irresistible attraction for each other?" His arms enveloped me smotheringly again. I got out of that in subsequent performances by side-stepping, a couple of times letting Lauritz skid his way nearly into the opposite wing.

Lauritz also had a lot of fun trying to brea me up when he was offstage and I was or During my most serious arias, when I wa solo on the stage, weeping my heart out fo some hero who had gone away and left me- or I had left him and gone away, whichever happened to be in the libretto—Lauritz woul be in the wings. He wore a little woman's ha on his head and was jigging around talking t the stage hands. Or he was wearing a derby and a bearskin strapped across his chest, wink ing at me, wiggling his fingers in his ears, an doing everything from a hornpipe to th Highland fling. On one notable occasion h secretly broke into the costume department got himself a grass skirt and some pape flowers. He did a hilarious hula in the wings i the midst of my most tragic moment on stage It very nearly broke up my diaphragm con trol—but I am glad to say I retained a straigh face.

The only person who ever put me out c countenance on the opera stage was a whit horse. It was the heroic horse Grane in Di Götterdämmerung. Its name was really Whit Ghost, a stallion given to me by Rober Ringling. Most of the horses the opera use at that time were the saddest, most sway backed dray horses it has ever been my privi lege to put an eye upon. But when this im mense, spirited, trained stallion came on, th whole audience sucked in its breath in appre ciation. The magnificent beast stood there dressed in his specially made white bridle, an I sang to him. I sang to and from him, I san all around him. Suddenly he pricked his ear forward. In time with the rhythm of the son he started to lift his hoofs. I saw he was dan ing with the aria—tippy-toe, tippy-toe, in an out and around. The audience started t chuckle, a wave of glee that swept the hous I kept singing indignantly, but it made n difference whatsoever. The horse had stole the show. Hoofs up, hoofs down—it was th first time that a diva had been outclassed by stallion.

My first Met introduction to Kirsten Flag stad came at my first rehearsal—but it wa not the first time we had met professionally That had happened in 1938 in Chicago, whe I had sung Sieglinde with her and Melchio after the appearance with the Minneapoli Symphony. She had been very complimentar about the singing of such a "youngster"- and, I noted with pleasure, she was genuinel moved as she kissed me.

She was of medium height, plump figur and rather quiet. She had one of those extraor dinarily clear, clean-cut Scandinavian face Her strong, vibrant voice was one of the mo beautiful I had ever been privileged to hea

At the time she was at the height of he career. She did not know that World War I was to destroy that career completely in 1941 She used to come down and talk to me as knitted in my dressing room. She was terribl disturbed about the outbreak of war in Europ the previous fall. I had met her husband a fe years before. He was a happy, tall, sandy haired fellow with whom she was very much i love. He owned a lumber business, I remem ber, which the Nazis took over. He was late accused of collaboration by his own country men. In the temper of those times, this de stroyed the voice of his wife in the public ea 3000 miles away—a voice that women in m profession would have given anything to hav even with one fifth the quality, purity an tone.

I rarely saw her after her final triumph i 1941. She went back to Europe for the dura tion of the war and disappeared completely She returned to the Metropolitan nearly te years later. Her husband had died and I sus pect that music had become her only love an solace. It was the first year Rudolf Bing wa manager. He came to me and asked if I minded if Flagstad and I would share singin the Wagnerian parts. "Of course," I said, " will be all right, of course!"

I may say flatly that the absurd Flagsta Traubel feud whipped up by the press criti never existed. Some people thought she wa the greatest Wagnerian soprano that ev lived; some people thought the same of m Still others thought we were equal. That wa all.

If any one performance of mine was commended by the critics, I could usually count on being knocked for six, as the British say, by the comments on my costumes. Here, as in music, I went my own merry way. For example, I felt that as long as Isolde was an Irish princess, it was perfectly logical for me to wear a brilliant green dress in the first act. This did not come off very well and I discarded it. But I did rebel against the traditional pigtails of the woman and put my own hair up atop my head, a crown hairdo which set a style from then on.

The greatest costume furor came when I monkeyed with the Brünnhilde costumes. These were the frumpiest possible dresses, made by the harried costumers of the Metropolitan. I decided to have mine all redone by Adrian of Hollywood.

The traditional dress of Brünnhilde in the first act of Die Walküre was a tunic of tin armor. I put it on. I looked exactly like a canned lion. Not only did I have to wear this coat of fake armor plate; I also had to don a flyaway helmet of metal with huge wings. In general, including a huge cloak, I looked like a relic of the Hundred Years War. Adrian changed all this by designing armor of silvery suède leather rather than tin plate, and attaching it only halfway round instead of *all* the way round. He designed a light and stylish helmet of the same stuff. He changed the lines so they were simpler and more impressive. Most of his costumes are now in the various New York museums as supreme examples of tasteful costuming.

I suggested three new costumes for the role of Isolde—every one of them against tradition. One was a pink dressing gown of light silk jersey for the second act that looked as if I had just come out of the boudoir—which was exactly what the role called for. For the role of Elsa in Lohengrin I had a simple white gown with a bolero jacket. For the role of Elizabeth in Tannhäuser, Adrian designed my most spectacular costume: a lavender dress in full sweeping curves with a cape of orange-gold and a jeweled crown of gold feather. There were others—such as the gleaming dress of gold lamé that made me look like a torch even in the dimmest light. The total cost for me, in 1941, was more than $30,000—at no expense to the Met.

As a matter of fact, the Metropolitan costume department at that time was a poverty-stricken, staggering affair. It had a great deal of talent but was so immersed in tradition that it never dared raise its head—and it had only "scraps and rags" to work with. In those days most of the Met singers came with their own costumes; even a lot of the chorus had to appear with what they had. I must add that in recent years the whole affair has been reorganized and put on a sensible basis—of which I highly approve.

The 1940–41 season in opera was marked only by the fact that I had a very bad case of flu. This was ominous because I was scheduled to sing the first Brünnhilde of my career in Die Walküre late that season. It was grim, raw weather; I had just learned the role. I was determined to go on—but Bill was just as determined that I would not. He pointed out that it was either physical or critical suicide. "If you sing well, you'll kill yourself," he said. "If you don't, the critics will kill you."

I went to bed with a fever of 103°—and the telephone commenced ringing. This was three days before the Met presentation and I was scheduled to go through two days of full rehearsals. Their stage director was with us in the Essex House—where we had moved in 1940 and remained until 1948. He had come to rehearse me in my role. Bill told him, "No rehearsals, and no performance. It's impossible for Helen to go on." The wretched man looked at my husband and sighed. "All right," he said, "I agree with you. But I can't go back and tell them so. You-know-who is going to raise cain."

He was right. The telephone rang like crazy that night. Unhappily, there was no one to sing the role. Flagstad was on a concert tour, as was Margery Lawrence, that stouthearted, ill-fated girl who had polio the next summer. I felt as bad as they did on the artistic side—but much worse on the physical.

The whole tempest in a larynx wound up with the Met's changing the performance and shoving back my debut as Brünnhilde into the 1941–42 season.

I sang my first Brünnhilde in Die Walküre at a Saturday matinee, December 6, 1941. That night we left for the country and had a peaceful open-air day in Connecticut. We motored back to New York on Sunday evening and our lawyer friend, Sullivan, came in to join us for dinner. He was agitated, as pale as his ruddy face could get.

"Isn't it terrible!" were his first words. "Isn't it dreadful!"

"What?" we asked in astonishment.

That was the way we learned about Pearl Harbor.

It was common knowledge that the favorite music of Adolf Hitler was Wagner. I was commandeered to sing Wagner in German, short-waved to Nazi Germany. This was to demonstrate, at the very time Paul Joseph Goebbels was shrieking there was no culture in our "barbarian" country, that Wagner was doing all right in America.

I also sang *lieder* and popular songs at troop encampments whenever I could. At each concert performance I made it a practice to locate the camps within forty or fifty miles' radius of the concert city and drive out for an impromptu songfest.

In fairness, I must say I got as much out of the concerts as the soldiers. I guessed it must be boring for them to listen to operatic excerpts and started singing popular tunes—spirituals, pop songs and old favorites. The response was so great that it set me thinking seriously about reaching another, greater audience. I made several experiments. Once, in Philadelphia, I arrived at my hotel and found three women's-society groups competing to sponsor my appearance at a certain base. I decided to duck all of them. I went down to the USO canteen in the basement of the Academy of Music. No one knew me there. I offered to sing—but not as Helen Traubel. I went on the platform as Helen Bass.

It was wonderful to be received for myself, not as an impersonal reputation. The applause was warm and real; they stopped dancing to listen; they came to me afterward and more than one said, "Where have you ever been, ma'am? With a voice like that you should get yourself a job in opera!"

The episode of somebody else's ground glass in my cold cream never hit the newspapers. It caused as much furor around the Metropolitan Opera—and in a real sense scared me—as anything that had happened in the annals of the opera.

I had come into the Met under the bright cloud of Flagstad. I had immediately been compared to her in the heaviest roles. All this had not contributed to my popularity with others who had been working for years to do the roles of Flagstad.

I was unconscious of the off-stage feuds at the time. It must be remembered that the Metropolitan dressing rooms were something inherited from the Middle Ages. I was in what was called the "plush" dressing room, used alternately or together by about five of the leading stars. It was a battered, thin-walled place with a mirror on the hall opposite so everyone could look in. It had an intricate curtain and inner-door arrangement that reminded me of trying to get out of a safety-deposit vault every time I left it. To make it worse, its windows were little squares with thick bars opening into the street. If I had friends, it was hard to get more than a very few inside; if I wanted air (and I love all the ventilation possible) I had to chin myself up and peek out at Seventh Avenue. My maid, Marie, a very solid, able type of woman who was with me for fourteen years, was my shield and defense in such matters. It was she who watched over me and assisted with such things as make-up—who was blameless as far as the incident was concerned, but who took it to heart even more than I did.

I used very little make-up on stage—it simply did not suit me. One of my stand-bys was a tin of commercial cold cream that I could pry open with a coin and dive into with both hands.

As most people know, the first motion after you dig into cold cream is to dab it around your eyes, working it into the skin. It was this motion that would have ruined my sight—if I had not been stopped by some sort of providential instinct.

INSEPARABLE

By EDSEL FORD

In foreign ports it never fails:
Someone, distressed and clear,
Calls out, "Does anyone at all
Speak English here?"

And you who came ten thousand miles
To leave it all behind,
Run forth to volunteer "I do!"—
With tears half blind.



I pried off the can top, got my fingers loaded with cold cream and went for my eyes. I stopped a half inch away; I worked my thumb and finger together and suddenly emitted a little gasp. Marie rushed to me. We examined my hands. We found that the cold cream was literally crammed with minute bits of carefully crushed glass!

The news raced upstairs to the head office. Johnson and the rest tumbled down. He kept repeating, "Who would do a thing like this?"

No one knew. No one knows to this day—though some have a fairly shrewd idea. It was agreed that the news should never appear in the papers. A private detective was sent to prowl the premises and try to solve the case—which he never did. I was told to make sure someone was in the dressing room or lock it at all times. For two years I not only carried my own dressing and make-up kit, I also toted my own sealed water jug for drinking purposes.

I will not say that this frightened me; after the first shock, it made me furious. Following that episode, nothing could have kept me off the Met stage.

Toscanini had ended his long reign as conductor of the Metropolitan and New York Philharmonic Orchestra three years before I arrived. He was already launched on his magnificent, eighteen-year swan song, directing the National Broadcasting Company Symphony in its interpretations of the world's masterpieces. It must be remembered that Toscanini was one of the all-time absolutes in classical music. It was said that he knew the intention of the composer better than the composer himself in his intuitional responses to the score--drawing as he did upon his vast memory and passion for perfection.

Yet I could never feel the veneration that most of my fellow singers had for Toscanini. Of his consummate artistry there was little doubt. But I had never had a god before. I refused to start with the little maestro—and I believe he liked me better for it. On one occasion, he wanted me to perform a phrase in a certain way. I objected, saying I felt it was better suited to me if it were done differently. He flew into a rage; I sat quietly until he was done. Then I said I was perfectly willing to do it any way he wanted. The spry, white-haired conductor instantly calmed.

"We will try it my way and try it your way," he said. Forthwith, we ran over it together. After he had heard it "my way," Toscanini sat for a long moment. His mouth crinkled up and he turned and patted me on the cheek.

"Your way is better," he said. "We will do it your way, eh?"

I worked three times with Toscanini—"worked" in the sense of singing. He was a great taskmaster, the bête noire of some—but to me he was a perfectionist who matched my own ideals. The first time we had a session of our own was a rehearsal at N.B.C. I arrived early. The maestro was there first, pacing up and down, his hands under his coattails. A dapper little ladies' man, with his waxed mustache, boutonniere and his tiny feet, he refused to wear glasses despite failing sight. He depended upon his memory and unfailing intuition to supply what his nearsightedness took from him.

We went directly to the piano. He commenced to play a scene from Die Walküre. I was amazed at his touch; I am sure that Toscanini could have been a great pianist if he had wished. I sang it through with him. He folded the music and put it aside.

"Do you have any suggestions?" I asked.

"No, no!" he exclaimed. "*Magnifico!* Let us go on!"

We sang a scene from Die Götterdämmerung. Again I asked and received the same answer. "Maestro," I told him carefully, "you're not helping me!"

He frowned. "When I feel something wrong, I will tell you," he retorted. We started the Immolation scene and I went through it like a buck through hot ashes. Toscanini turned to me. "Now I have something to tell you," he said. "Will you allow me?"

"Of course," I said.

I must explain that in one spot Brünnhilde sings "Everything, I know!" which in Wagner's tortured German means "I know everything!" It reads, "Everything, everything, everything, I know!" Toscanini wanted me to hit that first *alles* as hard as I could; I wanted to build up to the third one and end on a sob as if, knowing everything, Brünnhilde still had nowhere to go. Toscanini frowned again. He got up and paced the studio. He came back and asked me to sing the phrase again. He meditated. Then a broad smile came over his face. He swung to me: "*Cara,*" he said softly, "you are right and the old man, he is wrong!"

He and I had a genuine rapport. He hated pretense and society and sham—all the parasites who still hang onto the world of music. As I did, he loathed the clichés of the often-repeated classics. Nor was he half as irascible as he may have seemed to others—nor was he as godlike and free from faults. I had been told often that Toscanini was impeccable in his tempi. As a matter of fact, he was far from it. His renditions were never of the same length; sometimes he played them slowly, sometimes fast. This was especially evident in recording where it often took ten to a dozen replayings of a score to get it to mesh with the unvarying mechanical requirements. Once, when this had happened so often as to make it absurd, I asked the technicians to tell him about it. They recoiled in horror. "We'd be fired on the spot," said one feelingly. I went down to the podium and told Toscanini that he would have to speed the tempo of the music if it was to fit the record. He nodded gratefully. "Then we'll put it up," he said mildly and proceeded to make it with one more take.

I had more trouble with Leopold Stokowski than with Toscanini. I have always considered Stokowski one of the great colorists of music; his ability to use music as a painter uses a palette was unsurpassed. I sang with him for years, starting in 1942. More than once I refused to continue because he wanted me to do literally impossible things with my voice. Knowing I had unusual breath and tone control, he tried to use this in our renditions of Bach and Handel to produce unheard-of continuity of sound. After turning blue in the face on several occasions, I said loudly, "The hell with it, Stoky!"

There would be no laughter in a perfect world.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY
Thunder on the Left
J. P. Lippincott Co.

His attitude toward spending money also offended me. He would rehearse and rehearse for minute perfections unlike Toscanini's search for divine rightness. My blood would commence to boil. "You're spending so much money, Stoky," I would expostulate.

And he, who could speak perfect English one moment and broken Polish the next, replied, "Eet ees our beezness only to make bootiful music!"

I remember when I sang the St. Louis Blues in a hotel night club in St. Louis in 1954. I finished and heard a roar of *bravos* in the audience. I saw Stoky at the table in the spotlight applauding, his long white hair waving, his graceful hands flickering like summer lightning.

Eugene Ormandy, the little "jeep" of classical music, who deservedly rose from conducting in a movie theater to the head of possibly the most distinguished musical organization in this country, was another trial of mine. He used to come to our house, plop down and say in a loud voice, "Helen, I've seen you sing with Jimmy Durante on the television and it is absolutely disgusting!"

"I had fun when I was singing with your group," I would say, "and I had fun when I was singing on TV. So, quiet please!"

Ormandy, in my opinion, was for years much more a conductor than he was an ordinary human being. He had to work terribly hard to achieve what he did. Everyone kept giving the credit to his predecessor at the Philadelphia Orchestra. As the years went on and the organization changed personnel entirely and still maintained its superb quality, Ormandy had to be credited with both taste and genius. A man who is either profoundly modest or immensely vain, depending on his mood, Ormandy is still an enchanting man. He is at his best when he is working his magical art of dovetailing the human voice into the intricacies of an orchestral score.

No one who has not attempted to teach the daughter of a Democratic United States President to sing can understand what it is to be a Republican. It was an adventure into both politics and polyphony—in which I, as a veteran of the backstaging of the Met, took the only course I could.

By 1948 I was as firmly established in my niche of singing fame as it was possible to be. My role as a prima donna never impressed me too much; nor did it really get home to Bill. I can remember when he began calling me "my little prima donkey." He described my vacations as "turning me out to pasture."

Despite this attitude, the honors kept rolling in. One I appreciated more than most was when in June, 1948, I became the first woman to be awarded an honorary doctorate of music by the University of Missouri. The president, a fine figure of a man, named Middlebush, gave it to me at the commencement exercises at Columbia, Missouri. His citation said I was "America's pre-eminent Wagnerian soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Association, born and educated in Missouri." He went on to say, "In you our state and nation have produced for the first time a native-born, American-trained soprano who excels in the mighty roles of Isolde and Brünnhilde. Your golden voice is now the possession of the world and of posterity. In recognition of your superb artistry, and in appreciation of your glorious song, the university of your native state honors you today."

The fact that I had been connected so long with the Met was in itself an accolade. With its world reputation, intensive repertoire (twenty-four weeks and twenty-four works), it was an institution that honored its members by its very existence. I had helped it through its crisis of 1940 when it raised a million from the public, the stockholders and the radio audience. "Queen of the German Wing" was my on-stage title.

It must have been these qualifications that attracted notice in the highest spot in the nation. It was 1948 when I first became acquainted with the ambitions of Margaret Truman, only child and apple of the eye of both Harry and Bess Truman. That spring I was asked to sing at the White House. I stood up in the wonderful Blue Room with its piano with five gold eagles for legs and delivered Schubert, Richard Strauss, Beethoven and a couple of arias. It was a cabinet dinner, with judges of the Supreme Court, generals, admirals, ambassadors, socialites—something like an exquisite miniature of a Met opening. I was tremendously impressed, openmouthed most of the time and not altogether from singing.

After the concert and the dinner, there is not really much to do at the White House. Margaret, I noticed, was talking animatedly to Bill. She was a pretty blonde who could be very persuasive. She asked Bill if I would talk to her about music. He said I would if she happened to be in New York. Sure enough, in the next few days Margaret appeared at our apartment on Park Avenue. She talked excitedly about what she wanted to do. She had ambitions to sing and wanted to start immediately.

I hate to talk theory or ideas. I learned long ago that the only way to test something out is to do it. So I said, "Come over to the piano and let's hear what we've been chatting about." She came with me. I ran off some scales. As I expected, her voice was inexperienced and really rather bad. But it had an appealing quality, one I thought might be developed to give her a respectable series of concerts at home. "It's a small voice, but it could be worked on," I told her. "It will take at least five years—perhaps ten—of hard work before you could possibly expect to give even a minor concert in public."

"I don't mind the work at all," Margaret said eagerly. "To me, it will be just the career I want." To her credit, she always worked as hard as she knew how; not even I, an old and grim taskmaster, could complain about the hours she put in. She was dedicated to becoming a great singer.

What I did not know was that Margaret was going to dedicate me, as well, to her voice. My time, my efforts and a section of my own career became involved. First and last, the three years I spent with Margaret Truman cost me considerably in lost concert fees, an incredible amount of disappointment—and, finally, a loss in the eyes of the musical world for ever having my name connected with such a musical aspirant. Let me make it clear: Margaret was never a "protégée" of mine; nor was she ever my pupil. Nor did I intend—though that was not the way it ended—to do more than be a background adviser. Unfortunately, though I was candid from the first note that Margaret sang, I never had the courage to break off until years later. I had never faced such a situation: how does one tell the daughter of a United States President that she is not a good singer?

Not long after she started her career, Margaret agreed to sign with her agent for a series of concerts. As the daughter of Truman, she could expect high fees and a succession of appearances. I discovered this fact and talked with the manager. He and Margaret said she would not appear in public for at least five years. I never charged a nickel for my services; I recommended Margaret to my own accompanist.

I may add here that I had rarely before given an audition to an aspiring voice student. Such auditions—unless the child is an outstanding genius—are always cruel. Nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand there is no voice. The once-out-of-a-thousandth time the voice is handicapped by other factors that make failure almost a foregone conclusion. Other singers get a considerable income from holding "auditions" for $50 or $100, praising the neophyte and then fleeing the premises. I had been taught a lesson when a dear friend brought in a niece who had been assured that she was a second Galli-Curci. I listened, drew a deep breath and delivered myself: "My dear, you may take lessons for amusement, if you like. But not for a career. It is tough enough to become a singer if you are superb—which you are not."

I said much the same thing to Margaret. I suppose I was to blame for falling in with her capacity for hard work and her dedication; perhaps at times I even felt she had a chance to succeed, against my better judgment. At any rate, Margaret moved to New York. She appeared morning, noon and evening at our apartment. She spent weekends with us. She went on trips with us and turned up early in the morning and late at night. She was importunate and driving. Before I knew it, I was one of the team. I rearranged schedules, turned down broadcasting and concert dates, spending two to four hours a day away from my own rehearsing.

Though I had stipulated that no publicity should come out about us two Missouri girls working together, the leaks commenced to appear. "It happened like ham and eggs," Bill said ruefully later. "Margaret just took us over."

It was a change-up pitch for me, the kind we used to call a "fooler" on the St. Louis back lots. Just as Harry Truman persuaded a lot of people that he was a good piano player, so Margaret persuaded people into thinking she had a voice. Bess Truman never kidded anyone: she was a good, solid, honest woman who ran the family and she said she disliked every minute she was in the White House.

In those early days of 1948, I saw a Truman I respected a great deal. He was a man without much formal education, a haberdasher and a political judge, a member of one of the most aggressive political crowds that ever existed in this country. But he was humble, eager to learn, conscious of the greatness of his position, and still under the shadow of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. The women of the family disliked the Roosevelts. Margaret could not stand any of the Roosevelt boys. She used to tell me F.D.R. had treated her father "terribly

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

shabbily." I do not think in the days of F.D.R. the President and Vice President ever met socially. Truman had been the Throttlebottom of the Roosevelt Administration, as far as I could make out.

His reputation was so far gone in Washington that, when the news that I was "coaching" Margaret got out, people used to say, "Why are you wasting your time? Don't you know that after November Truman will disappear into the wilds of Missouri and never appear again?"

To this my response was that my concern was not with the father but with the daughter. I had made an agreement. Come what might, I would stick with it until circumstances made it impossible. I would not break my word, nor did I. It was Margaret who finally made our parting inevitable.

At election time, virtually the whole of the nation was against Truman—the press, the radio, the commentators, the pundits had already buried him. Nobody was for him, evidently, except the voters. They made him President. It was an admirable feat, something done almost singlehanded by a man fighting against all the forces that could be summoned against him. It made Truman a hero overnight. Unhappily, it also brought out some of his less admirable characteristics. We, as frequent visitors to the White House (or Blair House, since the White House was being repaired during most of our acquaintance with the Trumans), could see it clearly.

Truman became stubborn and opinionated. His always-prominent trait of being loyal to his friends became almost an obsession. He was often vehement on subjects which he knew very little about. I can even recall some of his discussions with me on the subject of classical music. At the same time, he had great candor. After he had written his famous note to the music critic who had dared say that Margaret had little talent, he confided to me, "I should never have written that letter. But now it's written I'll stand by it!"

What mattered to me was not so much the political events as the musical. As Harry Truman changed after his election, so did Margaret. The first intimation I had of this was a note in the clipping services. It said that she and the manager I had recommended had concluded an agreement for a tour of eight to ten concerts with a Southern bureau. This particular bureau had an excellent reputation. I knew it had no illusions about Margaret's voice. The whole point of such an engagement was only the money to be made on the concert platform.

The publicity which I had so long avoided now broke around my head like a thunderstorm. I was pelted with unanimity for having taken such a "pupil." It was made to appear that Margaret was my protégée, who might take my place at the Met, who was totally endorsed by me—all of which was totally false. It was true that Margaret depended heavily on me: my presence seemed to give her courage to sing. She would watch me all through the concert or rehearsal. Believe me, I sang each one of her notes twice as hard as she did and ten times as hard as *I* ever did! Every time she got up, my knees commenced to shake. I sang silently, with more agony, than I had ever experienced on the stage. I can say here that my first, greatest and unconquerable difficulty with her voice was simply keeping her on key.

I called her in, and the manager with her. We had a stormy session When the scene was over, I had made another mistake: I had agreed not only to accept the inevitable but Margaret had persuaded me to accompany her on the trips. All on the basis that this would be the first and last time.

Bill and I embarked on a two-week trip where I did nothing but play backstop to Margaret. With accompanist and maid, it amounted to about $200 x 14 x whatever engagements I refused so far as out-of-pocket expenses were concerned. Nor was this chicken feed at the time. I was earning twice the salary of the President of the United States, very roughly $250,000.

We left Margaret to her own devices in St. Louis after the concert, the last of our tour, unable to face the opinion of that home-town reception. Truman, who had attended his daughter's original debut in Constitution Hall in Washington and told a friend that he "almost tore up two programs in my excitement," had a different reaction to the cool criticisms from the big town in Missouri. I felt the trial was over. I hoped Margaret would settle down to simply training her voice. I was disillusioned: her manager informed me she was booked for concerts in the stadium at New York and the Philadelphia Dell—where tens of thousands instead of hundreds were to hear her.

This was too much. I told Margaret that she would have to call off the concerts. She refused. I told her there was no other way that I could work with her. It ended with all of us taking it to court—down to Washington to see Daddy Truman in Blair House. We saw him in the study.

"Mr. President," I told him, "when I agreed to help Margaret, I said she should study and not sing in public for five years. You know that."

"Yes," he said.

"I know you want Margaret to stand on her own feet and not on anything that you have done," I told him. "I don't want her singing to be based on her father's reputation as a President." At this point Margaret rushed out of the room.

"Yes!" cried Truman. He smacked his desk with his fist. "That's exactly what I want!"

"Then," I said, "she will have to call off these concerts."

Truman thought it over. He called Margaret back into the room. He told her to telephone her manager and cancel the concerts. Truman was not angry with her. On the contrary, he was gentle but very firm.

"But I have contracts with these people!" she protested. "How can I get out of them?"

"That's your job," her father told her. "You got into this, now get yourself out."

That was the formula for the whole affair. The concerts were never held. But I was not yet free to do what was needed and what Margaret really deserved. The next thing that turned up was that Margaret (and her manager) had planned a series of radio appearances.

This was the last straw. If it was not proper for her to appear before hundreds, it was less proper before thousands—but what could you say to the ambitions of a girl who, untrained and musically unknown, wanted to appear before millions? At this point I guess I felt I was fighting not so much to develop Margaret as a singer as I was fighting to uphold the national honor. Margaret would be singing in direct comparison with some of the finest artists of opera and concert. It would have been, I felt, a personal disaster of the first magnitude for me to be connected with it.

I would describe Margaret's voice as a lyric soprano with a very sweet quality. If she had studied five years—better, ten—she would have had an adequate singing ability. If the TV and radio personalities of today are any example—something I would never have dreamed of in those days—she might have had an acceptable career on the air. But using any standards, there simply was not enough of everything—or of anything—to make her really a concert and light-opera singer. She did not have the right temperament, though she was a glutton for work. The meaning of the song always escaped her. Her physical build was promising, but she lacked emotional understanding of what the tone and the projection of the music meant.

While Bill and I—Bill eventually got most of the blame—were stewing over this, the news came that Margaret's manager had scheduled a broadcast at Carnegie Hall.

This time it was impossible for me to stop her. I did not yet have the sense to cut everything short and publicly step out. I thought something might be salvaged from the girl's desire to be a singer, from her really genuine need to work at something. I was wrong once more: I consented to go to the concert.

It was so bad, almost from the first note, that for the first time in my life I spent all the evening behind the curtains of my box. Mrs. Roosevelt sat in the box next to me and we chatted—but both of us studiously avoided the subject of Margaret as a singer. What the former First Lady felt about it, I never discovered. I left long before it was over, trying to escape the memory of those wavering, off-key notes that were made even worse by the impeccable stage presence Margaret always had. Nothing could dent her self-confidence. At least, nothing I could do. That function was reserved for her father alone.

A few days later, Margaret came to our house and had a conference with Bill and myself. This time I was firm.

"You can't go on the radio any more," I said. "That's out."

"We're all ready to go!"

"I don't care. You haven't the training, the knowledge—you haven't anything to back you up."

"The contracts are signed and I have appearances at thousands of dollars each!"

"Not under any circumstances."

At this point, Bill ventured a word. "I don't think it's the best course of action," he said.

Margaret whirled. "You keep out of this!" she flared. "You've always tried to turn Helen against me!"

That was the beginning of the end. Whatever decisions I had made were purely my own, on the basis of my knowledge of Margaret's capacity. Bill retired. Margaret and I kept at it, hammer and tongs, raising our soprano voices—trained and untrained. I rarely indulge in such antics but, as a kraut girl from old St. Louis with a *Schimpflexikon* of my own, I am certainly capable of holding my own. The radio negotiations were called off the next day.

In all fairness to Margaret, during the time that she worked with me, she did show tremendous improvement. Even her father said so. She learned not to "sing in the cracks," as we call singing off key in the trade—except when she got excited. I think her great fault was that she could not hear herself sing. She never knew what a real amateur she was—an honorable designation in any way of life. She failed because she had no gift for self-criticism.

I never saw Margaret again in the role of teacher and pupil. I had once said that she was "a darling girl with plenty of personality and drive" and I never regretted it. I had also said that I had "confidence in her" and I did. In the fall of 1951 I delivered my valedictory on the whole thing for the press. I said, "I didn't think she was ready for all these appearances. The offers just kept coming in. I even went to Washington to see her daddy. I told him I couldn't go on if she accepted the offers. Well, it's too bad. Most young singers just don't realize how much they have to study. The funny thing is that Margaret Truman really has a nice voice—nothing great, but good enough."

It made me a little unhappy to forgo what the White House had meant. I was very much impressed with the glitter and ceremony. Bill and I loved being piped aboard the Williamsburg, the presidential yacht. We enjoyed the many times we ate at Blair House. Bill enjoyed going to the football game with Truman on the special train (while I had to stay home and work with Margaret). The receptions and the attention given the presidential party—we sometimes appeared at three or four functions before dinner—were all glamorous and exciting. As an old movie fan I used to adore Truman running pictures in the little theater that Roosevelt built where the wall practically melted away to make room for a screen. We could see the latest or the earliest of pictures, just by calling up.

There was little more to be said. One small anecdote will serve to show the temper in which *l'affaire Margaret* wound up. I asked Bill to do what I could not summon courage to do: I asked him to call the White House and tell Truman that the deal was off. Bill agreed. He got on the list of appointment calls and one evening was put through to the President.

"I'm afraid, Mr. President," Bill said, "that Helen feels she can't go along with Margaret any longer the way things are."

"Why not?" demanded Truman.

Bill recited the long list of our complaints and disappointments.

"Well," said the President at last in his nasal, brittle voice, "I'm afraid that whatever Margaret decides, that's the way it'll have to be."

Bill delivered the *coup de grâce*. He was a little angry too. "No, Mr. President," he said quietly. "If it isn't done the way Helen wants it won't be done at all."

As a reply, he got the crash of a telephone receiver slammed down in the White House.

When an impresario named Strock, who had heard me in opera, came backstage to ta

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ut a tour of the Orient—especially Japan—
met with a cordial reception.
'The Japanese love Western music," he
d enthusiastically.
'I know that," I agreed. "But what would
o? I don't sing in Japanese. Only in English,
rman and Italian."
Stock sprang up and clapped his hands. "I
rantee you will be a sensation!" he cried.
talked to Bill and my concert bureau about
or several days—but it was a temptation to
ich I finally succumbed. The tour was
ranteed by the Asahi-Shimbun, one of the
Japanese newspapers.
My first two concerts in June, 1952, were
Hawaii. The land enchanted us. The people
e my ideal of friendliness. The food was
tic. The only disappointment came from
famous flower leis. The juices of one that
put around my neck ruined a $1500 lace-
l-satin dress.

om Hawaii we flew to Tokyo. There I
g twenty-six concerts in all three islands,
nt of them in the capital. It was a grand
erience—and one of the most exhausting I
r went through. No matter where I sang,
es of enthusiasm, demands for encores
ned to pour over the platform. There had
n a death in the imperial family. I was re-
sted by Crown Prince Akihito to sing
hms' Lullaby. The ecstatic management
nted me to announce from the stage that he
requested it—but I demurred. "I'll sing
I said sympathetically. "He'll know I'm
ging it for him."
even learned a Japanese song by memoriz-
it phonetically, one called The Lotus
wer Song, a charming lyrical composition.
fervor of the people to hear a Western
st—less than eight years after the bombing
Hiroshima and Nagasaki—was phenom-
l. They would run alongside the car, just
ouch it; they would try to kiss my hand,
sent vases, silks, brocades, mats—all
ations of presents.
ne critic was kind enough to say that
iss Traubel's wonderful voice has helped
eal the wound of seven unpleasant years."
ther critic, a rather diminutive man, said
is friends, "Ah, this Miss Traubel, she is
ig and broad. She is such a wonderful
t up there." The finest compliment I got
from a Japanese opera singer who rushed
to thank me after the performance and
courteous enough to say, "Now I know
t singing is. Hereafter I shall devote my
e to painting."
sang fifteen to twenty songs a concert.
repertoire lengthened as I went until
lly it included more than 150 songs of
ous kinds, including operatic arias. I even
g with two excellent Japanese symphony
estras and I gave my all until—in the
ippines—I came a cropper over mangoes.
st say here that mangoes are (or were) my
rite fruit. I love that juicy spurt, the de-
able orange-peach-banana flavor and the
ure. I had eaten bushels of them, in South
erica. I repeated the process in the Far
t. Suddenly one morning I found myself
ing up as if I were an inflating balloon. It
me so bad that my eyes were swollen shut.
doctor said it was caused by the chemical
I to fight malaria; the others had no idea.
and I never really did find out until months
. It was that I was allergic to Asian man-
—but not to South American ones. This,
nk, enters the sweepstakes as the queerest
gy of all time.
ill and I left New York December first
same year of 1952. I was to make fifty-
e appearances on the stages of a dozen
tries. I was to sing thirty times in a jam-
ed week's tour of Korea, nearly three
s of my total appearances, before I came
home in February, 1953. I can truth-
say that those thirty were one of the
lights of my entire career as a singer.
e thirty concerts were given in five days—
heaviest schedule of singing I had ever
rgone. In one theater I automatically
ed around to locate a draft that was blow-
across my chest, as I generally did in the
ropolitan. I found that in my particular
cert hall" the roof was gone. I was ac-
y singing under the stars and had for-
en all about it. I always tried to wear the standard recital costume, an off-the-shoulder evening gown. I did this because I felt that, although I was no movie star, the boys there would like it better. They seemed to. They whistled and cheered and laughed until the glow which I felt more than compensated for the cold of those nights.

I saw one of the soldiers near the platform whistling. I stepped down and said, "I had a kid brother who could whistle like you. I've been trying ever since to whistle that way." I tried it, there on the platform, two fingers and my front teeth. The audience broke up and he gave up. His buddies pulled his hat down over his eyes and slapped him on the back until he lost his breath. I guess he never knew that I ranked him.

While visiting in the area I had a card with my fingerprints, and under the line *Assimilated Grade, Rate of Rank*, the words: "Major through colonel." Whatever this may have meant, very few people in Korea called me anything but "general."

I sang and visited everywhere I could. Sometimes I could not quite twist a note around the lump in my throat—as in the case of the hospital ships at Inchon. They had helicopters, loaded with wounded, arriving almost every five minutes. In the wards I tailored my songs to what they asked for. Once in a while I said no more than a few words and tiptoed out. I sang for Korean soldiers; for a reception given by General and Mrs. Van Fleet; for Syngman Rhee at the Korean presidential palace. Rhee gave me a three-foot-high Korean doll, a fabulously dressed and ancient ritual toy. I lunched with the majors and brigadier generals of the Air Force who were almost too young to shave—who used to say "Pardon me" and disappear for about forty minutes, coming back in to sit down and talk. I inquired about these casual, repeated disappearances—where some did not return. I was told they had just hopped into a jet and made a reconnaissance trip up to the Yalu River!

Seoul, Pusan, Taegu—then back to Tokyo where I had already done five concerts. Bill and I spent some time there and saw the roses we had planted in full bloom. We got a new Spanish accompanist who had taught at the University of Manila. We sang in the Philippines and then took off for another visit to Hong Kong and on to Macao.

A return visit to Istanbul—which is not at all like St. Louis but just as precious—and over to Athens (where I must confess the cultural atmosphere did not impress me; I would have been a Persian, not a Greek in bygone ages) and a few weeks in Rome. After that we went to Amsterdam, Oslo, Stockholm and Helsinki. I was supposed to sing in each city, but in the last two a virus rained me out.

In any career, in any art, one is suddenly aware of a plateau, a spot in life where everything is flat and dull without warning. The only remedy is to start climbing again. That was what happened to me a decade after I had joined the Met as a soloist.

It seemed to me that somehow I was missing the heart of music itself. I kept thinking of the informal songfests we had enjoyed at home in St. Louis; of the vocal jam sessions in New York and Korea; of the receptions in Tokyo, in India, London and a hundred other spots. Perhaps my trips around the world had put a magic salve on my eyes: they seemed to be opened for the first time. There was, I believed, an immense audience that waited patiently for music outside the specialized circle of opera lovers.

I had become cursed—or blessed—with a double nature. I do not mean that I was schizophrenic; far from it. The life I live with Bill is so normal that when I make hot potato salad the smell of it alone puts three pounds on him. I mean that my artistic and personal life seemed to be divorced. I recall that one critic, talking about my first appearance as Kundry, said, "Madame Traubel was as distant and unapproachable as the statue on top of Grant's Tomb."

This wounded me. Nothing could be more untrue: I try to hold myself back from nothing that is genuinely friendly, warm and interesting. The realization of the fact that my public appearances might overtake my private life—that such adjectives as "majestic" and "regal" and "aloof" were becoming alarmingly frequent in my reviews—was forcing me to seek out another road for expression in music.

Maybe my thoughts were drifting back to the *gemütlich* spirit of the old German *bierstubes*. Perhaps I was tired of the old routines. I have no full explanation of what firmed my final decision, but I can guess at one.

I took back home with me from Korea a secret chore. I started to telephone personally the hundreds of wives and mothers of the servicemen I had met. They were scattered from one end of the country to the other. It took months and a few concert tours before I accomplished my objective. Now I realize a selfish reason stirred me to do it. This was never publicized, but I was testing myself to see if getting close to people everywhere was what I wanted. It was precisely what I wanted.

ALAS! FAREWELL!

By ELIZABETH GRAHAM

Alas, you have put
An ocean between us!
And linger admiring
The Louvre's Venus!

She is blind
To your worth.
Old and worn.
Without mirth.
Has no arms.
Cannot cry!
Needs a pedestal.
Not I.

Oh, how can I lure you,
Or hope to excel
A rival like Venus?
Alas! Farewell!

In my despair
I near forgot:
She is stone.
And I am not!

I opened my unheard-of (and unheard) night-club career at Chez Paree in Chicago in September, 1953. It was a brave new field. I had no idea what it might mean to my future. My friends called it everything from "undignified" to "disgusting." I thought it was fun.

I put together a program of Viennese music, semiclassical selections, operatic medleys and modern tunes. I got a couple of brilliant young writers, Lawrence and Lee, later to become famous for a play called Inherit the Wind, to scribble chatter for me. As I recall, the musical arrangements were worked out on the plane en route to Chicago. The arranger was still scribbling as we arrived.

I appeared and was a success, much to my relief. "It's always the same when Helen appears," said a friend to Bill after opening night.

"Always the same?" demanded Bill, bristling.

"Yes," sighed the other, "always cataclysmic."

The best compliment I received was a serious request from one of the four bosses who owned Chez Paree. As a backer of that swank, rococo place, he came up to me and growled, "Any time anybody bothers you anywhere in the States, you tell me and I'll fix him."

After our engagement at the Chez, we went on to New York and Washington. I was the object of some pointed questioning by the music critics. Among them was Paul Hume, of the Washington Post, who became famous by being the first newspaperman to be personally threatened by a President of the United States. Hume wanted to know if I really thought the St. Louis Blues was as serious music as Wagner. When Hume and the others suggested that the Wagnerian roles might have become too taxing for me, I simply said that I had not noticed it, nor had the Met. They persisted in their questioning. Bill, at one point, lost his temper and asked one of them "to stop acting like a stupid lout."

"Wasn't it really the idea of big money coming in?" inquired another reporter.

"No," I said. "It was really that I feel closer to my audience on a cabaret floor than I do on the Met stage."

There it rested. For the record, I must add that I have never regretted the decision.

To conclude a *memoire* at my age is a little like cheating. It took me thirty-six years to get where I dreamed of getting in the world of music. I figure I must live an active life in the profession at least that much longer. So my swan song is not due until I am a minimum of seventy-two.

Nevertheless, what I have said serves a purpose—for myself and, I hope, for everyone who has had the patience to read this far. I have exposed myself to the life of sound and melody deliberately. Here I have given myself away as much as I could. Not completely: I must save the best part of me for my own memories. But there is enough in the foregoing pages to make some critics ask if possibly I have not been too frank.

What I write was never meant to be a confession. I reserve that, too, for my prayers. It was meant to be a revelation of joy and happiness, the two qualities which have impressed me most about life. I have been lucky enough and have had the hard sense to make myself come to terms with reality. I was fortunate enough and fey enough to give myself an escape through music.

Perhaps it is significant—symbolic of my career—that I now have a dozen long shelves packed with fairy tales from all over the world. For years I have collected the doings of never-never land with the same devotion that a miser might count his gold. I enjoy reading them over and over, smiling at their pleasure and feeling my eyes moisten at their disasters. The adventures of the children, dwarfs, kings and princes, swans and geese, heroes and cowherds, giants and elves—these, I find, are not unreal at all. They seem to me to be more genuine than many of the happenings in real life.

In the best sense my own life has been a fairy tale. Not because of its success in terms of money earned and spent nor in terms of magic worked because of a voice. I know enough of every fantasy in every language to realize that such stories are more often than not grim, bloody and blunt. They meet life on its most terrible terms—and solve its problems in the shortest and most obvious ways.

I have done the same. Many of the things that have happened to me I might have avoided. But where I might have skirted a disaster, I would also have missed a joy. Where I dodged an enemy, I might also have lost a friend. Besides, it was not in my nature to avoid: I always wanted to meet the world head on.

Because I believe in fairy tales and their inner meanings as devoutly as I do anything in the world, my dreams have come true. If I had three wishes, I could put them all into one: "Let me have my life over as I had it—with all the sorrow, despair, exaltation and rejoicing!"

That is the end of the fairy story until this very moment. The princess is out of her castle and fleeing from the villain, the hero by her side. She is still in the middle of her escape. The way she travels is lovely and enchanted. There is always the danger that the wicked witch will pop up and turn her into a frog or a clod. She is willing to take the chance. She has some inherited magic in an old vocal reticule with which she can still cast her own charms.

Best of all, the princess knows that no fairy story can end—unless it pronounces the most charming and magical words ever invented: "And they lived happily ever after." END

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It's easy! To tomato paste (6-oz. can), 1¾ cups of water, 2 tbsps. salad oil add French's Spaghetti Sauce Mix. Simmer 10 minutes, stir occasionally. Makes four big servings. Serve over cooked spaghetti, meat loaf, ravioli, noodles. And be ready for *praise!*

the well-fed Bridegroom

By MARGARET WILLIAMS

MARK SHAW



Margaret Williams, whose first book is a cookbook, The Well-Fed Bridegroom (Doubleday and Company, Inc., Garden City, New York), was born in New York City. She now lives in New Orleans, runs a gift shop, helps cater Mardi Gras balls and, in addition, manages to keep her own large home running smoothly.



STUART

©1957 by Margaret Wills

An important element that is rarely included in a recipe is: TIME. Your time. The time that must be allowed for preparation as well as the actual cooking period. A dish that requires only twelve minutes to cook could easily consume an hour of preparation. Remember, too, that there are almost bound to be interruptions, so you must take the unforeseen into consideration as well.

If you are a beginner, it is far better to make haste slowly. You will be constantly coping with new techniques and, to some degree at least, you will have to work things out for yourself. All this adds up to time, which will eventually equal experience. So, gauge your total time and then double it, or at least increase it by half again, and in this way you will be able to proceed calmly and with a minimum amount of last-minute jitters. Remember, too, the cleaning up—another time consumer.

COUNTRY SOUP

Melt 2 tablespoons butter in a heavy kettle. Add 1 leaf white cabbage cut into 1" squares, 1 small carrot, scraped and sliced, 1 small white turnip, peeled and sliced, ½ small onion, peeled and chopped, and 1 small stalk celery, chopped. Cover kettle and simmer until vegetables are soft. Take great care that the vegetables do not burn. Stir frequently. Drain off any extra butter. Add 2 cups consommé and boil gently for about 10 minutes. Sprinkle with a little chopped parsley and serve piping hot. Makes 2 servings.

STEAK PIE

Cut 1 pound top round steak into ½"–¾" cubes. Mix together ¼ cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Dredge meat in seasoned flour. Melt 2 tablespoons shortening or salad oil in a skillet and brown the meat well on all sides. Add 1 large onion, peeled and coarsely chopped, cooking until the onion is soft. Stir frequently. Add 1 small bay leaf, crushed, 1 tablespoon each minced parsley and celery leaves. Cover with hot water (about 1½ cups). Cover and simmer for about 45 minutes until the meat is tender. Slice ½ pound mushrooms. Sauté for 5 minutes in 1 tablespoon butter. Drain off broth from the meat and mix with the mushrooms. Add 1 tablespoon soy sauce and 1 tablespoon cornstarch mixed with a little cold water. Heat and stir until thickened. Taste for seasoning. Add meat and pour into 3 individual casseroles. Set aside to cool slightly. Have ready a 1-cup-flour pastry recipe, or use a mix. Roll out and cut to fit the tops of the casseroles. Moisten the edges of the casseroles, fit on the pastry, roll and crimp the edges. Cut steam slits in the top. Bake in a hot oven, 425° F., until the crust is golden brown, about 15 minutes. Makes 3 casseroles, one extra for your lunch.



Tempt the light-of-your-life with flaky-crusted, juicy and savory steak pie—with the promise of frozen peppermint cream and cookies for dessert.

MENU

COUNTRY SOUP
INDIVIDUAL STEAK PIES
BUTTERED GREEN BEANS
TOSSED SALAD
BREAD STICKS
FROZEN PEPPERMINT CREAM
ALMOND COOKIES À LA LIZA
COFFEE

Another thing to bear in mind is that in preparing a menu, frequently the last should come first; so analyze a menu or recipe with care. In this menu, for instance, you might make the peppermint cream the day before you intend to use it, the almond cookies as well; and since the soup is a vegetable one, it is actually improved by being made a day ahead. The filling for the steak pie will not suffer by being made ahead either (although if this is refrigerated it must be allowed to come to room temperature before the final baking). Since you are spending your time on the pie, a frozen vegetable is the best choice. Green beans are excellent with the pie, and to round out the main course have a nice, crisp, tossed salad and bread sticks.

FROZEN PEPPERMINT CREAM:

Buy the ordinary, everyday variety of red-and-white peppermint sticks—the thin kind, not the fat ones; you will need ½ pound. Place the peppermint sticks between sheets of waxed paper and, using a rolling pin, crush them until they are very fine crumbs. Soak the candy in 1 cup milk for about 1 hour. Stir from time to time. Whip 1 cup heavy cream until thick and mix with the peppermint and milk. Pour into a refrigerator tray and freeze 3–4 hours. Serve with almond cookies. Makes 2–3 servings.

ALMOND COOKIES À LA LIZA:

Cut into pieces into a mixing bowl ½ cup butter. Measure 1 cup light brown sugar, packing it well into a measuring cup and mashing out any lumps. Add the sugar to the butter and cream together very, very thoroughly until light and fluffy. Add one well-beaten egg. Sift 1 cup flour with a pinch of cream of tartar and ¼ teaspoon salt. Toast enough blanched almonds to make ½ cup when coarsely chopped; 4 ounces of whole almonds should yield this amount. You can buy them all blanched in cans. Add sifted dry ingredients, then the chopped nuts, and beat well. Grease baking sheets very lightly and drop the dough onto them from the end of a spoon, about ½ teaspoon for each cooky. Don't drop the cookies too close together. Bake in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., until brown. Makes about 4 dozen small cookies. If you don't wish to bake the cookies all at once, the dough stores well in the refrigerator.



Hamburgers tonight?

Give them a new look...

a new taste

with Spanish Green Olives!



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SPANISH GREEN OLIVES
add dash to any dish!

HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE . . . NEW STYLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

father's farm from foreclosure (he saved it); how he had the good sense and self-confidence to marry one of the prettiest girls in town, Roberta Pierce, when he had nothing to offer her but a dream.

Jim and Roberta went through several difficult years before the dream came true. At first he tried building "regular" homes, but found it increasingly hard to offer them at prices working families could afford. Because of this, he became intrigued with the revolutionary idea of prefabricating components of houses and shipping them out to building sites. After working awhile as a dealer for another prefab builder, he struck out on his own, and formed National Homes.

His first building factory was little more than a shed. When his only secretary complained that flying chips hit her as she typed, he personally built a shield around her typing table. Eventually he got his first home ready to "sell" to a skeptical public, but realized he couldn't afford to leave it empty for demonstration purposes. So, with Roberta and baby Ann, he moved into it himself.

Roberta, with her rich voice and stately bearing, proved an excellent demonstration salesman. While thousands of prospective customers and curious sight-seers trooped through the rooms, suspiciously pounding walls and tapping floors for flimsiness, she smiled reassuringly and convinced all that hers was truly a sound, practical home. Soon Jim was getting as many orders as he could handle.

Then the plant caught fire, and the Prices stood helplessly watching while their entire investment went up in flames. Hardly had they recovered when they were faced with alarming competition from numerous rival companies after World War II. Surprisingly, their company continued to prosper while rivals failed. Jim explains, "I think they failed because they were offering gimmick houses, made of aluminum, porcelain, cement, paper. I was convinced people would buy a prefab *only* if it looked like any other good house. Another rule I never broke: Never start a house down the assembly line without a customer's firm order!"

In just fourteen years, Jim Price has accumulated a personal fortune of over $10,000,000. He has an impressive battery of consulting architects and vice presidents now, but Roberta is still his most influential adviser in home design, and he never introduces a new model without first taking her through it for a final check. Their own attractive, glass-walled home in Vinton Woods is made of standard prefab components and incorporates many of Roberta's ideas. The laundry is near the bedroom, because most dirty clothes and linen originate there. The house has a parents' wing and a children's wing, with a family den in the middle. This arrangement is highly satisfactory to their son Dave, who is graduating this year from Lafayette's public high school.

At forty-six, Jim Price is quiet, balding and optimistic. He and his dealers have built more homes (over 100,000) than anyone else in the history of the world! "And in the future," he says confidently, "we can be bigger than General Motors."

Texas today has more millionaires (884) than any other state in the Union except New York; and most of these are *drillers* or *diggers*. Of course the most famous oil tycoons (Paul Getty, H. L. Hunt, Sid Richardson and Clint Murchison) cannot be included in a list of *new* fortune builders, for they were already rich before the modern era of high taxation. But Texas is still producing oil and gas millionaires—although of a new variety. No longer are fortunes made by mud-splattered, uneducated wildcatters hopefully poking holes in the ground. Today's tycoons have expert knowledge in either geology or finance.

In booming Houston, where expensive foreign cars dart gaily beneath red and yellow skyscrapers, two of the most outstanding successes of recent years are geologists. Michael T. Halbouty, mustached and hard-driving son of a Lebanese immigrant, is the author of thirty-five technical papers on geological structures. In his digging, he concentrates mainly on old salt domes, supposedly exhausted, but often yielding new deposits of oil. John Mecom, the forty-seven-year-old wonder who counts his wealth in tens of millions, similarly owes his success to expert geological knowledge. Nowadays it costs from $500,000 to $2,000,000 just to sink an exploratory hole. The average driller sinks nine holes to find one producing well. John Mecom gets one producer in every five attempts.

The most fabulous new oilman in Texas, however, is neither a geologist nor particularly interested in exploring for new deposits. He is Algur H. Meadows, and he started his career as a moneylender.

During the depression, Meadows was struggling desperately for survival in Shreveport, Louisiana, with $2,000,000 in loans that were deemed uncollectible. His salvation was the great oil strike in East Texas. Quickly he began selling unprofitable Shreveport loan offices in order to raise money to lend strapped oil wildcatters within reach of producing wells, but too broke to put them on a producing basis. Lending one dollar with a promise to receive two dollars as soon as the oil came in, Meadows soon recouped all his Shreveport losses.

Next Meadows decided that instead of simply lending money to diggers, he might more profitably buy the wells themselves. That way, he reasoned, he could make not just two for one, but four or five for one. His method of buying wells, which he still uses today, is the main basis of his $100,000,000 fortune. He puts down a small cash payment (most of which he borrows through an intermediary) and pays the great bulk (both principal and interest) out of the oil from the well. If the oil is slow in coming, payment is slow. For example, his General American Oil Company (of which he owns 49 per cent) bought one $20,000,000 oil deposit with an original outlay of only $55,000; the balance was paid by oil produced by the well itself.

Many other companies have copied Meadows' financing techniques. But, because he can give answer on a possible purchase faster than a large corporation, he is still prospering hugely. In the oil business, when a gusher is blowing, a fast answer can be crucial.

More than most of his fellow multimillionaires, Meadows seems to enjoy showing off his prosperity. A handsome man, with ruddy complexion and thick gray hair, he wears pearl cuff links and a diamond ring measuring a half inch across; he likes to see his blond wife, Virginia, in stunning gowns and mink. His home is a fenced-in estate covering several acres in the middle of Dallas, and in his vast penthouse executive suite is a sumptuous 250-foot lemon-yellow carpet that extends into the men's washroom—which has gold-plated fixtures. The Meadowses lead an active social life, and summer in Spain.

With the advent of high income taxes, many successful *entertainers* making between $500,000 and $1,500,000 annually found themselves losing the great bulk of their incomes. Their tax advisers therefore began casting about for acceptable corporate embodiments and capital-gains-producing ventures for them. These days, being a star is not enough to build an old-fashioned fortune; the star must also be an entrepreneur.

A few have succeeded conspicuously in combining talent with big business: Walt Disney, with his empire so well integrated that each Disney product creates demand for other Disney products; Bing Crosby with his multitude of personal corporations; Jack Benny with his J & M (for Jack and Mary) Productions. The most spectacular fortune builders in the entertainment world today, however, are the Bennys' next-door neighbors—Lucille and Desi Arnaz.

Best known to the public as stars of the television comedy I Love Lucy, they made their fortune by pioneering in the production of television shows on film. Today they own more sound stages (thirty-five) than either Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer or Twentieth Century-Fox. They produce more film footage than the combined output of five major motion-picture studios. Last year they completed the biggest deal ($11,000,000) in television history.

The banner of Desilu Studios flies over the four-block-long former RKO Studios where Desi, a bongo drummer and actor, met and fell in love with Lucille, a $75-a-week bit actress. Soon after they met, however, Desi was fired, and went on to become a successful band leader while Lucille soared to stardom in radio and movies. They rarely managed to see each other; their courtship and even their marriage was conducted by telephone. When they conceived the idea of a husband-wife comedy show for television, they were jubilant at the prospect of working together at last.

But almost immediately they ran into a problem. Tired of moving around, the Arnazes flatly refused to go to New York to make the shows. In those days television cables did not reach across America, so they suggested making their show on film, in California, and shipping it to New York for transmission. But stories for television had never been done on film, and networks were skeptical.

In desperation, Desi and Lucille offered to take a drastic cut in pay if they were permitted to film their show on the West Coast. In return, they asked only for full ownership of the film after it had been shown once on television. This contract, when signed, proved to be historic.

First of all, the rerun or residual rights to popular television shows turned out to be immensely valuable. (Recently the Arnazes sold the third rerun rights to their original I Love Lucy series for $5,000,000.) More important, the deal made Desi and Lucille frontier breakers in filmed TV. They worked out all the complex problems: how to build bleachers for audiences on conventional sound stages; how to fireproof walls against the intensely hot lights; how to build in recording booths. Within two years other producers of shows were eagerly seeking their help.

Last year, Desilu Studios was filming seventeen different television shows. Desi, from his comfortable oak-and-leather office, runs the business end of the partnership. Lucille has the deciding vote in much of the hiring of talent, and also supervises the training of actors at the studio's own theater. Best of all, they are working together—and permanently settled in the rambling white brick house in Beverly Hills.

Most of the new fortune builders are *innovators* in the sense of pioneering new ways of doing things. Some, however, have made their fortunes specifically through inventing or introducing new products or services. Within a very few years, young Patrick Frawley established his Paper-Mate Pen company, soared to success on an overwhelming tide of sales, and sold out for more than $15,000,000. William Lear, a stormy genius from Los Angeles who never finished high school, has produced innumerable revolutionary electronic devices (such as an autopilot) which have profoundly influenced American aviation. His inventions are found on every plane that flies for the United States; and his company, Lear, Inc., is selling more than $60,000,000 worth of equipment a year. Dr. Edwin Land, the shy, scholarly inventor of the Polaroid-Land camera, Polaroid antiglare sunglasses, and antiglare automobile headlights, is another example of the innovator-multimillionaire. Although he spends most of his time in his laboratory and seems genuinely more interested in research, reading and music than in making money, his sales jumped $14,000,000 last year to a high of $48,000,000.

But the most dramatic success story in the field of innovation is that of a gentle, soft-spoken man, Leon Jolson.

Eleven years ago, Leon Jolson was thirty-five and a homeless immigrant. When he and



is wife Ann landed on American shores, he ad $8 in his pocket and the number 32164 eared on his arm—grim reminder of a Nazi oncentration camp. During World War II eon and Ann had operated an underground adio station in a Warsaw cellar; for two ears they lived without seeing sunlight. Fiially they were captured, and put on a freight rain bound for an extermination gas chamer. Somehow they managed to leap from the rain, and eventually made their way to Amerca and freedom.

Jolson had been a sewing-machine technian before the war, and now, in the Bronx, he pened a small repair shop. Soon he began to vonder about the rather limited performance f sewing machines then on the American narket. In Europe he had become interested n an Italian machine called the Necchi, capale of performing twenty different operations. t seemed to him that American women might refer the versatile Necchi to machines capale only of sewing a straight seam. Talking to ives he met on his door-to-door calls coninced him that he was right.

After persuading the Necchi company to end him four machines on consignment, he nd Mrs. Jolson carried the machines up six ights of stairs to their one-room apartment, here for nearly two months they worked very night until midnight, stitching samples f the machine's work. At last one afternoon hey sent all the samples to sewing-machine ealers. And the following Monday morning, hey witnessed what Jolson called "a mira-

Forethought, which involves doing unpleasant things now for the sake of pleasant things in the future, is one of the most essential marks of mental development.

BERTRAND RUSSELL
Human Society in Ethics and Politics
Simon and Schuster

le." The sidewalk outside their little repair hop was crowded with dealers eager to see the lecchi. That day, the Jolsons took orders for ore than 3000 machines. For the next six ears they couldn't import machines fast nough to meet the demand. Jolson estabshed thousands of dealerships, set up an asembly plant in this country, and began hanling the Elna machine as well as the Necchi.

Today he operates an enterprise that grosses 50,000,000 a year. But he and his wife and vely daughters lead extremely simple lives in row house in Queens. A sizable portion of heir fortune is going to help worthy students nd to other philanthropic causes.

America has long impressed the world with s genius for salesmanship. Most *supersalesen* today are experts hired by large compaies. But a few men have used their talent for elling to establish great personal fortunes.

Stephen Masters is only forty-five and looks ounger. Yet he has already amassed over 10,000,000 and is credited with revolutionizg the selling of American mass-produced roducts.

In the late 1930's, Masters sat in a small ofce on the seventh floor of a Manhattan buildg and with his late brother figured out a new ay of selling goods through discount houses. n his opinion, the conventional store with high verhead, high prices and slow turnover was nachronistic in an age of mass production: What is mass-produced must be mass-sold. elocity selling is the goal." In his new approach to selling, he slashed costs, skipped the ncy trimmings. Soon he was claiming that it ost him only one third as much to sell $100 orth of goods as it cost the average departent store.

Today his methods have been adopted by housands of merchandisers in communities l over the United States. But Masters, Incorporated, is still one of the biggest companies, ith nine stores in the East grossing $50,000,-00 a year. His main store near Radio City, ew York, has a fantastic speed record for lling goods at a discount or low markup rice. No store in the world, he believes, moves as much goods per square foot of floor space as that one—ten times as much per square foot as the average department store.

Masters' theory about slashing overhead is exemplified by the waiting room of his office—eight feet wide with a bare bench and a coin telephone. It was only recently that he bothered to set aside one small room for his own office. And he still doesn't have a private secretary.

Probably the most interesting supersalesman of our era is Charles Revson, founder of the Revlon cosmetics firm. His special genius has been in understanding the psychological make-up of women, and in learning how to merchandise glamour. He knows that he is selling hopes and dreams as well as powders, creams and color for the lips and cheeks.

A former lotions salesman, Revson started his own cosmetics firm in the early 1930's. At that time cosmetics were sold with what he considered a deplorable lack of imagination. Why shouldn't nail polishes and lipsticks be dramatized in their own right as "high-fashion" cosmetic accessories? When he titled his nail polishes and lipsticks he turned to exotic names—Fatal Apple, Persian Melon, Kissing Pink—and fostered his idea with heavy advertising, lavish with color, strong on drama. The models he chose to illustrate his products wore dramatic gowns and struck seductive poses, but still contrived to look like nice, warmhearted American girls. This dual concept of what every woman wants to be was neatly captured in his title Fire and Ice.

In merchandising circles he is famed as a severe and sometimes violent perfectionist, spending at least one day a week in the laboratory consulting with chemists. And he carries this perfectionism over into his personal life. Every morning he breakfasts on cereal with skim milk, and a sirloin steak cooked to his precise order. Lunch and dinner typically consist of ground meat, applesauce and freestone peaches. This diet, along with daily exercises,



THE SECRET OF GOOD COFFEE

Start with clean coffee maker, fresh coffee, fresh cold water. Use proper grind for maker. Measure and time carefully. *Always use at least ¾ of the capacity of any coffee maker.* For each serving, 1 standard coffee measure (2 level measuring tablespoons) to ¾ measuring cup (6 oz.) of water.

PERCOLATOR: When perking starts, reduce heat. Perk gently 6 to 8 minutes. *Time carefully.*

DRIP: Pre-heat pot. Pour in measured amount of boiling water. Brewing should be complete in 4 to 6 minutes. *Stir before serving.*

VACUUM: When water boils, reduce heat, insert upper bowl. Stir coffee and water and remove from heat. Coffee should remain in upper bowl no more than 3 minutes.

CAUTION: *Brewing too long makes coffee bitter. For weaker coffee, dilute after brewing according to above recipe.*

NOTE: If you use "instant," vary the strength to suit your taste.

PAN-AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU, 120 Wall Street, New York 5, N.Y.

helps to keep his lean, muscular frame young-looking and healthy. Ironically, while consistently urging women to try bolder colors, he himself dresses conventionally in plain blue suits and plain blue ties.

In the last ten years, most American *farmers* have been complaining that they can hardly hold their own. But a few have made fortunes. The most notable of these have been made by men who pioneered in bringing new land under cultivation by the use of irrigation or drainage.

If you fly west from Phoenix, Arizona, you will see blossoming in the midst of bleak, flat desert land thousands of acres of vegetables and cotton. Farming the rich soil of this desert became economically feasible when the Big Inch pipelines began bringing in low-cost gas, and when it was discovered how water could be pumped from deep underground. In this area, the richest new farmer is B. F. Youngker. Once a Y.M.C.A. clerk, he now farms tens of thousands of acres, producing more than 1000 pounds of cotton per acre every year.

Farther west, in the irrigated lands near Bakersfield, California, Russian-born Oscar Rudnick reigns as cattle king. Originally a peddler who traveled about in a horse-drawn wagon, selling buttons and housewares to farmers, Rudnick got into the cattle business quite by chance when some of his customers insisted on paying their bills in livestock. Today he and his sons have 50,000 beef cattle and 45,000 sheep grazing on their hundreds of thousands of acres.

More exciting is the meteorlike career of James Sottile, Jr., a farmer whose name is known to few but whose fortune is estimated at $100,000,000. The son of an Italian immigrant, Sottile remembers clearly his father's desperation when the Florida land-boom bubble burst in the late 'Twenties, leaving him almost penniless. This disaster, however, the Sottiles turned into good fortune. With the little money they did have, they began buying up vast tracts of land in Southern Florida—much of it swampland—at incredibly low prices. One tract of 20,000 acres, for instance, they acquired by offering $1000 for a $250,000 mortgage that was judged uncollectible. Other land they bought by paying back taxes.

Some twenty years ago Sottile and his father began the enormous undertaking of draining the 20,000-acre swamp to create South Dade Farms, the first pillar of the Sottile fortune. When the land was ready for farming, the Sottiles hit upon the novel idea of renting sections to Northern farmers during the winter, when their own farms would require little attention. Today, more than 300 professional farmers from thirteen states plant and harvest winter crops on Sottile land, their combined production worth more than $40,000,000 a year.

Sottile, who has been managing the family's affairs during the vast expansion of recent years, also owns ranches grazing more than 15,000 cattle. And he might quite as properly be called a banker as a farmer or rancher. Handling the financial problems of farm properties worth hundreds of millions of dollars, he discovered, was very complicated. Wouldn't it be simpler to deal with his own bank? The family agreed, and today they own or control seven banks—which Sottile finds much more pleasant and convenient.

Quite a few new fortunes have been made by *property improvers*—men who are able to develop valuable properties which, when sold, produce profits subject only to the rather mild capital-gains tax. These bold specialists look for sick, bumbling or unappreciated enterprises which they may, by drastic pruning or redirection, put on a profitable basis.

Brilliant young Louis Wolfson spends many hours a week sitting beside the swimming pool of his $500,000 home in Miami Beach, carefully scrutinizing corporate balance sheets to find companies particularly suited to his own style of upgrading. Merritt-Chapman & Scott, which he has headed for almost a decade, was making barely $1,000,000 net profit after taxes when he took over, at the age of thirty-five. Last year its net profit was $13,170,332; and Wolfson's own fortune today exceeds $70,000,000.

Like property improving, *property trading* has become an important new method of building fortunes. Since corporate executives cannot hope to get rich through salary alone, many have begun demanding a stake in their company's ownership through a device known as the stock option.

Under this system, the highly prized executive is given an option to buy stock in the company at some future date—*but at today's prices.* Obviously, it is impossible for him to lose money; conceivably, he can make millions.

George M. Bunker, suave, capable head of the Glenn L. Martin aeronautics firm, was called in to save the company when it was losing millions of dollars each year. Under Bunker's management the company prospered; stock, which had been languishing at around $8 a share, rocketed to $40.

As an inducement for accepting the Martin job, Bunker had been offered a stock option. Thus he was able to buy at $8 a share company stock now worth $40 on the market—for a paper profit of about $2,500,000!

The greatly increased mobility of Americans and the growing need for mass movement of goods have provided enormous opportunities for *haulers:* moving-van lines, air transport, trucking and sea hauling.

Hauling by sea offers especially attractive features. First of all, America's growing reliance on resources from overseas indicates an expanding need for gigantic sea carriers. Then, too, hauling by sea is usually cheaper in labor, material and taxes than hauling by land.

Many shipping people thought Daniel K. Ludwig was crazy when he began putting every cent he could scrape together into building the biggest oil tanker the world had ever known. But Ludwig was not crazy at all, and the story of how he built up a fortune of over $250,000,000 is perhaps more amazing than that of any other contemporary fortune builder.

Daniel Ludwig was born in South Haven, Michigan, the only child of parents who separated while he was still quite young. The separation, which jolted him rather badly, is perhaps the source of his tendency to "go it alone." He quit school in the eighth grade, and turned to his first passion, ships. (At the age of nine he had bought a sunken twenty-six-foot boat for $26, worked on it all winter, and chartered it the next summer for $150.) He went to night school to get his marine engineer's license, and at nineteen managed to borrow $5000 to buy an old side-wheel excursion steamer. By converting it into a barge and selling the unneeded boilers and machinery, he managed to pay back the borrowed money. Gradually he began to make a career for himself as an independent tugboat operator. But he was constantly and depressingly hounded by creditors; and on one of his early tankers, he was blown twenty-five feet into the air by an explosion, and suffered for many years from his injuries.

Ludwig's phenomenal growth as a shipping tycoon began during World War II when he built up a modern tanker fleet. At the end of the war he bought eleven Government surplus tankers. And finally, guessing at the depletion of the Mesabi iron-ore range in Minnesota and the world's growing need for overseas oil, he began building giant oil tankers and ore carriers.

Today, Ludwig operates the world's biggest tankers and is busy building even bigger ones (103,000 tons) at the old Imperial Japanese Navy shipyard in Kure, Japan. His new Goliaths will be twenty feet wider than the Queen Elizabeth, too wide to get through either the Panama or the Suez canal. Even so, Ludwig calculates they will be able to haul oil more profitably than smaller tankers. Sailing his ships under the Liberian flag, he uses low-cost West Indian crews, and has a half-million-acre ranch in Venezuela to supply meat for his ships. Knowledgeable men in the sea-hauling business admit with mixed admiration and envy that he is already surpassing the famous Greek titans of shipping, Aristotle S. Onassis and Stavros Niarchos.

And yet, few people seeing this dapper middle-aged man walking down Madison Avenue to his office, his Homburg set firmly over a rather preoccupied face and a wispy smile, would point him out as one of the richest in America. In fact, most of his neighbors in Darien, Connecticut—businessmen like himself, who go to Wall Street every day and belong to the same country club—know little or nothing of his business background. His home, nestled in the woods of Swift's Lane, is in a moderately priced area and is not very large by Darien standards. His 197-foot yacht is luxurious, but he is too busy to spend much time on it. He'd much rather drink buttermilk than champagne. Ginger, his attractive and vivacious wife, is better known around town.

This quiet anonymity caused his fellow townsmen more than a little embarrassment not long ago. A local cemetery contained an unsightly swamp, which Ludwig volunteered to convert into an attractive lake. But the cemetery association was cautious. The project, they estimated, would cost at least $4000. Could this Ludwig afford it? Would the cemetery get stuck with the bill? Could they afford to take a chance and accept the generous offer? Finally, they ran a surreptitious credit check on the mysterious Mr. Ludwig—and discovered the startling truth: that his fortune ran into hundreds of millions!

Daniel Ludwig is perhaps typical of the new fortune builders—if any multimillionaire may be said to be typical. In childhood he overcame certain disadvantages: lack of money, incomplete education, emotional insecurity. As a youth he displayed initiative and a certain pride in being a "lone wolf." Later he showed that he could work hard, face problems courageously and take chances. He had the imagination and foresight to build big boats even though rivals laughed at him, the shrewdness to operate these boats as cheaply as possible. Finally he shows a quite convincing desire to avoid publicity and to live quietly.

Our new fortune builders are perhaps less colorful than the glamorous millionaires of more reckless eras. As a group they tend to play down their success, to shy away from ostentation, to place their wealth in family trusts or practice a quiet, small-scale philanthropy. Still, in an age when many people are admittedly more concerned with security than with risky success, it is interesting to note the careers of a few men driven by a desire to make not just a "living" but a fortune. These men, by their bold and passionate strivings, offer us a fresh look at mid-century America, and prove that it is still a land of opportunity for the individualistic adventurer.

END

BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE

In a message to the alumni of the Taft School, Watertown, Conn., Headmaster Paul Cruikshank sounds a warning which all parents should heed. The JOURNAL is glad to reprint a condensation of his original letter. ED.

A few days ago there came to my office with his parents an attractive, cheerful, well-poised eighteen-year-old boy seeking admission to Taft. He was a splendid physical specimen, too, six feet three, 190 pounds, well built and obviously well co-ordinated. Some friend of his, in his town in the Midwest, returning home from college at Christmas vacation, had persuaded this youngster that, if he wanted to qualify for a good college, he had better "do something" quickly about his scholastic record. As a result, this fine boy and his family were hoping to solve his problem by enrollment in a boarding school.

In his four years in high school his record was largely C's and D's—with a few failures. He had dropped Latin, his only foreign language, after one year. He had completed one year of algebra, and on his second try had managed to secure a passing grade in geometry. His program in his senior year consists of business mathematics, typing, mechanical drawing, zoology, health, and public speaking. It contains no English, history, foreign language, nor mathematics of a college-preparatory type. By next June he will have completed six or seven courses which, with respectable grades, could be acceptable credits for college admission. A minimum of fifteen is required by most colleges.

Unfortunately, we could not possibly consider this boy for Taft, even though his transcript indicated that his scholastic aptitude was sufficiently strong to enable him to cope successfully with our program and to qualify for college admission.

It is our conviction that thousands of the youth in our nation have had a similar experience; and it could well be that in these thousands there are many who, with proper training and preparation, could have proved to be students of superior promise.

Where does the blame for all this lie? It is easy to say that the secondary schools are at fault. Indeed, the schools cannot escape a considerable measure of responsiblity for this situation. The educationists, with their absorption in "life adjustment" courses at the expense of courses requiring mental discipline and plain hard work, have contributed to producing a generation many of whose members are nonintellectual, regarding education as an unfortunate experience to be passed through as painlessly as possible. But we cannot exonerate the students themselves. It is they who select business arithmetic rather than algebra, and how-to-do-it courses rather than physics.

I fear that the world they live in urges such an approach on them. Directly and by implication they hear a great deal about the "good" way of life—by which is meant the "easy" way. Through all sorts of media, they are told that the desirable thing is to live as well and effortlessly as possible. But we cannot escape the fact that a good part of their attitude is a reflection of the upbringing they have received from us parents. The truth is that we have been "soft" and indulgent with our children. We have failed to inculcate in them industry, conscientiousness, perseverance, the will to discipline themselves. We have been too much concerned with their present happiness and not enough with their future happiness and effectiveness in life.

Whatever the reason, the great proportion of our youth has not been disciplined to hard work, mental or physical, and has been content to follow the line of least resistance, lulled by the idea, apparently, that all educational opportunities will be theirs simply for the wishing, regardless of their past performance. The result is that now, when competition for higher-education opportunities is vastly magnified as a by-product of our population growth, thousands of potentially able students cannot qualify. The wastage is inexcusable. The loss to the nation is tragic.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

dical center. As I left I asked him what I ed him and he said "Nothing" shyly, embar- sed at his own sympathy. I had been with n over an hour and there was a waiting om full of sick Filipinos who could pay him thing. People have said this man was cruel, t now, three years and many doctors later, I nember him with warmth.

I remember the long taxi ride back to the int IV Mission office. I was tremendously cited—my body hardly touched the seat.

I found my husband in an office in the Mis- n building and over a cup of coffee in the pty cafeteria I told him. By that evening he d resigned his job by cable, canceled all our cation plans, and reserved passage on PAA New York with a two-day stopover for rest Hawaii. I wonder how many people have n-bathed and gone swimming on Waikiki ach under such circumstances. On the sand, d in our bedroom lying awake all night, we cussed the terrible problem of our house ck in Indonesia: a car parked in front of e door, furniture, silver, linen, clothes, jew- y lying in bureaus and cupboards; four useboys whose wages were coming due. Be- re we left Honolulu we cabled a good end back in Djakarta just these words:

SELL EVERYTHING YOU CAN. SHIP OR GIVE /AY WHAT'S LEFT. THANK YOU

d knew what this would mean to him: days d weeks of picayune sorting and advertis- , and in the end the nplicated problems foreign exchange in ier to send us the ney. But there was thing else to be ne.

In New York, two urs after an all-night nstop flight from nolulu, I had a com- te and comprehen- e examination in a cialist's office, and operation was eduled for the fol- ving Monday morn- . But this specialist s optimistic, with a boyish and courtly uthern manner. "You don't have incurable ncer," he said. "I think we can cure you— u won't be an invalid."

"Can I play tennis again? And dance?"

"Yes. A normal life ——" Cancer had be- ne in the talk almost a case of measles.

"What are the chances of recurrence?"

"I can't tell until I see whether it has in- ded the lymph." (I knew from my reading the subject that cancer may be carried by lymph and spread to other parts of the ly.)

This Georgian doctor was quick and ener- ic, almost gay, trained in the discipline of imism. I respect this doctor, his capacity humbly telling compassionate partial ths without cynicism or arrogance. Partial ths exasperate you, but if a man tells them of a desire to help, you don't blame him, u sympathize with his predicament and join he game.

ad begun to feel special in the absurd way t all cancer victims are made to feel special l set apart. Cancer is the short route to ntliness. If you remark that it's a nice day, ple call you brave. If you tell a feeble joke, ple whisper, "She has a wonderful spirit." ur nickel philosophies become other peo- s pearls of wisdom.

On Monday morning, November 1, 1954, I in surgery for 4½ hours. They opened the lomen, excised the original tumor, analyzed y lymph nodes and found two invaded— carcinoma had spread from its original . So they performed a more radical opera- n than had been anticipated.

When I came to hours later back in my bed- m the Georgian was rebandaging me and ing, "Well, God and you willing, I believe 're cured," in that soft tired voice.

I couldn't answer for the Levin tube that ran up my nose and down into my stomach to prevent nausea and abdominal distention. But I almost believed him. Hope is a healing agent. Both kinds of hope—decent and indecent. The indecent that hopes for yourself as the center of the universe, power without love. The decent hope that lets you imagine yourself only as a part of the world, not its center. Either kind of hope will do in a fight for the physically normal life, but in a fight for the physically handicapped life only the decent hope will do. If beyond the immediate physical obstacle of an ailing or crippled body you have a goal which is experience—looking at this ironic world with your eyes, observing its stones, moons, men and ideas; listening, touching, tasting—if you have this goal which is love you can either move a paralyzed arm or—what counts more—live with its motionlessness at peace.

I spent a year convalescing—in other people's houses, in a cottage in Florida, in an apartment in Washington. It was a time of troubles: an abscess, adhesions, muscular aches and pains; and our worry over what kind of job my husband could get when his work had always been abroad, out of the country, in difficult places. But most of all it was a time of the fear of recurrence of cancer. You carry this fear as a continuous tightening in the stomach, and sometimes when I lay awake at night I thought of that single sentence out of the article on cancer in the encyclopedia: "90 per cent of those who have any involvement of the lymph will be dead ten years later." I would break out in a drenching sweat and then the scorn would set in, the acid little phrases said to myself: *What are you afraid of? Pain? They have drugs for that, don't you remember, synthetic morphine, Thorazine for nausea. . . . Death? You won't feel that.* Maybe the scorn helped, but I'm not courageous and I'm not proud of that year.

There is still the voice, crying through the vistas of time, saying to every potential Peter, "Put up your sword." History is replete with the bleached bones of nations; history is cluttered with the wreckage of communities that failed to follow this command. So violence is not the way.

MARTIN LUTHER KING
Speech at Friends' Conference, Cape May, New Jersey, 1958

On November 4, 1955, one year and three days after the first operation, I checked in at Doctors Hospital in New York for a hernia repair and a "look-see"—a common practice after a previous history of cancer surgery. I had been taking an intestinal disinfectant for ten days before, just in case more tumors were found and they would have to cut them out and sew—anastomosis. No one was sure.

I came to in the recovery room with sunshine glittering on the rows of oxygen tanks and the voices of three nurses saying, "Everything's all right. No cancer. No cancer, Jean. It really *was* a hernia." We all smiled. They were genuinely glad—it was one of those few moments free of that well-intentioned hospital hypocrisy.

Diseased people temporarily revert to childhood: they need reassurance, comfort, love. The lollipop world. In the United States hospitals are sometimes childish places of false cheer, simple jokes and the euphemism. Cancer becomes a naughty little ailment in blue rompers, and it's bad taste for a patient to be an adult attempting to face the issues—the ramifications of disease, the extinction of death. Doctors whisper of these things in stair wells, but the patient . . . ah, the patient is a bright child with an all-day sucker.

But in the recovery room that morning they were sincere. The surgeon had felt as far up as the area of the liver and found no evidence of residual or recurrent cancer. That same evening my husband, who had finally left for a job in Venezuela with the United Nations, called and I had enough strength to say, "I'm all right. I'll be down there in six weeks."

And in early December of 1955 I flew from Midway Airport, Chicago, to Caracas. My husband had been lent a beach apartment for the weekend—an airy crow's-nest of a place with a private garden and a private stretch of sand on the Caribbean. We stretched out in the sun. I was thin—the sun flowed into my bones and the damp breeze flowed over my body and I would close my eyes and ask myself the crucial questions that you get to asking silently: *If I am well, why doesn't my strength increase?* When I stood in the shallow waves at low tide just that gentle push of the water tired me. *If I am cured, why do my knees ache walking up the beach?* You never ask these questions aloud because you secretly know the answers and couldn't bear to hear them spoken. You're afraid. You don't respect this fear and you can manage it outwardly only through pride, which can be stronger than fear. Inwardly the fear almost makes you lie to yourself—almost, but not quite. Pride keeps you from lying and the questions just hang there rhetorically like ghosts in your mind, the answers never formulated, just felt as a little sweat or a small shiver.

Many times in the six months I was in Venezuela I forgot the fear.

Four thousand feet up in Caracas during the week, we swam and sun-bathed at the club during the long lunch hour. Our apartment was patched with dazzling sunshine. We had

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a good Basque cook. I should have been gaining weight. But I stayed thin and tired easily. I went for checkups, but the doctor found nothing wrong.

"After so much time, you're ninety-nine per cent sure of being cured," he said. The one per cent stuck in my mind.

Still I found fragments of strength for what I wanted to do.

Once we went on an all-day picnic with friends in two cars across an endlessly winding mountain road to a beach, and I had one of those miraculous days of glowing health—swimming, diving. Another time we went with a party up to Baruta, a little Spanish-style town built around a mountain plaza in the hills above Caracas. There is a small open-air restaurant called Montmartre where you dance under a tree, and in the discreet booths around the edge sit the important men of Caracas fondling their *queridas*. The food is delicious and the French trio plays sophisticated music in the soft, dark, cool atmosphere. It's by far the nicest spot around Caracas—intimate and yet aloof. We danced until 3 A.M., and though at the end I had a pain just below the end of the breastbone, I felt that same glowing health and, what's more, an all-inclusive tolerance for everyone in that place, the indecent ones and the troubled decent ones.

Toward the end of our six months in Venezuela most people in Caracas came down with what is called "*mayo*," a gastrointestinal infection of unknown origin. Some doctors claim it's due to an excessive amount of minerals washed down into the water from the mountains during the April rains. No one really knows.

My husband and I were both ill for over a week. But he recovered quickly, though I couldn't seem to muster the strength to do more than wander from the bed to the sofa. And then one morning I woke very nauseated, the kind of nausea where you don't dare to move a finger or roll an eye but just carefully lie still and hope it will pass. *The liver*, I said to myself, *the mayo must have hopped into my liver*. And, when I could, I raised my hand and, exploring below the end of the breastbone, I came across it—what was both a surprise and no surprise—the lump as big as a chicken egg, feeling like a rock with the flesh covering it like velvet. Instantly the medical phrases I knew flashed through my mind: *metastasis, secondary carcinoma of the left lobe of the liver, neoplasm; nothing you can do. Nothing can be done. Death is inevitable.*

You remember certain rooms in your past vividly. This apartment bedroom in Caracas is printed in my brain, a pattern of yellow-and-beige cretonne, louvered green blinds and, hanging from the center of the ceiling, the elaborate Spanish crystal chandelier, so pretentious. This was an imitative room, a cheap facsimile of what the owner imagined the Duchess of Alba's bedroom might be. An odd place to feel the bottomless stomach of fright and reach back to grab the headboard and grip like a woman bearing down. At that moment in the silly bedroom with the sun twinkling foolishly on the chandelier I knew that fear of death is a monster fetus that must be expelled. You have no choice—there is the preoccupying necessity to give birth.

By noon the nausea was gone and my husband came home for lunch and felt the lump and said:

"Funny, isn't it? The *mayo*, I guess."

"Maybe it's cancer," I said because I must always keep sticking my tongue in pessimism the way you do with a sore tooth for fear of dodging the truth, "cancer of the liver."

He looked at me. I was reasonably well, not wasted, not jaundiced. "You'd be sicker," he said.

We decided to do nothing about the lump in the final weeks while we packed to leave Venezuela. I would see my original surgeon when we got to New York. Meanwhile we made plans to go to England after a month in the States, and reoccupy our flat in London for the months between United Nations assignments. We hoped we might have a whole winter in England before we would be sent out on another mission. The lump didn't noticeably grow and my health was now fairly good again.

The morning after we landed at Idlewild, I went to the surgeon for an examination. It was one of my days of stupendous health. I had breakfast alone in Schrafft's and couldn't help noticing my absurd pink cheeks and almost feverishly bright eyes. The euphoria of fear. But you don't feel it as such, you feel only hearty and confident.

On the examination table I said to the Georgian, "What does a neoplasm in the liver feel like?"

"Exactly like this," he said, pressing down on the lump, "hard, anchored." He was looking across the room. "And the liver would be enlarged just as yours is."

Words are sometimes fixed in your memory like rooms. You can have premonitions about words: you can sense an unproved truth in words, they can be a prophecy known only to you. And when this is true, the phrase leaps out of the paragraph spoken and becomes a wounding sword. "Exactly like this." The Georgian said it with his trained sprightliness, but I recognized the first thrust of certainty. The long doubt of two years was justified—the cancer had recurred. I remembered in a speeding dream the excitement in the taxi back in Manila, a lifting, a privileged exaltation. I would walk out of this office in that same way.

I went back to the apartment. No one was home. I lay on the bed all afternoon waiting. When my husband came in at five we whispered about it because I lack either the courage or the unawareness of martyrdom to face things alone.

That night in bed I cried. You cry because you can't accept, because you can't leave, because you want to stand forever like a mesmerized spectator on the riverbank of time. It was a long night. I couldn't lie still. I didn't want light or books or even people. I wanted acceptance which would be the strength to relinquish, to turn away and go.

In the morning we decided that it would be best for me to fly out to my parents in Ohio and rest for this month, give the liver every chance before the next examination. My husband would remain in the East on business. So I flew to Toledo and I remember saying to my husband in the airport just before I left:

"I'll be all right. It's just that I have a broken heart."

"I know you have," he said.

Days in Ohio I lay on the lawn in the sun, absent-minded, not really hearing what people said. The weather was blue and fine and I began to feel better physically. But it was as if I moved heavily weighted under water, pregnant with twin monsters—fear and nonacceptance. In the terror of that month I learned one of the functions of art, its intimate companionship in suffering. After you pass a certain point in suffering you are alone except for the minds that speak to you through books, paintings or music. These minds speak to you with understanding, and the El Greco or the Holbein in the Toledo Museum seems painted for you. I remember reading Elizabeth Bowen's Death of the Heart—absurd that the pages of the paper book seemed illuminated and meaningful. In the wake of genius you are carried momentarily into nobility—only momentarily, as it isn't yours but theirs—but this moment is comfort.

I write of this month of June because it was crucial for me, long before my illness became crucial for my family or friends. This was the turning point for me.

On the night of June 25th it became impossible for me even to remain in bed. At 3 A.M. I got up and walked about the bedroom, picking things up, putting them down, beside myself because, as in physical pain, there comes a time when mental pain can't be endured. I had no idea what would happen. Something would happen. And then, thinking I might literally begin to groan and wake the household, I leaned exhausted against the wall and for some reason put my hands together at my forehead as Orientals do and said aloud:

"If this can't be taken away from me, let me accept it, let me accept it."

And though I quail at writing this, at that instant the burden of two years was taken away from me. I leaned against the cool plaster wall and found I was dripping with sweat but free—light and young and free and content. I got back into bed and lay smiling in the dark. I thought, *Perhaps this will be gone in the morning*. Soon I went to sleep. When I woke I was happy and I thought, *No, it's not gone, I think it's staying. I've accepted death; I've given up the world and all I was going to do and see and know.*

I quail at writing this because of the problems of good taste. Perhaps a religious man would call my experience on the night of June 25th a miracle. A psychiatrist might describe it as a facing of reality, a plateau in maturity, or even perhaps a mind protecting itself against insanity. Whatever the explanation, it was peace.

I began from then on to sleep well at night, to gain weight. When I went back to New York in early July the Georgian found my liver subsided and, we thought then, the tumor no larger.

I badly wanted to see England again and so I said to the surgeon, "How about this? You let me go to England and if I get worse and the tumor grows I'll come back for that exploratory operation."

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BOSTON

By MARIANNE MOORE

MAJOR AMERICAN POET MARIANNE MOORE READ THIS POEM IN THE PUBLIC GARDEN AT THE BOSTON ARTS FESTIVAL LAST SUMMER.

Boston has a festival—
an art roundabout for all—
and nearby, cupolas of learning
(crimson, blue and gold) that
have made education individual.

My first—an exceptional,
an almost scriptural—
taxi driver to Cambridge from Back Bay said
as we went along, "They
make some fine young men at Harvard." I recall

the summer when Faneuil Hall
had its weather vane with gold ball
and grasshopper gilded again by
a -leafer and -jack
till it glittered. Spring can be a miracle

there—a more than usual
bouquet of what is vernal—
"pear blossoms whiter than the clouds," pin-
oak leaves barely showing
while other trees are making shade, besides small

fairy iris suitable
for Dulcinea del
Toboso; oh yes, and snowdrops
in the snow, that smell like
violets. Despite secular bustle,

let me enter King's Chapel
to hear them sing: "My work be praise while
others go and come. No more a stranger
or a guest but like a child
at home." A chapel or a festival

means giving that is mutual,
even if irrational:
black sturgeon eggs—a camel
from Hamadan, Iran;
a jewel, or what is more unusual,

silence—after a word-waterfall of the banal—
as unattainable
as freedom. And what is freedom for?
for "self-discipline," as our
hardest-worked citizen has said—a school;

it is for freedom to toil
with a feel for the tool.
Those in the trans-shipment camp must have
a skill. With hope of freedom hanging
by a thread—some gather medicinal

herbs which they can sell.
Ineligible if they ail.
Well?

There are those who will talk for an hour
without telling you why they have
come. And I? This is no madrigal—

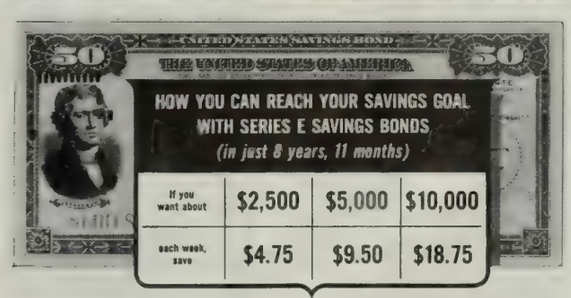
no medieval gradual—
but is a grateful tale.
Without that radiance which poets
are supposed to have—
unofficial, unprofessional, still one need not fail

to wish real poetry well
where intellect is habitual—
glad that the Muses have a home and swans—
that legend can be factual;
happy that Art, admired in general,
is always actually personal.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

"I'll go along with that. You're so well."

On July 10th we flew to England, although I was convinced secretly that I had cancer of the liver. We spent two weeks in a country hotel in Surrey waiting for the tenants to leave our old flat. It was a turreted Victorian mansion covered with ivy, and tea was served in the unexpected sunshine on the open terrace above the lawns. An African king and his two small sons, all in trailing robes, often sat at the next table. There were retired colonial administrators, a smattering of Indians, and tweedy widows. It was a fine spot and I enjoyed myself. I was at peace.

But the tumor was growing. I went through all the tests that Harley Street specialists could think up, including one for hydatid cyst, which you might get if you fooled around in the Argentine with horses. Every test was negative. Only an exploratory operation would prove what the hard lump in the upper abdomen might be. But who doubted? It was cancer. And I was at peace.

We decided that because of the expense I would go back to New York alone. Two operations had already cost us my husband's job, many thousands of dollars for medical bills, endless travel and the sale of a complete household in the Far East. So I flew off on August 2, 1956, leaving him entirely alone in London with the uncertainty; for the Georgian had said over the transatlantic telephone that if, as he felt sure, there was only the one tumor in the left lobe, he would remove the left lobe of the liver. A big proceeding, he called it.

I flew BOAC and we made two extra stops that night besides Prestwick, Scotland—one at Iceland for fuel, another at Gander. It was one of the rare magnificent nights over the North Atlantic, so clear that the air was dry and sharp in your nose. Dinner tables at Prestwick Airport were rosy in the late sunset. Midnight was silver gray at Iceland. I sat up awake and excited all night. I remember noticing how alert I felt, though I should have been tired, as my right side had begun in the last weeks to feel heavy as if I had swallowed a cannon ball.

It was out of Boston that the second "miracle" occurred. Ahead of us no sunrise was visible. The sky was pearl gray, the water below like unpolished steel. Most people were asleep—the Constellation is a comfortable plane. I was leaning back looking straight ahead when a flash of light seemed to catch my left eye. I sat up and half turned and looked back and there, stretched away to infinity across the water, was a glittering path of light, so dazzling that I instantly had to squint my eyes to look. It stretched endlessly from below the plane to the northeast. It must have been the sun, but I saw no sun. It was as unreasonable, as impossible as a vision. Two things came into my mind as I stared: *It's as if someone had walked away from this plane across that carpet;* and *I'm going to be all right.* And then, because I'm skeptical and cynical, I thought, *Oh, you're excited and your inherited frame of reference is Christianity and the "miracle," so you see a message in an unusual sunrise.* I shut my eyes and opened them again and the ceremonial gold ribbon was still there, surely too sparkling for sunrise. In ten minutes it was gone and the ocean was a sheet of gray steel.

At such a moment you lie back and think mostly of your own mind: its emotional bias—fatally romantic; its primitiveness; its childishness, wanting to believe and afraid to believe; its awesome fierce pride; perhaps its easy slippery brilliance. If I hadn't felt so radiant I would have despaired. At no point have I ever trusted my intelligence less.

"You will be all right." In the context of a decent hope this doesn't necessarily mean cure, or even life. It means peace. And peace being only a background, the great adventure might be about to begin. I landed at Idlewild field tense with anticipation.

On the morning of August 6, 1956, the Georgian made a diagonal incision seven inches long across the upper abdomen and along the right costal margin and examined the liver. Tissue was sent to the hospital laboratory for examination. The lump that we had been watching was a secondary carcinoma the size of a chicken egg in the left lobe. A recurrence of cancer. But there was more. On the underside of the right lobe of the liver there was another tumor almost as large and, worst of all, as the doctor felt the whole liver he thought—he was fairly sure—he could feel a tumor the size of a man's clenched fist in the center of the liver. The whole liver was invaded. It was useless to cut out sections, and you can't cut out the whole liver. Nobody can live without a liver. There was nothing further the surgeon could do, nothing anyone could do. I had had the finest medical treatment in both England and the United States. He clamped the incision closed, came downstairs at noon and told my parents. He cabled my husband, and later my mother called my husband on the transatlantic phone. My husband heard the news alone in our flat in London. It was then midnight there. The word "death" was never mentioned.

I came to at about eleven that night. The tube was down my throat and there was a new special nurse with me. I breathed deeply, and because there wasn't enough pain and also because I was alone with a stranger, I knew instantly. If there had been even a chance they would have been there telling me. It was dim and eloquently silent in the hospital bedroom. If there had been even a chance, they would have cut out part of the liver. There was no chance. Everyone was staying away because no one wanted to answer my questions so soon. I turned my head slightly and looked out the window at the East River, shining darkly in the city lights like a seam of coal. A ship blew its horn. You know what a train whistle or a ship's horn is at night—unspeakable poetry. I remember that I smiled. The greatest adventure was about to begin. The greatest adventure of them all is dying.

In the morning the Georgian told me. "Do you really want the truth?" he said, sitting on the edge of my bed.

"Yes. Anyhow, you promised."

"I know I did." He hesitated. He has absolute, though transparent, control of himself. "Well, there's no doubt that the lump is malignant," he began. "Furthermore ——" and he explained in detail.

"How long do I have?"

"I can't tell. You *might* have four years."

My special nurse, Molly, who had been with me through two operations, walked out of the room. We all knew four years was too much. In a few minutes the Georgian left too. It's impossible to discuss anything with a Levin tube in your nose and throat.

When you receive a death sentence you also acquire power, the power of the dying over the living. You wouldn't have said that making your death count would be so easy. But you know that your new power, your sudden profound influence over people, isn't your fault. It's merely inherent in the melodrama of the situation. When you die young there is an aura of sacrifice, of artistic tragedy—people are subtly reminded of the pageant of young deaths in Christian literature and art: Hamlet, Juliet, Joan of Arc. There is romance. The tragedy is attractive, as the tragic in art is attractive.

So people are drawn to you. They come to your bedside apparently to get some form of relief in their troubles—a catharsis. They tell you everything: how they hate the boss, how they are in love with somebody else's wife, how their children are failures, how they have no money. Some of my night nurses told me how lonely it was for them in their single rooms in middle-class Manhattan hotels. They tell you these things with intensity. Sometimes they cry. And when they go out of your room you are aware that they've taken away with them an increase in spirit. They go away stronger. They've taken with them what every young dying person has to give, the situation's riches: a sense of life. This is a part of the great adventure.

But you have an inner timetable. You sense when things will happen. In mid-November, down with the flu, I finally said it aloud:

"I can't make it much beyond the spring." The view of inevitable death as the greatest adventure is reversible. The other side of it is the will, the passion, the crying out to live. You want to die well because dying well is a high form of life. You want to die well not from the instinct for self-destruction but from the instinct for life and immortality. So you flow from a calm acceptance of death to a fight for life in an instant—in a sense, they are one and the same.

When you are fatally ill the unspoken atmosphere in your house is unmanageable loss. You see people's hands tremble and their eyes fill with tears. The house lives on the brink of emotional chaos. You yourself feel it for people, but also for things: the bare branches of the trees in Regent's Park, the sound of tea at four o'clock, the talk of certain witty visitors. Friends. In the great adventure you shine with friends. You're never martyrish or complaining or listless. It's so easy for half an hour or an evening to give them a tag end of your vigor and energy. And the poignancy they feel in this, the beauty they feel is only in their beholding eyes. They invest your ordinary qualities with wistfulness and you become for them larger than life, a dream, a beloved ideal. So it's not very strange that you make new and intimate friends, and that friendship, because of their imaginative efforts, becomes for you the magnificent compensation in dying.

One thing is left to tell you. Some of the peace that came to me that June night is gone. I'm anxious again. I'm anxious because as of some time ago I'm in love with this multitudinous and ironic world and can't bear to leave it.

SPICE

Spices have been known from antiquity, and like many other common and familiar goods, such as bread and salt, have been of great social and ceremonial significance, and have played a part in history. Oriental kings made treasuries of spices as well as of gold and jewels. Royalty was buried with "sweet odors and diverse kinds of spices prepared by the apothecaries' art." In Solomon's temple golden censers swung, to diffuse sweet odors before the mystical joy among worshipers. "Araby the Blest" was blest because it was the early center and main distributing point of this great luxury. In an age of imperfect dietary knowledge, new trade routes were opened in quest of condiments and preservatives.

Odor and flavor are the essential properties of the "chief spices," which include pepper, cinnamon, mace, cloves, ginger, turmeric, cassia and saffron, with calamus, henna, anise and cumin sometimes mentioned. In early times when odor was of great importance, various fragrant gums, roots and woods, such as balm, aloes, frankincense, myrrh and spikenard, were included.

Pepper, the bright red berries of a small East India climbing shrub, was a staple article of trade in the early commerce between Europe and the Orient, being especially desired in a meat-eating, prerefrigerating age. So costly was it that a few pounds made a royal gift, and so great the demand that it became one great cause of the search for a sea route to the East. In even earlier times it was known to medicine in Greece and Rome as a heart and kidney stimulant. Cinnamon, the inner bark of a small tree of the laurel family native to Ceylon, was also important to early commerce, being used in the rituals of love and worship. Oriental women perfumed their beds with it. Solomon grew it in his gardens. It was an ingredient of incense, in the temples "a morning and evening offering perpetual before the Lord," and of the "holy oil" with which the priest touched all the furniture of worship. In the sixth century the church introduced incense into Christian ritual. A thick fragrant oil extracted from leaves, fruit and roots of the tree was used in making candles for royal palaces. Cloves are the unopened flower buds of an East Indian evergreen tree native to Persia and Arabia. When the buds are bright red they are gathered and dried, turning a dark brown color. A rich fragrance diffuses not only from a blossoming orchard, but from the leaves and bark of the trees. A clear essential oil distilled from fresh buds has antiseptic value, and has long been known as a toothache remedy. Ginger is the fleshy, fibrous, buff-colored rootstock of a perennial plant grown in warm regions of Asia. It was a delicacy early known to commerce, and to Marco Polo in his travels. The Greeks and Romans used it more in cookery than in ritual. Turmeric, similar to ginger and related to it, yields a bright yellow powder from its root, which is now sometimes combined with prepared mustard to brighten it, and is known to modern housewives as an ingredient of mustard pickles. Curry powder, a staple condiment of the East, and called "the salt of the Orient," is compounded of various peppers, ginger, turmeric, coriander, caraway, and other piquancies. Saffron is the orange-yellow powder from the stigmas of a certain kind of crocus, used since ancient times as a seasoning, and in medicine and perfume. It was a familiar odor in Greece and Rome, being scattered over theater seats, and in the streets of the city in honor of passing royalty. It was a favorite seasoning in the Middle Ages. Saffron Walden in England was named for it, as the saffron plant has grown there from the time of Edward III to the eighteenth century. Myrrh is the gum resin of a West African tree, early used in incense. It was a feature at the ancient festivals held in honor of Adonis, who was said to have been born of a myrrh tree. In early Christian lore it was known as the symbol of chastity. With other spices and preservatives it was used in early embalming. It was very important, in incense and unguents, to early Hebrew worship. Frankincense, another costly gum, has been also similarly esteemed from Old Testament times. It is mentioned as one of the gifts brought by the Wise Men to the infant Jesus. Spikenard was made from a costly, bitter but fragrant root, used by Orientals at their feasts in the form of perfumed ointments. A similar root, it is said, was used by American Indians of the Chippewa tribe as a cough medicine. In Great Britain, another thick root (elecampane) was known as Ploughman's Spikenard, and valued as a chest remedy.

Spices, known mainly to moderns in relation to cookery, were to the Oriental world the symbol of beauty. A bride was called a "garden of sweet spices." To the tomb of Jesus came a group of loving women to anoint with "sweet spices" the body of their Lord. One of the Marys immortalized herself by breaking over the feet of Jesus an alabaster box of perfumed ointment. The Song of Solomon, one of the greatest love poems ever written, breathes all rich and subtle odors—the fragrance of spices, apples, young grapes, pomegranates and lilies. Never, perhaps, in any Western literature has the rapture of sensuous love been so exuberantly portrayed. When we moderns read the old-time imagery, do we sometimes wonder if the human nose is losing its earlier power as an instrument of mystical rapture and esthetic joy? MARY K. BLACKMAR

THE INSIDE WINDOW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

dy. Once that was gone it was all gone, id this morning she had awakened to a range emptiness in her life, and for the first ne the spirit of Charles did not seem to be companying her through the doors of the vening News. She shivered, contemplating e future she had condemned herself to, and the same time she felt an odd and giddy edom.

She would not think about it any more. e would not even think about the lovers at peopled her dreams, the romantic and onderful man who rode beside her through e mossy forest, the e in the adjoining ck chair, the one no shared the box at e opera. She looked t the inside window d saw, unembelhed, the sad little urtyard and the uggling tree, the nely, unused bench. was strange, though. e really saw them now; and looking up, saw e suddenly blue sky of spring and the white-ld sunshine that poured down into the court. *e tree will be green,* she thought; *it looks as it is really going to bud, and the buds will un-ld.*

Elizabeth opened her desk drawer and took t her lunch in its brown paper bag. It was rtainly warm enough to eat outside, if she t on her coat. If the others thought she was id, well, let them. Let them even stare at r, through all the inside windows.

She had to struggle with the catch on the urtyard door, and then she was out. She t on the bench to eat; the stone was still ol, even through her woolen coat, but she saw with a piercing excitement that the courtyard bricks were a warm and rosy color in the sun, something she had surely never noticed before. She hadn't been seeing things through her window. She had been dreaming part of the time and worrying about Charles the rest of the time, and she hadn't been seeing anything.

She turned, her sandwich poised before her mouth, and looked closely at the little tree. It was true, it was budding, it would leaf out. And then, beneath the tree, she saw against the dark and crusty earth the bright incredible flares of golden crocus blossoms.

Men ought to be mighty good to women, for nature gave them the big end of the log to lift, and mighty little strength to do it with.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Elizabeth looked up in startled delight, wanting to call out for someone else to see. And with a gesture so unexpected from the shy Miss Hannay, so unlike her, she waved, beckoning, to Stephenson, the rewrite man. He looked from his inside window and then disappeared and came out through the courtyard door.

"Look!" Elizabeth cried.

Stephenson knelt on the bricks. "I know," he said, and when he looked up at her with his serious face full of a kind of tenderness, it must have looked from any of the windows as if he were kneeling at Miss Hannay's feet. "I planted them," he said, "the first day you came, I think."

Kneeling, he smiled up at her. The sun burnished his russet hair, but it was as if a radiance hung about him that was more than sunshine, and Elizabeth, who had never really seen him before, began to smile back.

GOOD CITIZENS IN THE MAKING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

ote rough drafts of the minutes. Perhaps highlight of her internship was the conven-n of city clerks in Columbus, where she ade a speech explaining Middletown's new ogram. Now in college and planning a ca-r in medicine, Nancy retains her interest law and local government.

Not all interns are as deeply absorbed as ancy Kincaid. Some of the girls, perhaps, ok upon the hours they spend adding up wa-bills and typing purchase orders mainly as ining in office skills; so far the program has oduced no boys dead set on becoming city anagers as fast as possible. But, as Manager ompson wisely points out, the program is ared to reap long-range benefits. "Twenty ars from now, these same boys and girls will leaders of their communities. I like to be-ve that, because of the knowledge they gain interns today, they will be better equipped handle the problems that will confront them citizens."

Middletown won't *have* to wait twenty ars for some benefits, however. The solu-n of the "red water" problem, for instance, n be attributed directly to the industry of ys determined to track down the rusty own organism which periodically caused rtain faucets throughout the city to run red. though the organism was harmless, it did in clothes, and had been a city headache for ars. By pinpointing on a map the current mplaints, and checking back files for earlier mplaints, the boys finally established a pat-n showing which mains and valves were usceptible" to the organism and needed to periodically cleaned out. City Manager ompson now considers the problem virtu-y licked.

Right now, interns in the office of Planning rector James Cox are at work on a topo-aphical map which will show, at a glance, most practical and inexpensive way to ing a new highway through the hills and vines southwest of Middletown. "At first y proposed to route the highway straight ng here," says pert Sue Shokey, tracing a finger along the partially completed map. "But if it goes this way, following the natural line of the valley, it will cut down on filling and grading costs."

Sue, as a brand-new intern, surprised Mr. Cox by volunteering to come in extra afternoons during a week of heavy rain. "That girl's a dandy," he said. "She wanted to get the map completed while the weather was bad because I had told her we'd be outside on sunny days, making a field inventory of how city land is used. Yes, I'm highly pleased with Sue." Leaning back in his chair, Mr. Cox gazes off into space. "Now, Sue Shokey could go off to college in a couple of years, take a degree in urban planning, come right back here and be a real addition to our staff."

Sue may decide to seek a career in urban planning—and she may not. But it is certain that she will learn a lot of surprising facts about her city and its government. Not six blocks from the main street, interns on a house-to-house canvass were horrified to discover neighborhoods they never knew existed—places where twenty people live in a three-room house. "Where is this?" they asked. "Is this Middletown?" Boys who had bicycled from one end of town to the other all their lives were nevertheless astounded at the complex street system revealed by a police map. "What a crazy arrangement! I never knew our streets were such a hodgepodge!" And girls working in the Purchasing Department are getting a staggering picture of the office supplies, cleaning material, boots, brushes and tools needed to run a city. "It never occurred to me," one says, "that cities are careful about what they spend for every single item—whether it's a pencil sharpener or a hydraulic jack!"

Throughout the busy departments, perhaps the most frequent remark heard from teenagers is, "I never knew ——" And, learning as they work, Middletown's young interns are gaining a true understanding of their city and its government—a sure foundation for responsible citizenship. END



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"I never did get a chance to wear my trousseau!"

HOW TO CUT A CORNER

TIMESAVERS FOR HOUSEKEEPING— A CHECK LIST FOR YOUR CHORE BOARD

BY MARGARET DAVIDSON *Homemaking Editor*

Housekeeping is only a part of homemaking, and one way to have more time for creative living is to spend less time on the daily "do's." Here are some timesavers dedicated to cutting minutes out of the housekeeping time. Perhaps you, too, have favorite short cuts you would like to share with others. Do let us know if this is so.

✓ **Carry a purse-size list of sizes for each member of the family as a buying reference. Handy when the "just right" thing is spotted; saves bothersome returns and exchanges.**

✓ ***Laundry sorting is faster if you sew threads of different colors into children's clothes. Teen-agers can do their own stitching. The laundry gets put away by color.***

✓ **Iron-on tape is a great mender. It goes on faster than the sewed-on kind and when applied reinforces thin fabric and saves patching. One kind mends, another serves as identification.**

✓ ***Run basting threads—the elastic kind—around the neck of T shirts, jerseys, sweaters. Keeps them tidy looking without effort.***

✓ **Skip sprinkling. Take clothes from line or dryer while damp, roll them loosely, and they're ready soon to iron.**

✓ ***Keep three "I need" pads—one for groceries, one for meat, one for miscellaneous—to organize shopping trips ahead of time.***

✓ **Paper cups pay their way near the kitchen sink—fewer glasses to wash and less chance of cut fingers among the children.**

✓ ***Use a supermarket bag or carton for collecting trash from wastebaskets in one trip. Since the container is disposable, one round trip is sufficient.***

✓ **Bake in pairs—cakes, casseroles, roasts—with one to eat today and one to stow in the freezer for the future.**

✓ ***Water softener in the bath keeps away the high-water mark, makes tub cleaning easier.***

✓ *Keep needles threaded in standard colors—minor repairs will take seconds, and the "stitch in time" idea is more workable if there isn't a needle to thread first.*

✓ Arrange a breakfast corner with toaster, bread box, cereals and bowls, coffee and coffee maker together. When time counts in the A.M., all's ready.

✓ *Line broiler and roasting pans with foil—save scouring.*

✓ Broiler rack cleans faster if sprinkled with detergent—and covered with a paper towel while still hot.

✓ *Use a tote basket hung to the hand rail for collecting things to go up or downstairs—hung, though, not set on a step hazardously.*

✓ Sheets with shaped corners cut bedmaking time and stay neat so the daily stint is speeded too.

✓ *Pin nonwashable buttons made with shanks to dresses or suits. Small pins available with special humps make buttons easy to detach.*

✓ Set out and label three soiled-clothes hampers—one for colors, one for whites, one for shirts that go out to the laundry. The family help sort as they toss clothes into the hampers.

✓ *No-iron clothes ease a housewife's life, such as children's clothes of Dacron and cotton, new cotton sheets with a wrinkle-resistant finish, and easy-to-wear, washable jerseys.*

✓ For fast table setting, keep essentials on a small tray—salt, pepper, sugar. A good idea too: the old-fashioned spoon caddy that holds silver at the table, where it's used.

✓ *Empty a vacuum-cleaner bag before running over the last rug. Then dust and driblets are swept up in the normal cleaning.*

✓ Don't dry dishes. Wash in detergent, drain dry, and you'll have no drying chore, no towels to launder.

✓ *Fasten low closet hooks for the children so they can put away their own wraps—reach them, too, when needed.*

✓ Print names inside rubbers and boots in colored waterproof ink or crayon—to help sort out the pairs. It's a good idea for raincoats, too, that look alike so it's hard to tell which goes to whom.

✓ *Try transparent boxes or packages on closet shelves, or label well the materials in other containers—save searching. Transparent boxes are wonderful in small sizes for costume jewelry in top bureau drawer.*

✓ Use a wheeled table or tray for serving dinner, and kitchen trips are fewer.

✓ *Keep a running list of tasks that need to be done—so they can be fitted in painlessly at less hectic times.*

✓ Let the children take turns doing the shopping.

✓ *To polish forks the fastest way, plunge tines into a pot of paste polish.*

✓ To take off lint from a dark suit, wrap a length of cellulose tape around the fingers and brush the fabric.

✓ *Garbage collection is easier if you peel or slice vegetables onto old newspapers—so the debris can be gathered up promptly.*

✓ You speed floor washing when using two-compartment buckets—one compartment for cleaning solution, one for rinse water. Just one trip around the floor completes the job.

A cake without frosting is like a hug without a kiss!

"I guarantee a perfect* frosting every time!"



You can turn out a frosting as luscious as grandmother's home-cooked best, just by adding boiling water to our frosting mixes! For fun, add a gay and easy trick like these — then wait for compliments!

Betty Crocker



Idea: Coronet Frosting. Use party-pretty Cherry Fluff Frosting Mix. Save ½ cup white frosting before adding cherries. Frost between layers and top of cake with part of pink frosting. With spatula, make white crown around top edge. Then frost sides pink.



Idea: Swirly Square Frosting. Use Betty Crocker Chocolate Malt Frosting Mix—milk-chocolate-mild, and thriftier than buying the ingredients yourself! Frost cake. Draw lines through frosting with knife. Repeat at right angles, drawing lines in opposite directions.



Idea: Rainbow Frosting. Betty Crocker Fluffy White Frosting Mix makes real 7-minute frosting with no cooking! You just add boiling water. For fun, divide frosting into 3 parts; tint each with different food coloring. Frost cake in alternate colors. Add coconut.

*PERFECT! Yes, every mix we make for you is guaranteed to come out perfect, or send the box top to Betty Crocker, Box 200, Minneapolis 40, Minn., and General Mills will send your money back.

General Mills

THE HOSTAGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

the door. Passing through the dining room, he entered the short, dark hallway that connected the bedrooms and bathroom. The room at the end of the hall was his.

His gaze clung to the bed where his mother had put out the things he would need for the trip: his sweater, his navy-blue topcoat, his cap and gloves. Finally, taking up the sweater, he started to pull it on. His head had just emerged through the round, tightly ribbed neck when he heard the sound of the doorbell.

"The movers!" His mother's voice came to him with alarm from the kitchen. He heard her running to the front door. There was the sound of the door opening and then, again, his mother's voice. "Oh, it's you! Aren't you early?"

There was a pause and then a rough male voice answered, "It's eight A.M., lady. That's what our dispatch slip says."

Davey pulled his sweater into place and emerged through the hallway into the living room. He stopped there, hidden in the shadows, as his mother led the two men into view.

At sight, Davey disliked them. The first one, the one who had evidently spoken to his mother, was tall and thickly built. His jaw was wide and blue-shadowed, and his eyes were like two small jets that glittered brightly from the dark obscurity beneath his heavy black brows. In his manner and the loose, powerful way he moved there was something insolent and boastful. His companion was less tall and very slender. His hair and complexion were fair, but his skin was pitted and murky-looking. His faded blue eyes, set in deeply shadowed sockets, were nervous and evasive.

"Where do we start?"

Davey's mother shifted her gaze to the blond man. "I suppose you know best—but would it be all right to start right here and sort of work your way back?"

"You name it, lady." The dark man looked around with unhurried indifference. "All set, Eddie?"

The blond man, Eddie, looked up as if startled and nodded. "Sure."

Davey's mother smiled a little stiffly. "I'd better get back, then. You just go ahead." Turning, she moved off toward the kitchen.

In the shadows, Davey turned toward his room. But then the dark man looked suddenly around in his direction. The deep-set, glittering eyes seemed to measure his small, uncertain figure with wry amusement.

The man grinned. "Hi, tiger."

Davey hazarded a step forward, just out into the light. "Hi," he said. Then, looking quickly down to tear himself free of the dark man's paralyzing gaze, he ran. Darting wide around the two men, he ran out into the hall, headed for the stairs. As he started down there echoed from behind a roar of laughter.

Clinging to the round iron handrail, Davey descended into the basement. Hearing his father's voice beyond the open doorway of the storage room, he went over and looked inside.

His father and Mr. McCracken were at work over a pair of large open trunks. In front of these they had established a discard pile, a heap of dusty oddments, old clothes, papers and books. As Davey stood there looking in, Mr. McCracken turned. As he smiled, the bare light from above picked up the deep, pleasant creases of his face.

"Well, hi there, young feller," he said brightly. "How about it? All set to take off to the country and be landed gentry?"

Davey's father dropped a pair of ancient ledgers onto the discard pile. "Hi," he said. But before Davey could answer he turned to Mr. McCracken, nodding down at the pile. "What you don't want I guess you'll just have to burn. I don't know—where do you get so much junk, anyway?" His gaze lifted to Davey, but absently as if he weren't really looking at him. His solid, blunt features, under the harsh, bald light, might have been graven thoughtfully in stone. "Your mother send you down?"

Davey nodded. "The movers are here. I saw them—two of them."

"Good." Davey's father turned to Mr. McCracken. "I hope they know their business. I called an independent firm. They're cheaper than the regulars—but I guess they're all right."

"Sure." Mr. McCracken nodded. "There's probably no difference but the price."

Davey's father looked back toward the trunks. "That the crop?"

"Yeah," Mr. McCracken said, "except for that case in the back. I'd have brought it out with the other stuff, but I can't handle it alone."

A CELEBRATION

By DANIEL G. HOFFMAN

I praise that ancestor of mine
Who was the first to make a wheel.
A section of a log first rolled
Down the highroad of his brain;

He dreamed of axles, then of cars
That hard on flame-shod hooves and manes
Flung javelin-wild across black plains
Careening, roared toward wheeled wars.

His wisdom, which, most practical,
Rolled us in chariots toward fast doom,
Certain theorists assumed
To keep death distant after all:

A dying god was seen to sprout
In a not-yet-hardened holy grave,
To grow, grow old, then, in decay
Let still another godling out.

That motion was most circular;
Man's life they said is even so,
Spinning from the womb to grow
Decline, then die, yet leave a stir

In wombs like those he started from.
Thus from the wheel men made a myth,
Spun round the axlerod of death
Whose spokes all lead to Kingdom Come.

Yet while we reel upon the rim
Of birth-in-death, though Death's in birth,
We roll toward peace and leave on earth
Part of ourselves, defying him.

Davey shifted his feet and looked down absently at the discard pile. Something glittered invitingly from its depths, beckoning him forward. Stretching his hand out, he took hold of it, something cold and metallic, and pulled it toward him. Caught among the other things, it refused to budge. Davey pulled again, harder, and the pile shifted and tumbled. The ledgers his father had dropped on top landed on the concrete floor with a sharp double report. Davey's father looked down.

"Hey, Davey," he said, "knock it off, huh? Mr. McCracken doesn't want that stuff smeared all over the place."

Davey looked up, his gaze clouded, defensive. "I found something," he said.

"Well, let it go. Whatever it is, we don't want it any more."

Under his father's steady gaze, Davey relinquished his hold on the object, crawled back from the pile and stood up. The tightness in his father's face relaxed.

"It's all right." His father smiled. "But I think you'd better go on back up to your mother. It's easier for her to keep an eye on you up there."

Davey watched in bleak desolation as his father, led by Mr. McCracken, disappeared into the deep shadows behind the barrier of trunks, boxes and cardboard cartons that reached almost to the ceiling at the far end of the room. He looked back at the discard pile. The bright thing that had attracted him was now completely hidden from view. Turning, he left the room and made his way back past the furnace to the steps, and across the marble floor of the foyer toward the big front door that led out to the steps and the street.

The wide, iron-grilled front doors were chained back. He saw a wide, flat expanse of whiteness beyond the door that he guessed was the top of the moving van. Dragging his feet in a loose, jiggling cadence, he moved forward to the door and looked out.

Viewed from a height, from the top of the stone steps that stretched down to the sidewalk, the truck loomed large before Davey's astonished eyes. The van, open at the end and trailing a wooden ramp down to the street, was painted white on the outside with a wide blue stripe through the center that bore, in white script, the name Phillips' Moving Service.

Looking back into the foyer, Davey saw the blond man approaching, the rolled living-room carpet slung over his shoulder. Behind him was the dark man. Balanced upside down on his head was the living-room coffee table. In his free hand he carried, back-to-back, two small chairs.

The blond man cast a quick uncertain glance in Davey's direction, then passed quickly, almost furtively down the steps and onto the ramp leading up into the van. The dark man, however, stopped. Holding his head rigid under the weight of the table, he rolled his eyes down in Davey's direction. "Hi, tiger," he said.

Making his face carefully blank and unresponsive, Davey flattened himself against the balustrade. The dark man continued abruptly down the steps and across the sidewalk to the truck.

Davey remained where he was until the two men had finished their activities inside the truck and gone back up the steps into the apartment house. Then, glancing quickly upward again, he moved toward the rear of the truck. Standing on tiptoe, craning his whole body upward, he tried to see into the interior of the van. Edging forward, first trying the ramp with one foot as though he imagined it might be unsteady beneath his slight weight, he stepped up onto it. Still craning to see inside, he inched cautiously upward.

As his eyes grew accustomed to the dimness of the van Davey was able to make out the furniture the men had placed there. There were the divan and the two chairs from the living room. The divan stood on end in the far corner; the two chairs lay face down, their backs shoved into the open space provided by the interior of the divan. The rolled carpet had been placed against the wall, and the coffee table rested upside down.

Davey did not hear the approach of the moving men until they had already emerged from the apartment house and were on their way down the steps. Stung with panic, realizing that escape was impossible, Davey swung about and looked for a place to hide. It would be bad enough to be discovered by the men, but the real danger lay in the fact that they would surely return upstairs and tell his mother.

In a single, swift glance Davey saw that the divan with the chairs wedged into it provided an ideal hiding place, a small, dark cube of space into which he would just fit. Placing his back flat against the chill metal wall, he wriggled forward. At the same time he saw, with a thrill of horror, that the dark man's head was rising rapidly on the horizon at the edge of the van. Davey placed both hands against the chair and shoved. The chair moved, just a little, just enough, and pressing forward with all his might, he very quickly, very quietly slipped down and forward to become a small, panting part of the secret darkness inside the toppled furniture.

There was a jarring thump as the dark man lowered a chest into place somewhere nearby. Then there were other smaller sounds and movements as lighter objects were also lowered and shoved into position. Listening to these activities, to the heavy breathing of the men, Davey was overwhelmed with a deliciously magical feeling of invisibility. Something like triumph rose within his small, huddled being, triumph over the men, over his father and mother, over everybody.

Even after the men had gone, he made no move to extricate himself. His present situation was warm and soft and dark—and somehow deeply gratifying. He felt he had perpetrated an exceedingly daring and clever joke. He had managed to escape, to go away to a secret place where nobody could ever find him. When they missed him pretty soon and started to look for him—when they finally began to realize he had simply gone away into nowhere, where they could never find him unless he said so—then they would feel sorry. They would cry, probably, and say how much they missed him and put a sign in the window saying that if he would only come back to them they would give up the new place and be nice to him again the way they used to be.

The better to visualize this gratifying scene, Davey turned on his side, curled up into the warm softness of the divan and closed his eyes.

Shifting slightly against the unyielding hardness of the bench, Otis Lovelace noted with bitter satisfaction that it was so cold out you could see your breath. A fine thing, Otis thought. At sixty-one, almost sixty-two, here he sat, cold and friendless on this lousy park bench. Here he sat waiting for some aristocrat to come along and shell out a couple of coins—just enough for the day's grub and a couple of cheap wines to warm him through the night. He sat, he waited and he knew nobody would.

With a shrug of resignation, Otis took up his newspaper. Moistening a cold blue finger against an equally cold blue lip, he turned with aloof indifference to the society page. At the same time, however, his gaze was attracted to the moving van parked across the street. With no particular interest he observed a small, tentative figure in a tan sweater and brown pants making its way up the ramp.

Returning his gaze to the newspaper, he looked down upon the benign features of a stoutish matron lighting the tapers for a forthcoming dinner party. Studying the picture more closely, Otis allowed that here was just the kind who wouldn't give a starving man a dime for a cup of joe if he fainted dead at her feet in a driving snowstorm. Finding a certain gratification in this line of sour speculation, Otis Lovelace put the kid in the van across the street entirely out of his mind.

As she finished wiping out the cupboards with a damp cloth, Carol Cleaves dropped the cloth into the sink, and with a sigh of accomplishment turned to Mrs. Primus.

"There," she said, "all through. Irma, what am I going to do without you? I'll be helpless."

"Heavens, you're not as disorganized as I make out. That's just a joke."

"Davey's going to miss you terribly. Actually I think that's why he's so upset today."

Mrs. Primus shook her head. "Wait'll he gets out there with his new friends and all. He'll forget about me in no time at all." She smiled with a shyness that seemed oddly misplaced in a woman her age. "But I want you to bring him to see me sometimes."

"Oh, I will!" Carol started to say more, but there was the sound of the movers returning to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

carry out the three boxes of utensils that remained in the corner.

As usual, the dark man entered in advance of the blond one, who seemed always to move hoveringly in his shadow. He stopped, nodding toward the boxes. "That the last?"

Carol nodded, but he remained before her, his gaze steady upon her face. His lips parted in a crooked grin.

"You sure?"

Carol felt a rising uneasiness and then anger as the man's gaze continued to meet her own with brutal directness. Still, she refused to retreat before his rudeness by glancing away.

"Of course I am," she said evenly. "Why wouldn't I be?"

Hearing footsteps out in the dining room, she looked quickly to the doorway. With a sense of relief, she saw that it was Bill.

"We've just finished," she said. "Everything's done."

Bill grinned, nodded to Mrs. Primus. "Then we're ahead of schedule," he said. "That's great." He turned to the dark man. "You boys do a nice fast job."

The dark man cast him a brief glance of appraisal, and then, crossing to the corner where the blond man waited beside the boxes, he picked up the two larger ones, leaving the last and the smallest. Coming into the room, Bill started to speak, but some subtle warning in his wife's eyes held him quiet until the two men had carried the boxes out.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"I don't know." Carol hesitated. "There's something about that man—the dark one ——"

Bill turned to her, alerted. "Did he do something?"

"Well, I don't know exactly. It wasn't what he said ——" Suddenly she smiled, making a small, dismissive gesture with her hand. "Anyway, he's a good mover. Have you ever seen anything so fast?"

The mood in the empty kitchen instantly brightened. Taking the damp cloth from the sink where Carol had dropped it, Mrs. Primus wrung it out and draped it over the faucet to dry.

"I finished downstairs just in time," Bill said. He turned to Mrs. Primus. "And while we're all being so efficient, I'd better give you your check. If I don't I'm sure to forget. There you are," he said lightly. "And bless you for everything." Leaning forward, he kissed her briefly on the cheek.

Mrs. Primus contrived to look scandalized, but failed as her broad plain face came alive with a wide, pleased grin. "Now, you!" she said. Starting to fold the check, she glanced down at it and stopped. "This is for more than you owe me. Look, you made a mistake."

Bill shook his head. "I tacked on a small bonus—for putting up with us, and babying us." He gave her a broad, confidential wink. "And for kidding Carol into thinking she was running this joint."

"Well"—tears started in Mrs. Primus' eyes, but she blinked them back—"thank you."

"Thanks nothing." Bill moved off toward the entry. "Now, I've got to run down to the garage and bring the car around for the rest of the stuff."

As he disappeared into the hall, Mrs. Primus turned back to Carol with smiling anticipation. "Now," she said, "where's my boy Davey?"

Carol faced Mrs. Primus blankly. Then her expression cleared. "Oh, of course. I sent him downstairs. I guess he waited down there to go with Bill to get the car."

Mrs. Primus made a slight gesture of disappointment. "Oh, dear," she said. A look of guilty embarrassment crossed her face. "Well, I took another job for today—across town—a lady who's giving a dinner party tonight. I'm late already."

"Oh, what a shame! But you run along. I'll explain to Davey. And we'll come see you soon."

The older woman looked at her uncertainly, then, almost shyly, reached out to her. "You really will come to see me, won't you?"

"We will," Carol promised. "You can rely on it."

Left in the stillness, Carol simply stood for a moment, feeling a little lost, aware of a mounting sense of melancholy. She tried to shrug it off. No doubt it was only the hectic business of moving, of wondering if you were leaving something behind, of anticipating the problems of getting settled into the new place. It was perfectly natural, she supposed, to feel sad at leaving any place where you had been happy for a long time. Why, even Davey ——

Carol paused, and slowly it began to dawn on her that perhaps the thing she was feeling now was the very same thing that had been making Davey so morose and difficult these last few weeks. After all, Davey had spent all the seven years of his life here. For him it would be so much worse ——

Carol stood aghast before her lack of insight into the mind and feelings of her own son. How could she have been so busy and preoccupied not to have realized? Poor Davey! He had been left out entirely. He hadn't even been allowed to take part in the preparations for this move. While it had all been going on around him, all the rushing about, the plan making, the getting ready, poor little Davey had been—what had he been? Left out. *Shoved* out. Banished to the outside and all but forgotten.

On the spot Carol came to a decision; she would go through all the things left in the bedroom closets, take out everything of Davey's that he could lift and carry down to the car, and make a little separate pile of these items

We do not believe in immortality because we have proved it, but we forever try to prove it because we believe it. JAMES MARTINEAU

for which he would be solely responsible. Turning quickly, she started toward the inner hallway. But then she stopped.

At the sound of her own brisk footsteps in the silent, empty apartment she had been assailed again by a strange uneasiness. Crossing to the arched windows, she placed one knee lightly on the window seat below and leaned forward to look down into the street.

Craning forward, she pressed her face close to the window, looking—looking for what? The scene below was no more than she had expected: the gray street, the gray day; the moving van at the curb, its doors open, a ramp trailing down from the rear.

The sight of the man seated on the bench just inside the entrance to the park took her attention. Not that there was anything especially remarkable about this particular man. He was elderly, poorly dressed, actually bareheaded in this cold weather. She wondered, though, what his presence there on the bench reminded her of. Something trembled faintly on the brink of recall, but then, just at the moment when it seemed it would surely come to her, it faded away again and was lost. Carol shook her head. What was the matter with her? All of a sudden everything, everyone she saw seemed to have some special and slightly sinister significance. Turning swiftly, vowing not to waste another minute on either woman's intuition or feelings of morbid sensitivity, she hurried off toward Davey's bedroom.

Bill pulled the black convertible smoothly in to the curb and parked behind the van. Seeing the movers coming down the steps, each with a carton on his shoulder, he hesitated. He would have to discuss plans with them for the unloading out at the new place.

As the men dropped the cartons inside the van and turned back, Bill leaned forward and rolled down the window. The dark man ambled down the ramp and around to the car, making it sufficiently evident that he saw no cause to hurry. Leaning down to the window, he nodded back toward the van.

"That's the load, pal," he said heavily. "Now what do you want? Your missus says you still have some stuff to clean up here before you pull out. You want us to wait for you out there? If we do, it's going to run up your costs."

For a moment Bill was silent, then he shook his head. "No, you'd better go on in. You know which furniture belongs in which rooms. The boxes and barrels and such, just leave them on the floor anywhere—in the dining room, I guess. The things from the basement you can leave out in the garage. O.K.?"

The man nodded. "O.K., then we're all set. We'll pull the ramp and get rolling." Fishing a cigarette from the pocket of his jacket, he jammed it between his lips and ambled away.

Taking the last of the clothing from Davey's closet, Carol carried it out to the entry and placed it on top of the other things she had already put there. There were two small cartons, one containing light toys, the other Davey's books. Heaped at the top now were Davey's clothes, all of them that could be carried in the car on hangers. It was not an altogether imposing display, but Carol was sure it would represent more of a chore in Davey's eyes than it did in hers.

Pushing back the lock of hair that persisted in sliding down over her forehead, she returned to the larger bedroom, then turned back as she heard the front door open.

"Bill?" she called. He appeared in the doorway. "I've had an idea. Did you notice the things out in the hall?"

Quickly she told him what she had decided about Davey, what she had guessed had been making him unhappy lately and what she had planned to make things better. Bill listened gravely, nodding his agreement.

"Good idea. But we'd better get him started. It'll take him longer than us."

"All right. You want to go get him?"

"Sure. Where is he?"

Carol stopped, looking up at him with blank puzzlement. "Well—down in the car, isn't he?"

"Oh? Did you send him down?"

"I—well, yes, I sent him down to the basement. He went with you to get the car, didn't he?"

Bill shook his head. "No. I sent him back up here. But that was quite a while ago. I thought—well, I didn't think about it at all, really; I guess I just assumed you let him go visit the Fawcetts or Miss Mabry."

"But when? I mean, when did you send him up?"

"Right after he came down to the basement. He started to fool around in the junk and I ——"

"But that was around eight o'clock! That was an hour—*two* hours ago!" She reached out to him in an unconscious gesture of alarm. "Bill, where is he?"

"Hey, now, take it easy." Bill looked down at her, startled at her sudden reaction. "There's nothing to get excited about. He's around somewhere."

Carol nodded, trying to accept his attitude of calm assurance for her own. At the same time, her earlier feeling of vague uneasiness came back to her with renewed intensity.

Actually, once the moving activities across the street had got properly under way, Otis rather enjoyed them. As light entertainment they were fine. He liked, on occasion, to see how the other half lived, liked to see their possessions, the parade of wealth and good fortune that might have been his were the world not such a sump hole of inequality, dishonesty and greed. It strengthened his belief in the inherent badness of everything and everybody and, in a perverse kind of way, gave him a feeling of uplift.

At the arrival of the shiny black convertible, driven by the good-looking young man who was evidently the possessor of all this flaunted wealth, Otis' misery was satisfyingly complete. Now, seeing that the moving men were preparing to close the van and drive off, he picked up the newspaper and leafed through it until he found the church section. He let his gaze slide down the list of announcements until, at the outer right-hand corner, he found the one for the establishment known as St. Mark's.

Otis had a feeling about churches, and that feeling, like the others he had about nearly everything, was bad. As a child in the rural Kansas of nearly sixty years ago, he had suffered traumatic experience at a revival meeting which had, ever since, caused him to give all religious institutions, quite literally, a wide berth. Still, there had been certain favorabl reports about St. Mark's. From some of hi associates down on the row he had learne that if one were to arrive at St. Mark's with story of sufficient pathos and urgency the re sult could easily be a reward in the form of small sum of cold, worldly cash.

Shrugging, as if to ward off the cold, Ot turned and, moving shufflingly along, starte his gloomy pilgrimage back toward the cente of town.

In the now unbroken darkness Davey wa jolted, as if by an abrupt clap of thunder, int instant wakefulness and fright.

For a moment, robbed of memory by th drumming of his own heart, he was unable t think exactly where he was or why he foun himself in darkness. After a bit, however, i came back to him, and his fright began t recede.

Since he did not believe he had been aslee for more than a few minutes, he saw his onl problem as the one of finding his way throug the maze of furniture and out to the mouth o the van. Evidently, in arranging the furniture the movers had shoved the chairs back mor tightly against the wall. Davey could barel get his hand into the opening. He lunged for ward and shoved against the chair with all hi might, felt the chair budge a little. Pausing fo a moment, he decided he would try again t move it and then, if it came to that, he woul simply wait until the movers returned and cal out to them for help.

He had just arrived at this decision when with a sudden deafening roar, the air itsel seemed to explode around him. A new gust o fear struck him like a buffeting wind. His han pressed rigidly against the chair, he opened hi mouth to cry out, but his constricted throa refused to produce any sound. Then there wa another, even greater roar and a sudden jerk ing beneath and around him. The furnitur groaned and creaked in protest. Beneath hi numbed touch, the chair jolted forward an then was taken with a slight but steady trembling.

His senses deadened by sudden terror, Davey was unable to interpret these distressing sounds and movements. He knew only what he felt: something awful was happening to him—maybe the most awful thing that had ever happened in his whole life!

Miss Mabry turned from the window. One hand outstretched in a gesture of prim maidenly surprise, her head inclined slightly at an angle of listening, she seemed to have struck a pose before some vast unseen audience. At the same time, traced ever so lightly into the soft folds at the corners of her mouth there appeared dim signs of brooding hostility. People! Why did they always come knocking in that jarring way? Why didn't they use the bell?

Miss Mabry had spent the better part of her fifty-eight years subjecting humanity in general to an exceedingly close and critical examination. Long since she had made her judgment and she did not for one minute doubt its validity. Humanity was detestable. As a maiden lady alone, living in "retirement" on an inherited income, she was in a position to know. The selfish, thoughtless indifference that could be—and was!—inflicted on a sensitive woman alone and bereft in this world was shocking beyond belief.

Miss Mabry's hand fell flutteringly to her side as if in helpless exasperation. Reaching out to straighten an already straight antimacassar, she went to the door. Just as the knocking started again, she pulled it open.

"Oh, my dear," she said, "this is a surprise! But—is there something wrong?"

"I'm looking for Davey, Miss Mabry. Is he here?"

"Davey?" Miss Mabry spread her hands before her in a gesture of sad emptiness. "I must confess it—I've just been sitting here hoping he would think to come and pay me a little good-by visit. But I'm sure he's much too excited today to give me a thought." She paused, looking up in sudden concern. "He hasn't run off, has he?"

"No," Carol said quickly, "no, of course not. He's somewhere here in the building. I

just need him upstairs right now, that's all. They always disappear just when you want them."

Miss Mabry's quick eyes, however, had seen the swift tightening of Carol's hand. "Davey's such a sensitive little boy, isn't he? I've noticed it so often. He wasn't upset, was he, when he . . . disappeared?"

Carol shook her head. "He's sure to be along in a minute. He's probably there right now. Good-by, Miss Mabry. Perhaps we'll be seeing you again sometime."

Miss Mabry let her get nearly to the stairs before she spoke again. "You don't suppose he wandered off to the park, do you?"

Carol stopped abruptly. As she turned back there was no mistaking her expression of alarm. Miss Mabry smiled gently.

"He loves the park, you know," she prodded. "He's always teasing to go there."

Carol looked up sharply, almost defensively. "But I told him he couldn't. I mean, he's not allowed to go there by himself." Still, she took a step back in the direction of Miss Mabry's door. "You didn't see him down there, did you?"

Miss Mabry drew in a sharp breath. Her eyes gleamed with a sudden exhilaration. "Well," she said, "I'm not sure ——"

"He asked to go over this morning. I just remembered. He made up some story about a man he knew who was waiting for him. But ——"

"A man?" Miss Mabry uttered the word sharply, as if with inadvertent alarm. "Not that frightful old tramp!"

A look of unguarded fright leaped into Carol's face. "Then you did see him! Miss Mabry, if you ——"

"Didn't *you*, my dear? Oh, I thought surely you were watching. I mean, with a disreputable-looking creature like that about ——"

"I only had a glimpse of him. He seemed . . . just ordinary. But, please, about Davey ——"

"Oh, my dear! Of course I have a better view here on the second floor. I remember at the time I thought there was something—something almost *animal* about him."

"Miss Mabry—please —— You did see Davey down there, didn't you? He was with that man, wasn't he?"

Knowing the right moment to retrench tightly, Miss Mabry paused in an attitude of inner conflict. "My dear, let's not leap to conclusions. I'm not at all certain it was actually Davey ——"

Before Miss Mabry's triumphant eyes the floodgates of Carol's fear suddenly opened; her face gone quite white, she pressed forward. Shoving past Miss Mabry, she made her way into the apartment and quickly across the living room to the windows. Looking down briefly toward the park, she swung around again.

"He's not there! He's gone! Miss Mabry, are you *sure* it was Davey you saw?"

With an effort Miss Mabry suppressed a wayward smile. Her success, now, was complete. Once you got them to the proper point, they not only accepted suggestion, they started adding their own embellishments.

"Well, now, dear, from such a distance ——"

"It *was* Davey!" In Carol's voice was a swift and terrible conviction. "I've got to tell Bill!" Pulling free of Miss Mabry's restraining hand, she crossed rapidly out of the room and into the hall.

Outside the truck the hiss of the brakes cut with sharp penetration through the other sounds of traffic. Wayne "Bull" Bullard brought the truck to a stop and leaned back to wait for the light to change from red to green. At the other side of the seat Eddie gave his attention to Bull's heavy, frowning profile, as if in perplexity.

"Bull ——"

Bull turned his head slightly, but kept his gaze ahead on the traffic. "Yeah?"

Eddie paused. His pallid face contorted with indecision, but he forced himself to go on. "Bull," he said in a sudden burst of desperation, "look, Bull—this is crazy! We're gonna get out of our heads if we go back to the pad now!"

Bull's face remained blank, his eyes watching the traffic outside. "Yeah?" he said. "O.K. What'll we do? You want to just wait around and ——"

"No, Bull, that's just it." Eddie leaned forward, his narrow features pinched with earnestness. "Look, I been thinking. Maybe we got a day, maybe two. We should take advantage and get out—get away as far as we can." As Bull looked around, he spoke more rapidly. "Look—we drive out, we unload, we come back. We check in the truck, pick up our pay and clear out. If we stay here there's going to be trouble. This is nothing to fool around with."

"Trouble? What trouble, for instance? Tell me."

Blinking, Eddie licked his lips again. "Somebody'll find out."

Bull's frown deepened. "Yeah? Like who? How's anybody going to find out? If we get the box and get rid of it ——"

"I don't know," Eddie said miserably. "Somebody will. They got ways. Even you don't know." Eddie held out a work-grimed hand. "Listen, Bull, let's get out."

Again the dark gaze raked Eddie's pleading face. "We ain't getting out," Bull said angrily. "Get that straight. And don't give me no argument."

In the tense silence that followed Eddie moved away gingerly, seeming to shrink into himself and grow smaller. When finally he spoke again, his tone was tentative, cautious.

"It'll go harder with you than me," he said. "That's what I'm thinking about. You're the one that done it."

Bull made no movement, but his face visibly darkened. "I didn't figure to do it," he said.

"Sure, I know. But you should of seen it. You were like—clean crazy. I seen you get like that before, only ——"

"I ain't chicken, though," Bull broke in heavily. "I ain't like you!"

"O.K., but I didn't have nothing to do with it. I didn't. It ain't fair to make me stay and get into trouble too."

For a moment Bull was silent, then he nodded as if having arrived at a decision.



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"O.K.," he said. "You want out? What's holding you?" He nodded ahead toward the street. "That signal up there, three blocks—that's our turn. O.K. Anywhere between here and there you just open the door and jump. But, son, you get it straight. Once you get out that door you keep moving. And don't you ever run up against me anywhere."

Eddie, huddled miserably into himself, his sickly face crumpled, looked out toward the sidewalk, toward freedom. Still he did not move. The truck continued through the first block and entered the second. The silence in the cab continued. Eddie shifted slightly, pressing his hand down tensely against the leather seat. The truck moved into the third block.

As they approached the oncoming signal it held to green. With broad unconcern Bull flipped on the blinkers for a left turn and slowed down. Still Eddie did not move. He seemed almost to have stopped breathing. The approaching traffic stopped to let the truck through, and Bull angled it into the turn. As he righted it again into the new direction, Eddie spread his hands before him in a gesture of abject submission.

"O.K.," he said quietly, "O.K. You just get excited, that's all. I wouldn't chicken on you, Bull." Bull, his gaze held rigidly ahead, did not answer. "You think I would? Bull?" Still there was no response. "I just got to thinking—that's all." Eddie turned in a spasm of desperation. "Bull, you going to be sore at me? I'm still here, ain't I?"

Bull shrugged, continued to stare ahead. "I ain't sore," he said. "I was, but I ain't now." Then, as if just realizing that this was true, he turned and grinned his loose, uneven grin.

In the darkness Davey lay face down, his fists clenched tight against his tear-dampened cheeks. How long he had been locked in the van now, how far he had been carried through the streets of the city, he had no idea. It seemed a long, long time. Now that the first numbing blow of shock had passed, he had stopped crying and begun to consider his situation more calmly. Boosting himself up into a sitting position, he blinked worriedly against the darkness.

His mother and father, when they found out, would be angry. And they would punish him. His present position was hopeless; there was no way to turn back from what he had done, no way to prevent the damage from being greater than it already was or even getting worse, as it certainly was with every passing minute. He would simply have to wait out the journey to the new place and ask the movers to take him to a telephone so he could call home.

The van, still moving forward, began to sway again, and from the seesaw creaking of the furniture Davey knew they were turning still another corner. Reaching out to the back of the divan, he braced himself against the movement and then, as the van righted itself onto its new course, he drew away again. Wondering which part of the city he was in, he hunched forward resting his chin on his knees. There was nothing to do now but wait.

"Bill!" The instant she opened the door she called out his name. The sound of her own frightened voice rushing on before her, she hurried through the living room and into the hallway. He was still in the bedroom. "Bill!" she said, trying hard to keep her voice steady. "He—he went off with a man down in the park! The man—he took Davey away with him." She felt Bill's grip tighten quickly on her arm. "Bill!"

His eyes upon her own were suddenly stern. "What are you talking about? What man?"

"This morning ——" She paused, trying to bring order to the chaos of her panicked thoughts. "This morning Davey wouldn't eat his breakfast and—and there was a man down in the park. He said—he said he knew the man and asked to go down and see him." A quick defensiveness came into her face. "Bill, I made it plain he wasn't to go down there! I did!"

Bill's hand tightened on her arm, even harder than before. "Now, Carol," he said firmly, "get control of yourself. You're hysterical. You're imagining things. How do you know Davey was down in the park? Did you see him down there?"

Carol shook her head. "No, no, I didn't. But Miss Mabry did. She saw him with—with the man, and . . . they're not there now. They're gone!" Her hand moved of its own accord to her trembling lips. "Bill, do something! Please—please!"

"Now, wait a minute." Forcing her to sit down, he took his place beside her. "Now, calm down and tell me exactly what happened. Tell me everything Miss Mabry said."

Under the steadying influence of both his tone and his touch, Carol told him what she thought Miss Mabry had said, as well as she could remember it. She was just at the point of saying that Miss Mabry had actually seen Davey and the man leave the park together when she caught herself.

"No," she said, "that's not right. She didn't see them actually leave the park." Her eyes, however, implored him to see the danger, the terrible urgency of the matter. "But it's the same thing, isn't it? One minute they were there, and the next they were gone. And now Davey's missing. Bill—what are we going to do?"

"Now, Carol," Bill said quickly, "hold on. We've only got Miss Mabry's word for this. You've said yourself a hundred times she couldn't tell the truth about anything if she had to."

"But she wouldn't lie about a thing like this!" she told him. "Not about a little child. No one would!"

"All right—but wait a minute. Even if it's true—even if she saw Davey down there, that still doesn't mean he went off with this man. That's not like Davey at all. He could be right here in the building. Or maybe he's still over in the park by himself." Reaching out to touch her hand, he got to his feet. "I'll go over and take a look. I'll be right back."

"No!" she cried suddenly. "No, Bill, call the police. There isn't time to ——"

"If I don't find him," Bill broke in, "I'll call when I get back. But he's probably there."

He was nearly to the door when she felt the last of her control give way. She called out harshly, her voice sharp with hysterical anger, "You! How can you be so calm! Even if it isn't true—if it turns out not to be—it *might* be. It *might*!"

A look of doubt came into Bill's face, but it quickly departed. "I have to be calm," he said distinctly, firmly. "We're not certain anything's happened yet." He turned and left, closing the door quietly behind him.

Carol did not move. The stillness closed in heavily around her, the fear possessed her utterly, and she knew that she could not bear it one more moment. Her gaze darted in desperation to the telephone, the small square of blackness nearly lost in the shadows at the other side of the room. Snatching up the receiver, she dialed for the operator and listened, through the terrified throb of her own heart, for an answer. After what seemed an eternity a voice sounded at the other end of the line.

"Operator," the voice said.

"Operator," Carol cried, the tears coming finally to her eyes, "operator—give me the police!"

The truck had been stopped now for several minutes. Davey sat tensely forward, listening, holding his eyes wide open against the darkness as if they, too, could help him hear. When the motor had first stopped he had tried to attract the attention of the movers by calling out and pounding on the wall of the van. In his insulated cubicle, however, his efforts had sounded hopelessly muffled even to himself. There had been sounds of movement from up front, but then they had stopped shortly, and he had divined that the men had left the cab and gone away. Now he waited, listening for their return.

His panic was almost entirely gone now, and his thoughts were much clearer. In the course of the last twenty minutes or so the van had altered direction four separate times. With each new turning the sounds of the traffic outside had diminished, until with the last turn they had died away altogether. At the same time he had noticed that the surfaces upon which the van traveled had become less smooth. In fact, he guessed that the last turn, accomplished with a really jarring double jolt, had brought the vehicle into some sort of thoroughfare that was not a proper street at all. This had occurred just a moment before the truck had stopped and parked.

Davey's first hope was that they had arrived at the rutted drive of the new place. This faded quickly, however, with the realization that they had not been on the road long enough. Now he sat and listened, prepared, at the first sign of the movers' return to redouble his previous efforts to attract their attention. For the moment, imagining the surprised looks that would be on their faces when they found him there, he was confident that everything would soon be all right.

Having washed and dried the tea things with her accustomed care, Miss Mabry was on her way back into the living room when the doorbell rang.

Opening the door narrowly, Miss Mabry looked out with surprise to see that she had not one caller but two and that both were men. They were neatly dressed in dark suits and wore conservative striped ties. They carried their hats properly in their hands.

"We're from the police. I'm Sergeant Mercer. This is Sergeant Wade. We've had a report from this building of a missing child. We've just been talking to the parents upstairs, and Mrs. Cleaves said it was you who ——"



"Well, how do they pay a philosopher, by the thought, the week or per annum?"

"Oh, dear!" Miss Mabry's hand moved to her throat in an inadvertent gesture of alarm. "Was it necessary to call the police?"

"According to Mrs. Cleaves, when she was talking to you ——"

"But she was so confident he was right here somewhere in the building." Needing a little time to appraise and adjust to this new turn of events, she reluctantly opened the door and gestured inside. "Won't you come in?"

When, with appropriate gingerness, they had taken their places on her blue velvet settee, she said softly, "Tell me what I can do. If little Davey is really lost, I'm naturally anxious to do anything I can to help."

Sergeant Mercer looked up. "I understood from Mrs. Cleaves that it was you who saw the child go off with the man in the park."

"That is *not* what I told Mrs. Cleaves, emphatically not. Evidently she wasn't as attentive as she might have been."

Sergeant Mercer nodded. "Exactly what did you tell her, Miss Mabry?"

"That I had observed the man in the park. And that I *thought* I had observed Davey there too. I made it quite clear that I wasn't absolutely certain about its being Davey."

"But you *did* see the man. And you saw a child—*some* child—that might have been Davey Cleaves?"

Miss Mabry hesitated, reminding herself that she was dealing with the police now and not a flighty young matron in a state of senseless hysteria. "It could have been Davey."

The sergeant paused. "Don't misunderstand, Miss Mabry. I'm not asking you to indulge in idle gossip about your neighbors ——"

Miss Mabry nodded. "No, of course not."

"But—well, first, how long have you known Mrs. Cleaves?"

"They moved here into the building about seven years ago. I don't claim an intimate acquaintance with her."

"But you do have a close friendship with the child?"

"Davey seemed attracted to me. He seemed to need sympathetic adult attention. I'm childless, of course, so I naturally found great delight in our little friendship."

"He doesn't receive sympathetic attention at home?"

"Oh!" Miss Mabry's eyes widened, as if in chagrin. "How can I presume to judge the emotional richness or poverty of a home of which I am not a member?"

"Yes, of course. But can you think of anyone the child might go to if he ran away? Did he ever mention anyone he was particularly fond of?"

Miss Mabry reflected, then sadly shook her head. "I would hope he would come to me," she said softly.

"Now, the child—the one you saw in the park—he resembled the Cleaves child in general make-up, height, weight and so on?"

"Yes."

"And what was he wearing?"

"I didn't particularly notice. You see, I was so certain that no mother would let her child wander off like that, unobserved ——"

"You knew the child well, Miss Mabry." Sergeant Mercer seemed to be looking at her more closely now, with an odd kind of speculation. "And I realize you may not have wanted to alarm Mrs. Cleaves too much. In your own mind are you inclined to think the child really *was* Davey Cleaves?"

Miss Mabry looked away, fussing at her skirt, straightening it across her knees. Davey could appear at any moment and cause her a considerable embarrassment. And yet—so far he hadn't. Perhaps he actually had been with the man down in the park. Perhaps the hand of Divine Justice had fallen on the proud head of Carol Cleaves. And, besides, anyone could make a mistake.

"In my heart," she said, "I know it was Davey. I've just been hoping against hope, I suppose, that it might not have been."

"I see. Now—would you give me as complete a description as you can of the man? Mrs. Cleaves mentioned that you received a particularly strong impression of the man—of something sinister . . . abnormal."

Detecting something in his tone, Miss Mabry again felt a stab of anger. "I felt it

uite strongly," she answered with a faint ote of defiance.

"Have you ever seen this man in this area efore—particularly in the park?"

"No," Miss Mabry said tartly, "no, I aven't. But then I have other things to do esides stare out my window all day."

"Yes, of course." Abruptly the sergeant ose, and his companion followed his example. Thank you very much," he said flatly. Thanks for your time."

The moment they had crossed the threshold, ne closed the door after them. Turning, she ooked back into the room, back toward the ettee where they had sat, where their massive, rutal maleness had crushed down the ushions. With a small cry of revulsion, she ushed to them, beating at them with both ands, obliterating desperately all evidence hat the sergeant and his companion had ever een there at all.

Sergeant Mercer led the way down the eps and across the sidewalk to the patrol car. Well?" he said.

"Not much to go on, huh?"

"Not on the pervert angle." Sergeant Mer- r nodded back toward the building. "What o you think?"

"Her? A troublemaker. A crank. Mrs. leaves is young and pretty. She's got a good- ooking husband. She's got a kid."

Sergeant Mercer nodded. "Everything labry hasn't got. And isn't going to get." He t out a deep, thoughtful breath. "I just ask yself if she ever saw the Cleaves kid at l this morning."

"The last missing kid we had was asleep wn in the garage in his old man's car. This unds about the same. The kid's upset about oving. You know. This Mabry dame just gged the issue."

"Just one thing, though. Mrs. Cleaves saw is grifter in the park too. There *was* a char- ter in the neighborhood." He looked across Wade and frowned. "You remember the agen case?"

"The little girl out on Ninety-eighth?"

"Uh-huh. You see what was left of her hen they found her?"

"I—yeah, I saw the lab photos. I ——"

Sergeant Mercer reached out for the mike. 'll call in, then we'll shake down the ighborhood. Even if Mabry's the queen of e kooks, her word's gospel—until we find e kid."

Tipping back the edge of the blind, Bull ered down into the yard below. Mrs. anditch was still there, her broad shapeless dy bent laboriously over a rake, scratching the cold, winter-hardened earth with futile dustry. Her gray, matted hair jutting ran- mly from beneath an old red satin baseball p, unironed cotton dress bunched at the ist by the frayed band of a sweat shirt, Mrs. anditch looked precisely what she was: the reputable landlady of a disreputable room- g house in a disreputable section of town.

The back yard in which she toiled was rdered on one side by a rangy, uncared-for dge, on the other and at the rear by a kety board fence. A pathway had been worn ggedly through the center of the yard to the certain wooden stairs that provided access the "private outside entrance" of Bull and die's room.

owering the blind, Bull dropped heavily o a chair. "She ever done a lick of work ound this hole before?" he muttered. "No, e waits for today just so she can trap us here."

Eddie looked up uneasily. "She probably ows we're here. She could've heard us."

"Who cares? Just so she don't see us leave."

Against the wall stood a makeshift, mov- le wardrobe, a structure of wood framing d heavy cardboard panels with a cheap tin ok to hold the door closed. Toward this die's gaze lifted hauntedly and quickly opped away.

"Can't we use something else?" he said. omething that doesn't belong to her?"

Bull looked around with heavy impatience. ike what, for instance? You stupid ——"

"We going to sit here all day?" Eddie asked intively. "It's getting after noon. We got to iver the load. We don't and they'll be call- ing the office and checking on the highway for us."

"The old hag can't stay out there forever."

There was a silence between them, then Eddie looked up again with cautious hopeful- ness. "Maybe we'll have to clear out like I said. Maybe we'll *have* to. If we can't take it out ——"

"Then we'll wait till tomorrow," Bull said. "But it ain't going to be that way. This trip is perfect—out in the country—right on the road."

Again Eddie's attention was drawn to the wardrobe. "I wish we could use something else."

Across the room Bull got up, crossed to the closet door beside the wardrobe and opened it. Rummaging about inside for a moment, he turned back, a bottle in his hand. Eddie's pale eyes registered swift consternation.

"Bull, you going to start drinking? You know what it does to you."

Bull tilted the bottle to his mouth and took a long draught. "You going to try to tell me when I can take a drink?"

Eddie shook his head in defeat. "I just get nervous sitting around like this," he said. "That's all."

"Then get calm." Bull nodded toward the window. "I'll give her just ten more minutes ——" Suddenly he turned, his massive body tense, listening. Through the ancient structure of the house came the sound of knocking. "Somebody's out at the front door! Talk about a break!"

"She hear it?" Eddie sat eagerly forward.

Bull nodded. "She's on her way in." He came away from the window. "Let's get going."

Below they heard the creak of the rusty-hinged back door, and then the sound of Mrs. Kanditch's heavy tread inside the house.

Together they lifted the wardrobe, leaning it carefully over to one side, then rolling it as they hefted it, so that the door was at the top. For a moment the burden inside fell heavily against the door, and the tin catch was strained close to breaking. Quickly, taking most of the weight, Bull righted it. Starting forward, he left Eddie to balance and guide from the rear.

"Bull, if somebody sees us ——"

Bull shot him an angry glance and yanked forward on the box. "Come on, chicken," he growled, "move!"

Laboring under the weight of the wardrobe, they moved out onto the landing and started down the steps.

It was not until the handle scraped abruptly against its harboring catch that Dave realized the moment of his liberation had come just when he least expected it. Wriggling out beside the chair, he pulled upward, striving to gain a sufficient purchase on its soft back to lift himself up. As he strained against the edge of the chair, the door of the van swung open, and dull sunlight came to him dimly reflected from the surfaces of the furniture before him.

Davey opened his mouth to cry out, but his efforts to achieve the back of the chair were at the moment so strenuous his straining throat produced only a muted gasp. Continuing to struggle, however, he leaned a bit to the left and thereby, through a narrow opening between the white enameled refrigerator and the headboard of his mother and father's bed, he gained a partial view of the open doorway. Pulling tensely forward with the last bit of his strength, he saw the two men lift something up into the van, place it in the free space just inside the door and shove it over against the wall.

Nodding to the blond man, the dark one stepped back and dusted his hands. "O.K.," he said, "button 'er up and let's roll."

With all his desperate might Davey shoved himself upward. He tried to yell, but still no sound came. At the same instant, however, his gaze fell on the cardboard wardrobe which now, as the door closed toward it, stood in a rapidly diminishing shaft of light. He saw the tin clasp on the wardrobe snap and fall away. He had already opened his mouth to yell, but suddenly the sound died unuttered in his throat. He stared toward the wardrobe in a paralysis of fright and disbelief. The door slammed, as with a clap of thunder, and the blackness closed in around him.

Almost as if he had been thrown back physically, Davey fell away from the chair and slid down again into the cubicle inside the upturned divan. Huddling down into the darkness, he was taken with a terrible trembling.

He squeezed his eyes tightly shut against the vision that continued to rise before him in the darkness. But even that didn't help; there it was still behind his aching eyelids. There was the snapping of the catch, the outward-swinging cardboard door, the sudden, jutting emergence of the black leather sleeve. And, worst of all, there was the other thing, the dully falling thing at the end of the sleeve. The white, reaching thing that was a lifeless human hand.

On the street down below Sergeant Mercer crossed over to the park and disappeared along the walk. Turning back from the window, Bill saw that Carol had come up silently beside him. He was relieved to see that she seemed much calmer now. It had been a bad moment for her when the sergeant had said they would start the search for Davey by checking on all the known deviates in the city. Only Bill knew how really bad it had been. Now he wanted to move close to her, to hold her in his arms, to reassure her, if need be, with lies. But if he went to her now her uncertain defenses might crumble.

His gaze, falling to the newspaper that until now had lain forgotten at the far end of the window seat, caught and held upon it with sudden fury. What on earth had he wanted with it? Wadding it into an angry, twisted ball, he turned and hurled it across the room.

Startled at this burst of violence, Carol looked up in alarm. Bill nodded furiously toward the crumpled newspaper.

"A souvenir," he said bitterly. "I got it from the gardener over in the park."

"The park?" Carol frowned in bewilderment.

"It's the one he had—the man on the bench. He left it behind."

Carol stared at him for a moment in wordless astonishment. "Bill, why didn't you show it to the police? His fingerprints must be all over it. They could check."

Already Carol was across the room, picking up the crushed paper. Handling it gingerly, pulling at the corners, she started to straighten it out. Suddenly she stopped. "Bill, look! There's something torn out here. Maybe ——"

"Out of the church announcements?" Bill regarded the paper without immediate comprehension. "What could that have to do with ——"

"Maybe he's a religious fanatic. He could be. A lot of those people —— Bill, it might be terribly important. You can't tell. We've got to find out what he tore out of here."

Nodding, Bill continued to stare at the sheet. "If I get another copy down at the corner, and match them up ——" He started rapidly toward the door. "I'll be right back."

When he had gone Carol turned back to the paper. Maybe it meant nothing. It seemed unlikely that it should, but it gave them something to think about besides their own helplessness.

Bill returned a few minutes later. "Here it is!" He held out a duplicate paper in triumph. "St. Mark's announcement. See, there isn't anything on the other side but an ad, just part of an illustration."

Carol hesitated. "There's just the name," she suggested cautiously, "and the schedule of services."

"And the address."

"Yes, I know," she said gently. "But, Bill, if he was reading this paper today, then he must have picked it up after someone else threw it away. The first owner might have torn this out. It seems so strange ——"

"It's something," Bill said fervently. "It's something to go on. If he tore this out, then he has some connection with St. Mark's—or he's going to have. Maybe he's a member—or knows somebody who is. Isn't that right? Maybe it's a wild chance, but ——"

"Of course," Carol said. "We'd better give it to the police right away."

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TOGETHER

"Look," Bill said with sudden urgency, "I'm going to St. Mark's myself. The car's right outside. I can be there in just a few minutes. Who knows? Lightning might strike—the guy could be there right now."

"Bill, it doesn't seem ——"

Bill held out a hand, half in entreaty. "Carol, I've got to do something, I've got to! I can't just sit here. I've got to move—to talk to someone at least. This might be foolish—sure, I know that—but if it is, isn't it better for me to waste my time on it than to bother the police?" For a moment his eyes held to her face in mute determination.

"You're right," she said, "you go ahead. I'll stay and call the police and tell them about the paper. If there's any chance at all we have to look into it—of course."

Leaning down, Bill brushed her cheek with his lips. "Baby," he said softly. Then he turned and hurried out of the apartment.

It was close to one o'clock now, and Otis' journey from the park to the center of the city had proved singularly unrewarding. He now found himself standing at the foot of the wide stone steps leading up to the entrance of that fearful religious edifice called St. Mark's.

By sheer force of will, Otis managed to ascend the first step. He had only just achieved it, however, when he caught sight of a well-dressed, self-assured-looking woman coming briskly down the steps in his direction.

"Are you looking for someone?"

Avoiding the woman's friendly, questioning gaze, Otis looked off down the street. "I—well, no," he murmured. "I guess it don't matter much."

The woman hesitated. "Maybe if you try the offices downstairs," she suggested. "They're right down there. Down some steps. Why don't you try there?"

Away from the imposing front of the church, Otis felt much easier. Going to the stair well, he started cautiously down.

"Did you wish to see someone?"

Otis turned to see a pretty, neatly dressed young woman in her late twenties or early thirties smiling at him with such efficient good will that he was instantly suspicious. She made a brief gesture toward the room behind her.

"Won't you come in? Just in here."

The office was plain and unornamented. There were a desk and chair to the right and opposite that a long row of metal filing cases, a typewriting table with a typewriter. In front of the desk was a visitor's chair. The girl, offering this to Otis, took her place at the desk.

"Now"—she beamed—"how can I help you?"

Otis, disconcerted by this continued onslaught of easy, open friendliness, shifted self-consciously. His story—the one he had concocted on the way here—suddenly seemed far too sketchy, much too contrived. His previous feeling of confidence swiftly ebbing, he looked around uneasily toward the open door.

"I—I thought maybe ——"

"Don't be embarrassed." The girl smiled. "You did come for help, didn't you?"

Swallowing against a sudden dryness in his throat, Otis refolded his overcoat on his lap so that the ragged lining would show to better advantage.

"I—I don't have any money, ma'am. None at all, as a matter of fact, not a cent. I was talking to this bird—this gentleman—and he said that you folks are good for a handout sometimes."

The girl's smile did not falter. "That's true. We are—on occasion. It all depends, of course. Now, what do you need the money for? I mean, is it simply a matter of food and lodging or is there some special need?"

"Just food and—and lodging." Otis brought the words out grudgingly. "But I ain't joining up with the church," he told her. "Get that straight, sister."

"Have I asked you?" The girl's smile faded into a look of weariness. "I only want to know that you really need the money—that you haven't other means of getting it. You are unemployed, I take it? Do you have a regular line of work?"

"No, I don't. And I don't want one, neither. I'm just another no-good dirty bum, lady, asking for a handout."

The girl leaned back slightly in her chair, giving him a long look. "You stay here. I want to speak to Father James about you."

The old fear flashed again into Otis' pale eyes. "I won't talk to no preachers," he said quickly.

"Don't worry, you won't have to." The girl crossed to the door, paused to look back again. "Don't you dare run out on me while I'm gone."

He was still there, slumped down in gloomy introspection, when the girl returned. Her smile restored, she crossed briskly to the desk and sat down. Beneath Otis' astonished gaze, she reached out and placed a ten-dollar bill on the desk between them. She looked up at him with a faint expression of challenge.

"I want you to know that I lied to get that for you. I told Father James I was positive that a small gesture of confidence would restore your faith and give you a fresh start." With a slight lift of the brows, she shrugged. "Maybe it will. The world is strange sometimes."

Otis' gaze went from the bill to the girl with widening astonishment. Budgeted properly, ten clams could keep him in wine for nearly a week.

"—— there's only one thing," the girl was saying, "I have to take your name and address. I do have to account in some way for the money I give out in this office."

How deeply with beauty is beauty overlaid! The ground covered with crystals, the crystals with mosses and lichens and low-spreading grasses and flowers . . . these with larger plants, leaf over leaf, with ever-changing color; the broad palm of the firs outspread over these; the azure dome over all like a bellflower, and star above star. JOHN MUIR

Laboring forward, the truck hit another rut, a small gully washed out by some forgotten rain, and lurched heavily to the right. Eddie glanced over at Bull with an expression of timid complaint. "How long we going to stay on this cowpath?"

Bull nodded toward the expanse of brush on the left. "There's a dry river bed out there. You can't see it from here, but there's an old bridge, like I said, just a small one. We'll be covered by trees in both directions."

Eddie shrugged in unhappy resignation. "One thing, you were sure right there's no traffic out here. Nobody's been on this road in years." Frowning, Eddie looked away. "Look," he said, "I keep wondering. I mean, ever since last night." He nodded back toward the van. "You know, Bull—I never seen you act like that before. I mean, sure, I seen you get sore and beat some guys up pretty bad, but—well, last night was different."

"He asked for it, didn't he?"

"Well—maybe—but, you know, when you had him by the throat like that, and he went limp and dropped to the floor? And you kept hanging onto him? Bull, honest, you didn't look like you knew what you were doing any more."

Bull's heavy brows lowered. "What's it to you?"

"Bull," Eddie said quickly, "I'm just saying maybe you kind of . . . blacked out there for a minute. You could say you were out of your head when you done it. And I could back you up."

For a long moment Bull was silent. Finally he said, "You trying to tell me I'm crazy?"

"Now, Bull! Listen! All you'd have to do is *say* you were. Just for a minute! They let you off for that, don't they? You know—temporary insanity. Lots of guys get off for that."

Bull seemed not to hear him. "I ain't crazy," he said sullenly. "You just better get it out of your head right now ——"

"But if they let you off just for saying it —— And if I said I didn't turn you in because I was scared you'd go off again and kill me, we'd both get off. Ain't that right? We'd both get off."

"*You* get off, that's who gets off. And I do time. And you just get one thing straight right now: I ain't doing time. I'd fry first. And what happens to me happens to you. Anyway, we're not going to get picked up."

"O.K.," Eddie said with sudden quietness. "From now on I ain't saying a word."

Bull eased the truck into an approaching turn. "Maybe you said too much already."

Outside, trees loomed evenly on both sides of the road, winter naked, their twisted branches scraping dryly against the van as it passed. The road seemed, for a bit, to get even rougher than before. Eddie leaned back jogglingly into a brooding silence of his own. Up ahead, as the truck righted out of the turn, there appeared a small wooden bridge. Bull eased on the brakes, and as they approached the bridge brought the van to a gradual stop.

"Come on," he said flatly, "this is it."

The sudden stillness, following the sigh of the brakes, fell upon Davey's numbed senses as a sort of humming unreality. His ears buzzed from the steady growl of the motor, his body tingled from the constant jarring of the journey along the uneven road. In the darkness he was lost for a moment in helpless confusion.

In his mind lingered the insistant vision of the lifeless hand descending from the dark interior of the cardboard wardrobe. Davey knew very little about death. His father had tried to explain it to him once when, together, they had come upon the body of a dead bird in the park. It was nothing, his father had emphasized, to be afraid of.

Instinct now, however, deeply overshadowed the words of his father. Death, human death—in reality—was both frightening and dangerous. It was the most terrifying thing that could happen.

At a sound from outside, Davey started forward in the darkness, his heart pounding wildly. Listening, he knew that the men had got out of the cab and started around toward the rear of the van. Realizing that he must not, at any cost, make his presence known to them, he held still. The handle scraped in the catch, and a moment later a sliver of light reached toward him as the door swung open. Shrinking back, Davey recognized the heavy slur of the dark man's voice.

"Pull it over to the edge and swing it down to me."

There was the sound of movement, a dim scuffling and then a kind of grunt. After that the sounds diminished rapidly into the distance, and as Davey strained forward to hear disappeared altogether.

Davey scrambled forward; since the door had been left open, he had been given a chance for escape. He dropped to his knees and crawled until he emerged into a small free area where he could stand up. The refrigerator loomed in front of him. The headboard walled him in on the right, a tall trunk on his left.

Climbing up on the trunk, he paused to consider. The best route, he quickly decided, was along the side of the van, close to his left. The rug lay there so that the furniture against that side stood a little way away from the wall. The things there were not too heavy; if they needed to be shoved aside a little, he would be able to manage. Sitting down on the edge of the trunk, he let his legs dangle over for a moment, then shoved himself forward.

Landing softly on the tubular end of the rug, he saw what he had not been able to see from the top of the trunk: the passage, in order to protect the furniture, had been stuffed solidly with pads. It would still be possible to get through, but it would take time.

It was hard, suffocating work, pulling the pads toward him, wriggling around them, shoving them behind, turning and pulling at the next one. Minutes passed before Davey, breathing in deep gasps, damp with perspiration, finally emerged at the end of the passage.

At the edge of the doorway he paused, looked cautiously out, listened. There was no sight of the men, no sound of their approach. The rutted road stretched out before him, turning away to the right and out of sight behind a thick screen of trees. Moving out into the open, he sat down on the edge of the van, and prepared to jump.

He landed jarringly on the hard surface of the road, sprawling over on his side. Pain bit sharply into his right knee and he knew he had skinned it, but he didn't stop to look. Scrambling instantly to his feet, he glanced around for some place of immediate concealment. To his right was the rising embankment of the river bed, to his left the solid tangle of trees and underbrush. In the opposite direction was a narrow wooden bridge and, beyond, the road which curved off into the obscurity of a tree-hidden bend very like the one that lay behind.

He paused and looked back. The trees were closer in that direction. Aware of the danger of further exposure, he turned and ran toward them. He had taken only a few steps, however, when a voice reached out sharply to him from behind.

"Hey, kid! What you doing in that van? Hey!"

Stunned, his breath locked tight in his throat, Davey stopped and looked back. The two men, only their heads and shoulders visible at first on the horizon of the embankment, seemed to grow before his stricken eyes, getting larger and larger with every racing second. The dark man was carrying the now-empty wardrobe, the blond one a shovel. It was the dark man who had called.

"It's the kid!" he yelled. "He's been in there all the time!" Shoving the wardrobe toward his companion, he started forward, running.

Jarred into action, Davey also ran. Suddenly reversing his direction, wanting only to put some obstruction between himself and the dark man, he darted around the far side of the van and headed for the bridge.

"Stop!" the dark man's voice bellowed behind him. "Come back here or I'll ——"

Davey kept on running, his labored breath burning in his throat. Swerving away from the bridge, he ran up the embankment at the right, gained the top and darted down toward the sandy river bed.

Running under the bridge, he stopped and hurled himself against the nearest of the rough stone moorings. As footsteps thundered onto the bridge just above, Davey shrank back closer against the water-smoothed stones.

Waiting until he was sure the men were out of sight, he darted up the opposite embankment. Halfway up his eye fell, almost by accident, on the trunk of a downed tree nearly obscured in the brush. Throwing himself toward it, he dropped to his knees and crawled under it.

For a moment he simply lay there, panting; then, seeing that he was partially exposed, he reached to a pine seedling and pulled it down over him. Almost instantly his gaze was drawn to the thing he had not noticed before. Close to the stone mooring against which he had hidden there was an area of sand which had obviously been disturbed and then smoothed over.

Staring at the spot in dark fascination, Davey knew certainly that this was where the dead man in the wardrobe had been buried. And then, with a stabbing thrill of horror, he saw something else. His own footprints marked the newly smoothed surface, showing all too clearly his progress from the mooring toward his present place of hiding. His first impulse was to strike out in search of some new place in which to take cover, but just then he heard the sound of voices, and once again footsteps on the bridge. Holding very tightly to the seedling that hid him, he stayed where he was. The footsteps and the voices became more distinct.

"Where did he go?" the dark man asked. "Where could he get to so fast?"

The footsteps proceeded to the center of the bridge and stopped.

"With all this brush," the blond man replied, "he could be anywhere. Look, Bull, you ask me ——"

"Shut up, will you, and let me think! He can't get out of here ——" There was a pause, the sound of shuffling footsteps, then again stillness. Suddenly the dark man spoke again. "Hey, look!" The footsteps abruptly resumed.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

Curiosity is standard equipment at the

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WHAT HAPPENS IF . . .? If you use cherry juice in Pillsbury Creamy Fudge Frosting, will it taste like chocolate covered cherries? We make a flavor test in the Ann Pillsbury Kitchens, where "just wondering" often results in exciting discoveries like this new cake recipe.

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DOUBLE CHERRY CHOCOLATE CAKE

Blend... (in large mixer bowl) 1 package **Pillsbury Chocolate Fudge Cake Mix,** 1 package **cherry-flavored gelatin,** 2 tablespoons **salad oil** and ½ cup **water** for 1 min. at low speed. Beat at med. speed 2 min.

Add... **2 eggs,** one at a time, beating 1 min. after each addition. Add a **third egg,** ¼ cup drained, finely chopped **maraschino cherries** and an additional ½ cup **water.** Beat at med. speed 1 min.

Pour... into two 9-inch round pans—greased and floured on bottoms only.

Bake... at 350° for 40 to 45 minutes. Cool, fill and frost with Cherry Fudge Frosting.

CHERRY FUDGE FROSTING

Prepare **Pillsbury Creamy Fudge Frosting Mix** as directed on package, substituting **maraschino cherry juice** for the water. Stir in 3 tablespoons chopped, drained **cherries** and, if desired, ¼ cup chopped **nuts.**

THIS RECIPE GUARANTEED OVEN-PERFECT BECAUSE IT'S OVEN-TESTED IN THE ANN PILLSBURY KITCHENS



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

this time running. "Come on—under the bridge!"

"Bull!" the blond man cried. "Bull, he's just a little kid! Listen!"

The running footsteps stopped, but only to be instantly replaced by a rustling in the brush on the embankment. Davey, peering out with anxious eyes, watched in dread for the appearance of the dark man beneath the bridge. He hugged the ground more tightly, pressing as close to it as his small strength would allow. Holding the seedling tightly above him, he looked out again through the space between the branches. The dark man, running into view, paused briefly to scan the direction of the telltale footprints in the smoothed sand and then started toward the embankment. Almost at once footsteps sounded close at hand, twigs and leaves crackled dryly beneath the pressure of heavy, thick-soled boots. To Davey, shrinking back under the tree trunk, it seemed that the pounding of his own heart, if nothing else, would surely give him away.

The first footsteps were joined by the other, lighter ones of the blond man. And then there was stillness. Davey, pressing his face into the hollow of his arm, was sure this could mean only one thing: they had found him. He was so certain of this that he hadn't even the courage to turn his head and look up. And then the blond man spoke.

"He must have gone in under the brush somewhere."

"Maybe," the dark man replied ponderously. "Maybe so."

The silence that followed was punctuated with a small, metallic click.

"Hey, wait a minute," the dark man said. "I got an idea. Come on."

The footsteps returned in the direction of Davey's hiding place, continued past and on down the embankment.

Davey looked out just in time to see the men cross the river bed and start up the opposite rise. His first feeling was one of hope; maybe they were going to go away after all. Something, however, told him that this wasn't very likely.

After a moment there was a heavy slamming sound which Davey instantly recognized as the closing of the door of the van. This was followed by other sounds, sounds of random activity, indecipherable scraps of muted conversation. Then there was the slam of one of the cab doors up front.

The dark man's voice reached out with sudden distinctness. "Never mind. Pile in. If he wants to crawl around in the weeds with the snakes, let him. Come on, let's roll."

Even after the sound of the van had moved away into the distance, he still did not move. The diminishing groan of the motor faded off around the curve beyond the bridge and after a moment finally died away altogether. With great caution Davey crawled stiffly backward out of the narrow space under the tree trunk and stood up. Looking about numbly at the gray, tangled desolation into which he had escaped, he was aware for the first time of the pain in his bruised knee, of the cold that plucked at his small body through the meager protection of his sweater. He stood for a moment, a small lost figure in the wilderness, his mind assaulted by the accumulated terrors of the last couple of hours, his face streaked with tears long since forgotten. Glancing down the rise at the smoothed place in the sand, he frowned and started up the embankment toward the road.

When he had planned his escape, he had thought of it as a swift and final accomplishment. Even in the country, he had always imagined, you were provided with telephones and stores and policemen when you really and truly needed them. This place, though, this gray emptiness with its vast silence and its dead and tangled trees, was like something from a bad dream. Arriving at the edge of the road, still concealed by the brush, he stopped and peered out. Pressing his hand to his knee to stop it from hurting, he studied the road with frowning perplexity, lost in indecision.

In the end, he chose simply by instinct; feeling that the desolation behind was already known, he decided to follow in the wake of the departed van in the hope that something better lay up ahead. Hesitantly, not at all certain he was doing the right thing, he emerged from the bushes onto the road and started out.

Just as he reached the first curving of the bend, some sixth sense prompted him to stop short. A band of fear tightening about his chest, holding his breath still in his lungs, he edged forward and peered up ahead. He knew, even before he caught sight of it, what would be waiting there for him.

He saw only the corner of the van, but even as he looked out at it, the dark man appeared suddenly in profile. Drawing back in panic, Davey looked around in the direction from which he had come. He realized now that he must abandon the road altogether. Turning his gaze up the wooded rise, he started forward. And then, instantly, he stopped again, his blood turned cold with horror. Above, stationed there as a lookout, stood the blond man. At the same moment that Davey looked up and caught sight of him, the man swung around and looked down.

Davey stood rooted to the spot, too startled to move, waiting for the cry of alarm that would surely come next. But it did not come, not just then. As Davey's eyes met those of the blond man, he seemed to stare into a mirrored reflection of his own sick indecision.

NEXT MONTH

Fran: "I want to live, really live."

Henry: "I'm lost. I'm not getting the promotion."

Claire: "Let him notice me, let him fall in love with me."

It was a summer of crises for the Marshalls—as individuals and as a family. Would their love for each other be strong enough to stand the test?

THE FAMILY MAN

By FLORENCE JANE SOMAN

complete in the February JOURNAL.
condensed from the novel
soon to be published
by G. P. Putnam's Sons

Then the man raised his hand slightly, as if in an unconscious desire to banish Davey from his sight. To Davey the movement seemed to indicate a direction of flight.

Tearing his eyes away, he darted toward the dense brush at the side of the road. A voice shouted somewhere behind him, and he ran all the faster, the dry leaves crackling like fire beneath his flying feet. Then there was an answering yell, a cry of anger, and the sound of running.

Entering the trees, meeting heavy brush, he crouched down and started to crawl. A branch caught at his sweater and clung, but he quickly pulled free of it and hurried on. Stones cut sharply into his palms and into his injured knee; a twig reached out, clawing his forehead. Tears of fright brimmed in his eyes and blurred the way ahead. He paused to wipe away the blinding tears and through the harsh rasp of his own tortured breathing he heard crashing sounds in the brush close behind.

The dark man's voice reached out to him in an angry snarl. "You should've yelled sooner! Can't I trust you to do nothing?"

"It's hard to see in this stuff," the blond man responded weakly. "Anyway, you was closer than me."

There was a pause. The dark man moved tentatively to the right. "There's a clearing around through here. He probably went this way. You go on back to the road, I'll go ahead. And keep your eyes open. It would be just like him to double back on us."

There was a muttered reply that Davey couldn't hear, and then the two men, going their separate ways, moved out of sight.

Waiting until he had regained his breath, Davey resumed his uneasy progress through the brush. He moved more slowly now, picking his way with greater care so as to spare his hands and knees. For a time the brush grew even more dense, presenting a more difficult passage, then gradually it began to thin out again. Pausing, Davey lowered his head slightly and peered ahead. He saw that he was approaching a clearing. Renewing his efforts, he pressed on.

As he drew closer he paused again. Turning his head sharply, he sniffed the air; there was an odor, something that spelled danger. Now, smelling it again and more distinctly, he knew that it was cigarette smoke.

Before his widening gaze there appeared a pair of feet encased in heavy, blunt-toed shoes. As they moved forward and stopped, he shrank slowly back in the direction from which he had just come.

Finding his way into the small reception room in the church basement, Bill glanced quickly around, saw a young woman before a long row of filing cabinets, a small stack of cards clutched in her hand.

He cleared his throat. "I beg your pardon."

The girl turned to him with surprise and then smiled. "May I help you?"

Bill stood silent for a moment, wondering exactly how to begin. "I'm looking for someone," he said finally. Suddenly the mission that had brought him here seemed destined to failure even before it had begun. "I don't know his name. I was hoping that you might be able to identify him from a description. I hate to bother you with anything so vague, but ——"

"We have quite a large congregation here at St. Mark's," the girl said doubtfully.

"Yes, I know. But this is so important. Anyway, I don't think this man would be a regular member of the church. He's—well, he's rather disreputable-looking. He must be a transient—from appearances."

"All sorts of people come to us for help. Why don't you describe this man?"

Feeling more and more strongly the futility of this interview, Bill repeated the scant description Carol had given the police. "I was hoping, since he must have torn your announcement out of the paper, that he had some sort of business here—or was at least known."

"You can't tell me any more than that about him?"

Bill thought for a moment. "He didn't have a hat."

The girl shrugged. "I'm afraid that's not much help either. Most men, I suppose—even transients—take off their hats before they come into the office. However, there have been several people in today, and there were two men who might fit your description. At any rate, they were both in the right age bracket and—well, poorly dressed. Neither of them mentioned tearing our announcement out of the newspaper." She made a flat deprecating gesture with her hands. "I can give you their names and addresses if you want." Leafing through the cards which she had dropped on the desk, she found the one she wanted and put the others aside. "Mr. Sydney Davies. The Merchants' Hotel, Commerce Street." She shook her head over this notation. "I don't know how he hopes to get a job. He's practically blind, and both hands are crippled with arthritis. I referred him to an agency, but I don't know what they can do for him." She leafed through the cards again and stopped at another. Her expression became slightly wry. "Mr. Otis Lovelace. To be reached through a waiter named Steve Beldan at a place on River Street called the Lucky Night Bar. The address is nine eight one nine. Otis Lovelace." She looked up with arched brows as she wrote it down. "Would you say that was a phony?"

Bill nodded absently. "Maybe so."

Tearing the page from the pad, the girl handed it across to him, offering, at the same time, the bonus of her brightest smile. "I think I could have made up a better alias myself."

Otis, shoving his way into the dim, stale-sweet precincts of the Lucky Night Bar, crossed over to the counter with an air of confidence and easy unconcern such as he had not exhibited in this quarter for some little time. As he lodged himself at the bar, the bartender turned and shook his head.

"No soap, Otis. No credit. So why argue?"

In an unhurried and debonair gesture of bland indifference, Otis inserted his hand into the pocket that contained his wealth.

"Credit?" he inquired. "Who wants credit? Don't be ignorant."

The bartender raised one dark brow. "Yeah? You're already into me for two bits from last night."

Extracting a quarter from his pocket, Otis placed it with a nice show of restraint on the counter. With no visible change of expression the bartender picked up the coin and pocketed it. Reaching under the counter, he produced a battered brown felt hat.

"In your hurry last night you left this."

Otis gazed upon the hat, his gaze widening with gradual disillusionment. "You lifted my lid for security? After all the trade I give you!"

"Trade!" The bartender made a brief sound of derision. "You can't remember the last time you seen a buck all in one piece."

"Oh?" Extracting his hand from his pocket, Otis held up for display not one dollar but eight—three ones and a five. Turning away, he started back toward the entrance. "They'll be glad to take my dough down at the White Dot."

Behind him the bartender leaned over the counter. "You'll be back. When they toss you out down there you'll be back looking for favors."

Refusing to dignify this statement with an answer, Otis continued out through the doorway and along the sidewalk. After a moment, a glittering black convertible pulled in toward the curb almost directly in front of him.

Otis watched with interest as the driver maneuvered the car into position, set the brake and got out. That anyone driving so fine an automobile should visit the row was a matter for lively conjecture. Otis' gaze, therefore, was close upon the young man as he turned at the fender of the car and came toward him.

Otis could not exactly decipher the expression that leaped into the young man's face as their eyes met, but it looked disconcertingly like a kind of recognition. For a moment he had the uneasy feeling that he was about to be hailed and spoken to. But then the young man's gaze fell from Otis' face to the battered hat in his hand and, ducking his head as if in embarrassment, he struck out in the direction of the Lucky Night Bar.

Wondering what business this prosperous and respectable-looking young person could possibly have inside the Lucky Night, Otis hesitated. Perhaps he should relent and go back, just for one drink. As he considered this, however, another car came to a jarring stop beside the convertible. Noting the two grim-faced occupants of this vehicle, Otis moved off hastily down the street.

Otis, like the other intimates of the row, could tell a cop just by the set of his jaw. And, like the others, he believed firmly that where the law was was the best place to be the longest way away from just as fast as you could get there.

The instant the car stopped Sergeant Mercer threw the door open and struck out rapidly in the direction of the Lucky Night Bar. He caught up with Bill practically on the threshold.

"Mr. Cleaves," he said, drawing Bill back firmly in the direction of the cars, "we've been chasing you all over town. The girl at the church said you might be here." He stopped and faced Bill levelly. "Now, look, Mr. Cleaves, I know how you feel and I hate to spoil your fun, but I've got to ask you to give this up right here."

Bill's gaze became puzzled. "Well, I know it's just a slim chance, but ——"

"You've got to leave this sort of thing to us," Sergeant Mercer broke in. "Now, just tell me, what were you planning to do once you got inside that place anyway?"

Bill hesitated. "Well, I don't know exactly; I was going to ask for this Otis Lovelace—naturally."

"And then what? Suppose they pointed to some guy and said, 'That's the bird you're

oking for'? What were you going to do
n?"
"Well"—Bill faltered—"I'd talk to him,
uess, and then—if he seemed to know any-
ng—I'd call you. I didn't have any plan
rked out."
"Mr. Cleaves, I'm not trying to embarrass
u. I just want to point out that when you
a lead like this and try to follow it up your-
f, you're just running the risk of killing it.
en if you found this guy, you'd just be tip-
g him off; he'd either disappear or clam
completely before we ever got to him.
ok, Mr. Cleaves—we work this district.
e know the score down here. Believe me,
ting information out of these guys is no
nple operation."
Bill looked up, feeling again his own use-
sness, even worse now than before. "I just
t I had to do something."
Sergeant Mercer put a hand to his shoulder.
low, you've got your choice; you can wait
t here and see what we find out or you can
on home, and we'll call you later. Frankly,
would be a relief to me to have you home
h your wife."
As Sergeant Mercer moved off toward the
cky Night Bar, Bill paused dispiritedly,
n started around the convertible to get in-
e. As he did, however, his gaze moved ab-
tly up the street and was arrested by the
e figure lurking with covert watchfulness
the corner. It was the same man who had
ght his attention when he had first got
t of the car. Bill paused. There was some-
ng about the man, something in his pale,
uisitive eyes ——
He glanced back toward the Lucky Night
r, but Sergeant Mercer had already dis-
eared inside. Bill doubted very much that
would be greatly interested in any vague
nches about random men on street corners.
netheless —— His gaze slid back toward
man in the shabby overcoat.

"Mrs. Cleaves?" the young man asked.
ly name is Mack, Harold Mack. I'm with
Express. I hear you folks are having a little
uble over here. Is that correct?"
Carol backed away a little. She hadn't
ught about the newspapers. She under-
od it could sometimes be dangerous to give
m too much information.
"My husband isn't here right now," she
d. "If you want to come back later ——"
"You want to find your little boy, don't
?"
Carol's hand, poised on the edge of the
r, hesitated. "I—of course I do."
"Then I think you ought to talk to me, Mrs.
aves. Look at it this way. So far you've
y got the police working for you on this.
ey represent a very small percentage of the
al population of this city. Wouldn't it be
ter to have the whole town out looking for
r son?"
Carol stared at him. "We're not posi-
—— He may have just run away. He
ght come home at any moment now."
"But what about the man?" the young man
ed. "That's the angle that will do you the
st good."
Carol looked up sharply. "It makes good
y; is that what you mean?"
It makes the story more important," the
ng man said. "It gets more people inter-
d. Mrs. Cleaves, a lot of identifications
e been made through the newspapers,
re than you probably realize. Fifteen min-
s after our paper hits the stands a quarter
million people will be alerted to keep an
out for your son and his abductor. Two
rs after that the figure will increase
——"

arol made a gesture of submissive help-
ness. "The part about the man," she said,
uld you keep it from sounding too—too
did?"
"We'll simply state the facts on it. What
ple will add to that sort of thing in their
minds, I don't know." His smile returned,
confident as ever. "Now, the most impor-
thing of all—do you have a picture of the
d?"
Carol's hand moved out in a quick, uncon-
us gesture of defense. Davey's picture in
newspaper!

"No," she said quickly, "no, I don't have a picture. They were all packed away and ——" She stopped abruptly, remembering the snapshot of Davey she always carried in her wallet.

"Our greatest hope," the young man said quickly, following her gaze, "is in letting the readers see what the boy looks like. A word description doesn't mean a thing to most people."

Carol barely heard him. The picture of Davey, taken in the park, was suddenly all too vivid in her mind. She saw Davey smiling and happy, standing against a background of spring blossoms. To avoid tears, she forced her attention back to what the young man was saying.

"You don't want to pass up anything that will help find your son, Mrs. Cleaves."

Carol nodded in mute wretchedness. She crossed to the window seat, picked up the red leather wallet, and removed the snapshot. Unable to resist looking down at it, she saw Davey's smiling face through a threatening blur.

"This was taken about seven months ago," she said. "He's grown a little since then, and it makes his hair look darker, but—but it looks like him, all right. Davey's smile—no one could miss his smile ——" Tearing her gaze from the picture, she turned abruptly, crossed back to the young man and placed the picture in his outstretched hand. "Will it be all right?"

The young man studied the picture briefly and smiled his reassurance. "It's fine. He's a nice-looking boy." Taking a notebook from his inside coat pocket, he inserted the picture between its pages and returned it to its place. "You won't regret you gave it to me. I'll see that you get it back."

"Yes," Carol said, "I want it back."

It seemed to Davey he had crouched, trembling, in the underbrush forever before the dark man had finally ground out his cigarette against the fallen leaves and gone off in the direction from which he had appeared. Even then, just to be sure, he had stayed in hiding a little while longer until he was quite convinced the man had really gone away. At last he crept out into the clearing and, pausing to rest his aching legs, looked carefully around.

Though it was still afternoon, the air seemed colder and more moist, as though evening were already approaching. Shivering slightly, he tried to think what he should do next. He couldn't go back to the road; the men were sure to be there waiting for him. His only choice, he supposed, was to continue on through the underbrush in hope of finding his way out to help.

After some minutes, coming to a deep, narrow gully, he made his way laboriously across and, reaching the other side, sat down on a rock to rest. The danger of discovery apparently out of the way for the moment, he turned his mind to the fact that he was hopelessly lost in this strange, wild place and needed desperately to find a way out. Tears started in his eyes, but he fought them back doggedly. Engaged in this struggle with himself, he suddenly tensed and looked around. From just a little way to his right came a sound that both frightened and baffled him—a weird, many-throated kind of gabbling. Silence followed, then again the strange sound. Rising, he started cautiously toward the trees. Shoving his way through, he peered out, his eyes round with wonder.

Directly before him appeared a large cleared area enclosed with a high wire fence. At the far end of this stood a long, narrow, unpainted shelter with a crude tar-paper roof. The thing, however, that caught up Davey's attention immediately was the hundreds and hundreds of large, odd-looking birds that were the source of the strange, intermittent sound. Their feathers, except for occasional gray and white markings, glistened blackly in the dim afternoon light. As they stalked dartingly about in groups, angry red wattles trembled beneath their pointed beaks, small black eyes blinked with glittering fierceness.

It was a long moment before Davey was fully aware of the plain, unpainted house, the shed and garage that stood in the distance beyond. Weak with relief at having found his way to civilization, he simply stood and stared. The screen door opened, and a large, gray-haired woman wearing a faded blue house dress and a bulky brown sweater appeared, carrying a basket heavy with wet clothing.

Instantly Davey shoved his way through the last of the brush and, running along the fence, started toward the yard. Then he stopped. Hastily reaching back into his hip pocket, he extracted a small leather billfold and, holding it out before him, continued on.

The billfold, a miniature one made especially for a little boy, contained a card upon which were printed Davey's name, address and telephone number. His father had told him that if he was ever lost all he would need to do was show the card to the first person he could find and they would help him.

By the time Davey reached the yard, the woman had already crossed to the clothesline and was hanging up her clothes. Hearing him behind her, she clutched a work-reddened hand to her abundant bosom and stared at him in wide-eyed astonishment.

"My goodness, child!" she exclaimed. "Where in the world did you come from?" Her smile fell away as she looked at him more closely. "Why, your face is all scratched. Have you been out in the woods?"

Davey nodded. "Please," he said breathlessly, "will you call my mother right away and let me talk to her?"

The woman knelt and held her arms out to him in wide invitation. "Come here, child," she crooned, "come here to me. Poor, frightened love, come to Selma and tell her what's wrong."

Davey hesitated, but then, pressed by his own desperate need for the comfort and protection she held out to him, he ran to her and threw himself against her. As her arms closed strongly, warmly around him, putting a sturdy wall between him and all the horror of the last several hours, he buried his face against her soft bosom and began to sob. He was only vaguely aware of the rough hand that stroked his hair.

"There, there," the woman said softly, "it's all right. Whatever it is, it's all right now. Don't be frightened any more." She started to rise, but Davey pulled away.

"Will you call my mother?" he asked tensely. "She doesn't know where I am, and there are two men on the road ——" He held out the billfold.

The woman nodded. "We'll call her. But we can't right away. We don't have a phone here on the ranch, but we'll drive down to the store as soon as we can and call her from there. Now, you come on inside and calm down and then you can tell Selma all about it. Goodness, child, you don't need to look like that. Whatever the trouble is, it's all over now and you're safe. You know that, sweetheart, don't you?"

The woman led him through the screened door into a shallow porch and then through another door into a kitchen. The room was rustic and starkly unadorned, but it was full of warmth and the wonderful sweet smell of the newly baked pie that stood on the oilcloth-covered table at the center of the room. Davey obediently held out his hands when the woman brought a basin of warm water to bathe them. Finishing with his hands, she sponged the scratch on his forehead and then, noticing his bleeding knees, rolled back the legs of his trousers and bathed them too.

She brought him a thick sandwich filled with tender white turkey meat, and a tall glass of fresh frothy milk. As he started in ravenously on the sandwich, she cut a piece of the fragrant warm pie and put it on a plate before him. Pulling out the chair at the other side of the table, she sat down and smiled at him.

When he had finished the sandwich, Davey turned immediately to the hot pie. He was just cutting into it when a door opened somewhere at the front of the house, and there was the sound of rapidly approaching footsteps.

"Selma!" a male voice called out sharply. "Selma, you in here?"

"In here, Sam," she called back. She looked back at Davey. "Looks like we'll be getting down to the store sooner than I thought. But don't you rush."

Davey looked up toward the doorway, feeling a slight apprehension at this new arrival.

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As he did so a man, wearing faded blue overalls and heavy, dirt-caked boots, appeared out of the dimness, his gaze going first to the woman, then shooting quickly, in surprise, to Davey.

"Well!" the man said as his gaze squared itself upon Davey. "Well, what do you know!" He turned back toward the doorway, at the same time nudging a thumb back toward Davey. "This the customer you're looking for?"

His heart suddenly contracting with horror, Davey found himself looking up into the cruel, triumphant face of the dark man.

As he leaped from the chair, the spoon hurtled from his hand and clattered across the floor. Whirling around toward the door, he ran, his hand clawing for the knob even before he reached it. Behind him a chair crashed to the floor, and there were swift footsteps.

A hand closed on his arm and drew him back. Davey looked up obliquely, his face contorted with fear and disbelief. The same capable hands that had so gently bathed his wounds and given him food now gripped his small shoulder in an imprisoning hold.

"Sweetheart," the woman said in dismay, "what in the world is the matter?" She looked up inquiringly at the large, dark stranger her husband had brought into the kitchen. "You looking for this boy?"

His eyes unmoving on Davey's pale, terrified face, the dark man nodded. "Yeah, I sure am, lady." He glanced up at the woman narrowly. "I bet he sure had a story to tell."

"He hasn't told me any story." A faint note of defensiveness had entered the woman's voice. "Is he your boy?"

The dark man nodded. "He ran off from me—out in the woods. I've been all over looking for him. You better believe me, kid, my patience is pretty near run out."

"He's been wanting his mother," the woman said. "He wanted me to call her."

"Sure, he always does. That's why he ran off. He's a mamma's boy." He turned to the sharp-featured man by the door. "I figured to get him out here in the sticks and rough him up a little. Figured it would do him some good."

Davey barely heard what was being said. His throat was so constricted with fear that he was momentarily beyond speech.

"The child's trembling," the woman said.

"Sissified," the narrow-faced man announced suddenly. "Turn a kid over to his mother and she'll make a no-good sissy out of him every time."

Davey looked up in silent horror as the dark man leaned down toward him. He pulled back in a convulsion of terror; his breath burst from his tightened throat in a piercing scream.

"Sweetheart!" the woman cried in alarm. "Sweetheart, you've *got* to go with your daddy. You can't just stay here."

"No!" Davey screamed. "He's not my daddy! He's bad! He's going to hurt me!"

The dark man straightened, spreading his huge hands out before him in a gesture of patient suffering.

"You see?" he said. "See what I'm up against? He gets that junk from his old woman. Isn't that something?"

"Oh, please, love," the woman said, her kindly face troubled. "It won't help to make a fuss. Now, be a good boy and go along with your father."

"Oh, Selma," the man at the doorway said wryly, "stop trying to baby him." He turned to the dark man. "You want to toughen him up, just leave him here with me for a while. Life ain't soft around this place. He'd find out what it's all about soon enough."

Davey looked up in surprise as the woman's hands tightened suddenly, almost angrily on his shoulders. And then she shoved him forward.

"Here, mister," she said, "he's yours. Take him away from here."

Before Davey could prevent it, the dark man's hand had darted out and gripped his arm. Pulling back, he kicked out as hard as he could.

"Cut that!" the dark man snapped. "One more squawk out of you and you're going to be sorry."

"You got to show kids who's boss," the man by the door said.

Davey looked around dazedly, frightened into silence by the dark man's threat. The woman hardly met his glance. Hopelessly, now that his last source of protection had deserted him, he allowed himself to be led toward the door.

Selma Morton picked up the fallen chair and lowered herself stiffly into it, letting her gaze fall away to the spoon that lay on the floor by the sink, its tip reddened with the sweet juice of the berry pie. She made no move to rise and pick it up. Finally, with a sigh, she ran a hand over her disordered gray hair.

"I don't feel right about that boy, Sam," she said. "He was too scared. No child's that scared of his own father. Not if there isn't something awful wrong."

"You think we should've tried to hold the kid back from his own father?"

"They just didn't fit together," Selma insisted, "not that boy and that man. Just the way the boy was dressed ——"

"The trouble with you," Sam said with sudden anger, "is you want to baby everybody."

"Maybe," she murmured, "maybe I do. Maybe I need to. If I do it's no great wonder, is it?"

The muscles in Sam's face seemed to tense and draw together into a unified hardness. "You starting that again?"

"Again?" Selma looked up. "We haven't mentioned little Sam's name in this house since I don't know when." She straightened. "And I'm going to talk about him if I want to. I think about him all the time, don't I? I miss him more every day I'm alive."

Sam's face remained leathery and set. "If you do, whose fault is it? You babied him and weakened him till he didn't have the stamina of a runt pup."

"He was sick!" Her voice rose with quickened fierceness. "He had a fever. But would you listen? No, you had to take him out in the cold to cut brush! A sick child with a fever!"

"That's all made up, and you know it!" Sam came forward threateningly from the doorway. "He just didn't want to go out with me. And why didn't he? 'Cause you wanted him to stay here where you could pamper and baby him! Maybe it's a good thing he's gone. I hate to think what kind of man he'd've turned into if you had your way!"

Selma's face drained. One hand moved out uncertainly as if in search of some physical support. When she finally spoke her voice, though quiet, trembled with emotion.

"I swore I'd never say it to you, Sam, I swore I wouldn't. But now I'm going to. You're a selfish, jealous, mean man. There was nothing wrong with Sam Junior, never was. The trouble was you. He was a blessing to us, that boy, coming so late in life. And he was a fine boy too. But you were jealous. You wanted him to love just you. And you wanted the same from me too. You didn't want us to have anything for each other. You were jealous and mean about that boy, and if you want to blame somebody because he isn't here now, you can blame the same man you see in your mirror."

Her voice trailed off into a silence that remained charged with the words that had trembled from her lips. After a moment, his face stark and unyielding, Sam turned away.

"I came in to clean up and drive to the store," he said flatly. "If you want to come along, you better get ready." He started out of the room, then unexpectedly turned back. "Anyway—what happened between that boy and his father is none of our business. A man's got a right to raise his own boy however he wants."

For a moment, after he had gone, Selma stood perfectly still, refusing to yield to the tears that pressed closely behind her eyes. Then, catching sight of a small rectangle of leather at the far side of the table, she opened it and saw the identification card inside.

"Davey Cleaves," she whispered.

Again the boy's frightened, tearstained face rose clearly in her mind. Her gaze rose thoughtfully from the wallet to the doorway through which Sam had just disappeared. And then she slipped the wallet into the pocket of her sweater.

Hidden in the recessed doorway of the abandoned building, Otis pulled his overcoat more tightly about him and stared off bleakly into space. A deadening pall had fallen over his previous mood of unblemished well-being. There were not only the cops to worry about, but the tense-looking young man who twice now had exhibited a disconcerting interest in him.

Just at first, the young man had seemed familiar. Otis narrowed his eyes in an effort to think where he might have seen him before. The more he thought about it, however, the more it eluded him. Finally he turned his mind to the more immediate problem of getting, unobserved, to the White Dot across the street.

Edging forward for a cautious look along the street, Otis heard approaching footsteps and instantly drew back again. The footsteps came closer, started to pass and then stopped.

"Excuse me," a voice said.

At the first sight of the young man standing there looking in at him, Otis panicked. Thinking only of the safety that awaited him across the street, he lunged blindly forward, shoved the startled young man aside and bolted across the sidewalk. Taking a path between two parked cars, he darted out into the street.

Running, the world before him a gray blur, Otis heard the young man shout suddenly behind him. Too late, as the shout sounded again, rising to become a part of the nearer, shriller sound of a blaring horn, Otis looked around to see the car bearing down upon him. As if mesmerized, he stopped and stood stock-still. In the next instant, the sound of screaming brakes wild in his ears, the brightness at which he stared seemed to stab forward into his head and explode into a blinding whiteness.

Bill stood frozen on the curb. For a moment the street was still around him and then, from establishments he had thought long deserted, there poured forth onto the sidewalks derelicts of all sizes and descriptions. The driver of the car, a pale, frightened man in a cheap brown suit, scrambled quickly out to the pavement and stood looking down at Otis' still, crumpled figure with open-mouthed horror.

"He stepped right out in front of me," he said faintly to nobody in particular.

Bill nodded, but did not answer. His attention moved back to the motionless body in front of the car. Why had the man been so terrified of him? Why had he run like that? Footsteps sounded swiftly behind him, and he turned to see Sergeant Mercer and his companion hurrying toward him.

"I don't know what happened," Bill said dazedly. "I saw him—he looked as if he recognized me —— He ran ——"

The sergeant cast him a swift glance and knelt down beside the sprawled figure.

"He ran right out in front of me," the driver said. "There wasn't a thing I could do ——"

"O.K.," Sergeant Mercer said. "Get back into your car. There'll be someone to talk to you in a minute." He made a motion to the crowd which had started to creep forward from the sidewalk. "Stay back!" he warned. "Stay back on the sidewalk." He waited for them to move back. "Anybody know this man?"

The query was answered by a profound silence. Shrugging, the sergeant turned back to the crumpled man, started a systematic search of his pockets. Reaching into the right-hand pocket of the shabby overcoat, he felt something and pulled it out. Looking down for a moment, he turned around to Bill and held it out to him.

His eyes fastened on the raggedly torn newspaper clipping, Bill took a faltering step forward. "Is he dead?" he asked.

Leaving the motor idling, the dark man pulled the truck to a slow stop and sat for a time in moody introspection. At the other side of the cab the blond man was silent. Huddled between them, Davey was only thankful he had managed not to be sick; there was no telling what they might have done to him. The dark man nodded up ahead.

"That's the highway up there," he said. "After the grind on this road, we're going to have to stop and cool the engine somewhere. There's a place at the junction. I can call in to the office from there and tell them we got hung up. I'll tell them we had trouble with the brakes again. Just remember."

The blond man nodded, then glanced down, just perceptibly, toward Davey. "What about him?"

"That's what I stopped for." Reaching up to the open cubicle behind the seat, the dark man brought out a roll of light cord. Reaching across Davey, he handed it to the blond man. "Take him back to the van and tie him up." He regarded Davey with faint amusement. "How about that, Houdini? You're going



"I know I 'don't give hardly nobody else such rotten grades in English,' but I have my reasons."

ce that just fine, huh? You think it's great ick in the van, don't you?"

Davey managed a slight shrugging motion.

he blond man stirred uneasily.

"You got some objection?"

"No," the blond man said slowly, "but, ok, what about ——"

"Now, please," the dark man said with arch oliteness, "don't give me no rude interrupons. We're going to dump the load and go on ick into town. Just like nothing ever hapened."

There was a pause. "But the kid ——"

"What about the kid?"

"His folks might be there when we get ere."

"You think so, huh? You actually think ey're going to be sitting out there with their d missing?"

"But maybe somebody saw him get in."

"O.K., suppose they did? Suppose his folks e sitting there when we pull in. We stop out ont and we check the load for the turn. We g the kid. We roll him up in a tarp. We put m under the pads. When they tell us he's issing, we turn the van inside out looking r him. And guess what we don't find a whole t? We don't find the kid. Besides, they ain't oing to be there."

"But later, Bull, what about *that?* What out ——"

Davey looked up just in time to glimpse the ond man nodding toward him. There was a ience, and Davey could not resist a compulon to glance around at the dark man.

"Everybody figures he's somewhere back in e city, don't they? They figure that's where ey're going to find him. Well, I figure they're oing to find him there too. So—if he was back ere, and we were out here all day, that proves e don't know nothing about it, don't it?" He odded toward the rear. "Now, haul out and t with it." He reached to the door and oved it open. "I'll stand out on the road in se anybody comes along."

As the blond man lifted him out of the cab d lowered him to the ground, Davey's ightened glance darted out quickly to the y, uneven landscape beyond the road. The ond man quickly took his hand.

"Don't do nothing," he said in a low, imrative voice. "Honest, kid, don't do nothing nny. He's been drinking."

When they reached the back of the van, the ond man lifted Davey up inside. Looking at m in a kind of shared misery, he reached ound to his hip pocket and brought out the ll of cord.

"O.K.," he said, "turn around."

After tying Davey's hands behind his back, had him sit down on a nearby pad and tied s feet. For a moment he seemed about to eak, but instead he turned away to the open or.

"O.K., Bull," he said, "all set." He started wn out of the van, but the dark man put t a hand to stop him.

"You just settle down there beside him," said.

The blond man's head snapped up sharply. Huh?" he said. "What for?"

"You can keep him quiet."

"Quiet? He won't make any noise."

"He won't for sure if you're back here to e he don't."

"Bull—wait a minute! You got some special ason why you want me back here? Except out the kid?"

"Special reason?" The dark man grinned. ike what?"

Before the blond man could speak again, e door slammed shut, and he and Davey ere closed into darkness. The handle scraped to its harbor, locking them in. Through the nstant, distant muttering of the motor, avey made out the quick, whispering rhythm the blond man's frightened breath. The und came closer as the man knelt down beide him.

"Kid, listen, don't be scared. He ain't going hurt you. He's crazy right now, see, he's nd of excited. But he'll pull out of it before—fore he does anything. I've seen him before. ou ain't worried, huh?"

Knowing somehow that the man was talkg more to himself than to him, Davey withld any answer. The van lurched forward, and in the darkness behind them the furniture shifted, making a weird moaning sound.

Selma sat stolidly beside Sam on the seat of the pickup, her hand tight upon the door handle, steadying herself against the constant jouncing. She had made up her mind; when she got to the store she was going to put through a call to the boy's mother, whether Sam thought it was any of her business or not.

There were many things Selma wanted to tell Davey Cleaves' mother. If she could only find a way to tell her how she had failed her own son and lost him—well, maybe Sam Junior's death would at least go to help someone else. At any rate, Selma was determined to put through the call. Sam wouldn't need to know about it.

There was only one phone in the store, and that an exposed one on the wall. Usually, however, Sam went outside to talk to Bert Lewison, the owner, while she and Olive, Bert's wife, made up her list of stores and got them ready to carry home. She'd just have to wait until the two men were out of sight and put the call through then. She could trust Olive not to tell; Olive knew how it was sometimes that a woman had to keep secrets from her husband.

When they pulled up into the graveled yard of the store Bert was out at the gasoline pumps next to the highway, servicing a customer. Sam had just braked to a stop, however, when Selma looked around to see Bert giving the driver a brisk salute of farewell.

Selma crossed to the store and entered. Making her way toward the counter, she noted with a sinking heart that the two men had followed after her. Nevertheless, she smiled at Olive, who, putting aside her fashion magazine, came forward.

"Hi, Sel," Olive said with nasal geniality, "good to see you. Isn't it turning nasty, though?"

Selma nodded. "We've had better." Opening her purse, she passed her hand over the smooth surface of the little wallet and took out her shopping list. As she did so, she slid a furtive glance toward the end of the counter where the phone hung on the wall. At the same time, from the corner of her eye, she saw the two men settle themselves heavily into the chairs next to the stove.

Olive picked up Selma's list from the counter and, retreating to the shelves, began to collect the items and bring them, a few at a time, back to the counter. Moving constantly back and forth, she kept up a running, babbling chatter. The men beside the stove talked on contentedly, showing no inclination to leave and go outside. Sam, noticing that Selma had turned in their direction, looked up.

"You women better get a move on," he said. "There's a storm coming up."

Selma darted another glance toward the phone. She wondered if she should just go ahead and make the call right there in front of Sam whether he liked it or not. In the end, she decided she shouldn't. She had already hurt him very deeply today.

"We're just about through," she said. Then, pausing, she forced herself to go on. "What about the feed for the birds? We got enough to see us through till next week?"

The feed, she knew, was kept in a shed with an outside entrance at the rear of the store. If she could just worry Sam into thinking they needed another sack or two, he and Bert would have to go outside to get it. She watched hopefully as Sam thought it over.

"Didn't we put in extra last time?" he said.

"It won't hurt to be safe. Remember when we ran short once before and had to make a special trip."

Sam nodded. "I guess it won't hurt. It's always good to have some extra on hand."

"O.K.," Bert said. "Let's go drag 'er out."

Selma, watching after them until they had passed beyond the windows and around the corner of the building, turned to Olive.

"Olive," she said with sudden breathlessness, "you've got to do me a favor. I've got to make a call to the city, and Sam mustn't know. We had a bad falling out today."

Olive's tired face came instantly alive with interest. "I thought so," she said. "You been

CONTINUED ON PAGE 107

WHAT DO DOCTORS DO TO RELIEVE TENSE NERVOUS HEADACHES?

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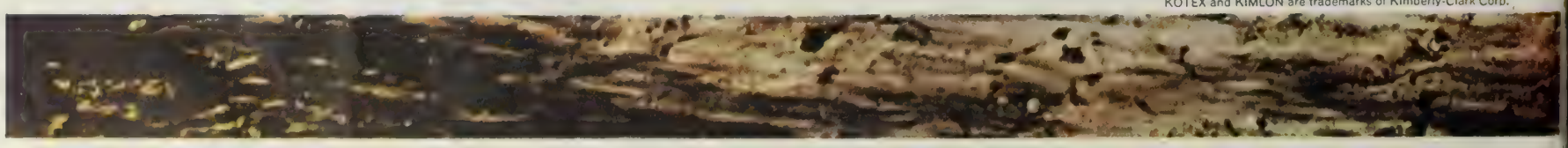
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105

ing funny ever since you got here. I knew
mething was up."

'Olive, this is serious. All you've got to do
watch out and see they don't come back
d catch me."

As Olive started toward the front, Selma
ved quickly down the length of the counter
the phone. Opening her bag, she took out
small billfold and her coin purse. Taking
change from the purse, she spread it out
se by on the counter. With a hand that
mbled she picked up one of the dimes and,
pping it into the slot, dialed for the oper-
r. Looking out toward Olive, stationed at
windows, she waited for an answer. Finally
dime clanged back into the slot and the
erator spoke at the other end of the line.
ma snatched up the wallet and read off the
me of the city and the number.

'Will it take long to make the connec-
n?"

'Not more than just a minute, I'm sure,"
operator replied. "Just hold the line,
ase." With a click, she was gone. As Selma
red nervously at the mouthpiece, there were
re clicks, a rapid series of them, and then a
nming silence. Rehearsing in her mind
at she wanted to say, so as not to waste
e when she got Mrs. Cleaves on the phone,
looked back again at Olive.

'You don't see them, do you?"

At the windows, Olive turned and shook her
d. "Not yet," she said, "but that don't
an they're not coming."

Carol, having forgotten that the phone was
beside her on the window seat, jumped
htly as it cried out with unexpected shrill-
s. She had been looking out the window,
ching the street lamps come on at the
er perimeter of the park. Taking a deep
ath to still the sudden pounding of her
rt, she turned away and picked up the re-
er.

'Yes?" she inquired.

There was no answer, only the electric hum
he wire and, she thought, the faint sound
eavy breathing.

'Hello?" she said more loudly. "Who is it,
ase?"

The silence resumed a moment longer, and
n a voice spoke, a male voice, young and
h-pitched with tension.

'Mrs. Cleaves?" it demanded. "Mrs. Wil-
n Cleaves?"

Frowning, Carol pressed the receiver closer
her ear. "This is Mrs. Cleaves. Please—
at do you want?"

Again there was silence, then a quick, pre-
atory intake of breath. "We got the kid,
s. Cleaves. You ready to listen to the deal?"

For a moment Carol was beyond speech. It
as though she had received a swift, sting-
blow across the face; her heart seemed to
tract and grow cold. They had Davey!
l then, just in time, a warning echoed
ply from the back of her mind. "*You'll be
ing from the cranks, lady. Better brace
self; you may find out just how mean some
ple can be.*"

It was the possessor of the tired, official-
nding voice who had given her that warn-
when she had called to ask if she'd been
ng to give Davey's picture to the young
from the newspaper. *You'll be hearing
the cranks.* . . . And still there was the
ice ——

'Mrs. Cleaves?"

Carol tried hard to keep her voice calm.
u have . . . my little boy?"

'We've got him." There was a faint telltale
ation. "Ten thousand is the tab. Cash.
ll bills. You'll deliver yourself."

It was the voice of just a boy, Carol thought
a deep sense of shock, just a boy. "How
know you're telling the truth?" she man-
ged to ask.

'You'll know all right if you don't pay up."

Carol paused, trying to think. In a sense
wanted desperately to believe that having
ey back was only a matter of money, and
he dared not believe it.

'd like proof," she said. "Will you send
one of his slippers?"

Slippers?" The voice spoke this time with
te of surprise.

"Yes. He was wearing his house slippers when he disappeared." Again Carol paused, then forced herself to go on. She had to be sure. "Will you send one of them?"

There was a prolonged silence this time, and the sound of muffled voices as if a hand had been placed over the mouthpiece. It was a lie, then, all of it; anyone who had seen Davey would know he wasn't wearing slippers. She started to lower the receiver from her ear, but the voice spoke again.

"We don't have them. He lost them in the struggle. Look, Mrs. Cleaves, let's stop horsing around. If you want to see your kid alive ——"

Unable to stand any more of it, Carol turned away. "Beast!" she breathed. "Filthy, heartless little beast!"

For a long moment she simply sat there, too shaken to move, too numbed to think. Then, seeing that she still clutched the receiver, she dropped it in revulsion. Oblivious of the clatter as the instrument struck the floor, she clasped her hands together, tight, tight, pressing against the sick hysteria that threatened from within. What an intolerably ugly place the world had become since just this morning.

Selma, holding her gaze tensely on Olive, continued to listen for an answer. So far there had been only vague noises on the line, clicks and snaps, but there was still no connection. Finally there was a louder, more definite click, and she sensed a presence at the other end of the line.

"Hello?" she said eagerly. "Hello, please?"

"I'm sorry," the operator said, "that line is in use. Shall I keep trying and call you back in fifteen minutes?"

"Fifteen minutes!" Selma said in dismay. "Oh, I don't think—I can't possibly wait that long."

"I can try in five minutes."

"I don't know." She frowned in an agony of indecision. "I ——"

How to Dress Well on Practically Nothing!

Who would feel so fanciful as to find butterflies in January?
And who is practical enough to start her spring fashion planning right now?
Barbara J., of course, and it all adds up to . . .

a Bright New Year!

Midwinter and between seasons, but Barbara J. doesn't let up on her fashion thinking at all. Now is the time she plans ahead for her important investments for the next two months. When those first balmy days appear she won't find herself picking up something hit-or-miss at the last minute, or in a quandary about what to wear. Besides carefully plotting her spring wardrobe, Barbara decides to spend a few fashion $'s and looks for something to wear right now. She falls in love with a fabric of clear yellow silk scattered with butterflies—buys it and makes an "Easy to Make" dress. It's a wonderfully bright addition worn under her blue winter coat, and for spring and summer will stand on its very own. By Bet Hart



Barbara adds more yellow—this time a chiffon scarf at the neckline. Uses last summer's black patent belt for a contrast.

©VOGUE



*Barbara J. wears her new dress (she started making it three evenings ago!). She likes the detachable scarf—thinks of many ways to tie it. The skirt has soft, unpressed pleats. Because Barbara makes her dress, she feels she can splurge on the fabric—a yellow silk in a heavenly butterfly pattern. Cost of dress, $16.10 (for size 10). Vogue "Easy to Make" Design No. 9670.**

* For other views, sizes and price, see page 127.



Without the scarf, Barbara likes a single strand of pearls to accent the high round neckline. Might add a scarf and gold pin at the waistline.

On a more romantic evening, Barbara adds lots of pearls, a moss-green ribbon at the waistline, accents with her jeweled pin.



Even though Barbara's investment would make almost any day look warm and sunny, for an especially chilly one in January she adds her white wool cardigan she made last November. A pretty look with the lemon yellow.



With a sudden frantic wave of the hand, Olive left the windows and came back swiftly to the counter. "They're coming! I heard them!"

Selma looked at the phone in helpless appeal. "Never mind," she said, "cancel the call."

Olive leaned forward across the counter, her voice an urgent whisper. "Look, I tell you what: when you get out in the truck, I'll come running out and say I've got to see you about something—something about the account. Then you come on in and ——"

Selma shook her head. "No. You can see in from the truck. I looked when we parked."

Olive started to say something more, then clamped her lips tight shut and turned away to the shelves. Behind them the door opened, and Bert's hearty laugh exploded into the room.

"Look at them, with their heads together and their tongues wagging faster than a pup's tail. O.K., girls, what's the dirt?"

Olive looked around over her shoulder and made a face. "Do we ask what you talk about?" Coming back to the counter, she reached underneath, brought up a large cardboard carton and started heaping Selma's things into it.

Sam cleared his throat uneasily from across the room. "We better step along, Sel," he said. "There's a storm coming up for sure."

Selma turned and nodded. As she did so, she saw with a start that, in her nervousness, she had left her coin purse and change on the counter beneath the phone. Trying to move casually, she crossed to it, scooped the change into the purse and dropped it into her bag. Turning back, putting the purse under her arm, she caught Sam's gaze just as it darted quickly away.

"There we are!" Olive said with shrill heartiness, shoving the packed carton out to the edge of the counter. "Carry this out for the nice people, Bert."

Selma followed the men out to the truck in silence and waited while Bert lifted the carton onto the seat. As he backed off, Selma got into the truck and looked back wistfully toward the interior of the store. At the opposite side of the car, Sam slid in under the wheel and slammed the door. Turning on the motor, he set the shift and signaled a perfunctory good-by to Bert. They started slowly forward, turning out toward the road.

"Sam," Selma said suddenly, "stop."

Almost instantly Sam put on the brake, turning to her in surprise. From where they sat now, beyond the corner of the store, the interior was hidden from view.

"I forgot," Selma said quickly, "I wanted the evening paper. I'll run back in and get it."

She reached for the door, but as she did Sam turned in the seat and looked back.

"Just a minute," he said. "Bert's still out front. He'll get it for you." He gave the horn two light taps.

At the front of the store, Bert stopped, looked back. Sam reached out past Selma and rolled down the window.

"Say, Bert," he said, "Sel wants the paper. Will you bring her one?"

Bert picked up a paper. Folding it over neatly upon itself, he carried it back to the truck. As he handed it in to her, Selma's gaze drifted wanly to the lighted front of the store. There was an exchange of brief good-bys, and Sam guided the pickup out of the yard and onto the road.

By now the early darkness had all but obliterated the countryside. The headlights, stabbing unevenly into the darkness, plucked at the rutted road ahead, making it a pathway of black darting shadows. The rain began to spatter against the windshield with light irregularity. Sam reached out to the dash and turned on the wipers. The road before Selma became a streaked blur and then cleared. Sam glanced briefly in her direction, then quickly away again toward the road.

"I was just wondering," he said, "since you went to so much trouble over it—who was you ringing up on the telephone?"

"It's raining."

In the darkness, Davey stirred. Since the van had moved out onto the highway it had been much quieter, and Davey, exhausted beyond the reach of terror, had dropped off into a state of dim half-consciousness.

"It's getting cold," the man went on. He paused. "Kid, you cold?"

Davey made a small affirmative sound. Now that he was fully awake again, he had begun to shiver. The man moved beside him, and then the pad upon which Davey rested was folded up lightly around him. A final tremor shook his small body, and he relaxed into the pad's soft warmth.

"Kid"—there was a note of quiet urgency in his voice—"listen to me, kid. This—none of this was my idea. Honest, I didn't have nothing to do with it. When I picked up with Bull I didn't know what I was getting into. I met him down at work, and he said why didn't we split expenses on a room. He seemed O.K. I mean—I never been mixed up in this kind of stuff. You understand?"

Davey remained silent. He understood everything the man said, but he was puzzled about why he should want to say it to him.

"Look: that business back there when we ditched that guy under the bridge—Bull did that. I tried to stop him, but he was drunk and . . . well, I was scared and then—well, it was too late. If you cross Bull, he'll do anything to you. I told you, he gets kind of crazy —— You understand?"

Lost in confusion, Davey huddled deeper into the pad.

"Look, kid, I don't know—maybe there's nothing I can do. You got to be smart to handle him. But I would, kid, I would, honest, if I could. You know that, don't you?" The man shifted again in the dark. "Suppose something happens. Suppose you get a break—Bull lets up on you or something. If you get out of this will you tell them what I said? Will you tell them I didn't have nothing to do with it? Say I was nice to you, huh? Will you?"

Davey leaned forward, the cords tightening around his wrists. "What—what would he do to me?" he asked. "You said before everything was going to be all right ——"

"Sure," the man said. "Sure, it is." He sighed deeply, tremulously. "Sure. Don't you worry."

Under the moan of the motor and the rain falling against the top of the van, the man's voice fell away into silence. And then, slowly, there was a strange, new sound, and Davey turned in the darkness with a feeling of astonishment.

The blond man was crying.

The night cries of the city came distantly into the room, but Carol did not hear them. Time seemed to have stopped. She wanted to weep, for Davey and for the lost world of happiness they had shared only yesterday. But her grief was locked tightly inside, a dull, aching pain that consumed her utterly. As approaching footsteps echoed from beyond the door, she barely turned her head, as if the sound had no meaning for her. Only when the ring of the doorbell knifed into the room did she look up in alarm.

It couldn't be Bill. He had his key. Or even if he hadn't, he would know to call out to her. As would Mr. McCracken or the police. The bell rang again, and she rose, frightened, the memory of the phone call vivid in her mind. Had she thought to turn the catch the last time she was at the door? She was almost certain she hadn't.

There was a moment of silence, and then, outside, a hand fell to the knob of the door and turned it. Jarred into action, she darted forward. "Who is it?" she cried. "What do you want?"

The door swung open, and a heavy, coated figure loomed suddenly before her, silhouetted darkly against the light from the hall.

Carol put out a hand. "Please ——" she gasped.

"Mrs. Cleaves," the figure said, almost in a whisper. "Oh, Mrs. Cleaves ——"

Carol found the light switch and turned it on. She stared, unable to speak. Then it came all in a rush. "Irma! Irma, oh, Irma!"

In the sudden glare, Mrs. Primus glanced down almost guiltily at the newspaper in her hand and shoved it into the pocket of her coat.

"My poor baby," she said softly. "Poor, poor child." As Carol came forward to her, she held her arms out wide to receive her. "I came as soon as I saw the paper."

Carol buried her face deeply against Mrs. Primus' wide shoulder. The tears came freely, beginning to let out some of the pain. "It's so terrible!" she sobbed. "You'll never know how terrible it is!"

The doctor leaned down close to Otis' ear. "Mr. Lovelace," he said evenly, "can you hear me?"

At the other side of the bed Bill glanced up toward Sergeant Mercer, then down again at Otis' drained, gaunt face. Otis' eyelids flickered once, twice, then opened slightly to a position of glimmering awareness. "Thirsty," he whispered dryly. "Thirsty."

The doctor glanced briefly across at Bill and the sergeant, then turned back to Otis. "You've been in an accident, Mr. Lovelace. You are in a hospital. Do you understand that? We're taking care of you the best we can."

"Doctor?" Otis whispered. His eyelids flickered and closed.

Bill, moving anxiously forward, met the doctor's gaze as it lifted toward him.

"He's still under sedation," the doctor said. "I warned you." He turned back to Otis. "Mr. Lovelace. Listen to me. Do you hear me?"

For a moment there was no sign, then Otis' head moved slightly on the pillow. His eyelids stirred and suddenly opened even wider than before. His gaze, seeking the source of the voice, moved toward the doctor. His tongue passed again over his pale lips. "I—I'm thirsty—very—thirsty."

"You can have some water later," the doctor said, "not now. Mr. Lovelace"—Otis' gaze, having cleared somewhat, was now rigidly fastened on the doctor's face—"Mr. Lovelace, there are some gentlemen here who need to talk to you."

"Mr. Lovelace," Sergeant Mercer said.

Slowly, with a faint flicker of alarm, Otis' eyes moved in his direction. Sergeant Mercer leaned forward.

"Otis ——"

With a wince of pain, Otis shook his head. "I—no," he said. "No ——"

"Otis," Sergeant Mercer said, "this morning you went to Sherman Park. You sat on a bench just inside the west entrance and you read a newspaper. Do you remember?"

Otis' stare remained blank.

"The park," the sergeant repeated with heavy emphasis. "You were in the park."

"I was in the park," Otis whispered. "Yes ——" Again his voice grew dim. His eyelids flickered, threatening to close.

Sergeant Mercer looked across at the doctor, and the doctor nodded for him to go ahead.

"Now, the park," Sergeant Mercer sai "Try hard to think about when you were in t park. You were sitting on a bench."

Otis pondered this deeply, but gave no sig "And you were reading a newspaper."

"Yes—oh, yes ——"

"Now, Otis, try hard to remember. List very carefully. A little boy came up to you, little boy. He was wearing brown pants and tan sweater ——"

Otis seemed to struggle with the sergeant words, trying to wrest from them their mea ing. Suddenly he looked up with what seeme to be complete understanding. "The litt boy ——"

The sergeant leaned forward eagerly. "Th little boy who came and talked to you in t park."

Otis shook his head. "No," he said.

Sensing Bill's quick movement behind hin the sergeant held up a warning hand. "No What do you mean?"

"No—no ——"

"There wasn't a little boy?"

Otis continued to stare into the sergeant earnest face. Under the blankets there was slight movement as though he had tried to li his hand.

"The little boy," he nodded. "He went—o yes ——"

"Go on," the sergeant said urgently. "H went where? What happened? He came out the apartment house and down the steps ——

Otis nodded. "He—he went up—up-up ——" Again the hand moved under t blanket as if in a feeble gesture of descriptio His gaze grew dulled, and his eyelids began droop.

"Up where? The boy went up—up ——"

Otis licked his parched lips as they labor over the words. "Up," he managed to sa "He went up—up ——" Suddenly his ey closed, and his head lolled to one side. H breathing became a dry rasp.

"Otis ——" Sergeant Mercer said.

Beckoning the nurse forward, the doctor pu a hand to the side of the bed. "I'm sorry," h said. "We'll have to call a halt. We've got t move fast." His tone was flat, final. "I've g to ask you gentlemen to leave."

"But, doctor!" Bill protested.

"I'm sorry," the doctor cut in sternly. "B isn't up to any more."

Bill drew back. "What about later?" he sai "Can we talk to him later?"

The doctor crossed around the bed, an taking Bill's arm, led him to the door. "I can say for sure," he said. "Tomorrow afternoo perhaps—if we're lucky."

"Tomorrow afternoon!"

Nodding, the doctor opened the door an motioned them outside. "At the earliest," h said.

In the hallway, Bill stopped and looke back at the closed door, his eyes dark wit desperation. Sergeant Mercer reached out t him.

"Mr. Cleaves, he did the best for us h could. He stuck out his neck for us. Try t understand that."

"But we didn't find out anything. Just th he *did* see Davey. Sergeant, that man kidnape my son! And I'm not even allowed to ——

"Easy," Sergeant Mercer said firmly. "Nov take it easy."

Allowing himself to be led to the bench a the other side of the hall, Bill sat down an ran a hand across his face in a gesture o frustration.

"Now, try to relax. Maybe we did get some thing out of him after all. The boy went up, h said. Does that suggest anything to you?"

In a sudden gesture of violence Bill brough his hand down flatly on his knee. His di appointment was so bitter he could no longe contain it. "Sergeant," he said, "it doesn mean a thing!"

The realization that he had found, perhap an ally in the blond man had turned Davey thinking in a new direction. Still, he was hes tant. If the blond man wasn't really his frien then his idea—the mere telling of it—coul only make matters worse. For the past sever minutes, turning it over in his mind, he ha remained in a state of tortured indecisio Now, as the van slowed down, the brak

SNOW FLURRY AT MIDNIGHT

By BARBARA SHOOK HAZEN

A whirlpool of whiteness
  Lathers the land,
Lacquers the pine
  With a fringed, icy hand,
Soft as the down
  Of a white bird waking,
Fair as the foam
  Of a long wave breaking,
Hushed as the sound
  Of a feather fall.
White on white,
  Snow covers all.

wheezing, bringing it to a stop, there was no more time to weigh and consider.

The door swung open, and the dark man, his head and shoulders looming solidly above the horizon of the floor, appeared indistinctly in the outer darkness. Davey shivered against the icy blast that rushed in through the open doorway.

"Bull ——"

The dark man lurched backward and seemed for a moment about to lose his balance. The blond man, now in sharp silhouette in front of Davey, looked down tensely.

"You tanked?" he asked.

The dark man, steadying himself against the door, threw his head back loosely and looked up. "I picked up reinforcements back at the room," he said. "What's it to you? Skunked, I'm a better man than you. At least I'm a man."

"O.K.," the blond man said quietly. "You'll probably work it off moving the stuff anyway."

"Sure I will." The dark man laughed. "I'll work it off." He lumbered off into the darkness.

The blond man, turning back to Davey, leaned down toward him. In that instant Davey decided.

"Mister," he whispered, "I know where there's a gun." Davey could not see the man's face, but he knew from his sudden stillness he had understood.

"A gun?" he said finally. "Look, kid, where?"

"It's my father's," Davey said. "It's in the green box he had down in the basement. He put it in with his fishing stuff. He showed me."

"Yeah, I know the one. We brought all that stuff up last. I carried it myself. Look, kid, you're not just making this up? You're sure?"

"Yes, I am," Davey said earnestly. "It's there."

"Is it loaded?"

Davey hesitated. "I don't know."

"Your old man probably didn't pack it up loaded. Where are the bullets?"

"In the red box?" Davey said. "I don't know. They're in with the gun somewhere."

Nodding, the blond man looked across at the random boxes packed loosely at the end of the van. "It's right here somewhere," he murmured. Moving away into the shadows, he rummaged about for a moment and then returned, holding something in his hands. "This it?"

Davey looked at the box. "Yes," he said. "Now are you going to untie me?"

The man paused, uncertain. "No," he said, "better wait till I've got the gun first. I can't take a chance till I'm sure. But you take it easy." His voice, even though he whispered, had become firmer, more full-timbred. He patted Davy's shoulder. "You're O.K., kid," he said, "you're all right."

At the edge of the van, he crouched and, bracing himself, slid over and down to the ground. Bending down out of sight, he placed the tin box somewhere in the dense shadows under the truck. As he straightened, the dark man suddenly appeared out of the darkness, towering at the edge of the door.

"The joint's open," he said thickly. He looked up into the truck. "What you been doing? You ain't even dropped the ramp yet. We gotta blast out of here, remember? We're in a hurry."

Moving to the end of the van, unfastening the other door and hurling it open, he boosted himself up inside. Davey, feeling the jar of his weight as he landed, looked up to see him stagger to the right and catch himself with one hand against the wall. Shoving himself away, he wheeled around toward the blond man.

"I'll throw it out," he said, "you catch it."

Fumblingly, he managed to extricate the ramp from its moorings along the wall and hand it down to the blond man, who lowered it into place. When the ramp was set the blond man came up into the van, and without even glancing in Davey's direction picked up one of the lighter cardboard boxes and started away toward the house.

Following Sam into the kitchen, Selma wearily removed her worn cotton workman's gloves and dropped them on the table. She was still thinking about the trip home from the store. She shouldn't have told Sam the truth; she should have made up a story about calling one of the church ladies in town. Still, she had hoped, in desperation, that Sam might sanction the call and turn back, if she put it to him the right way.

"It's only a little way back," she had pleaded. "Sam, try to understand—I've just got this feeling in me. I can't help it."

"It was none of your business to try to call that woman," he said. "We've never meddled in other people's affairs and we ain't going to start now."

The rest of the trip had passed in silence, and they had hardly spoken a word since. Taking the things from the carton, carrying them to the shelves over the sink, Selma was all too aware of Sam's watching gaze. She wished he would go away and leave her alone.

"You better go wash up," she said. "I'll have supper ready in a minute."

But he made no move to go. Finally he spoke. "Sel," he said, "I ——" His voice fell away for a moment, and then the rest of it came in a quiet rush. "Look, Sel, will you feel better if you go back to the store and call that woman?"

Selma's hand fell away from the shelf in surprise; she was caught with a sudden breathlessness

"If it'll make you feel better ——" Sam said. Again his voice trailed off in embarrassment, and she spoke quickly, to help him out.

"That's nice of you, Sam," she said.

In a wonderful sort of way she felt awkward and foolish. All in an instant everything seemed miraculously changed. His offer of understanding—at least a willingness to understand—had transformed the whole world. Looking up, meeting the look of helpless pleading in his eyes, even the urgency she had felt about the telephone call fell away from her.

"Why don't we have supper first," she said softly, "and then we'll see how we feel? I guess you must be hungry."

For a long moment Selma simply stood, smiling, then went briskly about the business of fixing supper. She had just begun to slice raw potatoes into a hot skillet when he sat down at the table.

"Look, Sel," he said after a moment, "about today, and what you said ——"

Selma turned quickly to stop him, knowing through some native wisdom that, for the moment, silence would do more to heal matters than words. "You're tired, Sam," she said. "Why don't you just sit there and read the paper till I've got this ready?" She smiled to assure him. "It's all right, Sam."

He nodded and looked away. "O.K." Reaching out to the paper, he pulled it across toward him. As he opened it, he glanced up again in her direction. "I'd just as soon go back if you would," he said. "The rain's let up for a while and . . . I guess I feel kind of fidgety."

Selma kept her eyes on her work. "It doesn't matter so much really, I guess," she said. "Let's wait and see after we eat." She turned to the cupboards to get a little flour to make the gravy.

"Sel!"

Something in his voice brought her up short. She turned to see him coming toward her, holding the paper out before him for her to see. His eyes, meeting hers, were wide and fearful.

"Look, Sel," he said, "look at the picture of this boy here who's missing!"

The blond man reappeared almost immediately after the dark one had gone. "I got it!" he breathed excitedly. "I had to break the box open, but it was right where you said!"

Leaning down, he untied the cord around Davey's ankles. Davey got shakily to his feet and turned so that the man could get at his wrists. When Davey was completely free he turned back again. The blond man, speaking quietly, rapidly, knelt down before him.

"Now you stay here," he said, "stay right where you are. You promise? O.K. Because if you turn up untied too soon it could sure make a mess. I got to wait for the right moment to pull the rod. You understand?"

Davey nodded excitedly.

"O.K. I'll wait for the right time and I'll get him covered with the rod. And then I'll give a yell. We're going to need some help then, see. So that's where you come in. When I yell, you beat it out of here. Where's the nearest house? Do you know?"

"Down on the road," Davey said. He pointed down the drive. "I saw it before."

"Good. Now, you get down there just as fast as you can go. Get ahold of somebody—anybody who's there—and tell them to call the police. And tell them afterward to get back up here fast. And bring a gun with them. O.K.?"

Davey nodded, his breath coming now with the same excited swiftness as the man's. "I know how to run fast," he said.

"Yeah," the man said, "then this is the time to do it. Right now, just sit tight."

Moving away, he took up one of the boxes at the end of the van and, signaling Davey with his free hand, disappeared down the ramp.

Davey returned to his position against the wall, huddled back into the shadows and waited. His fear was now crowded into the distant background by a feeling of keen exhilaration. Everything was going to be fine now. The man had it all planned out. Outside the wind became stronger, whipping in upon him with a more biting coldness. A spatter of rain hit the side of the van like a handful of pebbles. Davey leaned forward, fearful that these sounds might interfere with his hearing the signal. Time passed.

Beginning to wonder if the blond man's call might have been already lost in the wind, Davey edged forward. Surely it would be safe to go just to the edge of the van. He could hear better from there, and if the dark man came back, he would be able to retreat into hiding before the man saw him.

From the edge of the van Davey could see a small section of the front of the house, part of a bare lighted window, a bit of stone wall. He saw a movement at the window, but he wasn't able to make out which man had crossed it. An interval passed, and his fear increased that the man had already called out and he hadn't heard. Such a lot of time seemed to have slipped past. Stepping out onto the ramp, he began to edge cautiously downward.

When he reached the ground, he looked toward the house, pausing to listen. Drawn by a growing sense of urgency, he moved lightly, swiftly across the drive and into the deep shadows at the side of the house.

In the darkness damp ivy, made alive by the wind, touched his cheek, and he moved away. He could hear voices quite distinctly now, and noticing a faint light from above, he saw the high window through which they came. The dark man's voice reached down to him as clearly as if he were in the room with him.

"You keep yakking," he said sullenly. "You keep yakking and yakking and you don't say nothing. You got something to say, say it."

"But you got to listen," the blond man replied. "What I'm trying to do—I'm trying to do you a favor." His voice, strained and high-pitched, was not as sure as it had been out in the van.

"Yeah? You been trying to do me the same big favor all day. You been trying to talk me into a death cell." There was pause. "You know something? You and me, we're settling up right now!"

"Now, wait a minute!" The blond man's voice rose with quick alarm. "Now, Bull—stay back. You been drinking—you're drunk. Stay back or I'll ——"

"Or you'll what?" There was an explosive burst of laughter. "You'll what, you ——" Then the sound broke off sharply into a stunned silence. When the dark man spoke again his voice was heavy with astonished disbelief. "Where'd you get that?"

There was the sound of abrupt movement.

"Don't, Bull, no! Stay back. Bull, listen. You can turn yourself in. Say it was self-defense, that other. I'll stick by you. I'll back you up, anything you say. Maybe you won't even do time!"

"Time! You *know* I ain't going to do time." The dark man's voice had steadied, losing its previous drunken blur. "I'd just as soon get myself shot."

There was another quick movement, a crash.



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"Stay back, Bull! I'm telling you ——" The blond man was whimpering with fright now. "Bull, don't make me ——"

"You ain't going to shoot nobody!"

There was a wild animal yell, and then another crash. Davey flattened himself against the wall, against the damp ivy. Sounds of violent struggle echoed from above, labored breathing, small, half-spoken oaths, outcries. There was another, louder crash and a scream of pain. Then someone was running.

Before his frightened eyes, the blond man darted out through the open doorway, gripping his right wrist with his left hand, his face twisted with pain. Almost immediately the dark man, the gun upraised in his hand, appeared in the doorway and ran after him. As the blond man reached the corner of the truck, he yelled, his voice rising thinly to join the straining cry of the wind.

"Run, kid!" he screamed. "*Run!*"

Davey turned in wide-eyed confusion as both men vanished behind the truck. Then there was an explosion, and another and another. In the backwash of silence the wind moaned, lashing the hedge beyond the truck into a stinging frenzy. Davey stood rooted to the spot, his path to the drive, to the assistance of the neighbors blocked by the presence of the dark man at the truck. And then, sensing an increased danger, he turned back to see the man coming from the corner of the truck.

Jarred back to life, he darted past the bright window, through the open doorway and into the house. Pulling at the door, a heavy oak panel, he slammed it to. Seeing that there was an inside catch, he reached up and turned it. As he whirled about, the room, the fireplace against the adjacent wall, the toppled boxes all passed before him in a gray blur. Knowing that to run into the dining room beyond would mean exposure before the window, he flung himself forward toward the archway leading into the hall.

He knocked against the bridge lamp as he passed through, but ran on leaving it tottering behind. Before him, along the hallway, appeared a profusion of doors. And then as the lamp fell behind him, the scene vanished into darkness. Davey stopped, drawing up short.

The doors, he remembered, led to almost all the rooms of the house, the bedrooms, the bathrooms, the closets. He started cautiously forward, feeling along the wall for the doors, trying to remember how many there were before you got to the one into the kitchen. And then, from the direction of the living room, there was a terrible crash of glass. The dark man had broken the window!

At the same instant his hand touched the edge of wooden molding and darted forward to the smooth panel of a door. He pried it open with his fingers, just enough to let him through, then paused again and listened. There were scrambling sounds behind in the living room, further small crashes of glass.

Davey slipped through the doorway and, being very careful not to make any sound, pulled the door closed after him. Turning, he put his hands out before him and crept slowly forward. He had taken only two furtive steps, however, when his hands came in contact with a wall. He pulled back, stifling a small cry of dismay. He had closed himself into a closet!

He turned back to the door and reached out for the knob. Then he stopped. There was a loud thud somewhere in the house, stumbling footsteps, more crashes. But they all seemed to be out in the other part of the house. And then there was a louder, nearer crash as a door was flung open somewhere at the end of the hall. Footsteps came forward, hesitated, stopped.

"You better come on out!" the dark man roared. "You're just making it harder on yourself!" There was a pause. "You hear me?"

The footsteps started forward again and came up to a position almost directly outside the door. Then there was a scraping sound against the panel as a hand moved across it in search of the knob. After a moment the knob turned. The door swung open. The sound of labored breathing and the reek of liquor reached in to Davey and touched him with an almost physical impact. Drawing in a sharp breath, he held it tight and still inside his lungs. He remained rigid in the darkness, poised for the man's next move, ready to hurl himself headlong at him in the hope of struggling past. Still, in his small, trembling soul there rested little hope. Doom, now, had found him, and in the next moment it would surely reach down and snatch him up.

The moment continued, breathless, taut. The dark man remained, his hand on the door, apparently lost in thought. Davey clung to his corner in the darkness, his body tensed for flight. And then, finally, there was the sound of the man's hand falling away from the knob.

"Doubled back on me," the dark man muttered to himself. He started away toward the front of the hall.

As the footsteps receded, Davey felt his body go limp with relief. He heard the man moving about in the living room. There was a pause. The lock turned on the front door, the door opened, and after a moment closed again

Even then Davey did not move. A minute passed, two. The house remained still. Boosting himself forward, Davey edged over to the door and peered out. Finding the wall with his hand, he followed it back in the direction of the kitchen.

When he came to it, he stopped. Finding the knob, he turned it very slowly, very silently, and drew the door toward him. A dry, whispering cry issued suddenly from one of the hinges. Snatching back his hand, he stood for a moment, waiting for his pulse to stop racing. Then, listening intently to the silence around him, he reached out. It was then, just as his hand moved forward, that it happened.

The world seemed to explode suddenly in his face. The door flew open and crashed thunderously against the wall. Davey looked up, his eyes and mouth torn wide with fright. Directly before him, silhouetted toweringly against the windows at the far side of the room, the dark man turned and lunged toward him.

Davey screamed. . . .

"Is that all he said?" Carol asked.

Bill nodded, looked across at Mrs. Primus, then back at Carol. "That's all." He sighed.

"Up," Carol mused, "he went up." She raised a hand to her breast. "Oh, Bill!"

"Honey"—Mrs. Primus rose from the window seat and came forward—"now, please." She looked across at Bill. "You should have seen the state she was in when I got here," she said indignantly.

Carol looked back toward the windows. "It's raining," she said, "it's so cold out."

Mrs. Primus' gaze traveled anxiously between the two of them. When she spoke her tone was firm, decided. "Now, you two can't go on driving yourselves crazy like this. I know how you feel. But it doesn't help anything. And I don't want to be ashamed of you. When Davey comes back I don't want to have to tell him how you two have been acting." Having shocked them into giving her their attention, she made her voice more gentle. "And you're not going to stay here in this empty apartment either. You're coming over to my place where I can get some hot food into you and take care of you."

"We can't leave," Carol said. "What if they call?"

"I've figured that out too. We'll ask Mr. McCracken to bring a cot up here and spend the night. If there are any calls you ought to know about, he can give them my number."

Bill looked at Carol uncertainly. "You ought to have some rest. You go along. I can stay here."

Mrs. Primus shook her head. "Oh, no. You both need some rest. And comfort too. Now I'll go down and fix it up with Mr McCracken." Gathering up her things, she started efficiently toward the door. "And if you're not down there in just a couple of minutes, I'll be back up to get you."

Carol managed a wan smile. When Mrs. Primus had gone, she turned to Bill. "Should we?" she asked.

Bill put his hands lightly on her shoulders. "Have you had anything to eat today?"

"I ——" Carol hesitated. "No, I guess I haven't."

"You see? She's right, we can't stay here like this. Anyway, until we know about the operation ——" He shrugged. "Come on."

As they started to leave, Carol paused, "I still don't feel right. If there's any news ——"

Closing the door, Bill put his arm around her shoulders, and they moved off down the hallway. Without looking back, they started down the stairs. Behind them, the telephone rang. They stopped.

Bill was the first to move. Whirling about, he ran back to the door and hurled it open. Hurrying into the living room, he picked up the phone. Carol appeared in the doorway behind him. She started to speak, but Bill, answering the phone, held up a hand to stop her. Then he turned.

"It's for you," he said. "It's some woman—a Mrs. Morton. She insists on talking to you—about Davey."

Carol ran forward. "Hello?" she said anxiously. "Hello?"

For a long moment these were the only words she spoke. The phone pressed close to her ear, she listened with an expression of growing incredulity. Finally she shook her head in flat disbelief.

"But that can't be true," she said. "He was ——"

As the voice continued, hope began to dawn on Carol's face, and then, slowly but increasingly, a joyous certainty.

"Yes!" she cried in sudden excitement. "Yes, he did! Oh, yes! When was that?" Again she was silent, listening, her eyes alight with a relief too great for words. "Yes, it was! Oh, bless you! Bless you!" And then her eyes brimmed over and when she tried to speak she was unable to do so. She turned, giving the receiver to Bill. "It's Davey!" she managed in a choked whisper. "I mean, it's about Davey. Oh, Bill, he's all right! He's ——"

Dropping to the window seat, hardly aware that Bill had taken the phone and was speaking into it, she folded her arms across her breast and hugged herself in an ecstasy of relief. Davey was all right! The woman had seen him. She had described him, how he looked, what he was wearing, everything. She even had his wallet. Whatever had happened, he was all right!

Closing her eyes, she was alone for a moment, hugging her joy to her, sharing it with no one but herself. And then, just when it seemed her heart would burst with sheer fullness, she let just a bit of it out.

"Dear God," she whispered, "dear, dear God, he's safe!"

Bill had spent the last twenty minutes on the phone, talking first to Mr. Phillips, the manager-owner of Phillips' Moving Service, and then to Sergeant Mercer. As he finally put down the receiver, Carol and Mrs. Primus looked at him with eager impatience.

"They're going to call ahead to Westbury," Bill said. "They have a sheriff's office there and it's only a few miles from the house. He said we'd probably have word in about an hour or forty-five minutes."

"Forty-five minutes!" Carol cried.

"You can manage to wait that long," Mrs. Primus said.

"But forty-five minutes! Will they just leave Davey at the house?"

"No, of course not." Bill laughed. "Besides, we don't know if the van's still there or not. They may have started back already."

"But the man at the moving company said they'd still be unloading." She turned briefly to Mrs. Primus. "Wouldn't you know they'd have brake trouble today? Talk about fate turning its back!" She looked back at Bill. "Will the sheriff bring Davey home?"

"No," Bill said. "He'll get in touch here, and Sergeant Mercer will go up and take over. I suppose he'll have to talk to the movers. After all, Davey has been missing, and they didn't try to call or send word. Sergeant Mercer will bring Davey back with him."

Mrs. Primus stirred thoughtfully. "That is funny, isn't it?" she said. "I mean it's funny they wouldn't even call."

NEXT MONTH

HOW TO LOOK AND FEEL TWENTY AT TWICE THAT—OR MORE!

You're a twenty-year-old if you can pass these tests, no matter how many birthdays you may have had. Dawn Crowell Norman tells how Arlene Francis, Joseph Cotten and other popular men and women keep energetic, serene and slim—as you can do too. "How Young is Your Body?"

HELP FOR "UNRESPONSIVE WIVES"

"Not many husbands would have put up with the wife I once was," a reader wrote to Dr. Clifford Adams. In the February JOURNAL he discusses the problems of the cold young wife and how these problems can be overcome.

SOME THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT BABIES BORN IN HOSPITALS

A new, virulent organism, breeding in nurseries for the newborn, is rocking the medical world. Babies, lacking in resistance, are its chief victims. Many are also carriers, infecting mothers and other adults. "Death From the Hospital Nursery," by Gladys Denny Shultz.

SHE HARDLY EVER SEES HER HUSBAND

. . . and doesn't like it. Betty and Ed Rogers, of Winchester, Virginia, have been married five years. He's a traveling salesman, away five days out of seven. "I love him to distraction and resent him bitterly for putting me in this solitary position," says Betty. "Weekend Wife, Weekday Widow," by Margaret Parton, is the next installment of How America Lives.

SLEIGH BELLS . . . AND GINGERBREAD, STILL WARM, WITH SNOWY CREAM

There are peaches in this gingerbread and chopped, candied ginger in the whipped cream. Perfect dessert after the sleigh ride or any winter party. The recipe with others for a delicious hot buffet supper in "Sleigh Ride at Appleyard Center."

Also a new novel, "The Family Man," by Florence Jane Soman, complete, condensed; six pages of fashion news; Dr. Spock's helpful advice; a simple, noncostly way to "Garden Your House With Glamour"; and many other features

IN THE FEBRUARY JOURNAL

They were late," Carol said, "and in a
y." Suddenly she laughed. "Can you
gine that man saying he was Davey's
er? And can't you just see Davey's face?
well, I suppose it will all make perfect
e, once we know."
ill nodded. "Just one of those crazy mix-
But why were they out on a back road
that in the first place?"
Well," Carol said brightly, "I, for one,
't care. I don't care about anything except
Davey's all right. This has been the worst
the best day of my life."
Do you think Davey did it deliberately?"
said thoughtfully. "I suppose he must
: ——"
Bill," Carol said suddenly, "I can't wait.
got to see him right now, right this
ute, or I'm going to explode. Bill—oh,
se—let's drive out to Westbury. We could
here to bring him home."
But, look, we don't even know for sure
be there. Maybe, after we've heard from
ergeant, if he says he's there ——"
Of course he'll be there," Carol insisted.
e man at the moving company said so.
suppose they've already started back.
d meet them on the road, wouldn't we?
Bill—it's raining, and Davey's only got
sweater. We could take his coat to him.
—please!"
ll looked across doubtfully at Mrs.
ius.
rs. Primus smiled and nodded. "I'll stay
the phone," she offered, "when the
e call."
Oh, Irma!" Carol said. "Oh, I love you. I
everybody, but you more than most."
turned and linked her arm jauntily
ugh Bill's. "It's all settled. Let's go get
ey!"
ll grinned, made a gesture of helpless-
"O.K.," he said, "go get his coat."

hen they were gone, Mrs. Primus closed
loor and returned inside. It had been an
l day. Just awful. And the real awfulness
come mostly from that hateful woman
nstairs. Just to think of it made Mrs.
ius' blood boil. She knew it wasn't right
idge people. But this Miss Mabry! The
ring she had caused just in this one single
nearly took Mrs. Primus' breath away.
er broad features became set. Summoning
Mabry's telephone number from the dim
nes of memory, she crossed to the phone,
ed it up and dialed. When the receiver
l at the other end of the line, she spoke
out ceremony.
Miss Mabry," she said, "this is Mrs.
us upstairs. I'm calling from the Cleaveses'
tment. Since you were so . . . involved in
ey's disappearance today I thought I
ht to tell you he's been found. He's been
d—and he's safe and alive. Also—he
't down in the park at all today, like you
He was in the moving van. I just wanted
l you so you could read all about it in the
ning paper." Detecting a sharp intake of
h at the other end of the line, she felt a
in thrill of satisfaction. "And I hope you
well tonight. I just hope you do."

l with that, Mrs. Primus hung up. For a
ent she sat perfectly still. It was worth it.
ed it was. And she was quite ready to
ot whatever consequences were to befall
or practicing the sin of revenge. Straight-
her skirt with a sure, practical yank, she
ared to go downstairs and tell Mr. Mc-
ken. There was plenty of time before the
e called.
was twenty minutes later when she re-
d and let herself back into the apart-
. She was only just closing the door when
hone rang.
es?" she inquired.
Mrs. Cleaves," a voice said, "this is the
e Department. We've just heard from the
F out at Westbury."
mething in the voice prevented Mrs.
us from breaking in to explain that she
not Mrs. Cleaves. "Yes?" she repeated.
e voice resumed carefully. "I'm afraid
ven't got very good news. When the
F got to the house, the van was already
The house was open, but the furniture,
t for just a few boxes, hadn't been un-
loaded. One of the movers, a man named Edward Hughes, was found dead, shot in the back out in the yard. As far as the sheriff could tell, your son wasn't inside the house or anywhere on the premises. He may have escaped."

Mrs. Primus was unable to stifle a small cry of alarm. "But where ——"

"Now, hold on, Mrs. Cleaves," the voice broke in quickly. "I'm not telling you this just to alarm you. Sergeant Mercer thought you ought to be informed, to keep you from driving out to Westbury—in case you were thinking of it. He was afraid you might meet the van somewhere on the way and try to hail it. The way it looks, the driver is headed back in this direction and he's armed and dangerous. And he may have the boy in the truck with him. Sergeant Mercer has already started out and he'll keep in touch by radio. The Westbury man is coming in from that end. You stay by your phone, and we'll keep you informed."

For a moment Mrs. Primus could only stare in speechless horror. Retribution—a worse punishment than she could ever have dreamed of—had caught up with her all too soon.

"Mrs. Cleaves ——"

When she spoke, Mrs. Primus' voice was little more than a hoarse whisper. "They've already gone!" she gasped. "They've already started out there!"

The rain, heavier now, drummed shatteringly against the onrushing windshield. Davey sat, his eyes riveted in fear on the dark man hunched powerfully over the wheel. Even he, in his limited experience, sensed that this mad flight was a part of no reasonable plan but only the extension of some dreadful destruction which had begun in the dark reaches of the man's mind long before he, Davey, had been caught up in it. He sat and stared, too numb with fright even to move.

And then the muttering began. With the sound of the motor drumming in his ears, Davey was not able to understand everything the man said, only that it had to do with the blond man and himself and a lot of other people, a lot of girls, who had tried to make a fool of him. And then Davey heard himself referred to, and in such a way that he realized that he was somehow to play an important role in some terrible plan of violence that would make everybody see that the dark man was nobody to mess around with. Dropping his gaze to the speedometer, Davey saw that the needle had now risen above the eighty-mile-an-hour mark and was edging fretfully upward.

The sound came thinly from the distance, like a small, anguished cry, and Davey, because he had heard it so often before in the city, knew at once it was a siren. The man had heard it, too, for his hands tensed instantly on the wheel, and his shoulders hunched forward a bit closer. His foot on the accelerator closed down even harder, the needle leaped to eighty-five, then reached for ninety.

The siren seemed to wane and fall behind. Then it grew stronger again, coming gradually closer. Finally the dark man seemed to relax, and they began to slow down. The needle dropped back to eighty, then seventy, sixty, fifty. Davey saw with astonishment that the man was grinning.

As they turned out to the side of the highway and stopped, the siren eased over in front of them. Leaving the motor running, the dark man rolled down the window. Davey saw that his right hand now rested in his lap, holding the gun.

"What's the trouble?" the dark man called out into the darkness.

Davey pushed himself up into a kneeling position on the seat. Peering out through the window, he saw someone coming briskly forward through the darkness. The dark man eased the muzzle of the gun up onto the sill. Davey's throat contracted, and he knew he was going to cry out. And then, just in the moment when the cry touched his lips, the gun barked thunderously, spitting flame into the night. It barked a second time, and a third. In the ensuing silence even the sound of the rain was lost. The dark man swung around, rolling up the window.

"Sit down, you!" he snapped.

Releasing the brake, he gunned the motor, and Davey was hurled back and down into the seat. As they passed the police car, the glow of its spotlights reached up to them, and for a moment the falling droplets outside were turned to crimson.

The siren's wail, like a cry from the night itself, sounded somewhere behind them and Bill eased up a little to let them pass. Then the bright glare of mingled red and white spotlights, catching first at the rear-view mirror, probed in toward them through the window.

"They're after us!" Carol said in astonishment.

"Well, what for?" Frowning, Bill pulled the car off onto the shoulder and set the brake.

The patrol car eased over and stopped just ahead of them. As a large figure in a glistening black slicker and rain hat loomed out of the darkness, Bill rolled down the window. When Sergeant Mercer's broad face appeared in the opening, they smiled with instantaneous recognition and comprehension.

"Hi, sergeant," Bill said amiably, "glad to see you."

"We thought you'd be up ahead somewhere," Carol said. "Isn't it wonderful about



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Davey? We just had to come. We knew you'd understand ——" She broke off. "Is there something wrong?"

Sergeant Mercer hesitated. "I'm sorry, folks," he said finally, "there's something I've got to tell you. I can't go into all the details. There isn't much time." Sticking starkly to the facts, he told them what had happened. "We had a call just a minute ago," he added gravely. "The sheriff caught up with the van, and the man opened fire on him. He's pretty badly wounded."

Carol's hand gripped Bill's arm. "Is Davey in the van?"

"We don't know. The sheriff didn't get close enough to see before the man fired at him."

"The truck's headed this way?" Bill asked tensely.

"That's right. We've got reinforcements coming up behind us. We're putting up a roadblock, and we're going to see to it that he doesn't get through. The only turnoff is up here just a few yards ahead. That's where we're setting up. I'm just glad I caught you folks before you got through." He drew back from the window, straightened. "I'll have to ask you to stay inside your car. There may be some shooting." He paused. "I'm sorry, folks. I know how tough this is for you after everything else."

Carol leaned urgently forward. "But Davey. What about him? If he is in the truck?"

The sergeant leaned down to the window again. "We're going to proceed on the assumption that he is. If he is, he'll get all the protection we can give him from the outside. That's all I can tell you."

Turning quickly, he moved off toward the patrol car. At almost the same instant a chorused keening of sirens sounded from behind, coming rapidly nearer.

"Bill!" Carol whispered. "Oh, Bill!"

He took her into his arms, holding her tight against him, as if to shield her with his body from the impact of this new horror.

"Easy, baby," he said, "easy."

The sirens, screaming, came closer and then passed. On the opposite lanes of traffic, across the intervening viaduct, cars were arriving and taking up their positions. As they stopped, one next to the other, dark figures in glistening slickers emerged in silhouette against the combined glare of the cars' spotlights. Bill could see that one of the men carried an automatic rifle. For all this activity, however, the highway was suddenly quieter; traffic had virtually stopped. In a sudden paroxysm of anxiety, he started to open the door. But Carol reached out quickly to stop him.

"We have to stay here," she said. "That's all we can do." . . .

The speedometer registered ninety. Somewhere there was the sound of sirens, but so far away that Davey was certain they had nothing to do with them. He looked up at the dark man, whose face remained set and unrevealing.

Leaning suddenly forward, the man peered out through intense, slitted eyes at the road ahead. Davey saw at once what had drawn his attention: around a wide, stretching curve not too far ahead was what appeared to be a glittering battery of lights, some red, some white. Davey stared out at them in pale bewilderment.

Aware that something momentous and quite terrible lay up ahead at the end of the curve, Davey braced himself. The man turned, his lips parted against his teeth in a tight, biting grin.

Indeed I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

"This is it, kid," he said. "Here's where you get off." Reaching out across Davey, he opened the door. Holding it open, still driving with one hand, he glanced around. "You've been wanting out. Go on, pile out!"

Inrushing rain stung Davey's cheek, and he looked around in horror and disbelief to see the night and the highway rushing past in a sickening blur just beneath him.

"I'm not fooling with you, kid!"

Looking up in wild desperation, Davey saw that the lights out on the highway were nearly upon them. He shoved himself violently forward across the seat, slipped down under the man's outstretched arm and onto the floor.

Scrambling back as fast as he could, he braced himself against the lower wall of the compartment extending from the door. Above him the man cursed and straightened back to the wheel. His heavy-booted foot left the accelerator and kicked out. Davey ducked, and the blow fell glancingly against the partition beside him. The foot returned quickly to the accelerator and pressed down on it again.

Something stirred inside Davey, a feeling so strong and violent that for a moment it nearly blinded him. He only knew that the dark man was evil and that he would no longer be his helpless victim. Summoning all the strength left in his trembling, terrorized body, he braced himself against the wall. Aiming his heels at the foot on the accelerator, he kicked out.

There was a roar of surprise and pain from the man as Davey's feet struck his ankle, knocking his foot off the accelerator. At the same time, in reflex, the other foot clamped down on the brake. There was a sudden violent jarring, and Davey felt himself hurled forward, then back against the bottom of the seat, saw the dark man rise up suddenly, loosely from the wheel as though jerked up by a powerful hand. There was a terrible screaming sound from the bowels of the truck, and then another sudden lurching that threw Davey back again against the lower wall of the compartment. As he looked up dazedly, it seemed the whole world had begun to tilt. It moved slowly at first, slowly and then, as a bright light dipped in upon them, turned completely over.

As the big truck burst forth from the night like a hurtling, cumbersome missile, Carol put a hand out in a swift gesture of terror. For a moment longer the truck bore down unswervingly on the blockade of cars and then, jerking suddenly to one side, it veered off crazily across the wet pavement toward the viaduct. Screeching, it lurched again and careened, in a flat skid, to the edge of the embankment. As it hit and started to turn over, Carol screamed.

She turned, reaching for Bill, but he had already hurled the door open and was running across the pavement. Carol, too weak to move, fell back in the seat, her face a white oval of shock and terror.

As Bill reached the crest of the embankment and started down toward the cluster of policemen at the door of the overturned cab, a hand reached out quickly to hold him back.

"Sorry, mister," a voice said gruffly, "you're not allowed down there."

Bill's gaze was fastened on the truck, a steaming felled monster, its wheels spinning as if in the last agonies of some absurd death throe.

"My son's down there!" he yelled with sudden fury. "Let go!" He moved down the muddy incline toward the truck. The door was open now on the passenger side, and two men on their hands and knees before it began to back out, bringing something with them. They straightened, holding whatever burden they had extricated from the truck carefully in their arms.

"Davey!" Bill cried. "Davey!"

The men turned, and Davey, struggling in their arms, looked around at Bill.

"Daddy!" he screamed. "Daddy, daddy!"

Moving blindly forward, Bill felt Davey's arms close around his neck and cling tight. He felt, too, the terrible trembling in the small body pressing close to his. Unaware of rain falling down into his face and of the c tinued activity around the truck, he sim stood there holding his son to him as tigh as securely as he could. The world seen suddenly to have gone still around him.

"It's all right now, Davey," he said. " all right." Slowly, the trembling began lessen, and Davey's hold relaxed sligh around his neck. "Are you all right?" asked anxiously. "Does it hurt anywher

Davey lifted his head, his eyes wide dazed. "I—I don't think so," he whispered

Detaching himself from the others arou the truck, Sergeant Mercer came toward th He nodded down toward Davey. "I guess was thrown down on the floor. That's w saved him." He looked back toward the molished cab. "Our friend there"— shrugged—"I guess he won't cause any m trouble for anybody."

Nodding, Bill turned away and started the rise, watching his footing on the slipp mud. When he reached the top, he stop and looked back.

"Thanks," he said. But Sergeant Mer was already gone from sight.

Returning along the highway to the Bill saw Carol standing in front of it, hand reaching back to the fender for supp As he approached her, her eyes found the sm figure in his arms, then rose hesitantly to face. When Bill nodded in reassurance, simply held out her arms.

"Are you all right?" she asked.

Davey nodded. "Yes, I think so," he her.

For a long time Carol simply stared at h as if to memorize his face forever and c And then a darkness came into her eye frown touched her brow.

"Davey," she said, her voice faint trembling, "Davey, if you ever, *ever* again—

Davey looked up wearily. And then he her arms close tight around him.

"Oh, Davey!" she cried. "Davey, Da Davey ——"

Davey, leaning his head against mother's shoulder, only knew he was ti tired all through, in a way he had never b before. Turning slightly, he looked up at father.

"I kicked him," he murmured, "I kic him really hard." His eyelids flickered heav and his voice trailed off into a sigh. "I'll b hurt."

Letting his head fall back to his moth shoulder, he closed his eyes. Above him rain continued its impervious tattoo. Drif off into a kind of numbed unawareness, thought he heard his father laugh.

CHECKREIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

"On the contrary," I said. "If your mother thinks that you should be allowed to attend the dance, I am willing to stand still for your getting a dress."

Betty looked at me in wonder before throwing her arms around my neck.

I let the excitement die down before adding my punch line. "If we're going to sell Dandelion," I said, "there will be plenty of money for a new dress for you."

The impact was all I had expected. Betty's eyes widened. "Sell my horse?" she exclaimed. "I love Dandelion!"

"I'm delighted to hear it," I said. "I'm not blowing my stack about this; I've been trying to solve our problem calmly. You just have to make a choice, Betty. If you're not going to ride Dandelion regularly and give him the proper care and take care of the tack and the corral, there's only one thing to do. Sell the horse. Think about it today and give me your decision sometime tonight."

Betty slipped out of her chair without a word. I saw her get a carrot from the refrigerator and run down through the yard. Dandelion walked over to the fence and Betty threw her arms around his neck.

"I'm not sure that was wise," my wife said. "Making her choose between Spike and Dandelion. I'm not sure Doctor Boone would agree with you."

"Doctor Boone happens to be a pediatrician, not a psychiatrist," I said. "Furthermore, he's a sports-car addict. If you're going to ring him into the discussion. I'll insist on a consultation with Doctor Stecker, the veterinarian."

I waited confidently. Betty returned to the house, put on Levis and a shirt, and from the terrace I watched her saddle Dandelion. She mounted and our dog, Sam, crawled out from under a chair, shook himself and went to join them.

I could remember the day we had brought Dandelion home, and our first attempt to saddle him, neither of us knowing what we were doing, Betty reading aloud from a book of instructions while I made futile attempts to get the bit in Dandelion's mouth. I had failed to cinch the saddle properly and Betty had fallen off the moment Dandelion had taken his first step.

That had been two years ago and now she and the horse were one as they rode off. They disappeared down the road and I went back inside the house as the telephone rang.

I recognized Spike's voice. "Betty there?"

"She's gone riding," I said. "I don't know when she'll be back."

Happily, I replaced the receiver and went out for the Sunday paper. "It's perfectly simple," I said to my wife. "Betty is a level-headed girl. When it came to a showdown between Spike and Dandelion, she showed what she's made of."

"Yes, dear," said my wife, and reached for the first section of the paper.

Betty came back at noon. It was a sight to gladden my heart, as I watched her ride over the brow of the hill and come down through the yard. The dog came up and collapsed on the terrace and Betty walked the horse until he was cooled out.

"Now there's a picture," I said to my wife. "A girl and her horse. It just required a little firmness on my part. All I had to do was point Betty in the right direction and she saw the light."

My wife patted my hand and smiled at me. "You're so clever, dear," she said.

I watched Betty carry the saddle toward the garage. When she came closer I saw that tears were streaming down her cheeks. Suddenly she dropped the saddle, started toward us and broke into wild sobs.

"You're hurt," I said, leaping toward her. "You were thrown?"

"I can't bear the thought of selling Dandelion," Betty said, throwing herself into the arms of her mother.

"You don't have to sell him," I protested.

Her mother led her inside. I cooled my heels on the terrace. My antisocial son was up in a tree peering at the scene from the sa of his tree house, self-reliant and disgu with the entire proceedings.

Finally my wife emerged. "I know meant well," she said, "but this is an e tional ordeal ——"

"What do you think it is to me?" I s "Never mind the soft soap. What h pened?"

"Nothing happened," my wife said, cept that she's brokenhearted about givin Dandelion. She's in there now sobbing heart out and trying to compose an ad to in the paper."

"You mean to tell me she prefers Spik Dandelion?" I said.

"She's fourteen and these things will h pen," my wife said. "I just wish we could her, but this is a battle she has to go thro alone."

I felt like Simon Legree. I sat there finally Betty came out, her cheeks tear-stai and handed me a paper with the ink sme from top to bottom. It was a panegyric would have filled a column.

"This is not Silky Sullivan we are sellin said. "This is Dandelion, age seventeen."

"Well, maybe you'd like to sell him horse-meat company," Betty said, "but I him. I couldn't be that cruel."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 114



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

"Your father loves Dandelion too," my wife said. "He has to do what is best."

I cut down the ad. I made it finally "GENTLE HORSE FOR SALE. IDEAL FOR TEEN-AGER. PRICE, $150."

Betty yelped in anguish. "We paid two hundred for him."

"That was two years ago," I said.

"You think he runs down like a car?" Betty said. "He depreciates? How can you be so cruel?"

She returned to her bedroom. I sat there feeling small and mean. I heard a roar and a car horn shrilled and Spike came around the corner of the house looking furtively behind him as though the FBI were on his trail.

"I'll tell Betty you're here. Spike," my wife said.

"She's not deaf," I said. I looked coldly at Spike. "We have a modern house," I said, "complete with many luxurious and costly modern inventions, including a doorbell."

"Ha-ha," said Spike, leering.

Betty came out. The tears were wiped away, her eyes glowed, she neither sobbed nor screamed. She looked shyly at Spike and batted her eyes.

"Hello, Spike," she said. She was suffering again from laryngitis.

I heard the car roar as they departed. Dandelion nickered, I swore and my wife sighed.

"She loved me when she was four and now she loves Spike," I said to the air. "A decade of progress."

The ad appeared in the Blade on Monday evening, and after dinner on Tuesday evening our third prospect almost swooned at the mere sight of Dandelion.

The prospect was eleven, a week away from her twelfth birthday. She was chubby as Betty had been chubby at that age, and to her Dandelion was a beautiful sight.

"Kid's been driving me crazy for a horse," her father said to me. "I didn't think I'd weaken, but ever since your ad came out I haven't had any peace of mind."

Betty was coldly efficient. She scrutinized the girl and the girl's father and I knew if she took offense at any remark they made or an expression on their faces she would queer the sale. She put on the saddle and helped the girl mount and led Dandelion around the corral.

When the girl dismounted she came racing back to where her father and I stood.

"Can I have him?" she begged. "Please, daddy."

Her eyes were stars, imploring him. Once, I thought, Betty had looked at me that way. Now Spike got the treatment.

"Well, if you're sure it's what you want," the man said weakly and the deal was made.

"I can't take her tonight," he said. "We live the other side of town. Wouldn't let Susan ride him home anyway; she's only had a couple of riding lessons. And I have to build a corral. Her birthday is next Sunday, maybe I could arrange to get a van over here ——"

"I'll deliver Dandelion on Sunday," Betty said. She was cool, poised and aloof.

The girl and her father departed and Betty walked sedately toward the house, then broke into a run. We heard the bedroom door slam.

My wife said, "I think tomorrow I'll pick her up at school and we'll go shopping for her first formal. Under the circumstances, I think she ought to have a really nice dress."

There was no argument from me and it was the beginning of a bad week. Wednesday they went shopping and there was a change in Betty. She no longer screamed over the telephone, she did not run through the house. She walked slowly as though convalescing from a long illness. I had to speak to her three times before she heard me. She acted like a royal monarch who had given up the throne for love and I complained bitterly to my wife.

"This was your idea," my wife said, "making her choose between Spike and Dandelion. She loved them both, and now the horse is sold and all her love goes to Spike. She doesn't have the horse to love."

"Doesn't she love us?" I said piteously. "Are you implying that I threw her into Spike's arms?"

My wife kissed my brow as though I were a wayward child. "I know you mean the best for Betty, dear," she told me. It was no consolation.

I did not see the dress until the night of the dance. Spike was due at eight and at seven-thirty Betty was ready. She came out to ask me how she looked.

She had been to the beauty parlor that week, her hair had been waved. The dress was white with three small red bows.

"Is it all right, daddy?" she said, and I looked at her in awe, trying in vain to see a girl in Levis and a discarded shirt of mine.

She retreated to her room and my wife said, "She's pretty when she's dressed up, don't you think—or is that just a mother's bias?"

"She's sensational," I said, "but I don't think I ever saw her before."

At eight Spike arrived. He wore a suit and tie this time. He looked like a well-dressed hoodlum, junior grade. The bulge in his jacket, I hoped, indicated the minor vice of cigarettes, rather than a zip gun.

The deadline we had set was midnight and we saw them off, then went into the den. I stared at Westerns with my son in the longest evening I had ever spent before the TV set.

But at least Spike was punctual. He was, in fact, in the driveway at twenty minutes before twelve.

"I don't want them parking out there," I said. "She's only fourteen ——"

I didn't need to worry. The door opened and Betty came in.

"How was the party?" I said.

"Lovely," Betty said. She ran down the hall.

"I'd better see her," my wife said, and I waited thirty minutes and my wife came back and said, "Well, it was dreadful for the child. It seems he parked. On the way to the dance. He wanted to make out."

"Do what?" I said stupidly.

"Make out," my wife said. "In our day, if you can remember back that far, they called it necking."

"I can remember vividly," I said.

"Anyway," my wife said, "she repulsed his efforts and Spike sulked all the way to the dance and got his revenge by ignoring her after they arrived. Betty put in most of her time at the dance in the lounge. And after it, instead of going out for a hamburger and a shake with the other children, he brought her home. She had a wretched evening."

My mind must still have been on the Westerns I had watched with my son.

"I will organize a posse," I said. "I will shoot him down like a dog. I will hang him ——"

I stopped because Betty came out. She had on her nightie and was pale, but there was no trace of tears.

"Daddy," she said, "please don't sell Dandelion. I love Dandelion. I don't want to see a boy again ever, I'll never have another date as long as I live, but I'll just die if we sell Dandelion. I don't want another horse, I just want Dandelion."

My wife looked at me and I squirmed. I wanted to shout "Yes!" I was in torment, but I could not do it.

"Honey," I said, "let me put it this way. Across town there's a girl probably asleep now and dreaming of waking up in the morning to the biggest birthday she'll ever have in her life, the birthday when she gets a horse. She's twelve years old and you were twelve when you got your horse. Would you want me to call that girl up on her birthday tomorrow morning and tell her she can't have Dandelion after we made the deal and accepted their money?"

Betty looked at me and her chin trembled, and she nodded, and turned and ran back to her room.

"I did it," I said to my wife. "She loved the horse and I sold it out from under her. If it weren't for me, she'd have Dandelion now to heal her wounds, and instead she has to deliver it to the new owner."

"You mustn't take it so hard," my wife said. "It had to happen. If it hadn't been Spike, it would have been someone else."

She tried to comfort me, but I was beyond help, a man who had never been cut out to be a father.

It had been a bad week, it was a worse night. In the morning I offered to send the horse across town in a hired van, but Betty would have none of that.

For the last time I watched her carry the tack down to the corral, spread the blanket over Dandelion and put on the saddle. She took a long time doing it and then finally mounted, and when she rode up from the corral I was waiting in the driveway to give Dandelion a final carrot.

"You all right, Betty?" I said.

She nodded at me, her eyes bright.

"When you get there," I said, "give me a ring, and I'll come over in the car and bring you back."

Again she nodded and I watched them go off. I went back and sat down and waited for the telephone to ring and tried to think of something I could do for Betty. But there was nothing I could do.

Finally I became worried. I was on the verge of calling the new owner and, if she had not arrived, the police and the hospital, when a car turned into our driveway.

We were sitting on the terrace. I did not recognize the car, vintage of 1950 or thereabouts.

A boy got out of it. He was lanky and his cuffs and trousers looked shrunken. He had a crew cut. He shambled around the car and opened the door for Betty.

"Whoever he is, he's learned some manners," my wife said.

Betty got out of the car and they came toward us. The boy tripped on a chair coming across the terrace and knocked it over. He was the kind of boy, I knew, who had difficulty taking four steps without knocking something down. He blushed and even his ears grew pink.

Betty had laryngitis. She said, "Mother and dad, I want you to meet Johnny Blaine. It's his sister who bought Dandelion."

I stood up and he had an inch on me. He moved toward me, eying a coffee table as though he felt it might spring at him. Cautiously maneuvering around it, he shook hands. His grip was firm, he looked me in the eye.

"How do you do, sir," he said. "I brought Betty home. Hope you don't mind. I was working on my car when she came."

"You interested in horses, Johnny?" I asked him.

"Well, not too much," he said. "I fool around with my car mostly."

"I believe we've met in the supermarket, Johnny," my wife said. "You carry out packages there?"

"Yes, ma'am," Johnny said. "After school. I'm a junior. I don't work every day. I thought maybe Betty would like me to pick her up sometimes after school and she could come over to our house and see the horse. My sister would be glad to let her ride Dandelion any time she wants."

He looked at Betty and blushed again. She had a serene little smile on her face and for a moment I was that boy's age again and I knew what had happened. He had been struck by lightning. There he had been, an innocent boy, contentedly working on the innards of his car without a care in the world, and suddenly out of the blue a strange girl had ridden into the yard on a horse, and he had looked up and dropped a wrench and entered a new world.

"Betty," I said, "why don't you take Johnny inside? There's a pitcher of lemonade in the refrigerator and you know where the cooky jar is."

He looked like the kind of boy who would eat more than the horse had eaten. They went off together and he hurried to open the door for her. Betty walked through the opening like a queen.

"He's always been very polite in the supermarket," my wife said. "He seems a lovely boy. And now I don't think she'll miss Dandelion so much."

Even the father of a teen-age girl can relax once in a while. I hoisted my feet over the arm of the chair.

"Think of it this way," I said to my wife. "We haven't lost a horse, we've gained a lovesick swain." END

Ask any WOMAN

By Marcelene Cox

Before the days of the P.T.A., the good working relationship between parent and teacher was achieved by one sentence: "If you get a licking at school, you'll get one at home."

Giving a boy a "break" doesn't mean giving him freedom to destroy.

If at first you don't succeed, you'll probably have more friends.

Mother, about son: "He's just too young to be entrusted with himself."

Some grandparents want the game without the name.

Overheard: "If she were more normal, she'd be neurotic."

When the recipe said to combine the first four ingredients and "cream," the bride looked in the refrigerator, then hastily sent her husband to the grocery for a bottle of cream.

The thing parents should try to save for their old age is their sanity.

The vanishing American is the parent who can say "No!" and stick to it.

If you've made a mountain out of a molehill, you may need to reduce.

To a mother, the three most beautiful words in the English language: "I'm home, mom!"

Because it is so difficult to correct, one of the most annoying faults in a person is that of being not quite exact: the drawer not quite closed, the window shade not quite straight, the story not quite true.

Anyone has the right to say what he thinks, *if* he thinks.

The cost of a mistake is the tuition fee paid to the School of Experience.

Favorite quotation: "I'm grateful I was born before the psychiatrists got loose. They're a real danger. I was never frustrated in my life until I lied, stole, cheated and kicked my brother. Then I was frustrated and in the very spot where children should be frustrated."—Lady Astor.

When a parent puts a foot down, he probably helps his child put his on the ladder of success.

An open face sometimes hides a closed mind.

Horseshoes, croquet: Games which families used to play on Sunday before the one of *Running-Through-Model-Homes* was introduced.

MRS. EDWARDS IS HER OLD SYLPH AGAIN!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

a sense of security to go down and eat a nut-butter sandwich at three in the morn-"

lorence's third basic trouble, and the one probably did most of the damage to her llent figure, stemmed from the fact that didn't like to cook and wouldn't. If there money in the cigar-box till she would take nd go to a restaurant where, considering prices, it would have been foolish indeed to eat every bite of the beef Stroganoff and ed potato in sour-cream dressing. If there any guests in the hotel who professed the ntest inclination to cook, she would en-rage them to have a go at it. She would ply whatever ingredients they desired; and, erally, these amateurs being under neither getary nor caloric restraint, desired the iest. There have been almost as many ex-cooks streaming through the Silver Dollar rough the kitchens of the Cordon Bleu. re came, in powerful, persuasive force, s of Hungarian inclination, German, k, Italian, Far Eastern and Middle West-They ran up goulashes, pilaus, curries, ter Newburgs, pork chops and potato akes.

They never asked me what I wanted," Mrs. ards says. "Nor did I care. I like all foods I was grateful."

p until April 15, 1957 (the D for Diet Day e Silver Dollar), we cannot remember ing into the hotel without being wafted by the heady odors of something good ing, or else being conducted back to the en to sample some recent culinary pur-e of its owner. Mrs. Edwards loves to shop ood as much as she dislikes preparing it. when we hotel-sat for her while she took le shopping jaunt, we idled away our time e kitchen where the shelves are jam-ed. We noted, in all the abundance of ed goods, that there wasn't a soup that 't creamed, a fruit that wasn't packed in y syrup, a cracker that wasn't "butter" a vegetable that was greener than succo-There were sixteen tins of brown bread, gallons of maple syrup, ten jars of chut-five quarts of peanut butter, a case of ople—among many, many other intriguing, ly fattening items.

e refrigerator was stacked with plain n, coffee cream, whipping cream, ice n, butter, cheeses; bowls of mashed pota-oatmeal, corn pudding; remnants of pork , things of gravies, a curious flat concoc-ve finally decided was Yorkshire pudding. ath several containers on the tables were and cakes.

What on earth," Katie was asking with peration, "does she think she is going to ith all these jams and jellies?" She pointed array of mint, guava, blackberry, straw-, currant, boysenberry, and of marma-

week after the diet bell rang for Mrs. rds, we were again in her kitchen when eturned from shopping, arms laden as . "Look," she caroled, pulling things out gs, "look!"

arsley!" Katie exclaimed.

/ater cress," said I, unbelieving.

emons," announced Mrs. E. "I don't exactly what I can do with these lemons, ey have no calories in them." Busily she cted tins and bottles of dietetic foods: eetened prune juice, oil-free tuna fish, alorie puddings.

hin another week her character and that e Silver Dollar kitchen had changed vio-. She had given up her perpetual snack-t a saving, we roughly estimated, of 2500 ies a day. Gone from the tables were the turnovers, the molasses pull candy, the es made of oatmeal from Drogheda, Ire-No bubbling pots of bouillabaisse on the Skim milk in the refrigerator. Saccharin where.

s. Edwards lost five pounds that first She called us up upon her return from eekly sortie to the hairdresser and an-ced jubilantly, "Instead of the cake and ith cream and sugar I usually have there, my hairdresser is providing me with a bouillon break."

The Friday-evening call from Mrs. E. became a regular excitement in our lives, akin to welcoming the mail boat on an icecap. She had decided to weigh once a week only, and she found a perfectly splendid scale in the five-and-dime.

"It has little cards that pop out at you," she reported. "It also tells fortunes. Mine says, 'You are strong-willed and ambitious. Watch your weight and you will improve your physique marvelously.' Don't you think that machine is *psychic?*"

Order was rapidly established out of Mrs. Edwards' heretofore happy-go-calories life. The doctor's regimen called for three vitamin tablets a day, and three meals with a calorie count of not more than 1200 in all. For the first time in history, Mrs. Edwards politely but firmly shooed all cooky bakers and ardent gourmets away from her kitchen. She prevailed upon Queenie Capurro, a miner's widow with the reputation as one of the soundest cooks on the Comstock, to get her dinners. "Queenie," Florence declared fervently, "can make an ambrosial dish out of chard. *Chard.*"



Queenie's chard is spectacular. We lapped up second and third helpings of it one night, along with 1 broiled lamb chop (fat removed), ¾ cup string beans, 1 slice Melba toast and a dish of water-packed peaches. We were so enchanted with the chard we asked Queenie for the recipe.

"Aw," she said, "there's nothing to it. I just boil the chard until it looks right, chop it up, and throw in a quarter pound of butter."

We resisted telling Florence. She was doing all right. She was being somewhat overbearingly noble; but then, that's the prerogative of the calorie convert.

A calorie book is rewarding reading. Its most discreet student may find it possible to embrace buttered baked potatoes, cream sauce and Italian spaghetti within the confines of the dietary concentration camp. And so we urged upon Mrs. Edwards our calorie book. During her wide-eyed initiation period the phone rang often. She never says "Hello." She just begins.

"Gosh, did you know an avocado is three hundred and fifty calories, *all by itself?* I used to eat one with French dressing and think I wasn't eating a thing." Or: "Pecans have more calories than filberts. Well, they *are* better, but still ——" And, in a conspiratorial whisper, "Duck is more fattening than chicken. A little duckling!"

Queenie made it clear she wasn't going to rally around the Silver Dollar cookstove forever, and so, to the complete astonishment of everyone, Mrs. Edwards learned to open cans and cook—to broil chicken and turn out a steak hot and rare. Her repertory is limited, but friends crash through from time to time with dishes too complex for her reluctant talents—nonfattening dishes such as chow mein, eggplant casserole, *scampi*, stuffed peppers, turkey *cacciatore*—and she currently lives independently and well.

Mrs. Edwards' weight continued to decline. She was never again to drop five pounds in one week, but the blubber was in steady retreat. By the end of the second month she had lost the equivalent of a respectable Thanksgiving turkey.

"I am size eighteen now," she informed us. "I have ordered a *frisky* dress."

This was a milestone. Mrs. Edwards had not been able to find dress, girdle or belt to fit in three dismal years of trying. She had had performed what she called "operations" on her clothes. An ingenious friend with a sewing kit made inserts of unmatching cloth down the fronts of her dresses. These she covered with sprightly aprons. One dress was a veteran of five operations.

"I am also into one of my old belts," she chirped. "First notch."

We were suitably impressed. "Next thing you'll find your watch won't fit," we remarked encouragingly.

"Well, that's all right," she said, "it's a cheap watch. I can get another."

"*Florence!*" we gasped. "It's your watch *strap* that'll become loose."

On the Friday evening of August 30th, we leaped to answer the phone summons.

"One hundred and fifty," the voice intoned. "And I celebrated. I had a root-beer float. Was it bad to have a float?"

"No," we said.

"I'm glad you think it wasn't. In the future I plan to celebrate each five-pound drop."

The weekly reports thereafter burbled on: "Hundred and forty-eight. I am into my red shoes. Imagine losing weight in your *feet!*"

"Hundredand forty-six You know, I haven't had to take a nap for weeks. I always took naps. Too much energy now."

"A hundred and forty-three. I am going *walking*. I haven't done that in years."

"Hundred and forty-one. Queenie says my disposition is better. It's bound to be. I feel great."

One awful Friday the phone did not ring.

"Is she sick?" Katie wondered.

"Worse," I said. "She's probably gained a pound."

She called next morning, and the wire palpitated with lament. "I did not lose one solitary ounce. I am furious! I went to a wedding this week and drank champagne. I had goose and stuffing. I thought I was immune to poundage. It shall never happen again."

And it didn't. In November Mrs. Edwards went to see her doctor. "Now what final weight should I attain?" she asked him. "A hundred and twenty-five?"

The doctor laughed. "What are you bucking for," he asked back, "Broadway?"

At a Christmas party we noticed that Mrs. E. was wearing a new dress, in size 14. "I like it," I told her.

"You do?" She twinkled. "You may borrow it if you like. I'll have it let out for you."

At the end of the holiday festivities, Mrs. Edwards smugly reported that though every other person she knew had gained a few pounds, she had lost two.

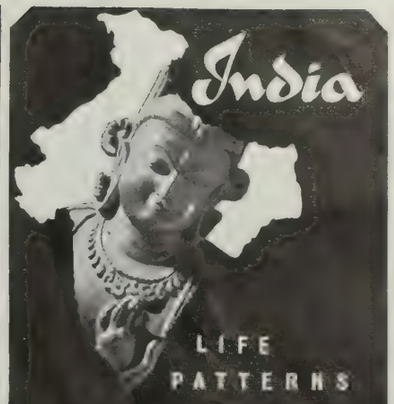
"I now feel more secure with a waistline than I ever did with a peanut-butter sandwich," she declared.

On Friday, January 3, 1958, the phone tolled triumphant tidings. Mrs. Edwards was 130 pounds!

"Know what the fortune card says on the back?" she asked jovially. "'You are musical, artistic and refined.'" She paused briefly. "I am not musical nor am I artistic, but otherwise, well, don't you think ——"

"Yep," we said, "you are indubitably refined. Refined right down from a gross hundred and eighty pounds to a trim-figured hundred and thirty. You are the most refined person we know."

"See you on Broadway," she said, and the phone banged gently. END



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Willis' hard work has created a prosperous dairy farm from a two-cow beginning. Says Meda, "I was bitter about the farm for a year or two, but I've never once been sorry I married him."

"My Faith grew all over again!"

HOW I AMERICA LIVES

By NEAL GILKYSON STUART
Photographs by JOSEPH DI PIETRO

Willis and Meda Sharp, of Lewiston, Utah, had five children and a sixth on the way when trouble fell. Meda's first cry was that of a mother: "If only I could have taken it myself!" She says now, "We must have had strength from somewhere else that year, we must have."

One June morning early a young Utah dairy farmer, Willis Sharp, and his pretty wife, Meda, prepared to make the 105-mile drive south from their Cache Valley farm just under the Idaho border to Salt Lake City with their second boy, Randy, eight years old. Willis had got up in the small hours to milk his cows in his big new barn before they left, and they were under way by five o'clock in the morning. Their oldest child, Roddy, almost eleven, was staying at home alone to keep an eye on things and feed the cows at noon. Their three youngest children—Melanie, five; Scott, three; and one-year-old Sonja—had been left the night before with Meda's mother and sisters to spend the day. Meda was pregnant with a baby due in August.

It was a fine dawn—the first day of June—and the view was of tender green fields coming to life under mountains that still bore snow. Cache Valley (pronounced "cash") is a narrow strip of farmland, watered by two rivers, running north-south across the Idaho-Utah border in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. It is as flat as the bottom of a basket, a bold vista fifty miles long, anchored by great peaks. The Sharps' errand, however, was somber. A year and a half before, Randy had suffered a fast, light attack of polio that had left his right foot affected. He had had a month of rest and observation at the Children's Primary Hospital in Salt Lake City to make sure his spine was all right (it was), and a year and a half of home exercises and regular trips to the Salt Lake City clinic. Randy's doctor had not been satisfied with Randy's toe spring, and wanted to move a tendon that still functioned to the place in his foot where it would do most good. The operation was set for this June day.

Things didn't go too well at Children's Primary. Dr. Hess came out of the operating room and told them that he hadn't moved the tendon yet—the process would take two operations. Meda says, "We hadn't understood that before, and we felt so bad. That's why I cried so hard that day."

They stayed to see Randy come out of the ether. Meda says, "Willis was anxious to get back home to do his chores. He's prompt, that's why he's such a good dairy farmer, but Randy was being sick—you know how children are after ether—and I kept saying, 'Oh, let's stay a few more minutes.' So we didn't leave Salt Lake City till five that evening."

They reached home at about half past seven. Roddy's first words were, "What took you so long?" for the chopped hay Willis had left had been used at noon, and Roddy had had twenty-five cows on his hands wanting both feeding and milking for some time. Meda took the car



Sonja amazes her mild-mannered family by flourishing fine, three-year-old temper. Only one when boys were ill and Blake born, Meda says "something hit her that year."

The Sharps' 18-hour day, 7 days church and cows. they believe fruitful lives are



Meda hasn't been without a one- or two-year-old for last seven years. Red-haired Blake is latest—not yet a very competent chicken feeder, but "such an affectionate child."



To Scott, just 6, the world is still one of play, but Roddy, 13, does chores, owns a .22, has air of reserve. Willis and Meda agree his experiences were more shocking than Randy's.



Melanie, 7, is a cheerful homemaker who can "make her bed, clean and dust, tidy her bureau drawers, and quiet Sonja as fast as I can—sometimes faster."

alone to collect her three visiting children and start them for bed, and Willis hurried out to the barn. He was so late that he decided to milk the cows first—over an hour's operation. It was nearly dark when he was done. Then he got on his tractor to drive out to the hayfield, for in the spring and summer he feeds his cows freshly chopped hay. He didn't remember ever chopping hay at night before, but the day had been unusual.

Meda says, "He didn't call Roddy because he never *has* trusted the children around machinery after dark. But Roddy was lying on the living-room floor watching television when he heard the tractor start up, and he jumped up and said, 'I'd better help daddy.'"

Father and son drove out to the sweet-smelling alfalfa field in the dark. Roddy, three weeks short of being eleven, had been helping his father ever since his legs were long enough, at nine, to reach the tractor pedals. Mormon boys enter the first stage of priesthood at twelve, and the whole well-secured course of Roddy's life told him that he was approaching manhood. He and Willis chopped their hay and started back with their fragrant load. Two weeks before, Willis had restrung the electric fence around the field with new barbed wire, and as the tractor drove out, one end of a loose length of wire that had been overlooked became wound around a hub. The tractor dragged the length behind it—about thirty-five wicked, barbed yards.

At the barn, Roddy hopped off from his perch to open the gate. After that Willis drove the full fifty yards into the barnyard without hearing Roddy's screams over the roar of the tractor motor. Roddy had screamed the whole time.

The barbed wire had caught Roddy in the back of his left leg, thrown him to the ground, and continued dragging, no one knows for how long, across the sensitive joint behind his knee. It was a writhing, lashing snakelike thing that finally bit against a post as Willis turned a corner. The full length of it could have chewed through bone.

Willis carried him in. Meda says, "Melanie and Scott were still awake. They saw the blood and they saw Willis and me go to pieces for a few minutes. It's a memory we all still have." After the first dreadful moment of comprehension, Meda picked up a sheet and herded Melanie and Scott (both were sobbing) to the car, while Willis gently laid Roddy in the back seat. They drove

Evening sessions of physical therapy are still a must for recuperating boys. Both do foot exercises, Randy extra back exercises "just to be sure." Randy, 10, wears one-size-smaller shoe with 3" wedge on right foot, skips, runs, has show cow, Phyllis, that wins blue ribbons in 4-H division of county fair.



a week, goes mostly to children,
Like most of their Mormon community,
a testament to their church.

at top speed to a neighbor's, where Meda dashed out to leave off the two little ones. She spent thirty seconds explaining what was needed, including the information that Sonja was still asleep in her crib at home, and Meda remembers her gratitude at the neighbor's immediate "You betcha!" It was she who took Melanie and Scott back home and spent the night with the three children.

Willis and Meda were heading for the Logan hospital, their nearest, twenty miles away. Meda says, "Roddy didn't cry, he didn't cry at all. He just said, 'Mommy, am I going to die?' and I kept telling him, 'Of course not.' At Smithfield we were arrested for speeding, but when Willis said, 'I have a hurt boy,' the cop said, 'I'll help you get there faster,' and he escorted us the rest of the way."

Three doctors worked on Roddy's leg for nearly three hours, while Willis and Meda could only wait. Meda says, "*Oh*, Willis took it hard! I tell you, I could hardly stand it myself, but I had to help that man that night." It had been a long, long time since morning, but Meda explains, "When something happens to your own child like that, you're all nerves. Sleep's the last of your thoughts."

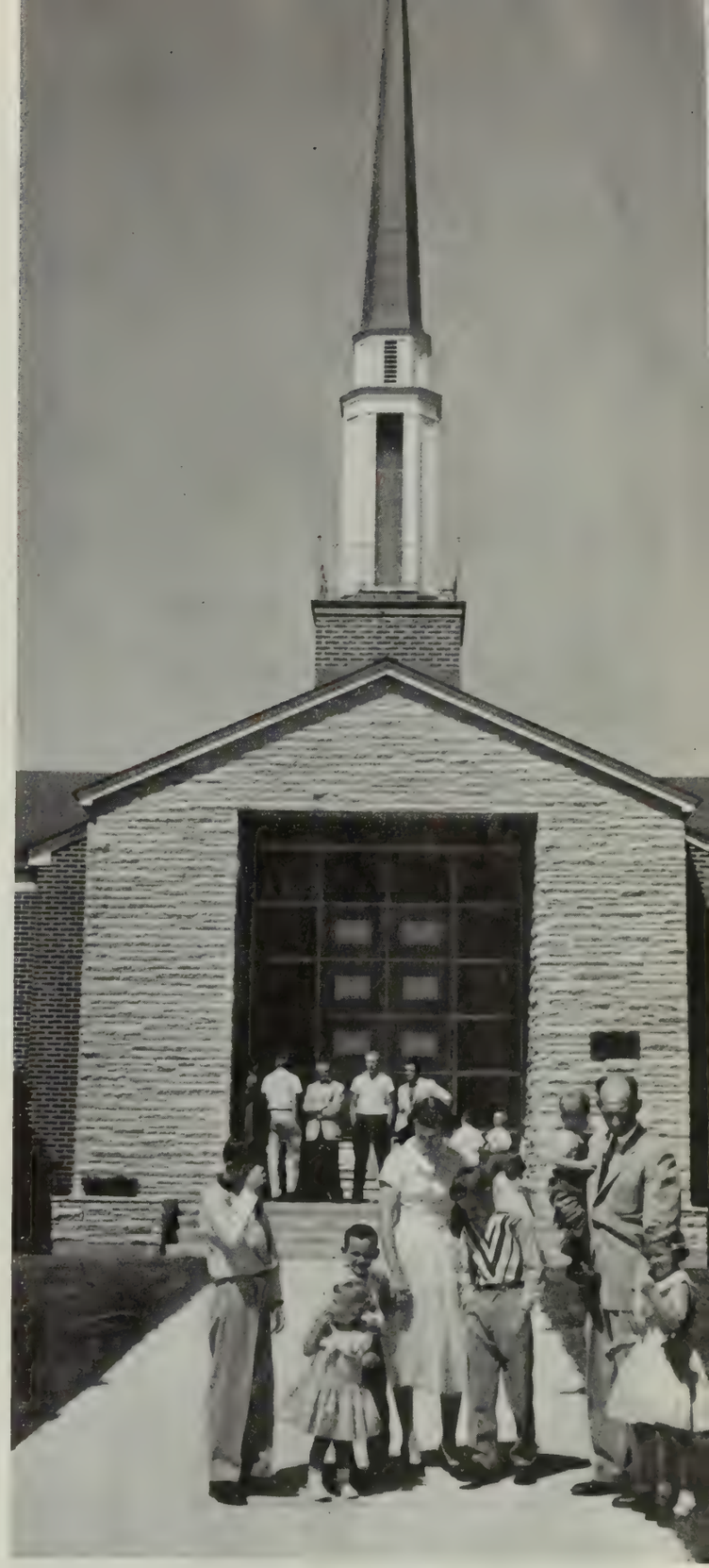
When Dr. Noble finally came out he had some good news. The wire had torn a wide area of flesh and severed the muscle that bends the knee, but the main artery and two important nerves leading down to the foot, all of which lie in that protected area behind the knee, were unbroken. He told them that the muscle behind the artery had been gouged away, and the nerves had been "standing out like fiddle strings," and said, "You folks must live right. I don't know how they were spared." If the artery had not been, only immediate and expert first aid could have kept Roddy alive till Logan.

This June first, so memorable for the Sharp family of Lewiston, Utah, happened in the year 1956. It was not their first experience with farm accidents. Just a year before, Roddy had fallen from a tractor and knocked a hole in his skull the size of a fifty-cent piece. He had been taken to Salt Lake City by police escort, where a specialist had fitted back the decompressed fracture. Willis' father had had half his hand sheared away in a piece of power equipment behind his tractor. Up and down the valley other farm families, dependent like the Sharps on heavy machinery for their livelihood, can tell of similar or even more tragic experiences.

The immediate consequences of the day did not slow down until June of 1957, and Meda was later to write of this time in her diary, "What a terrible year!" When both boys came home from their separate hospitals a week later, Randy had on a cast down to his foot, Roddy's leg was swathed in bandages with a metal brace to hold his knee bent until the stitched muscle healed. Spring is the busiest time on a farm, and the invalids had to be cared for and amused between the extra work of the first harvest, the planting and tending of Meda's big vegetable garden off her back door. Roddy had to be driven to their young family doctor in Lewiston, Dr. Robert Skabelund, for shots—twice a day for a week, once a day for a second week. "His behinder was black and blue!" says Meda.

She makes no claim to have taken this period with cheerful calm. "Oh, there were times when I wanted to howl!" she says as she recollects two invalids lying about the tiny living room, visiting neighbor children swarming about (welcome because they kept the boys company), and herself asking in alarm every five minutes, "Where's Sonja?" because Sonja, who had learned to walk at ten months, had taken to scooting out the front door and going for walks down the road. She also remembers, "Everybody who didn't know us, their eyes would just pop. *Two* boys on crutches!"

In July Randy went back to Salt Lake City for his second operation, and was at home in a cast for the rest of the summer. In August Meda went to the hospital herself and came back with the fourth son of the family, Blake Willis. She is sure she could



Handsome, modern Latter-day Saints church in village of Lewiston is pride of small rural membership (300 adults) who gave generously for its building. Dedicated in 1953, its classrooms, auditorium, stage and sanctuary are center for social as well as spiritual life of community. Willis is ward and stake officer, Meda teaches 11-year-old boys, says, "When our church asks us to do anything, we feel a particular obligation to accept."

not have managed without the help of her mother and married sisters, all of whom live within ten miles of Lewiston. "I have the *best* family, I tell you!" she says firmly.

In September Randy's cast came off, and after three weeks in the hospital he came home with a brace. Freckled and sweet-faced, Randy had taken his difficulties with great good temper. "He made friends with the other children at the hospital, and the women there are so wonderful—he kind of enjoyed his special treatment. At home he'd get his own drink of water rather than ask." By this time, however, it was clear to Willis and Meda that Roddy's foot was not working properly even though his knee had healed. They took him along to Salt Lake City to be examined by Randy's specialist, and "when those doctors found he had an infected blister on his heel they hit the ceiling." The blister indicated Roddy's foot nerves were not responding to pain, and he was put at once into Children's Primary, which Randy had just left. He was to be there until March.

The old wound was opened after the infection cleared, and one of the two precious nerves believed saved was found embedded in scar tissue, the other broken, with its dead ends two inches apart. It took two operations for the doctors to sew live nerve endings together, six months of having his damaged leg bent backward at an angle that was lowered weekly, in order to stretch the nerve. During the whole time Roddy wore a cast that began above his waist and came down below both knees, with a wooden wedge that held the legs inflexibly apart. Meda says, "There's all the difference in the world between those two kids. Roddy was homesick. He was allowed to come home for ten days at Christmastime, and it was really pitiful. The only way he could get around was by crawling on his stomach on the floor. Yet we had one of the happiest Christmases ever. When we took him back to the hospital he just closed up. He wouldn't talk at all. I couldn't say good-by to him; I began to bawl like a baby and ran for the car. Willis had to stay and help him off with his clothes."

Even after his home-coming in March he had to wear his cast for two more weary months, be driven down to Salt Lake City weekly (by Meda, for spring planting had begun) to have the angle of his knee lowered another notch. Meda says ruefully, "He got real thin inside that cast."

The cast was taken off on May 15th. Roddy stayed at the hospital for two weeks of observation and brace fitting, and Meda remembers, "It was in those two weeks that we got the cement mixed for a start on our new addition to the house. On June first—a year to the day—we went down to Salt Lake City to bring him home with his brace on. That was the end of *that* ordeal. Amen to *that*." There was, however, a postscript. Seventeen days later Randy "took sick" and had his appendix out just before it burst. Meda laughs, "I was getting good, I got through that one dry-eyed." Randy now shyly tells his friends, "I have eight scars, and Roddy only has seven."

Today one would have to look closely to find traces of all these scars on the Sharp family. Willis, at 35, looks young and strapping, and is deeply tanned up to the point on his balding forehead where his straw hat sits. He smiles often and gives an impression of easy good nature. Meda, 33, brown-haired and brown-eyed, is handsome and quick with energy. She can put a batch of 68 rolls in the oven (a three-day supply), set the table, sprinkle an enormous mound of clothes, and settle two-year-old Blake, her red-haired "baby," with his beloved bottle all in the hour before midday dinner. She may look flustered from time to time, for Sonja, now a vigorous, pony-tailed 3, may set up a squall or two around the swings in the back yard, but the chances are that Melanie, as pretty as a blond little girl of 7 can be, will climb down from the top of the big gym set (where she has been hanging by her knees) and patiently push Sonja on the glider until peace is restored. Most of Meda's time for the children must go to Sonja and Blake, but Melanie and Scott, close together in age, accept their middle position with grace. Both have the inner calm and self-reliance of children of large families who have been raised on plenty of warm affection, but where no one has *too* much time to worry over them. Melanie can put socks on Sonja with a gravely maternal air, and Scott can climb up on a visitor's lap and say disarmingly, "I love you. Will you live with us?"

The neat farm in the spacious valley is a busy place, and Roddy and Randy are more apt to be found on the move than not. When Randy feeds the calves the operation includes (for him) swarming over the board fence with the pails of mash so he can pat them and give them playful shoves as though they were so many puppies. Roddy, quieter than Randy, with a wise little look on his thin face, is, at 13, "quite a help" to Willis. He feeds chickens, washes milkers, in summers earns $5 an acre hoeing beets. Randy loves baseball, has picture post cards of Children's Primary (with an X at one window) among his souvenirs. Roddy prefers fishing and hunting. He still wears a brace, but he drove himself so hard on a Scouting hike into the mountains last summer that he earned the nickname "Jackrabbit."

Willis himself might be anywhere on his 80 acres, or on a neighboring 40 that he rents and also cultivates, with the help of a single hired man. Church leader, one-man farmer, everything about him brings the word "steady" to mind. His complicated business grosses over $20,000 a year, but to make it pay its small net he must be up at 4:30 in the mornings, and work almost ceaselessly till dark. His eyes, like Meda's, have the crinkles of people who look at distances, for from his tractor seat he can see his entire level spread, broken only by the life-giving irrigation ditches. Beyond his fences, the inland sea of green continues, dotted with barns and here and there a distant cluster of houses about a church, while the great ring of Rocky Mountains encloses all.

Both Willis and Meda were born in Cache Valley, he one of seven children, she the youngest of six. Both families were Mormons and farmers, their Idaho towns adjacent. The young people first met one May, when Meda was a pretty girl of 17 and Willis not quite 19. Meda was supposed to be "with" another boy in the party, but she wrote in her diary, "I thought Willis was cute and such a nice fellow that I flirted with him every chance I had, and he did with me."

They were a gay couple. Meda had several beaux and Willis was known as a catch because he was good-looking ("Don't laugh!" says Meda. "He had all his hair then!"), a wonderful dancer and great fun. A snapshot of Willis from this period is called "Acting Silly." But both knew the realities of adult life too. Meda didn't know how to bake bread yet, but she knew it had to be done. Willis was "a hard worker and a saving kid," and in 1944 he made a $1000 down payment on 40 acres outside Lewiston, Utah. In September of that year they were married in a ceremony they remember with great pride, in the great temple of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Salt Lake City. Meda was 19; Willis, 21. They came home to a four-room bungalow on Willis' acreage that they had worked like demons to fix up as "home." Their economic beginnings were a $7000 mortgage and two cows.

Willis was called into the Army almost immediately, and Roddy was born while he was in the Philippines. He was home again in 1946 and in December of 1947 Randy was born. Willis says, "I was adding a few to my herd every year, and it was about that time I had a chance to buy the forty acres next door, including the house on it, for $13,000. I juggled some mortgages, and we bought."

Their new house was bigger than the bungalow, but even so it was hardly more than a white frame box set by the side of the road, with a small living room and a bedroom in front, and a kitchen, bath and second bedroom in back. Willis and Meda spruced it up, put a picture window in the living room, and made the yard around it neat as a pin.

They managed with just two bedrooms for the next nine years, even with the arrival of four more children. Willis was raising hay, grain and corn silage for the cows, with sugar beets his only market crop. All the money the family could spare went into machinery, reducing his mortgage and increasing his herd.

Meda confides, "Before we were ever married, Willis made a statement to me. I've never forgotten it. He said, 'All I ever want to do is make you happy.' You know, I really believe that has been his aim. Not that everything's always been roses. I think that first year after he came back from the Army was our hardest till 'fifty-six. Seemed as if he couldn't get winged away from his family; maybe I couldn't get winged away from mine. But gracious, we soon got over that. Up until Sonja was born we used to do so much together—I'd drive the tractor for him, pick beets with him. Fourteen years, and I'm *still* never bored with his company."

She cheerfully admits, "I don't enjoy a movie unless it has a good love story," and during the years of bearing the children and seeing the farm grow, her satisfying relations with Willis enabled her to accept without question that the farm came first. It consumed their cash, kept Willis in field or barn fourteen or more hours a day, and left to her such niceties as mowing the lawn and raising the vegetables. In 1954 Willis and his father, with the help of two neighbors, put up the big new barn. He borrowed $5000, spent $7000 on barn and equipment for Grade A milk, and had the loan paid off within two years. As Meda says, "We didn't live as good then as we do now."

But eventually this was bound to rub. Meda is naturally a neat person, concerned with appearances, and when the boys were going through their twelve-month series of foot operations she felt something like despair. "The house was so small, and I couldn't keep things nice. I *do* like to keep a house nice. There was always a child sleeping on the couch, a baby in our bedroom. I'd look at other people's houses and think, 'Why can't *we* have a house like that?' There's no denying it, and Willis won't deny it, those were two hard years.

"It was hard on Willis too. I did go out and wash the milkers for him, but that was all I had time for. I think not working so much together the way we used to helped us grow apart. Two sick kids, me pregnant, and always hurry, hurry, hurry. He'd say a little cross word and I'd notice it. By spring of 'fifty-seven we were both *so* discontented."

It was at this point, almost at the end of their year of troubles, that they made a decision, momentous at the time, but which they now look on as a faintly foolish impulse. Willis went to Salt Lake City to look for a job. Their plan was to rent the farm and become city folk. Meda says, "It seemed kind of tempting to us, the city life. To get a day or two off a week. It seemed as though they made more money, too, and didn't work as hard."

The best job offer he got was as a gas-station attendant at $300 a month, and even the oil company willing to hire him tried to talk him out of it and told him he'd do better on the farm. Willis says, "Farming's the thing I know best. There's a satisfaction when things go well"; and Meda adds, "So we came back and began remodeling the house."

Willis and his father added a two-car garage to the house, with a big dormitorylike bedroom for the boys and a master bedroom for Willis and Meda above it. They put in stairs from the old part of the house to this second floor, and knocked out the partition between the two front rooms of the old house to make one big living room. They began in May, and on June first Roddy came home with his cast off ("Amen to *that!*"), so that Meda had the summer with nothing special to do except manage a two-year-old, a one-year-old, her gardening and her summer canning. She cared so deeply about her "new" house that she found resources of time to do almost all the inside finishing work as fast as the men were through. "I did all the interior painting, Willis helped me paper the living room, which was all he had time to do, but I repapered the girls' room" (now the downstairs back bedroom) "varnished all the knotty-pine paneling in both new bedrooms, and seamed the plasterboard ceilings. Some of it really took work and time!"

They splurged on new furnishings. Meda says, smiling, "I promised Willis that if he made the house nice I wouldn't kick next time he bought farm machinery," but she really felt that "he was proud of the house too. We talked over everything, and in July he took a day off and drove in with me to Preston to help pick out the things we needed. He told me, 'You pick out what you want. It'll have to last a while.'" They chose some new living-room furniture, a bedroom suite for themselves, and wall-to-wall carpeting in a mauve leaf pattern for the living room and the entire new second floor of their addition. Their bill was $1225.

Addition finished, Meda took a look at it from the outside and decided, "It stuck out like a sore thumb on that white house. So I bought ten gallons of pale green paint and started painting. When I was done the house, I had five gallons left over and I thought I might as well go ahead and do the barn. I did everything except the two high gables on the house. I got scared up that high. I'd get up at five o'clock and have an hour or two before the kids were up. Then when Blake and Sonja were napping in the afternoons I'd most generally get in another two or three hours. When it was done I was so pleased, I asked Willis to take down an old shed out by the driveway because it hid that pretty barn."

HOW THE SHARPS SPEND THEIR MONEY EACH MONTH

The only thing regular about the Sharps' personal income is that Willis hands Meda $80 in cash out of every milk check (milk checks come twice a month) for household and spending money, and "usually this is gone by payday." Willis' farm income is heaviest in the fall at harvesttime, lightest in the spring when planting begins. He spends what is needed for the farm first, the family gets what is left. This has amounted to between $4800 and $5000 for the last several years, averaging slightly over $400 a month—too low (with six children) for an income tax.

Their property tax, half their fuel, light, water, telephone and car expenses need not come out of the net, for they are farm expenses. The farm produces meat, eggs and milk, and Meda's large vegetable garden provides most of their vegetables, fresh and preserved. They do not need cash "savings," for Willis has been steadily increasing the net worth of the farm. As he puts it, "We can always sell a cow."

Food	$80.00	Car expenses	20.00
Clothing	35.00	Household supplies	15.00
Fuel, light, water	35.00	Dry cleaning, shoe repair	5.00
Telephone	2.50	Child-care fees	4.00
Insurance	42.00	School lunches	9.00
Medical and dental	25.00	Magazines, newspapers	3.00
Recreation	20.00	Vacation fund	15.00
Church ($550 per year)	46.00	Other	30.00
Furniture and appliances	20.00	Total	$406.50

The prosperous look of "that pretty barn," which is further distinguished by the only silo in sight for miles around, has been created not only by Willis' hard labor but by his bold management as well. He says, "I think the big expense of farming right now is machinery. I figure when I go into the beet field I have $10,000 worth of machinery with me. It kind of frightens me. You have to handle a lot to make a little."

The Sharps' steady income is their "milk check" which comes twice monthly from the dairy association, and Willis' main effort has been to build up his herd and, by investing in machinery, to reduce his feeding costs and raise the yield of his beet crop. (He cheerfully admits, "I'm kind of susceptible to machinery salesmen.")

Much of his investment has been by borrowing, which he is apt to pay back in big lump sums. For example, in the spring of '57 Willis had his mortgage down to $8000 but he increased it to $18,000 to pay for remodeling the house and also buy himself a new $4800 tractor and a $660 plow. In the fall he borrowed $3000 from the bank and bought his $3800 beet harvester. He paid back the bank at the rate of $200 a month, and when his beet check came in later in the fall he used it to pay $3000 off his mortgage.

"I figure that beet harvester paid for itself that first year," he says. "Three seasons of beets, and my harvester and tractor will pay for themselves."

Willis' herd now numbers 45 cows, handsome black-and-white Holsteins, and his semi-monthly milk checks are running over $500 apiece after certain dairying fees are deducted. The beet crop, rental of special equipment (such as his beet harvester) to other farmers and agriculture-program payments brought his gross income for 1957 to $20,800. Outgo is proportionately large. He pays his 18-year-old hired man $150 a month. In the spring he pays itinerant labor $14 an acre for thinning his beets, and in midwinter he must buy as much as $250 worth of grain a month for feed. Last year the Sharps netted $5000 for themselves to spend.

Out of this net comes a tithe for the church, their clothing and other personal items—and medical expenses. The Sharps are tremendously grateful to the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, which shouldered Randy's costs, and to Children's Primary Hospital, which gives its services to child patients of all faiths, from all states, without regard for fees. Willis says, "Roddy lay in that hospital six months, and they never charged us a thing. We figure the two boys together could have cost us $5000."

There *have* been medical costs: for Roddy's skull fracture, for his first stay in the Logan hospital with his leg, for Randy's appendectomy, Meda's babies. Also, as Meda says, "The bills don't show the costs of all those trips to Salt Lake City—must have been a hundred of them!—with gas and dinner." Willis estimates their own expenses arising out of the various hospitalizations at perhaps $1500. This does not include $200 which they sent Children's Primary after Roddy was through there, and an extra $25 they sent last Christmas. The hospital is supported by the LDS church in an annual drive for funds that has nothing to do with the church's "Welfare Fund." ("That," explains Meda, "is for church members in dire need. We never received any help like *that*.")

Meda says of Willis, "He tries to make the farm pay," and he is succeeding, steadily adding over the years to his net worth. Yet in spite of his hard-working days he has energy to spare for his wife and children. When he comes in for the family's big midday dinner, "Daddy" makes a genial head of the table, often ends feeding Sonja on his lap. When he sits down anywhere, he usually has a child on his lap within a minute. He takes Roddy and Randy hunting in the fall, manages the morning milking alone because, "I'd hate to get them up that early." Meda says with amusement, "That darned guy! He's hardly ever spanked the kids, and when he should say



Betty Rogers, of Winchester, Virginia.

"I'm thankful Ed is such a good husband," says Betty. "I'm thankful for my children . . . for the good food on my table . . . that I know about God. But I'll never be *happy* until Ed stops traveling and comes home every night."

Weekend Wife... Weekday Widow...

By MARGARET PARTON

HOW AMERICA LIVES in the February JOURNAL

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More pepper is consumed in the world than any other spice. Pepper, both black and white, is ground from the berry of the pepper vine. It grows in India, Indonesia, the Malay Archipelago and Siam. For black pepper the berries are picked while green, are dried and cured. White pepper is left on the vine to ripen. Curing is done in the sun or over slow-burning fires.

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'No' he always tells them, 'Go and ask your mother.'"

He takes Meda out to Preston or Logan for dinner and the movies two or three Saturdays a month, and as they wave good-by to the children (they feel both Roddy and Randy are old enough to baby-sit now) Willis, all dressed up, looks as cocky and pleased as though he were still courting his best girl.

Last Christmas he gave Meda a beautiful diamond engagement ring to replace the first inexpensive one he had given her, broken several years before. Meda was so thrilled that she wrote in her diary, "He is so sweet and kind and dear!" She says now, "We're together again. The hired man has made a big difference; I was just awful glad when he got Odell on. He's getting his herd built up again, too, and it seems as if he's as contented as he used to be. Getting the house bigger and better has made me happier and more contented too."

The church is such a daily, living part of Willis' and Meda's lives that it would be hard to separate its strength from theirs. The LDS church flourishes through the active participation of all its members. Children have full "primary" programs, young men and women have their busy Mutual Improvement Associations, and adults know that their church in their subdivision, or "ward," is their own creation. Meda could go to three or four women's meetings a month, teaches the primary class for eleven-year-old boys on Wednesday afternoons.

The men who serve as church officers of the Lewiston ward are friends and neighbors, sunburned men in business suits who guide Sunday "meetings" in which members of all ages participate, rather than conduct "services." They give their time because of qualities of leadership and their own deep sense of responsibility. Willis is a former ward counselor, a high priest, and teaches an adult priesthood class for men on Sunday mornings. The Lewiston ward is one of four comprising a larger division known as a "stake," and last spring he was made stake supervisor of YMMIA (Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association), an enormous job which now takes him out, after his long day on the farm, at least three evenings a week.

Meda can tick off on her fingers the meetings he must attend: "There are officers' meetings, board meetings, leadership meetings. Then MIA is such an activity thing—he has to go to parties, softball games in all the wards. He usually gets in from milking about seven o'clock, and washes up while I clear away the kids' supper. He and I eat together, and then he's kissing me good-by and rushing off somewhere. After the kids are in bed I sit up and watch television until he comes home at about half past ten. I don't *resent* his going, but it seems kind of hard."

Yet Meda herself was a leader in MIA, it is Meda who says readily, "I prayed," when telling about her decision to marry Willis, or facing an illness. One feels that Meda, with her pretty face and farseeing eyes, wants very much some other purpose in life besides plain work. ("I don't like ironing; I'm not very fond of washing dishes either," she says.) Over her sink she hangs a bird cage with a pale green foam-rubber bottom, maroon pipe-cleaner bars and two felt lovebirds and a rosebud inside to cheer her up. She keeps a fat diary called "Treasures of Truth," enjoys writing letters, keeps alive a romantic love for her husband.

It is typical of Meda that before accepting her primary class of boys she sat down and "reread the Book of Mormon right through from cover to cover. Maybe I'd had some little doubts. I'd even talked to Willis about them. But I can say now that my faith grew all over again. That year we had the two sick boys—we must have had strength from somewhere else, we *must* have."

How many men would be mute if they were forbidden to speak well of themselves and evil of others!
MME. DE FONTAINE

In January of 1958 Willis and Meda took Roddy and Randy for a regular checkup at the Salt Lake City clinic, and Dr. Hess hinted that both boys might need more operations in the near future. "Roddy's operation seemed O.K., but his foot was weak, and Dr. Hess was afraid he might be getting an inverted heel exactly like Randy's. He told us to start Roddy on exercises like Randy's, and he'd see." The possibility was a black cloud all the rest of the winter, for "We felt as though we'd already had *all* we wanted."

In May they went to the clinic again. "We'd been praying all winter. That morning before we left we asked for a special blessing, all four of us together. They said Roddy's foot had improved so much they might not have to stiffen that ankle at all—not now, anyway. Randy's foot they didn't care *too* much for, but they wanted to give it more time to improve. That was a happy day! *Both* boys spared—for a while, anyway."

Both boys still lie on the kitchen table nightly, push against Willis' or Meda's hand or against a bean bag slung from their shoulders. Both are only very lightly handicapped for the pursuits of boyhood. Nevertheless, their father's way of life, the most important way of life in Cache Valley, is probably unlikely for them. As Willis says, "We're trying to impress on them the importance of going to school. There's an awful lot of walking and lifting to farming."

When Meda has been describing some of the family's past troubles, she will suddenly recollect herself and say, "All these things happening—it'll sound morbid. After all, we're not a *sad* family." Both she and Willis believe that most people get what is more or less coming to them. Both are sure that what they have is each other, a large and happy family, and a proud position in a hard-working, godly community. END



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WHAT DR. SPOCK DIDN'T TELL US!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

back into the house, but invariably she prefers *crawling* back into the house, dragging her legs behind her. Her father, just as invariably, assumes that she has been either run over by a truck or run down by a sex maniac. Just how quickly he can determine the true nature of the injury depends upon the child's capacity for the dramatic and fiendish. The child may want to milk the scene for all it's worth and for some minutes will refuse to divulge any of the details of the accident, parrying her father's queries with more screeches. In such cases, the father's only recourse is to frisk the child for broken bones and check for blood puddling up in her shoes. Along the same lines, a father may encounter a revolving death scene in which the child has taken a blow on the kneecap or the funny bone. The pain is so intense that she can find relief only in racing around the house and screeching. To reach a verdict in this case, the father must either run her down or throw a tackle at her on her next swing through the living room. Mothers, however, are very seldom victims of a child's dramatics, theorizing that the louder a child hollers, the less she is hurt. It is disgusting how often they are right

Ingrate's Stammer: A mystifying constriction of the larynx which renders a child incapable of pronouncing the words "Thank you." Usually most severe when child is presented a gift by his wealthy spinster aunt or his father's employer.

Judas' Recall: An excruciating malfunction of the memory in which a four-year-old boy will cut loose with an oath that would do credit to a 104-year-old sailor and then, when taken under attack by his mother, will recall that he learned the word from his father, the father knowing damn well he learned it from the milkman. Occurs usually in the presence of guests, one a church worker.

Kohler's Sprint: A sudden acceleration of the leg muscles, occurring simultaneously with a psychic spasm of the bladder, thus enabling a child to arrive at a bathroom always one to two seconds before a parent who has the same mission in mind. May happen with such frequency that the parent becomes obsessed with the idea that the child *lives* in the bathroom.

Lap Leg: A violent neuromuscular disorder marked by a series of jumps, bounces, lurches, squirms, handsprings, push-ups and other such attempts on the part of a baby to turn his mother's lap into a gymnasium. Occurs when the baby is being "rocked to sleep" by a doting mother who has seen too many pictures of doting mothers rocking babies to sleep. Unbeknownst to the mother, all such pictures either are fakes or possess tragic overtones, as any baby who allows himself to be rocked to sleep without a fight should be placed under a physician's care immediately. A healthy baby at six months, though lacking the strength to walk around in the mother's lap unaided, will compensate for it by digging his head and heels into the mother's lap, arching his back and attempting a back jackknife onto the floor, thus giving the mother a feeling of togetherness matched only by cuddling alligators. At nine months the baby *will* be able to walk around in his mother's lap, but due to the smallness of his feet and the sharpness of his heels the mother will feel more as though he were traveling by Pogo stick than by foot. At twelve months the child will enter the critical phase of the affliction known as *Hilary's Urge*. In this, the child, having tired of the mother's lap, will attempt to climb her head, the technique being to dig his toes into her ribs, grab two hands full of hair and heave. Once the head has been scaled, the next step is to try to dismantle it. Should the mother still think a baby can be peacefully rocked to sleep, her head *should* be dismantled.

Lover's Leap: A breakdown of communications between the leg muscles and the mind, believed due to the presence of kangaroo blood in the system of a child. Most prevalent among girls, five to ten years of age. The disorder most often asserts itself on the occasion of a father's attempting to kiss his daughter upon his return from work. He leans over to kiss the child, but in the same instant the child, in the manner of an affectionate kangaroo, jumps up to kiss him. The father, being all puckered up, is totally unprepared for the maneuver and, instead of being kissed, is struck squarely in the face by the top of the child's head. This loosens the father's teeth, spreads his nose from ear to ear, makes his eyes water for three weeks and at the same time scrambles the brains of the child. Instead of sympathizing with her stricken father, she begins howling that he bit her. As the father is reeling around the room trying to stuff his teeth back into his gums, this howling strains family relations to the utmost and quite often results in a lasting frigidity on the part of the father, in that for the rest of his life he will content himself with merely *blowing* kisses at the child. A related disorder is *Hangman's Pucker*, in which the pain follows rather than precedes osculation. The father leans over to kiss the child, the child lovingly hooks her arms around his neck, and the kiss is consummated. Then, unaware that the child is not going to release her hold upon his neck, the father straightens up. The shock of suddenly lifting eighty pounds of child four feet off the floor with nothing but his neck muscles results in his spine's sounding like a string of firecrackers exploding. This discomfiture, however, is lost on the child. Despite the fact that the father is clawing at the wall, the drapes and the hatrack in a vain effort to keep from falling on his face, the child merrily continues swinging from the remains of his neck. Another salutatory affliction is *Kellogg's Hello*, recognized in some circles as *Cereal Kiss*. In this the child greets her father like something shot out of a cannon. Most commonly occurs out-of-doors. The child, playing in the front yard, spies her father returning from work. She lets out a whoop, races across the lawn, leaves her feet some five yards from the victim and lights on him at a speed of thirty-five miles per hour. A father, greeted in this fashion more than once, develops a furtive air and a habit of returning home only after dark.

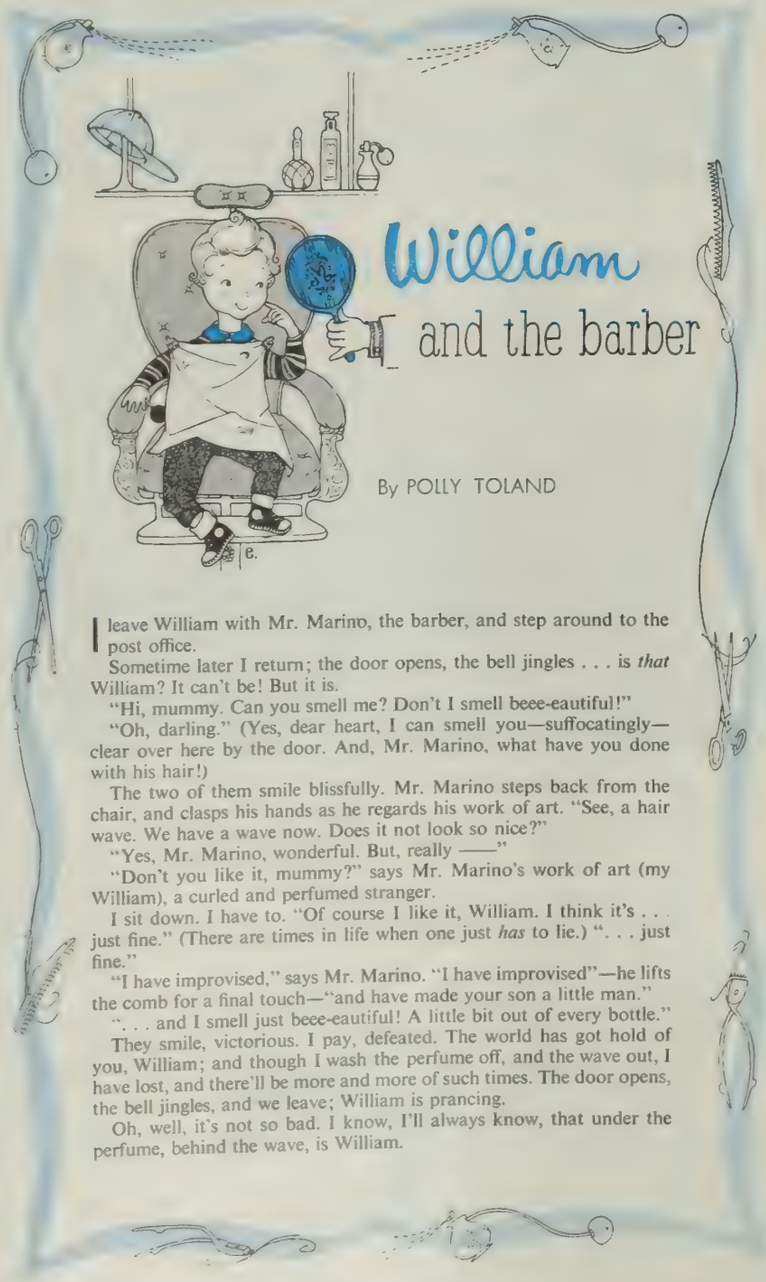
McGuffey's Panic: A mass hysteria occurring among children fifteen seconds before their mother is about to cart them off to school. The panic is caused by the scholars' suddenly remembering everything they should have remembered the night before. The oldest child frantically remembers that she is supposed to take an old shirt to school for art class; the middle child, that she is supposed to take a lump of coal for science class; and the youngest, that he is supposed to take the dog for social-studies class. While the mother rushes about rounding up the shirt, the coal and the dog, the children help out by rushing around behind her screaming about how late they're going to be, the resulting confusion equaling that of Moses when he was getting the Children of Israel off to the Promised Land.

Pauper's Pout: A recurring swelling and protrusion of the lower lip caused by delusions of extreme poverty in which a child insists that she receives less allowance than any other child in town. Considered incurable. Always carried over into marriage.

Roman Spine: A sudden collapse of the backbone, occurring always at mealtime and rendering a child incapable of sitting up straight at the table; believed to be a psychic regression to the Roman days of dining horizontally on couches, a position celebrated in the history of eating as being the only one that ever came natural to a child. A corollary condition, occurring mostly in small boys, is *Scooter Foot*, a temporary binding of the crotch bones which prevents the child from keeping both feet under the table at the same time, the stray foot always being poised upright alongside the chair, thus making it appear that, instead of sitting at a table, he is riding a scooter. In small girls, the condition may manifest itself in the form of *Snake Leg*, wherein the child is not comfortable unless she is sitting on one of her legs which she has tucked beneath her at an angle that would induce gangrene in a flamingo. With the leg thus coiled she achieves a state of unbalance that makes it look as though she is bobbing for apples instead of feeding herself.

Serpent's Tooth: The morbid affection of a five-year-old child for his first loose tooth. Throughout his life the child will never again be so attached to any tooth and will defy all parental attempts to pull it, preferring to carry it dangling from his gum for months or until such time as the father threatens to knock it out or pull it out. This parental unrest is due to the child's constant manipulation of the tooth with his tongue, the tongue, in time, developing the dexterity of a lizard's. By the third month the child will be able to shift the tooth backward, forward and sideways, and by the fourth month work it like a Yo-yo. But while refusing to allow anybody to *pull* the tooth, the child will be most generous in extending invitations to *feel* it. In fact, he will daily pursue his nauseated mother around the house *insisting* that she feel it. Finally, upon the tooth's reaching such a state of looseness that the child resembles Ollie, the dragon, he will relent and allow the father to *try* to pull it. Trying to get a loop of thread around a baby tooth is the equivalent of lassoing an eel with a noodle and, failing with this technique, the father will attempt to *pluck* the tooth from the child's mouth. It is then that he discovers the child's gums are composed not of flesh but of concrete, and that to get the tooth he will have to wrestle the child for it, which he does. The child, should he recover, will then place the tooth under his pillow, following which the Tooth Fairy will leave a shiny quarter and a severe case of *Comstock's Jerk*. In this, the child, realizing that he has a veritable silver mine sprouting from his jaws, will spend the next four years with his hand in his mouth trying to convert his remaining teeth into shiny quarters.

Spaghetti Leg: Phenomenon resulting from attempts to put boots on a child, occurring as the parent orders the child to stiffen leg and push. Though the child ordinarily may have the bone structure of a Percheron and calcium deposits enough in each joint to be worth mining, this command to stiffen the leg causes a dissolving of all bones, joints and major muscles in said leg and reduces it to a state of limpness found only in undercooked spaghetti. A mother attempting to force the



I leave William with Mr. Marino, the barber, and step around to the post office.

Sometime later I return; the door opens, the bell jingles . . . is *that* William? It can't be! But it is.

"Hi, mummy. Can you smell me? Don't I smell beee-eautiful!"

"Oh, darling." (Yes, dear heart, I can smell you—suffocatingly—clear over here by the door. And, Mr. Marino, what have you done with his hair!)

The two of them smile blissfully. Mr. Marino steps back from the chair, and clasps his hands as he regards his work of art. "See, a hair wave. We have a wave now. Does it not look so nice?"

"Yes, Mr. Marino, wonderful. But, really ——"

"Don't you like it, mummy?" says Mr. Marino's work of art (my William), a curled and perfumed stranger.

I sit down. I have to. "Of course I like it, William. I think it's . . . just fine." (There are times in life when one just *has* to lie.) ". . . just fine."

"I have improvised," says Mr. Marino. "I have improvised"—he lifts the comb for a final touch—"and have made your son a little man."

". . . and I smell just beee-eautiful! A little bit out of every bottle."

They smile, victorious. I pay, defeated. The world has got hold of you, William; and though I wash the perfume off, and the wave out, I have lost, and there'll be more and more of such times. The door opens, the bell jingles, and we leave; William is prancing.

Oh, well, it's not so bad. I know, I'll always know, that under the perfume, behind the wave, is William.

leg into a boot once it has achieved this jellied state might be more gainfully employed trying to thread a needle with an oyster.

Sumac's Osmosis: An osmotic sensitivity of the skin which enables a child to catch poison oak merely by standing within fifty feet or more of the stuff and taking a deep breath. Always accompanied by *Cannibal's Itch*, a suicidal tendency on the part of the child to consume himself with scratching. Given a single poison-oak blister to work with, the child, in one night's scratching, can so multiply the blister that he emerges the next morning looking as though he is made of tapioca. Special attention is paid to the face, and with the subsequent puffiness and scabbiness of the features the child, in short order, will bear a striking resemblance to Charles Laughton with the measles. Unfortunately, the cures for this affliction exceed even those for the common cold and, even more unfortunately, are equally effective. These cures come always in lotion form and are known technically to the layman as the pink stuff, the orange stuff, the purple stuff, and so on, with children showing a marked preference for whatever stuff coagulates in the bottle fastest. Having the consistency of cold catchup and warm asphalt, this type lotion, rather than being poured from the bottle, must be knocked from the bottle. Thus the commonest technique for applying is to place the afflicted child upon the bathroom floor, aim the bottle at him, and beat on the bottom thereof. Following the third whack, a pound of the lotion will erupt from the bottle, striking the child squarely between the shoulder blades, that being the one spot on his body where he does not have poison oak.

Tarzan's Glut: A dietary hallucinosis occurring when a baby is allowed to feed himself at too early an age. In this, the baby sees all his food as alive and believes that it must be killed before it can be devoured. Given a piece of cake, a nine-month-old baby, before putting it in his mouth, will either strangle it or beat it to death. Strangling is the more common of the two techniques, and only when the cake is shooting out between his fingers does he consider it dead enough to eat. The cake is thus transformed from a three-inch square into a coil and looks more like something that came out of an inner-spring mattress than a cakebox. To properly eat a piece of cake squeezed into this shape, the baby *should* screw it into his mouth, but invariably he will attempt to put it in sideways, resulting in an earful of crumbs and an iced nostril. The baby who prefers beating his food to death is generally considered the more savage and should never be left alone with kittens, puppies or fathers. This child's favorite food is a jelly sandwich. Invariably he will place the sandwich flat upon the high-chair tray and in a flash give it a murderous whack with the flat of his hand. As the jelly quite often shoots some thirty feet, this child is popular only with ants, dogs and linoleum salesmen.

Thor's Trot: Involuntary spasms of the leg muscles induced by thunderstorms and resulting, at first loud clap, in child's being propelled from his own bed into that of his father's. In severe storms, with large family, the father may awaken with so many children clinging to him that he will feel like a mother possum.

Univac's Quirk: An acute selectivity of the memory in which a child is unable to remember a parental command for five minutes but can remember a parental promise for ten years. The command may be leveled at the child in anything from a low roar to a raging bellow: "Quit jumping on that bed!" Five minutes later all will be forgotten and the boy and the bed will again sound like a kangaroo and a trampolin. The parental promise, however, may be made in anything from an unconscious grunt to an absent-minded mumble: "Yeah, four or five years from now daddy'll take you camping." Four years, to the day, later the child will show up with a frying pan and bedroll—usually snarling, "You promised!"

Vampire's Nocturne: Phenomenon in which a healthy, happy five-year-old child, pure in heart and without an enemy in the world, can close his eyes at bedtime and within sixty seconds be sleeping the sleep of a drunk in the last stages of delirium tremens, being pursued throughout the night by vampires, witches, tigers, snakes, mad dogs, bears, mean men, freight trains, tidal waves, Indians and nearsighted garbage collectors. Not only do they pursue the child, they all catch him, at which time he lets out a series of shrieks and winds up either under the bed, on top of the toilet or halfway up the draperies. His panic, however, is not to be compared to that of the father who bounds into the room convinced that the boy is in the clutches of, at least, a teen-age werewolf.

Vigilante's Dilemma: Metamorphosis in which a child's powers of locomotion vary in direct proportion to a parent's vigilance or lack thereof. A year-old child being watched by his mother will, for hours, waddle about the room with all the sure-footedness of a drunken midget, his top speed never exceeding two feet per second. The moment the mother turns her back, however, he immediately assumes all the grace of a gazelle and moves at a speed exceeding sound. Thus the mother, before hearing the patter of little feet, will first hear the crash of her best lamp. Escaped children heading for freshly frosted cakes, antique vases and open wall sockets have been clocked at mach 3.

Zwieback's Transition: A sudden growing up; a telescoping of time; a phenomenon of the fourth dimension in which a child is asking for zwieback one day and for the keys to the car the next. Seemingly occurs overnight. This is by all odds the saddest and cruelest of all childhood's catalytic afflictions. END

SMALL HOUSE... *Big Spaces*

This house was designed for a retired couple. They wanted a small easy-to-care-for home, but they disliked giving up the spacious rooms they had always preferred. Dimension was added by a two-story living room. Height to achieve spaciousness is often overlooked.

By JOHN BRENNEMAN,
Architectural Editor

ARCHITECT: LAWRENCE M. JONES; ASSOCIATE: MRS. D. H. DRUMMOND
PHOTOGRAPHER: EMELIE DANIELSON-NICHOLSON



Asymmetrical planning gives this traditional exterior fresh appeal.

Building regulations in the neighborhood required a minimum of one and a half stories. This was the problem. The owners wanted one-floor convenience. They managed this by putting all essential rooms on the lower floors with only a three-step split level. This made the house interesting without causing an undue amount of stair climbing. A studio balcony six feet up overlooks the two-story living-dining room. Necessary height was achieved; building requirements satisfied. Because of its height, the studio is a private room; people below can't see in.

Each room here borrows roominess from the others, and the impression is one of largeness.

Traditional materials, such as leaded windows and old brick, mix with details of modern design. Exposed beams (genuine), sloped ceilings, open planning and asymmetrical informality are combined with traditional furniture. The common sense of good modern planning is timeless and styleless.

Other parts of the house are just big enough to work well. Bedrooms are generously sized. The kitchen is compact and efficient, well suited to effortless one-woman operation.

The furnace and water heater are tucked away in the attic over the bedrooms. And, contrary to popular opinion, this high-ceilinged house is not hard to heat. Heating bills are very small.

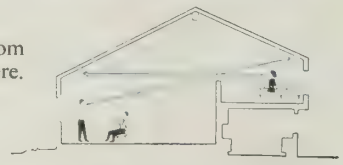
The house was built with two bedrooms. We've shown where a third bedroom and another bath might go.

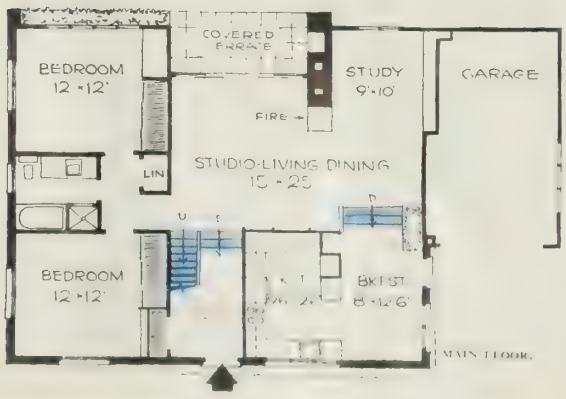
Cost: $19,000 to $25,000 with extra bedroom and bath, plus land.

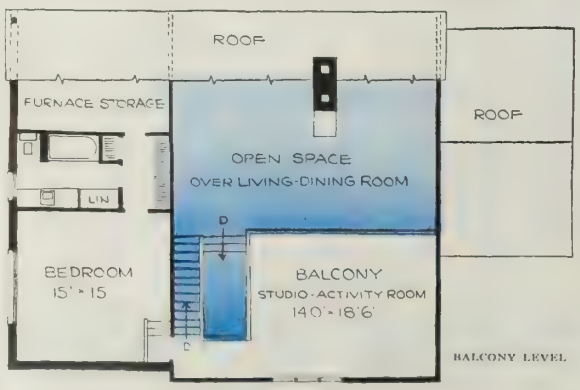


Secluded terrace is just right for lunch, intimate talk.

Roomy feeling results from long sight lines shown here.









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HAPPY NEW YEAR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

"I'm sure," Ben said, resigned, and opened his book again.

"It'll be fun, darling," Janey said, mellowing now that everything was under control. She bent over his chair, put her arms around his neck and kissed his cheek. "You'll see—you'll have a good time, if you'll only let yourself."

"I'm sure," Ben murmured absently, already lost in history.

But at nine o'clock on New Year's Eve he wasn't sure of anything. Dressed in his formal clothes and ready to leave, he was stuffing a balky Bobby into his snowsuit. Warily he eyed the paraphernalia piling up in the foyer, all to be carried over to Edith's house: pillow, blanket, sheets, extra pajamas, Teddy bear, all for Bobby; two casseroles of rice pilau and an impressive assortment of olives—green and black, plain and stuffed with pimiento, almonds, anchovies and onions—Janey's contribution to the dinner; the ice bucket, crammed with cubes; several long-playing calypso records.

"Bee-bee-bee," Bobby cried, kicking angrily as one foot stuck halfway in the legging.

"Come on now, fella," Ben appealed, struggling. "A little co-operation ——"

Janey came hurtling through the foyer, dressed in a strapless bra and an enormous petticoat, and added two picture books to the pile of equipment.

"Holy smokes, you've got enough junk there for a trip around the world!" Ben said, holding Bobby down as he tugged at the zipper. "I'll give you one last chance—let's stay home."

"Bee-bee-bee," Bobby screamed, outraged, from the floor.

"This boy is in one horrible mood," Ben said.

"He's just tired. I didn't let him nap, so he'd go to sleep quicker at Edith's."

"Well, let's go and get him to bed before I lose my temper and damage him permanently. Come on." And he got up from the floor.

"Wait, silly. Don't you want me to put on my dress?"

"Isn't that it?" He stared at her, in petticoat and bra, baffled. "It's pretty enough ——"

"Now, really!"

"Bee!" Bobby shouted, rattling the front doorknob.

Half an hour later they unloaded the car and started up the walk to Edith's house, Ben toting a pile up to his chin, Janey with a casserole in each hand, and Bobby tugging at her enormous skirt. As they stood on the little porch ringing Edith's doorbell, Ben looked imploringly at his wife with a silent, last-ditch plea for mercy. But she ignored him as she carefully arranged her face into an expression of bubbling expectancy.

"Hi!" Edith cried as the door flew open.

"Hi!" Janey cried right back, smiling brilliantly.

Ben winced, and meekly walked in.

The din was an assault, a clanging, clattering, shattering fusion of noises: loud talking, louder laughing, the phonograph blaring, four hands rendering cacophonous chopsticks on the piano, a determined banging on a hammer toy, a howling child, a dog in the background barking rhythmically, and from the kitchen the chitter-chatter of four women, the hiss of the pressure cooker on the back of the range, the dishwasher just finishing up its cycle.

"Bee-bee," Bobby breathed softly, overwhelmed.

"Let's go home," Ben said.

Janey shot him a withering look. "Take Bobby upstairs and get him ready for bed," she commanded, and with the elegance of a lady stepping into her opera box she swept into the seething kitchen, one casserole in each hand, her evening dress billowing out in a cloud behind her.

"Benny boy!" Andy called from across the hall. "Come on in! We're all waiting for you."

"In a minute." Ben waved. "Where do I stash my son?"

"The flophouse is upstairs. Take any bed without a body in it."

"Come along, chum," Ben said, taking Bobby's hand and picking up the bundle of pajamas and blankets. "You heard what the man said."

"Bee?" Bobby asked, unnaturally subdued, trotting obediently upstairs alongside of his father.

As they reached the little landing, Betty Russell dashed out of the kitchen after them, calling, with one warning finger at her lips, "Ben! *Please* keep him quiet. I just got my boys to sleep, and Tommy is *such* a light sleeper." Her expression was tightly anxious.

"Hear that?" Ben asked Bobby, his voice thick with sugar as he tried a little positive thinking. "Dicky is sleeping. He's a good boy. Tommy is sleeping. *He*'s a good boy. And who *else* is going to sleep? Who *else* is going to be a good boy?"

"*Bee!*" Bobby shouted enthusiastically. "*Bee*-bee ——"

"Sh-h-h." Ben winced, shuddering at the thought of a run-in with Betty Russell, or any one of the overwrought party-girl mothers downstairs. Leading Bobby into an unoccupied bedroom that held both a crib and a cot, Ben undressed his son, put him in the crib and switched off the light.

Bobby remained standing, hanging onto the crib rail, his brown eyes, wide with apprehension, following Ben as he moved about the room. A shaft of light came through the doorway from the hall.

Janey came running up the stairs and into the bedroom. "How're you doing?" she asked, looking flushed and excited and very pretty.

"Fine, but this boy looks mighty wide-awake."

"Nonsense, he's *exhausted*," Janey said firmly.

"Just look at those big wide eyes."

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"He's a little jittery—it's a strange room and a strange bed," Janey said. "Why did you put him in Stevie's crib, anyway?"

"Andy said to take any bed," Ben said. "Where is Stevie? Isn't he sleeping?"

"He's still whooping it up downstairs. Edith let him nap this afternoon, and now he'll never go to sleep." With an air of determined finality, Janey turned to her son. "All right now, Bobby, you lie down ——"

Bobby stood rigidly still, clinging to the bars. "Bee," he whimpered, starting to cry.

"I wish he'd talk," Ben said wistfully.

"He doesn't have to," Janey said impatiently, pulling at Bobby bodily.

"*Bee-bee!*" he screamed.

"Shush! You'll wake everybody up, you bad boy!" Janey scolded.

"He's *not* a bad boy," Ben protested. "All he wants to do is go to sleep in his own bed, in his own room. It's not his fault if you want to go to a party and he's interfering with your good time. He's only a baby, for heaven's sake, and he doesn't *understand* ——"

"He understands everything that goes on, and he knows just how to get his own way!" Janey told him.

"Look, you go ahead downstairs," Ben told her. "I'll stay up here with him till he goes to sleep."

"Oh, no!" Janey said, but the protest was somehow mechanical and unconvincing. "It wouldn't be fair ——"

"That's beside the point. You know he'll fall asleep faster if one of us stays up here with him."

"What time is it now?"

Ben studied his watch in the light from the doorway. "Quarter to ten. There won't be much excitement till midnight, and I'll be down long before that." He stood at the threshold a minute, listening to a sound of smothered giggling. "Who's that?" he whispered to Janey. "I thought all the other kids were supposed to be sleeping."

"It's Annie and Gail—those two giddy girls are still up, but they won't bother you." She hesitated a moment before leaving the room. "I'm sorry," she said, trying to sound reluctant, "I hate to do this to you." Halfway down the stairs, she paused to smile back at him, and he thought how beautiful she looked—but how unnaturally strained and eager. New Year's Eve, with its special atmosphere of forced gaiety, had infected Janey.

And Ben returned to the darkened bedroom, quite content to avoid the artificial hilarity downstairs. He flopped down on the cot and spoke softly to Bobby. "Come on, fella. Time to sleep. You lie down now. Daddy will stay with you—see?"

It took a good deal of repetitive, low-pitched talking to reassure Bobby. Ben, lying on the cot, made an effort to fight his own drowsiness. The boisterous party noises receded farther and farther as Bobby slowly seemed to relax. Half conscious, Ben heard the padding of little feet down the hall, and, giggling and whispering, Annie and Gail appeared in the doorway.

"Scoot!" Ben whispered hoarsely.

"Bee!" Bobby said, sitting up and pointing, instantly alert again.

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICE OF VOGUE PATTERN ON PAGE 107

Vogue Design No. 9670. "Easy to Make" one-piece dress and scarf; 10–18 (31–38). 75c.



"Go on back to bed!" Ben ordered the girls. "Go on—quick now!"

They scurried off like two little mice.

After another long wait, Bobby's watchful tension again relaxed as Ben, tired and bored, began counting—one, two, three—his eyelids drooped heavily—thirty-eight, thirty-nine, forty—he stifled a mighty yawn—sixty-two, sixty-three—Bobby's breathing came heavy and steady as the numbers continued clicking like a metronome—eighty-six, eighty-seven—gradually ebbing away.

The sharp snap of the light switch flicking on, and the sudden flood of lamplight, awakened Ben. He jumped to his feet as though jet-propelled.

It was Edith, holding Stevie's hand. "What's Bobby doing there in Stevie's crib?" she demanded.

Startled and frightened, Bobby began to cry.

"Andy said to take any bed," Ben said, blinking in the light, still foggy with sleep, "so I put him in the crib."

"Well, you'll just have to take him out!" And Edith folded her arms across her chest, waiting.

"Bee," Bobby cried, working into a crescendo, "Bee-bee-*bee!*" He clutched the crib bars tightly and refused to be moved.

"Bee-bee!" came echoing from across the hall, and Ben recognized Annie's pixy voice as the little girls picked up the battle cry, laughing wildly, "Bee-*beeee* ——"

"Good heavens, shut them up!" Betty Russell gasped, flying up the stairs. "Tommy is a *very* light sleeper ——"

"Crib!" Stevie shouted, rattling the bars loudly.

"Take him out, Ben," Edith ordered.

"I'm *trying* ——"

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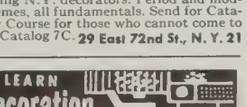
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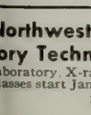
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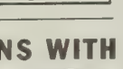
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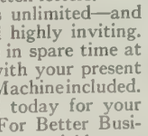
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"*Bee!*" Bobby yelled, slamming Stevie on the head with a pudgy fist.

"Bee-bee!" the two little girls shrieked, streaking into the bedroom to see the excitement.

"Mommy!" came a wail from down the hall.

"That's Tommy," Betty sighed wearily. "I *knew* you'd wake him."

"*Bee!*" Bobby screamed, jumping up and down in the crib.

"Crib!" Stevie cried, shaking the bars.

"Please, Ben," Edith said.

Ben looked about the room, at the distraught and hostile mothers, at the overwound and crying children, feeling utterly done in. Disgusted and exhausted, he shook his head, conceding defeat.

"I'm going home," he decided. "Come on, Bobby," and he leaned over the crib and put his arms around his son.

"Oh, now, Ben," Edith said appeasingly, "it's just that Stevie's crib ——"

"What on earth is going on?" Janey asked, appearing suddenly in the doorway. "Why is everybody up here? Why aren't the kids in bed?"

"*Mommy!*" Tommy cried from the other bedroom.

"I'll *never* get him back to sleep," Betty mourned, turning to leave.

"I'm going home," Ben repeated, holding Bobby very close.

Janey's jaw dropped in astonishment. "Why?"

"I've *had* it, that's why. All these maniacal women with their screaming brats ——"

"Ben!" Janey exclaimed.

Edith stared at him a moment. Then, tactfully, she led Gail and Annie from the room. "Come along, girls," she said. "I'll tuck you in again."

"You're absolutely hysterical," Janey said in a low, fierce voice, taking Bobby from Ben's arms.

"Me? Hysterical? Ha! Look at your girl friends, all frothing at the mouth!" He patted his forehead with a pocket handkerchief. "This whole thing is *idiotic*. I never wanted to go to this party in the first place. If we have to spend the whole evening in a bedroom, why can't it at least be our *own*?"

"I'll stay with Bobby now, and you go downstairs," Janey offered, her eyes wide and pleading. "I'll put him to sleep on the cot, and as soon as — -"

"Nothing doing. I'm fed up, and I want to go home."

"Ben, please. Let's not fight. Not tonight. Don't spoil the party."

"Some party! First I'm upstairs, then you're upstairs ——"

"I'm sorry it didn't work out better," Janey said contritely, "but it's almost eleven o'clock now, and he can't stay awake much longer."

"You'll miss the New Year," Ben prophesied darkly.

"No, I won't."

"Ear," Bobby said.

Ben stared at him. Then he turned to his wife. "Did you hear that? Did you? He's talking—*talking* ——"

"You're losing your grip," Janey said kindly. "You'd better go get yourself an aspirin or a drink or something."

"You weren't listening! He said 'ear,'" Ben insisted.

Edith returned to the bedroom with Stevie in tow. "I've *got* to get him to bed," she prodded.

"Say it again," Ben begged Bobby. "Say 'ear.'"

"Bee," Bobby said.

Ben shrugged. "O.K., you win again. I'll wait for you downstairs." And he started out the door.

"Relax a little," Janey called after him. "Make an effort. It's a *party*—enjoy yourself."

But he was still bristling with belligerence as he walked into the living room.

"Benny boy!" Andy hailed him. "Where've you been?"

"I got stuck playing sandman," Ben sighed, looking around. There wasn't a woman in sight. "What did you do with all the dames?"

"Up in the bedrooms, out in the kitchen, back in the dining room," Matt explained, waving his hand.

"Peace, it's incredible," Ben said, sinking into a deep chair. "I'm starting a new political party—The United Male Chauvinists of America."

"How about that?" Herb said admiringly. "I'm with you all the way."

"You just need a change of subject," Chuck said. "Too many dear little children ——"

"What do you think about the Middle East situation?" Herb asked, plunging right in.

"No politics," Andy ordered firmly. "Not on New Year's Eve."

"Did I tell you fellows what happened to me down at the lumberyard last week?" Matt asked. "Well, it all started very quietly ——"

Everything funny seemed to happen to Matt, and, a witty storyteller, he soon had the men roaring over the complications of molding strips, Ben laughing as heartily as the rest. After the turmoil upstairs, this seemed like paradise. His good mood survived even the return of Dotty and Roz from the kitchen. They looked so spectacularly pretty, so thoroughly undomestic, in their jewel-colored evening dresses that Ben forgave them for being women.

" —— what do you think about Sugar Ray Robinson? A little bit of all right?"

"Fan*tas*tic."

"That name kills me—Sugar Ray ——"

"All those guys have crazy nicknames—Bobo Olson and Tiger Brown and what's that guy Jackson?"

"Stonewall," Dotty supplied helpfully.

Ben laughed, but not unkindly, his eyes on Dotty warmly admiring. She was Chuck's wife, petite and black-haired, and she looked marvelous in a short, low-cut, very red dress.

"No, not *that* Jackson. The fighter."

"Hurricane Jackson is the fighter."

"Stonewall was a Civil War general, silly," Chuck said to his wife Dotty. "And anyway, that isn't a nickname is it, Ben?" and he appealed to the acknowledged authority.

"Of course it is," Ben said, happily aware of Dotty's grateful look.

"Well, what was Stonewall Jackson's real name, then?"

"Andrew," Matt said promptly. "Andrew Jackson. Everybody knows that."

"Not Andrew," Chuck said. "He was a President."

"Stonewall's real name was Thomas," Ben said, looking covertly at Dotty. She was watching him attentively and, preening, he amplified. "Thomas *Jonathan* Jackson."

"Andrew *Johnson* was a President."

"But so was Andrew *Jackson*."

"Wasn't there a Civil War general named Johnson?"

"Johns*ton*," Ben corrected gently, enjoying the flattering attention. "There were two Johnstons, both Confederates. Albert Sidney and Joseph Eggleston."

"My goodness," Dotty breathed.

"Were they brothers?"

"Not even related."

"Famous Johnsons I Have Known and Loved ——"

"Samuel Johnson ——"

"Senator Lyndon Johnson ——"

"Van Johnson ——"

Ben laughed, genuinely amused. And even when the conversation shifted to other subjects, and he was no longer the center of interest, still he felt warm and friendly as he gazed about the roomful of people. When the mood of the party altered, and the dancing started, Ben, who didn't dance very well, sat off on a side, admiring Dotty and Chuck as they did an expert cha-cha-cha.

When the next dance started, and Dotty beckoned to him, he refused automatically, "Oh, no, I don't know how."

"Don't be silly." Dotty laughed. "Any man who knows all about Eggleston Johnston can learn to cha-cha. Come on, I'll show you. It's really very simple."

Feeling a little reckless, he allowed himself to be led to a corner of the room, where Dotty demonstrated the basic step. There was nothing simple about it to Ben, and he had to concentrate hard to follow Dotty's quick feet, but after a while, with a feeling of pleased surprise, he realized that he was getting the hang of it. "Hey"—he beamed at Dotty—"this is *fun*."

"Left, two, cha-cha-cha, *turn*," she directed, smiling in reply, her red skirt flying out as she spun round.

The minutes ticked away as the dancing continued, until somebody switched on the television set. The fantastic vision of Times Square came into focus, a shifting sea of a million screaming faces.

"Get ready—get set!" Andy called out, distributing horns and rattles. "It's almost time for the New Year!"

Chuck came by to claim Dotty, and the other couples paired off, in readiness for the New Year's kiss. With a clutch of guilt, Ben realized that his wife was the only one missing. "I'd better get Janey," he said, feeling suddenly hollow, but nobody even heard him through the incredible din of the noisemakers.

He bolted up the stairs to the bedroom, pausing a moment on the threshold. It was hushed and quiet, and the party seemed suddenly remote and unreal. Janey lay on the cot, with Bobby clasped in her arms, both asleep. They looked so alike—two high rounded foreheads, two snippy noses, the flutter of long dark lashes on the smooth pink cheeks. Ben stood silently watching them for a long moment, his heart full of love.

Then he leaned over and whispered close to her ear, "Janey? Come on, honey, it's New Year's Eve. You'll miss the whole party."

Instantly, Janey's eyes opened wide. And so did Bobby's.

"Oh, my aching back!" Ben groaned, sitting down heavily on the edge of the bed.

"I must have fallen asleep," Janey said, rubbing her eyes.

"The understatement of the year."

"Ear," Bobby murmured.

"Ear!" Ben exclaimed. "You heard him this time, didn't you? He said 'ear.' He *said* it. I *heard* him."

"Eard im," Bobby repeated parrotlike.

"He talks," Janey marveled, sitting up. "And with a cockney accent!"

"Talk to me, fella," Ben said excitedly. "Say hello ——"

"Ello," Bobby said proudly.

Ben crowed triumphantly, absolutely delighted. "What a night! I'll never forget *this* party ——"

At that moment the noise from downstairs reached a shattering climax of whistles and shouts and laughs, the rattle of noisemakers, the blowing of horns.

"It's midnight," Janey cried, jumping to her feet. "It's the New Year—oh, Ben, we're going to miss it all ——"

"We're not missing a thing," Ben said, getting up and gathering her close in his arms. "Everything in the world is in this room, right here."

"Ear," Bobby echoed, rolling over on the cot, too exhausted to fight sleep much longer.

"You were right," Janey said sadly. "You're *always* right. We could have stayed home, for all the difference it made. Some party, babysitting in the bedroom ——"

"No," Ben said, full of tenderness. "*You* were right. Don't you know that whenever you manage to pry me loose and drag me out, I end up having a good time? You should have seen me tonight, doing the cha-cha with Dotty ——"

"You?" She was incredulous.

"Yes, *me*. All of a sudden I felt full of ginger, like a single man."

"Ben!"

"Dotty was very flattering, darling, and it was good for my ego. Oh, it's been a *great* party—and it's not over yet ——"

"Happy New Year! Happy New Year!" came from downstairs.

"Appy ear," Bobby murmured, almost asleep.

"I love you," Janey said simply.

"'Ear, 'ear," Ben breathed softly, just before their lips met. END

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS

ON PAGE 46

Vogue Design No. 3000. Basic dress: 10–14 (31–36). 60c.
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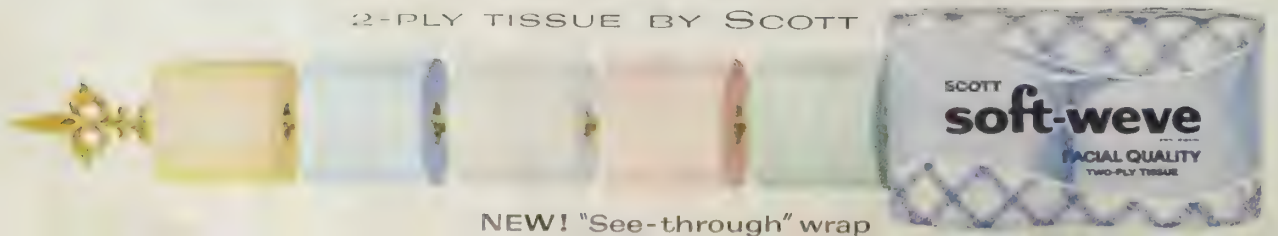


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Ladies' Home Journal

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VOL. LXXVI NO. 2

February, 1959

JOURNALITIES



Robert Andrews

"Yes, quite a lot though far from all of *Little Big Mouth* happened," ROBERT HARDY ANDREWS tells us. It's the story of two children and a doctor father on an Indian reservation long ago and the author spent a part of his boyhood on an Indian reservation in Oklahoma not so long ago. Newspaperman, radio and film writer, novelist and lecturer, Robert Andrews was profiled by James Thurber in the *New Yorker* as "the man who wrote and sold more words of radio dialogue than anyone else in history." He originated and wrote long-run dramatic serials, such as "Ma Perkins," "Just Plain Bill" and "Helen Trent." Since 1953, he has traveled some 100,000 miles in Free Asia and the Orient, completing research and obtaining Buddhist and government approvals for his *The Wayfarer*, a story of the life of Guatama Buddha, and *Fire in the East: the Saga of St. Francis Xavier.*



Harriett Pratt

HARRIETT PRATT majored in drama at Mills College "on the theory that one could learn about writing through acting." After teaching and working in little theaters for a year she settled down to writing and—"I've been doing it ever since. Last summer, when I was working on *Nobody's Business*, I took time out to go fishing in Northern California. Although I spent my childhood summers on the Minnesota lakes with a rod in my hand, this was the first time I'd tried for salmon. I was lucky enough to catch one (at a cost per pound which I'll never tell!). I brought it home to Los Angeles, adding dry ice all the way, deposited valuable fish in freezer, and finished *Nobody's Business*. When the JOURNAL bought the story, we celebrated by baking the fish. It *was* delicious." *Nobody's Business* (page 54) has absolutely nothing to do with fishing.



Elswyth Thane

What did the colonel want in a wife? (See *The Bride*, on page 56.) "Let her be small and soft, instead of tall, gaunt and slender," he mused, "sweet-tempered and obliging, instead of distracting and unpredictable; submissive where Sally challenged; no better read than he was, maybe; fond of babies; and let her be always kind." Who was the colonel? And who was the bride? (Clue: the Sally who figured in the colonel's dreams was Sally Fairfax.) The author is ELSWYTH THANE, in private life the wife of the naturalist-explorer Dr. William Beebe. They divide their time between New York City and Vermont, where they own an old farm which they have remodeled. Elswyth Thane was born in Burlington, Iowa, but has spent a good part of her life in England. For her numerous historical novels she devotes months to reading source material so that the background will be absolutely accurate. Colonial America and Victorian England are her chief interests.

Printed in U.S.A.

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OUR READERS WRITE US

Sex Smut Sold Teen-Agers by Mail

Peekskill, New York

Dear Editors: Recently, my wife and I were called in by upset neighbor friends for an evening of "shocking" home movies. We left their living room stunned and embarrassed. The movies turned out to be several small rolls of 8-mm. film containing indescribable sex filth. It had arrived via the mails, in a plainly wrapped package addressed to one of their young sons, and was inadvertently opened by the father.

Thanks to our friends' warning, my wife and I are now guarding our mailbox like a pair of outraged hawks. We are determined to keep our children from similar obscenities.

But what about the other parents of America?

Investigating, I have discovered that mail-order pornography is big business today. The Post Office Department reports that sex-filth peddlers are shipping at least 50,000,000 items of obscene matter through the mails, raking in more than $500,000,000 a year.

The frightening aspect of these figures rests in the fact that the smut peddlers are aiming their wares largely—if not exclusively—at the most lucrative and the most impressionable market of all, teen-agers!

They bait the kids with lurid mail advertising, offering through clever suggestion such items as "action films" and "nude art" poses sold only by and to "private collectors." To make the bait more attractive, they usually add a bold line to the effect that they may have to put up a legal battle to sell the stuff and that they can sell only to those who are "twenty-one or older."

But they will peddle the lascivious merchandise to anyone. I know. I have received several bundles even though, writing in the obvious, semiliterate scrawl of a school child, I ordered without stating my age.

It may be comforting for most of us to know that we live in a clean, decent environment and our children aren't the type to buy such things. But postal delivery is no respecter of economic, social or geographic lines. As a matter of fact, youngsters in the "better" homes are the ones most often aimed at. They usually have more spending money. And the sex-filth merchants solicit them with a veritable barrage of vivid mail-order advertising, aided by carefully pruned lists which are sold and rented back and forth in the trade.

What can parents do about it? I put the question to Post Office Department officials. They said:

1. Parents should be alerted to the fact that nearly all mail-order sex merchandise (films, books, photographs) arrives in a plainly wrapped package, usually bearing only a post-office-box number and phony "art" company name. Most are posted from Western states, especially California, where large numbers of sex-filth merchants have set up shop to take advantage of a legal quirk which has given them protection.

2. All evidence of obscene matter, including the advertising brochures, should be promptly turned over to your local postmaster or sent directly to: *Chief of Postal Inspectors, Post Office Department, 12th & Pennsylvania Aves., N.W., Washington 25, D. C.*

Under a newly passed law, the Attorney General's office has received broadened authority to crack down on the mail-order sex business. A nation of alert parents can help the postal inspectors gather the evidence necessary to wipe out this insidious trade.

Sincerely yours,
HARRY KURSH

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

The Eternal Woman

FRANCES MC LAUGHLIN-GILL



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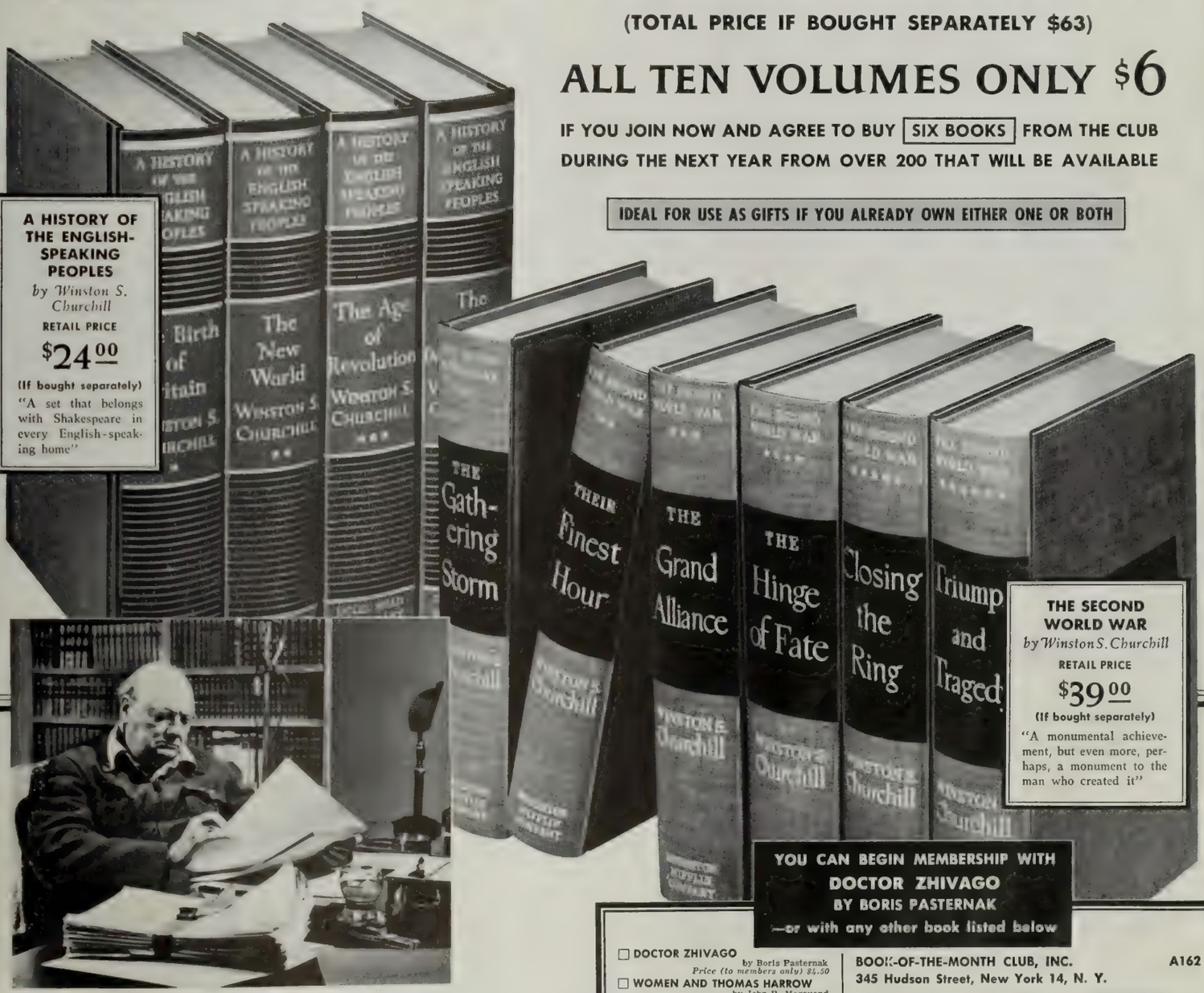
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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
BRUCE GOULD
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EDITORS



Center Church, the central and most imposing of three historic churches which grace the broad central green of New Haven, was designed by Ithiel Town and built between 1812 and 1814. In the background, Yale University.

SAMUEL CHAMBERLAIN

MEANING FOR US ALL

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

The death of Pope Pius XII and the election of his successor, together with the felicitous beginning of the new reign, must have induced reflection on the part of many in this predominantly Protestant country. America is only one third Catholic, and we who belong to the other two thirds might have regarded these events as being of no concern to us.

It was not so. We were all concerned. It was impressive to me that for a whole hour after the death of Pius XII the American radio and television networks, which mean so much to all our people, refrained from commercial advertising. They played great liturgical music of the past, Bach and Palestrina and the Gregorian chants, and it was good for us to listen for a while in silence. There was, we may say, universal interest and awe.

This was in part a tribute to the personality of Pius XII. There was an austere beauty in his presence and in his benediction. He had come to mean a great deal to all of us, to hold hope in his hand as in his heart. His effort to befriend and protect the luckless refugees of Hitler's decade, his systematic Christianity in the epoch of persecution for the Jews, his statement of high values in a troubled time can never be forgotten.

But the feelings to which we were subjected at the moment of this great transition were not altogether due to the personality of the late Pope. They were also due to a perception of the august nature of the institution itself, ever renewed, growing again from the ashes. We have seen the orderly processes by which the oldest establishment in the Western world goes on, and on and on. We have beheld the continuity of the church of Christ. This in itself, for those without or within the actual structure—that is, for non-Catholics as well as for Catholics—has humbled the secular pride of our lives. Few are the bodies, temporal or militant, which can so perpetuate themselves.

The new Pope was one of nine children in a poor peasant house, and although he is seventy-seven, we hear that he was the candidate of all the younger members of the Sacred College. He seems to want to administer, to be practical and to travel—all of which are volitions of the young. He has said that he wants to go to Lourdes—and if he does go it will be the first time any Pope has set foot outside of Italy since Napoleon Bonaparte took Pius VII with him to France. He seems likely to delegate his powers, as Pius XII seldom did, and to take a more practical care for the flock than was possible for his exalted and inspired predecessor. He would seem to be a "pastoral" Pope, and in spite of his age one feels that he will live and reign for years.

The interest and awe manifested in these events on the part of all our people—I have called it "universal"—arise from one further element in our natures. That is, aside from the tribute to the personality of Pius XII and aside also from the sense we get of the continuity of the church, there is the realization that in religion, religion itself in all its forms, there is the last refuge of the individual soul.

Our times have not been too kind to the individual either in soul or in body. Our systems of thought have so tended to coagulate the entities that everything falls into "groups," whether we are talking of human beings or butterflies, ideas or undertakings. We do not separate enough, and as a result the single being seems at a time of crisis to find himself alone on a wind-swept heath. There is scarcely any organization, institution, party or government which does not operate upon a statistical basis, which means that the single being is diminished to a mere number and is affronted to the depths by an impersonal contempt.

For this bewilderment and sorrow of the soul, a withering experience, only the religions provide even a vestige of shelter or solace. The individual is not an individual any more except in the abodes of worship. Elsewhere he is a number in a statistical table. Here he can touch, however humbly, the consciousness of his own reality, of his own existence.

This, I should say, is the final or ultimate reason for that universal interest and awe with which we contemplated the transmission of the Keys of Saint Peter from Pius XII to John XXIII.

Some personal recollection of Pius XII may not come amiss just here, because he was an eminently humane man and deserves to be remembered not only for his exaltation but for his humanity. At the end of the Second World War he relaxed or abolished a great many of the rules of Vatican protocol, under

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LOVE AND SCIENCE

By WILLIAM and LAURA RILEY

Love and science—usually poles apart—have found common ground at a new research center at Harvard University where a team of scholarly investigators are measuring the physics, chemistry and economics of man's most mysterious emotion. What they are learning they hope will make people happier and friendlier.

In some cases their findings confirm what poets and philosophers have been saying through the ages. In others, however, scientific evidence contradicts poetic musings.

FOR EXAMPLE:

"*Absence makes the heart grow fonder.*" THOMAS BAYLY.

No, according to Dr. Pitirim A. Sorokin, world-renowned sociologist who heads the center's studies. Love cannot exist in a vacuum. Without interaction of human beings and the opportunity to express the essence of love—giving and sharing—human nature tends toward "out of sight, out of mind."

"*It is to the credit of human nature that it loves more readily than it hates.*" NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Yes. Interviews reported by Harvard psychologist Gordon Allport show that people *want* to love, are thwarted when they hate. "Man's natural inclinations all are to love and to respond to love," says anthropologist Ashley Montagu. "The need for love is as definite and compelling as the need for food."

"*To be in love is to be in a state of perceptual anesthesia.*" H. L. MENCKEN.

Wrong. Love heightens the perceptions. Studies show that women in love usually tend to dress more attractively and furnish their homes in better taste. Gyorgy Kepes, professor of visual design at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, says love means "We perceive the world as a connected whole and react to it with healthy openness. Without love our sensibilities are frozen and we are incapable of absorbing the joys of light, color and form."

"*A Briton, even in love, should be a subject, not a slave.*" WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Impossible. The heart of love, according to German psychiatrist Erich Fromm, is that one surrenders himself absolutely to the loved object, yet retains his integrity—a universal condition which applies also to the British.

"*Down to Gehenna or up to the Throne, He travels the fastest who travels alone.*" RUDYARD KIPLING.

"*Marriage is a noose.*" CERVANTES.

Both false. Studies show a happy marriage frees, not constricts, energy and ability. Married college students, both men and women, learn more than their single counterparts, and married men do better in business (and earn more) than single ones.

"*Love and marriage go together like a horse and carriage.*" Popular song.

True. Interviews show extended affairs are rarely happy. Real love means giving of oneself to the utmost, which is impossible for most people to do outside of marriage.

"*Love is not and should not be in the foreground of life; it should remain in the back room.*" GUSTAVE FLAUBERT.

Love is definitely in the foreground, and that's where most people want it to be. Persons in love are unanimous in saying it is the most important influence in their lives; and nearly every one of thousands interviewed said love or the lack of it, now or in the past, was a main reason for his present state of happiness or unhappiness.

"*Two souls with but a single thought, Two hearts that beat as one.*" VON MÜNCH BELLINGHAUSEN.

It happens. More than 75 per cent of the thousands of thought-transference cases reported at Duke University's parapsychology laboratory involve persons who are quite closely attached to each other. "Clairvoyant cases fall in well with the suggestion that love is the powerful motivating interest which quickens ESP [extrasensory perception] activity," says the laboratory director, Dr. J. B. Rhine.

"*Love is a flame to burn out human wills, Love is a flame to set the will on fire, Love is a flame to cheat men into mire, One of the three, we make Love what we choose.*" JOHN MASEFIELD.

Yes, but only the second line deals with true love. It is one of the highest energies known, according to Doctor Sorokin, and can almost literally set the will on fire and lead individuals or whole groups to accomplishments otherwise beyond them.

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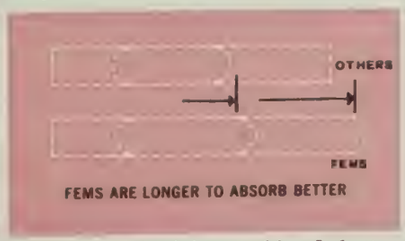
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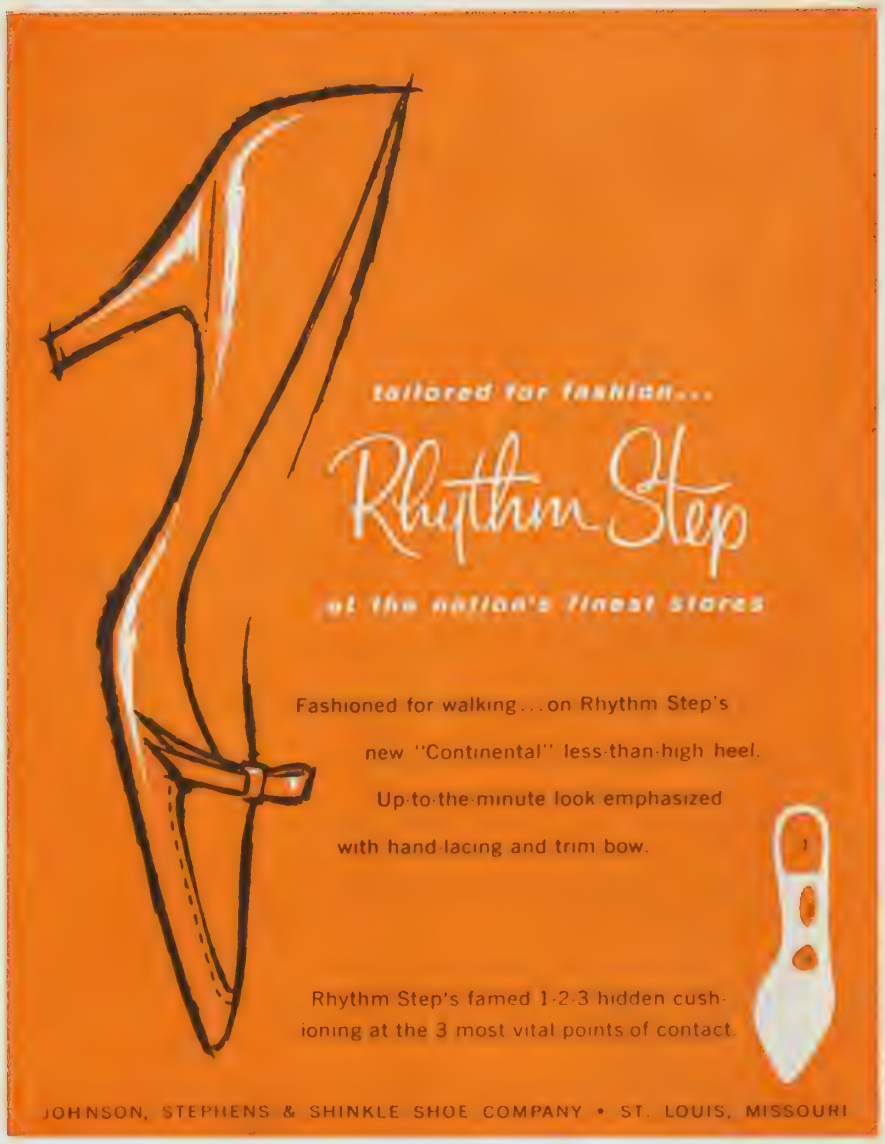
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"Love is a sickness full of woes."
SAMUEL DANIEL.

A purely poetic conception. Lovers are the healthiest people in the world, medical studies show, particularly resistant to cardiovascular, respiratory, gastrointestinal, endocrine and skin diseases.

"I do not love thee, Dr. Fell;
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this I know, and know full well:
I do not love thee, Dr. Fell."
TOM BROWN, written while a student at Christ Church, Oxford.

Perceptive but rare. Most people feel sure they know exactly why they "do not love." However, intensive interviews show that few realize the true cause of their hatred, often rooted in an unhappy past experience in which their friendly advances were rejected.

"Love is the coldest of critics."
GEORGE CURTIS.

Apparently not. Seventy per cent of all husbands and wives think their mates are very good-looking and one out of three believe they have noted an improvement since marriage.

The Bible has been the Magna Charta of the poor and of the oppressed. Down to modern times, no state has had a constitution in which the interests of the people are so largely taken into account; in which the duties, so much more than the privileges, of the rulers are insisted upon, as that drawn up for Israel in Deuteronomy and Leviticus. Nowhere is the fundamental truth, that the welfare of the state, in the long run, depends on the righteousness of the citizen, so strongly laid down. The Bible is the most democratic book in the world. THOMAS HUXLEY

"The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring."
BAYARD TAYLOR.

Yes. Twice as many combat soldiers summoned courage through loving thoughts toward their families and companions as through hatred for the enemy, according to a study by Army Information and Education specialists.

"Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned."
WILLIAM CONGREVE.

True. Misanthropy is always a matter of "frustrated affiliative desire (or love) and the attendant humiliation to self-esteem," says psychologist Gordon Allport. But scorn infuriates us all, not just women. Cases range from parent-rejected children to war veterans who, rejected at home, became aggressively, angrily intolerant of minority racial and religious groups.

"Ye know a lot about marriage, but ye niver married," said Mr. Hennessy.
"No," said Mr. Dooley. "No, say I, givin' three cheers, I know about marriage th' way an astronomer knows about the stars."
FINLEY PETER DUNNE.

Remotely, that is. The *sine qua non* of any love relationship, all authorities say, is its intimacy, its absolute union, with the loved object. One really knows about love only by being loving, about marriage only by being married.

"O, cricket is to cricket dear, and ant for ant doth long." THEOCRITUS.

Yes. Animals and even simple plants have a co-operative relationship akin to love that scientists have observed. An organism that lives in close association with others of its kind will grow, reproduce, recover from wounds and survive for no other reason be-

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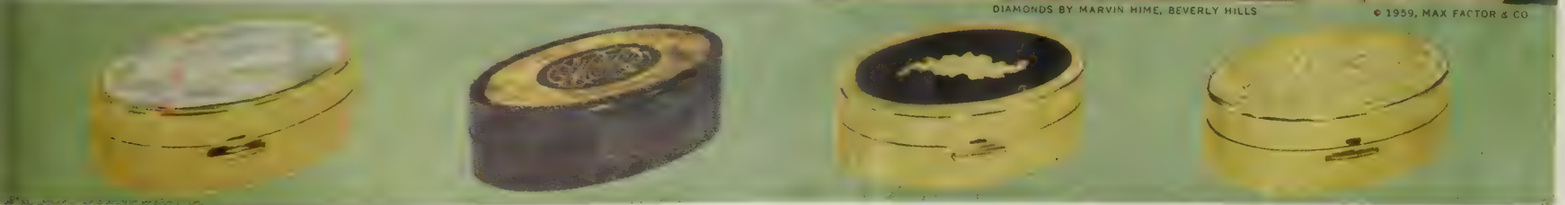
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sides its association. Isolated, its growth is slowed and it may even die. This is observed among birds and among such simple organisms as sea urchins and protozoa.

"When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out the window." Old saw.

No. Most marital arguments are about money, but they occur as often in rich homes as in poor ones. Poverty entering a loving relationship may serve to strengthen it.

"God can't be always everywhere:
And so invented Mothers."
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

Truer than might be supposed. Studies indicate mothers "have exceptional ESP ability in looking after loved ones," Doctor Rhine says. Many cases investigated by Duke's parapsychology laboratory involve mothers who through extrasensory perception received messages from and projected thoughts to their children in times of need or trouble, and so were able to help them.

"Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love."
SHAKESPEARE.

False. Men have died for love of country, of science, of each other, in dozens of documented cases of willing, deliberate sacrifice; and have died when, feeling unloved, they lacked the will to overcome illness or despondency, or even committed suicide. Children in hospitals have died for lack of love or what is now widely known—and prescribed by doctors—as TLC, "tender, loving care."

"To remember something, learn it by heart."
Old saw.

Literally true, hundreds of tests show. In one, people relating 100 incidents from their lives recalled almost twice as many pleasant as unpleasant ones, and the pleasant ones much more vividly. "One must like people to remember faces and names," says James A. Farley, famous for his memory. On the other hand, what we hate we may try to forget to the point of neurosis. "The horror of that moment," said the king in Alice in Wonderland, "I shall never, never forget." "You will, though," said the queen (quite accurately), "if you don't make a memorandum of it."

"Love and War are the same thing."
CERVANTES.

No. Doctor Sorokin's investigations show they are opposites. Thousands of recorded conflicts, from a pope's conversation with Attila the Hun to modern domestic strife, show that an advance of loving feeling is usually accompanied by the same degree of diminished warlike feelings and actions. "Stratagems and policies" are only pseudo love; love's experience, Sorokin says, "proves invariably the highest peace . . . peace of mind."

"Love me little, love me long."
JOHN HEYWOOD.

A valuable germ of truth. Overintense love resulting in overzealous demands can cut short love's duration. In lasting relationships neither side demands or expects too much, according to Dr. Edmund Bergler.

"Blood is thicker than water."
Seventeenth-century proverb.

True. Family members—spouse, parents, offspring, brothers and sisters—inspired the strongest affection and loyalty in more than 85 per cent of 850 adults and college students polled by the center; and were an influence for good ranking well above church, school or any other factor. "No other agency or factor can compete with the family in the production of the intensest love and attachment," says Doctor Sorokin.

"The good die young." Old saw.

Just the opposite. A study of lives of more than 3000 altruistic persons showed they lived up to 7 per cent longer than the population of the United States as a whole. "Of two persons with identical biological organisms," says Doctor Sorokin, "the kind and friendly person tends to live longer than the unkind and especially the hate-possessed individual. Love is one of the most important factors of longevity and good health."

"He drew a circle that shut me out . . .
But Love and I had the wit to win:
We drew a circle that took him in."
EDWIN MARKHAM.

"Love begets love, hate begets hate."
Old saw.

True, proved in thousands of cases on file at the center: cases involving wars, labor relations and present-day college life. Harvard and Radcliffe students who were "worse enemies" became friends almost against their wills when persuaded to exchange friendly, loving acts.

"Love is ever the beginning of Knowledge, as fire is of light."
THOMAS CARLYLE.

Very likely so. Studies of geniuses from Beethoven to Igor Sikorsky show "inspired" ideas come without conscious bidding when the genius is spiritually and selflessly united with his subject—a condition so uniquely like love that scientists are studying both as possible activities of a new, little-known "supraconscious" level of the brain.

"Love is not all: it is not meat nor drink
Nor slumber nor a roof against the rain."
EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY.

No. It is more important than any of these things, all observers agree. Loved ones suddenly separated during World War II bombings showed more severe mental and physical effects from the separation than from the bombings. Children in postwar rehabilitation camps became dull and unresponsive until reunited with parents or otherwise given love. Then, reports French pediatrician and UNESCO representative Thérèse Brosse, they became alert and performed tasks cheerfully and well. Divorced persons with otherwise satisfactory lives, on the other hand, may suffer shock and disorientation lasting months to years.

"Where's the man could ease a heart like a satin gown?" DOROTHY PARKER.

Science, having established that most persons value loving associations far above material goods, would ask: "Where's the satin gown could ease the heart like a man?" END

RAIN SIZES

By JOHN CIARDI

Rain comes in various sizes.
Some rain is as small as a mist.
It tickles your face with
surprises.
And tingles as if you'd been
kissed.

Some rain is the size of a
sprinkle
And doesn't put out all the sun.
You can see the drops sparkle
and twinkle,
And a rainbow comes out when
it's done.

Some rain is as big as a nickel
And comes with a crash and a
hiss.
It comes down too heavy to
tickle.
It's more like a splash than a
kiss.

When it rains the right size and
you're wrapped in
Your rain clothes, it's fun out-
of-doors.
But run home before you get
trapped in
The big rain that rattles and
roars.

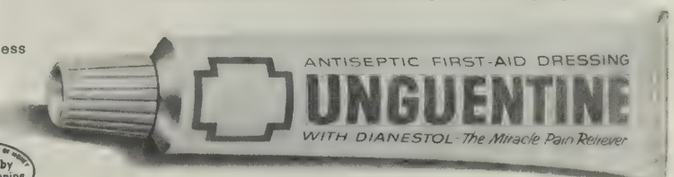


For cuts, scrapes, burns, all "skinjuries"—

New Unguentine® stops the hurting, starts the healing...protects as no cream or liquid can!

1. Relieves pain fast—never stings.
2. Attacks infection—speeds tissue repair.
3. Guards against reinfection far longer than creams or liquids.
4. Keeps gauze from sticking to the injury.

New • Stainless



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

A Norwich Product

A real first-aid dressing for the whole family

Science rich in

from the heart of golden corn...



* *What is the "L-plus" factor?*

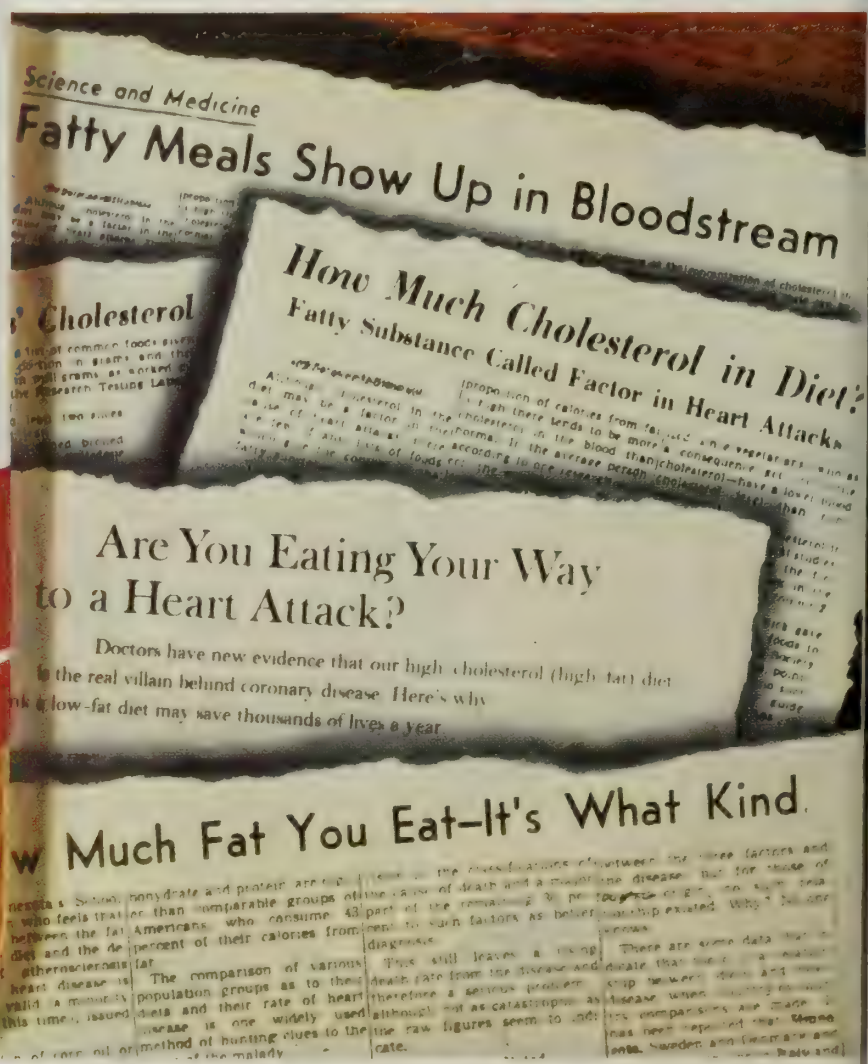
Proper diet requires balanced daily intake of c bohydrates, proteins and fats, along with an a quate supply of vitamins and minerals. Gold Mazola Corn Oil contains substances called lino ates... important to nutrition and health. Free cholesterol, it is rich in natural sterol produc derived from vegetable sources. We call this t "L-plus" factor.

Your body cannot make linoleates, so its supp should be replenished regularly. Of all popular fo oils, Mazola Corn Oil is the richest source of t "L-plus" factor.

CORN PRODUCTS COMPA

Sources of excerpts below will be provided on request.





finds Corn Oil "L-plus" factor

...so important to good health

...and of all leading U. S. brands only Mazola® is pure Corn Oil

Every day new evidence comes to light emphasizing the benefits of corn oil to nutrition! It is particularly rich in "L-plus" factor...a natural combination of substances valuable in nutrition and health. Research findings also show that corn oil in controlled diets is often effective in lowering the cholesterol level of the blood stream. This may be significant because the fatty deposits which are frequently found in the blood stream of people with coronary heart conditions, contain large amounts of cholesterol.

Doctors often recommend that from one-third to one-half of the total fat we eat should be in the form of vegetable oil. Because of its high content of "L-plus" and its other desirable qualities, Mazola is preferred by informed people.

Of course, for many years Mazola Corn Oil has been the choice of better cooks, prized for its delicate lightness and flavor and golden goodness . . . great for frying, salads and baking. Mazola fried foods are crispier outside, juicier inside. Mazola makes fresher, lighter salad dressings . . . its delicate flavor blends perfectly with seasonings. With its exceptional nutritional value now widely recognized, more people than ever before are including Mazola in their daily meals . . . and love it!

There are so many wonderful ways to use Mazola Corn Oil



In frying, Mazola heats quickly *without* smoking, sears *over* foods, seals *in* juices and flavors—gives you delicious, digestible golden-brown goodness.



For salads, Mazola Oil is the favorite of millions—it's like "liquid sunshine"—makes the finest, freshest dressings, quickly and easily.



In cooking vegetables, add a tablespoon or two of Mazola. Vegetables will be richer, tastier, and you need less water, thus preserving vitamins. Try it!

With a little imagination...and Log Cabin Syrup



You can create a breakfast that's out of this world! Follow the recipe for oatmeal as it appears on the Quaker Oats package, stirring in ¾ cup of Log Cabin Syrup as the oatmeal cooks. (Add more Log Cabin and a lump of butter to each portion served, if you like.) M-m-m-m . . . good! Nutritious, too. Quaker Oatmeal is full of nourishing protein so important to good health. Golden-rich Log Cabin makes it taste even more delicious, because Log Cabin is blended with pure maple sugar! Log Cabin makes so many other things taste extra special, too!



You can make perfect oatmeal pancakes! Combine ¼ cup Log Cabin, ¾ cup milk, 1 egg. Add ½ cup pancake mix, ½ cup Quaker Oats, and 1 tbs. melted shortening. Blend well. Bake on hot, lightly greased griddle. Serve with Log Cabin. No other blended syrup can match its deep-down maple flavor. Makes one dozen 4-inch pancakes.





You can grill the greatest waffles—with bread! How good they taste with Log Cabin's elegant maple flavor! Butter 10 slices bread on both sides. Dip each into blend of ¾ cup milk, dash of salt and slightly beaten egg. Drain slices; bake in moderately hot waffle iron for 5 minutes. With delicious Log Cabin, there's nothing finer!

Recipes Tested and Approved by General Foods Kitchens



Willing young hands of Kensington High School girls fix and pack sandwiches for the daily Meals on Wheels run.

JOSEPH DI PIETRO



Loading the truck goes rapidly when volunteers like these from Stetson Junior High help on holidays and during vacations.



They also deliver the food to waiting customers, show the little extra attention and kindness that bring forth a smile.

MEALS ON WHEELS FOR THE ELDERLY AND ILL

How it grew

By MARGARET HICKEY

Carrying nutritious prepared food in mobile canteens, a community service called "Meals on Wheels" now reaches hundreds of men and women who cannot prepare their own meals.

Begun in England during World War II by the British Women's Voluntary Service for Civil Defense, headed by the Dowager Marchioness of Reading, the program there is supported by funds from local governmental authorities, private organizations and token fees charged every customer. Today, WVS volunteers—"the women in green"—deliver some three-quarter million meals in a six-month period.

On a much smaller, but still encouraging, scale are American adaptations of this useful idea from across the ocean. The first, in Philadelphia, was begun by a settlement house in 1954. Its story is featured on this page.

In Columbus, Ohio, the Meals' program, started in April, 1957, was the doing of private citizens, sparked by the federated women's clubs. Its clients include recent hospital patients and elderly people in moderate circumstances as well as public-assistance recipients. Funds come from modest sliding-scale fees for a mid-morning snack, a cold lunch and a hot dinner, delivered seven days a week, and from the contributions of individuals and many citizen organizations. Twenty-two small social groups called "Wheels" turn over monthly dues of 50 cents a person and take on money-raising projects. Professional and lay volunteers are drawn from the federated women's clubs, the United Church Women, Public Welfare Department, Division of Aid for Aged, American Dietetic Association and public-health nurses.

Another version of Meals on Wheels is the three-year demonstration project, begun in April, 1958, in Rochester, New York. Its financial deficit, after meal fees, is paid by the Bureau of Chronic Diseases and Geriatrics of the state Department of Health. The Visiting Nurse Service of Rochester and Monroe County administers the project and will assist in research studies which the state may use in developing similar programs in other localities. Contributions paid for construction of the room which houses the kitchen, and volunteers help prepare, package and deliver meals as well as serve on the advisory board.

The East Orange, New Jersey, service got under way in November, 1958. Sponsored by ten civic groups, it relies on the Elks' Club for its kitchen and on the Red Cross for office space, station wagons, and the help of a nutritionist and motor-service volunteer drivers. High-school students deliver the food in midafternoon. Time and money have been given generously by community groups such as the East Orange Junior Woman's Club and the Junior League of the Oranges and Short Hills, with the League's gift of $2500 providing the program's main financial backstay.

The welcome sound of a Meals on Wheels wagon stopping at the door will soon be heard in many communities all across the land. END

When the big blue delivery truck pulls to a stop in front of the brick row house, two teen-age boys jump down, cardboard tray and vacuum bottle in hand, and hurry inside singing out a cheery "Meals!"

Upstairs, widowed Mrs. Burns sits at her table—knife, fork and spoon carefully in place. As the youngsters come in, she reaches out eagerly for the foil-covered paper plate which Billy slips from an insulated bag. "What have you got for me today, boys?"

"It's meat loaf, Mrs. Burns, with mashed turnips and potatoes and applesauce."

"Why, Billy, you've got my mouth watering!" She peels back the shiny covering and starts to eat while the boys unload the rest of their tray—a wrapped liverwurst sandwich on rye and a paper cupful of pears that she'll keep for supper later on.

The food which volunteers Billy and John have brought her is prepared and delivered by The Lighthouse, a Red Feather settlement in the industrial neighborhood of Kensington in Philadelphia. Year round, five days a week, with a dependability equaling that of the postal service, this "Meals on Wheels" program brings a hot and a cold meal directly to the tables and bedsides of people who cannot make or obtain their own.

For a year now Mrs. Burns has been one of them. She lives in a small room which is old and drab—but bracingly clean. Slowly but persistently she sees to that. A good chair and an elegant china lamp base, mementos of her former home, are lovingly polished.

Mrs. Burns thinks about the past a good deal, but since becoming a customer of Meals on Wheels she is enjoying life in the present too. She sleeps more easily, has a fine appetite and has gained much-needed weight.

To Lighthouse visitors (who may be adult volunteers or staff as well as teen-age boys and girls) she now confides her small triumphs, shares a bit of news:

"I washed the inside of two panes of my window today! They *were* getting a little grimy." She ducks her head with a mixture of embarrassment and pride. Or: "That little neighbor boy you people found to run my errands is a right nice youngster. He goes to the same school I did nearly sixty years ago."

Such confidences, such cheerfulness and activity are a dramatic change from Mrs. Burns' condition when a visiting nurse and public-assistance worker found her lying weak and mute on a soiled bed in a dark and airless room. Inadequate diet, the burden of increasing arthritic disablement, a small income ($67 monthly from the Department of Public Welfare) and, perhaps hardest to bear of all, loneliness had eroded her will to live. Then one morning a small stroke left her partly paralyzed, knocked out the little spark of spirit which had kept her going.

She didn't even *want* to eat, recalls Mrs. Margaret Toy, Lighthouse staff member in charge of Meals. "We set out knowing that if we couldn't rouse her interest in food she would have to go to a hospital or institution. The sight of the meals and a little friendly bullying could do something, we thought. But most important, we had to cheer her up."

Every Meals' visitor knows that his smile, his joke, his kindness in removing the cap of a milk bottle for fingers unable to do it, can be as necessary to the welfare of the person he serves as the food itself. Results don't show right away, of course. Lighthouse workers remember the woman who threw the food back at them, the old man who slammed the door in their faces. But they understand that people accustomed to isolation need time to renew trust in others. "When they are crabby and grousing, we go on being friendly," stresses Paul Jans, head worker at The Lighthouse. Within a few months, patience and kindness pay off in warm welcomes and happier lives.

Kensington's Meals on Wheels is named after and somewhat patterned on the program started in England during World War II by the British Women's Voluntary Service for Civil Defense. Begun by The Lighthouse in January, 1954, Meals usually serves between 30 and 40 people a day, about 100 different individuals over the course of the year. They are men and women whose health is endangered by substandard diets or by the exertion of going out for meals. Most are referred to the service by Kensington medical and social workers, though at times a friend or neighbor CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

Look what's new from Aunt Jemima!



Spicy sausage buckwheats sizzle on the noonday griddle

Great shakes...Sausage Meat Pancakes!

For those husky winter appetites, here's a meal in itself just 10 shakes off your shelf. And *so* good! First, you break up bulk sausage meat and fry it till it's *well cooked*, then drain it. While it's cooking, shake up a batch of Aunt Jemima Buckwheats (see package directions), using a tablespoon of sausage drippings for shortening. Pour batter over clusters of cooked sausage meat. Bake, and flip just once. Guaranteed great eating!



Only Aunt Jemima gives you ALL THREE!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

y give Mrs. Toy the name of someone who
ds help.

hree different delivery routes are covered
h noontime by car, station wagon and the
truck (a gift from the local Lions Club).
tomers must live close enough for deliver-
to be completed within an hour.

liding fees for meals—from 55 to 80 cents
ay last year—are set by gray-haired "Peg"
, who visits each prospective customer,
tly finds out his situation, makes sure that
er ways of solving his problems are not
ored. ("We don't want a social agency to
e on what should be a family responsi-
ty," Paul Jans explains.) Incomes are
formly low. Most receive Department of
blic Welfare payments, an average last
r of $64 to $67 monthly, with an allow-
e for medical costs. Others, on Social
urity, get payments ranging from $53 to
, with no allowance for medical care. But
ryone pays *something*. "That way it is not
rity. They feel they have the right to com-
in. Without that, something of individual
nan dignity would be lost."

Meals on Wheels has a place in the lives of
ny people besides those it serves. There are,
instance, the thirty tenth-grade girls from
nsington High School who arrive shortly
ore 9 A.M., chat-
ng and laughing,
their morning
s at The Light-
se. Here their
dy of science,
lth, social studies
nutrition is built
und food plan-
g and food han-
g. The class has
ved to be a lesson
nore than practi-
techniques. As
analyze the daily
als on Wheels'
nus, consider nu-
ional needs of
ple of differing
sand occupations
, once a week,
at a time, go out
deliver meals, the
s see firsthand a
real problem of
adult community.
I never knew
e were people so
ne in the world and needing help," one of
youngsters told Mrs. Gloria Daniel, Ken-
ton High School teacher in charge of the
s. Some have been repelled by the dirty,
overished houses, but roused to pity by
people "so thin and sickly-looking."

ach day, around 11:30 activity quickens
he kitchen. Two part-time employees have
ked the hot food, and the high-school girls
e made and wrapped sandwiches, filled
sealed paper cups. Now a couple of them
standing by the warming oven. As Billie
ram, the cook, fills each paper plate, they
p aluminum foil tightly around it, slide it
o an insulated bag which is sealed with a
t metal clip. (On another day older women
nteers might be helping to prepare and
k a hot meal of ham, potato, carrots, sliced
apple, and a cold-meat sandwich and
ing of fig bars.)

leanwhile the three staff members who are
drive appear. Early in the program it was
nd that Kensington's one-way, narrow,
gested streets discouraged volunteer drivers,
now Lighthouse staff members are always
hand for that job. Mrs. Toy, who is
gned today, checks to see that clipboards
ready, each with a typed list of addresses,
ing directions and notes about special
s (for diabetics, mainly, who are given
ugared desserts), instructions as to who
milk or coffee. Sandwiches and paper
s have been counted out; vacuum bottles
hot coffee are waiting. Large cardboard
ons are quickly filled with just the right
nber of hot meals for each route.

n rapid order delivery is under way. With
s. Toy go Billy and John, youngsters from
earby parochial school (currently closed for a teachers' meeting) who just turned up to help out.

Teen-agers are "the volunteers we did not expect and have got by the dozen," Mr. Jans says. On any regular holiday or during summer vacation there are usually more of them waiting to go on the routes than can be taken. One especially faithful youngster, from Stetson Junior High School, following in the footsteps of his two older brothers, has been a volunteer for three years—since he was eleven. There are girls, too, from Stetson, where the student service organization last year collected, through dances and contests, and turned over to Meals on Wheels, 3500 cans of food.

On the route the youngsters are seeing hard things, but at each place there is evidence, too, of the help which has been given. Billy shows Mrs. Toy the letter a customer has asked him to mail. "Gee, it's a shame some of them have to live this way. His room's kinda dirty and his legs are all swollen up so he can't walk much—not even out to the mailbox. I sure hope I'm not like that when I get old, though I guess everybody gets something the matter. But doesn't he have anyone to look after him?" Mrs. Toy explains that a stepson out in California can't do much except send an occasional check. The boys are quiet as she drives on to the next stop.

Friends of the Meals on Wheels program include the third-graders and Cub Scouts who have taken around Easter baskets and crayoned paper bunnies; and men of the Lions Club who at Christmastime pay for an extra-special dinner, give every customer a present. And last year a mother, father and three small children brought pure, clear singing of carols to those who, because of Meals, are no longer forgotten.

"People love to help because it's such a *direct* service," Mrs. Toy says. And it's not all giving either. The teen-agers are finding out the old truth that helping can be—in their words—"fun" too.

Mr. Dougherty is a favorite of the young visitors. Short and somewhat shaggy, he always wears a plaid muffler round his throat, a striped golfing cap jauntily on his gray hair. "Just born cheerful," he is proof that age and sickness don't have to break a person's spirit.

"You're right on time, boys," his husky voice calls out as he hears them coming. The room they enter has no bed because Mr. Dougherty is an asthmatic and must sleep sitting up, leaning over a pillow on the tabletop. There are no curtains at the window and the bottom of the old green shade, missing its wooden piece, hangs in tatters. Mr. Dougherty has made a valiant attempt to make the room gay by propping up on the dresser greeting cards which he has kept to savor friendships and relive memories. A birthday card sent him by women of the Kensington Quoit Club has the place of honor on his table, at which he now sits, a game of solitaire before him.

"How're you doing, Mr. Dougherty? Still cheating yourself at cards?"

"Ah, now, lad, don't say that. Just hand over that good food."

"Yes, sir!" With a flourish, Billy puts the plate on the table, which is covered with fresh newspapers (the blankets, rugs, tablecloths of the poor).

"Hey, you've got a broken window," John sees.

"Yes," the old man says. "But have ye noticed, the hole's just the *right* size to let in just the *right* amount of fresh air for the little plant a young one brought around to me the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 27

"Brotherhood is one of the most demanding—and most rewarding—principles in our lives. Its application is not limited to our homes or to our homeland. The responsibilities of brotherhood stretch around the world; and wherever men dwell, their needs and their successes are for all to share."—Dwight D. Eisenhower, Honorary Chairman, Brotherhood Week.

BROTHERHOOD WEEK

FEBRUARY 15 - 22

Sponsored by the National Conference of Christians and Jews

SAVE 10¢ on NEW FRENCH'S SPAGHETTI SAUCE MIX...





GET "4-HOUR" SPAGHETTI SAUCE FLAVOR IN 10 MINUTES! (*WHILE YOUR SPAGHETTI COOKS*)

SAVE YOURSELF TIME—In minutes, New French's Spaghetti Sauce Mix transforms plain tomato paste into rich, spicy spaghetti sauce. Gives you that long-simmered flavor and texture no canned sauce ever has!

SAVE A DIME—Clip coupon. Take it to your dealer. It's worth 10¢ toward purchase of one package of New French's Spaghetti Sauce Mix.

CLIP THIS COUPON! TAKE IT TO YOUR DEALER TODAY!

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French's

toward purchase of one package of

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ATLANTIS SALES CORP., *Rochester, New York*

B

London Beef Pie

Quick Main Dish with an English Accent!



Dinty Moore BEEF STEW

makes the hearty meat filling!

Such good things in America's favorite beef stew: big juicy chunks of tender lean beef, tender young carrots, firm white potatoes . . . all in a glistening beef-rich gravy! To make your London Beef Pie extra "showy", heap some of the biggest chunks of beef in the open center.

Pillsbury GOLDEN Pie Crust Mix

makes the tender, flaky "conversation" crust!

See how easy the golden dough handles, how tender and flaky the golden crust comes out. (Cheese makes it an even deeper gold; caraway seed gives a hint of the flavor you love in rye bread.) As always, Pillsbury's famous "Chill Blending" of ingredients adds extra tenderness, flakiness.

Your Extra Touch

cheese and caraway seeds baked right into the "conversation" crust!

London Beef Pie

BAKE at 400° for 30-35 min. MAKES one 8-inch Pie.

Combine.. 1 cup shredded **Cheddar cheese**
½ teaspoon **caraway seeds** and
1 package **Pillsbury Golden Pie Crust Mix.**

Prepare.. pastry for two-crust pie as directed on package, using cheese-pie crust mixture. Fit bottom crust loosely into 8-inch piepan.

Pour..... 1 can (1½ lbs.) **Dinty Moore Beef Stew** into pastry-lined piepan.

Roll Out.. and place top crust as directed on package, cutting a St. George cross (as pictured) for escape of steam.

Bake..... in hot oven (400°) 30 to 35 minutes until golden brown. Pie may cool slightly before serving at the table.





SAVE 8¢ on
Dinty Moore BEEF STEW
with coupon in Pillsbury Package



A man puts his foot down about Worcestershire!

Once a man discovers Lea & Perrins Worcestershire, that's it! Nothing else will do! It's a matter of taste, and Lea & Perrins has it—full-strength, yet mellow and delicious! Give your cooking the flavor men like, the easy L & P way.



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Amazing! Just add cold water and coffee, turn switch and watch it perk. Brews 48 cups automatically. I'll send this Percolator to your group in advance, with a supply of my famous flavorings. Have 10 members sell only 5 bottles each, and it is yours to keep! Take up to 60 days; we give credit.

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Rush name and address for my exciting Plan which gives your group this new Percolator and other valuable equipment or adds many dollars to your treasury—sent free, no obligation.

ANNA ELIZABETH WADE, 2201 Tyree St., Lynchburg, Va.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

other day. Do you know her, boys? She's a pretty thing—no bigger'n that—from some church over in Drexel Hill . . . United Presbyterian, I think." Already lifting his fork, he doesn't wait for an answer. "This food's always hot and tasty; I'm going to start right in. You know, it's usually something I wouldn't have the gumption to make for m'self if I did have a stove. And don't forget me coffee. I want a good full cup."

"Aw, now. Do we ever forget?" Billy asks.

"No, no, that's right. You Meals people don't forget. Why, I couldn't get better service at the swankiest hotel in town, young man!"

The "Meals people" who don't forget should justly include the nurses, doctors and social workers who make up the area health-workers committee of the Philadelphia Health and Welfare Council. It was they who first saw the need for such a service, studied the British program and made preliminary plans to start a Meals on Wheels themselves. Being a consultative group, meeting only five times a year, the committee found it was not organizationally equipped to conduct the program, so turned to The Lighthouse, asked it to get Meals on Wheels rolling.

Begun as a demonstration project, Meals was not planned as a permanent Lighthouse program. "We think it should be a public responsibility—city wide," says Mr. Jans hopefully. To date the service has been financed by grants from the Henrietta Tower Wurtz Foundation, additional help from a trust fund administered by Girard Trust Co., some funds ($1500 to $2000 yearly) from the Lighthouse budget and the clients' fees which annually just about cover the cost of food (between $4500 and $5000). This fiscal year (June '58–'59) the Lions Club has guaranteed $2500, about half the needed amount. The rest must come from other sources.

Almost all men improve on acquaintance. ANDRÉ MAUROIS
The Art of Living
English Universities Press, Ltd.

Though its future is not assured financially, Meals on Wheels is such a direct, needed and loving service that Lighthouse workers cannot believe it will disappear. Not only is such a possibility distressing in human terms; it may also be penny wise and pound foolish in terms of burdens on the community. Dr. Stanley A. Tauber, medical adviser to the program, points out that the combined use of various home-care services such as Meals on Wheels and nursing and physiotherapy is less expensive than hospital care and can sometimes cut hospitalization by a week or more. All too often, before Meals existed, the health-workers committee had observed scarce hospital beds being occupied by convalescent patients who could not be sent home, though their need for medical service had waned, because there was no way for them to get meals. Others, they knew, were being released strengthened by hospital care and nutrition but with no hope of staying well on the meager diets to which they returned. "Physically, psychologically and medically," Dr. Tauber stresses, "it is better for the individuals and the public to keep these people in the community."

In hearty agreement is gentle Marie Zugel, the visiting nurse whom Mrs. Toy remembers as the first to ask, "Couldn't we do *something* so that these people could have at least one hot meal a day?" Where once she and other health workers often discovered the infirm and lonely trying to live on little more than cold canned goods, dry cereal and bread, today they find many such patients happily cutting a piece of roast beef or dipping into a mound of mashed potato brought by the service. If Miss Zugel arrives just as the meal does, she's apt to be waved away temporarily with a firm, "Excuse me. I'm going to eat while it's hot!" But she doesn't mind. For her, just as for the more than 500 men and women who have been helped to better health and spirits, Meals on Wheels is a dream come true. END



SO RIGHT FOR TONIGHT . . . and so easy. Serve luscious fresh-frozen berries over generous wedges of your favorite cake . . . topped with delicious Reddi-Wip. It's real whipped cream with just a hint of sugar and vanilla. All desserts taste better with real cream Reddi-Wip.

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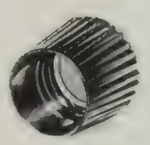
Helen Landon of Huntington, Tenn.

A leading medicated lotion was used on Helen Landon's left hand. Her right hand was given Jergens care. See the difference in this unretouched photo. Test was made while Helen Landon soaked her hands in detergents 3 times a day for several days. The beautifying action of Jergens was proved by 713 housewives in other hand-soaking tests. For summary of tests, doctors and dermatologists may write The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.



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...and the picture proves it!

Jergens both protects your hands and pampers your skin. That's why it beautifies as nothing else can. Jergens doesn't coat skin with sticky film... it penetrates to protect. It stops even red, rough detergent hands...softens and smooths. Jergens is the true beauty lotion. Only 15c to $1



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"Lots of children have nightmares between the ages of three and six, and there are many phobias at this time, mild or severe, which have no rational explanation."

DR. SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHERS

The meaning of young children's fears

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

EDWARD WALLOWITCH



Her feeling toward her father is a special one just because he is a man.

Here are brief excerpts from eight different letters, about children between three and six years of age.

1. "This child is so frightened of dogs I can't get her to go out to play. She just screams and gets petrified when one comes anywhere near her. Her heart pounds so hard you can feel it when you put your arms around her. As far as we know, no dog has ever harmed her."

2. "Will you consider writing on nightmares in preschool children? My 3¾-year-old son has nightmares quite often."

3. "Often she's awake for a couple of hours after going to bed, calling out that she can't go to sleep, asking that her daddy or I lie down with her, etc. When we come upstairs later, no matter how carefully we close our bedroom door, she's awake in an instant, calling out to us to leave our door open."

4. "He can't get his mind off broken things. I never realized how many broken things we had in the house until he pointed them out. I keep explaining to him how it happened and how it doesn't matter, but he keeps on worrying just the same."

5. "His only anxieties seem to be fear of the dark and a horror of Smokey, the fire-fighting bear. This fear is carried to the point where he will dash out of the living room during station breaks on television, just on the chance that Smokey might flash on the screen. . . . During the past year he has been masturbating a lot."

6. "In children, how do you stop sex play? How can you make them understand that sex is only for adults, and not for children?"

7. "I'll never forget the time at about 3½ years of age when she was sitting on the lap of a casual friend of ours named Arnold and said conversationally, to the room at large, 'Arnold has a penis.' Since it sounded like 'peanuts' she was asked to repeat herself! Thank heavens for understanding friends!"

8. "Lately she has become increasingly obstinate and defiant toward me. She will stand there with her eyes flashing and tell me that she doesn't have to do what I ask. Something has gone wrong which I don't understand. I feel that I must have failed. . . . Her daddy can do no wrong. She not only co-operates with him beautifully but she has taken to mothering him, to his great amusement."

Of course I don't know the full situation in any of these cases because I have only the letters. But they remind me of similar problems in other cases which have been carefully studied in doctors' offices or child-guidance clinics, and which have been found to be related to the complicated pattern of emotional development which children must go through between three and six years of age. Most children manage to navigate this passage on a fairly even keel. Others get stuck on various shoals along the way, or at least are shaken up by the waves, as the examples in the letters indicate.

It's not an easy stage of emotional development to explain. One reason is that it's complicated. But a more important reason—by far—is that the whole description sounds unfamiliar, unlikely and unwholesome to most adults who have not studied children professionally. The more significant emotional developments take place below the surface, in the unconscious levels of the child's mind. That's one reason why we, as grownups, don't recall such feelings and events from our own pasts. They were repressed into our unconscious minds—just as they are repressed into our children's unconscious minds—because they were too disturbing.

Remember that I'm having to condense a long complex story into a short space.

Somewhere around three years of age a child is apt to begin to show a more intense affectionateness toward his mother and father. When he was younger he loved them very much, but that was primarily a dependent love. You might say he *had* to love them then, because he sensed that he needed them desperately for the security which only they could provide.

Now he is a real person who sees lovable qualities in another real person—and responds to these with delight and devotion. He wants, on his own initiative, to do things for the parent, and to be like the parent.

Another aspect of the three-year-old's love is that it begins to distinguish more sharply between man and woman. The boy sees that he is a male and he will grow to be a man like his father. So his love of his father takes on increasingly the quality of admiration. He watches him carefully and does his best to model himself after him, in pursuits and manner.

His love of his mother, on the other hand, takes on an increasingly romantic quality, partly as a result of his sexual make-up, partly because of his identification with his father. He wants to regard and treat his mother as his father does.

The little girl now senses that she is on the way to becoming a woman. Increasingly she takes on her mother's interests in child or doll care, housework, feminine adornment. She shows that her feeling toward her father is a special and delightful one just because he is a man. She may play up to him in a coy way that he can't resist.

Between the ages of three and four, most children gain the realization that marriage is the most significant relationship between a man and a woman. In their intense desire to identify with their parents, they begin to think and talk and play marriage. What is not logical to an adult, though very logical to a child, is that he should most often think of himself as marrying that member of the opposite sex who is a hundred times more important to him than any other—his mother if he's a boy, her father if she's a girl. There are many things about marriage which the child doesn't know at this tender age, including the fact that marriage to a parent is out of the question. But a sensible mother doesn't shame a child who speaks of marrying her someday, because she senses the devotion and innocence that make such a remark pos-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 33

bringing up baby®

Hints Collected by Mrs. Dan Gerber, Mother of 5





Three important milestones in a year-old's life: (1) When he tries to step out alone. (2) When he tries to make a spoon behave. (3) When he *really* tries to copycat your words. Three ways you can help baby achieve these skills:

1. **In walking,** try to encourage rather than urge. Pushing may actually hold baby back.
2. **In self-feeding,** let baby hold one spoon while you feed him with another. Be surprised how soon he'll catch on.
3. **In talking,** it helps to talk directly to baby, repeat often and point to objects as you talk.



Sturdy Story for Small Fry

Proteins play a powerful role in your baby's development because they provide strength, promote growth, and aid and abet in the building of all body structures. Gerber Strained and Junior Meats are rich in precious proteins . . . offer valuable B-vitamins and minerals, too. Made from selected, inspected Armour cuts, these quality meats are specially processed to remove most of the fat and coarse tissue. Special, controlled cooking helps preserve true-meat flavors and the utmost in wholesome food values. 8 Strained varieties. 4 Junior Meats for tots with a few teeth. ARMOUR

"Forcing the Issue"

Thousands of words have been written about the after-effects of forcing a reluctant toddler to eat. Most mothers try to be as patient and casual as possible, but often use indirect forcing tricks unconsciously to get a "little more down." For example: (1) Offering a reward for licking the platter clean. (2) Comparing the intake of the toddler to that of an older child. (3) Hurrying a dawdler with meaningful looks. It's hard not to resort to this kind of trickery at times, but indirect forcing may encourage bad habits, increase balkiness and prolong stalling if junior sees that he's annoying you.

4 Appe-teasing Ideas



No need to force, plead, threaten or coax when you offer Gerber's Junior High Meat Dinners. Small fry take naturally to these delicious "main dishes." That's because they have 3 times as much savory meat as regular vegetable and meat combinations. This extra meat is combined with selected vegetables and cereal for unusual flavor interest and a generous assortment of nutrients, including proteins and high vitamin-A value. Beef, Chicken, Veal, Turkey.

A Word from Dan Gerber



"You may be interested to know that in 1950, the Gerber Products Company set up an independent foundation known as the Gerber Baby Foods Fund. The purpose of the Fund is to support a continuous nutrition and food research program to uncover new facts on nutrition and the relation of food to children's development. Each year, grants are awarded to doctors, students, hospitals, and colleges to promote long-range programs in the interest of better nutrition for your baby."

DOORWAY TO SAFETY—Try-anything toddlers discover all too soon how to lock the bathroom door. If your little "mechanical genius" has learned this trick you'll be interested in this safety tip from a mother: "Two pieces of adhesive tape, cross-slashed over the bolt of the bathroom door, will prevent a toddler from locking himself in."

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

sible. Dozens of parents have told me how patiently they tried to explain to their son that he would grow up and find a lovely girl his own age, only to have him say firmly at the end, "I'm going to marry mommy." When we talk to a small child about finding someone else later, it must sound as preposterous and disloyal and silly to him as it would if we tried the same speech to a newly engaged couple.

Children's romantic and sexual interests are not restricted to their parents. In fact, the specifically sexual feelings may show up more clearly in relation to other children. They are apt, on one occasion or another when away from adult supervision, to get involved in childish sex play—taking down their pants to show and compare and touch, or "playing doctor." Most of them do at least a little playing with their own genitals. A boy may lean against a lady visitor's knee while talking to her, or ask his mother to touch his penis during his bath. In well-adjusted children these manifestations are not so intense or so sharply focused as in adolescents and adults; and they are fairly easily inhibited—temporarily at least—by the parent. When masturbation or sex play is very persistent, despite parental disapproval, it is usually a sign that the child is anxious or otherwise disturbed.

Another development is a great interest in where a baby comes from, and a desire to have one. There are probably several factors that contribute to this preoccupation. There is now an intense intellectual curiosity about the meaning of *everything* the child runs up against, from where the rain comes from to why birds eat worms. His strong identification with parents will make him want to have a baby of his own to take care of. He also longs to have a baby to cherish because his parents' love has meant so much to him.

Now we should take up a quite different aspect of sexual development in the three-to-six-year-old period: the common and perhaps universal misunderstanding about the physical difference between boys and girls. This is hard for most of us adults to understand. We would assume—from our grown-up logicalness—that when a little boy first saw a girl undressed and realized that she was made differently, he would simply come to the conclusion that this must have been intended by Nature, that all boys must be made one way and all girls another. But the investigations of psychiatrists, beginning with Freud, and the observations of parents show that this fact of life is not learned so simply. Instead, the little boy assumes that everybody was originally made as he was. Therefore he reasons that some injury must have happened to the girl. Then he reaches the further assumption that if something awful could happen to her penis, perhaps it could happen to his.

Girls usually make the same misinterpretation. The principal difference is that the feeling left in the boy is mainly anxiety about future harm; in the girl the anxiety about her incompleteness is mixed with disappointment with her mother for not having made her right, and a lingering rivalry with boys because of their presumed advantage. (A few boys, however, become so worried that they envy girls for having nothing to lose.)

Why this tendency in both boys and girls to come to a wrong conclusion which is threatening, instead of to a sensible one which would be reassuring? We know several partial answers. The young child is possessive in a very simple way, tending to want anything he sees. So a little girl seeing a penis thinks it is better to have one, without any more sensible reason. (In the same way a little boy who has just been told that only girls can grow babies in their abdomens is apt to insist vehemently that he is going to grow one, too, no matter what anyone says.)

Early childhood is a period when fears are picked up easily. Perhaps Nature intends it that way on general principles: since there are real dangers in the world, maybe it's safer in the long run if the young child, with little experience to go on, develops too many fears rather than too few. And the ready capacity of the three- four- five-year-old to identify himself with others—to feel as he imagines they feel—which is built strongly into him, to foster his learning and his maturation, makes him too sensitive in many situations where he has no basic knowledge to go by. You may have observed, yourself, how easily a three-year-old is upset by death or a cemetery or a cripple. I remember the story of a four-year-old boy who was looking at a picture of a man in an iron lung. He suddenly cried in a panic, "I can't breathe." Just a few seconds of looking at a picture of somebody else had made him imagine the full impact of a paralysis of the muscles of respiration.

Another factor which may contribute specifically to anxiety about the genitals is the kind of warnings which some parents use to discourage masturbation. Nowadays, sensitive mothers and fathers usually avoid punitive threats. But some of them, unable to shake off all the teachings of their own childhood, still speak—however gently and unaccusingly—about the possibility that touching the genital will make it sick or sore. Though such warnings are not drastic in themselves, they readily fit in with other frightening ideas which the child has picked up or imagined. Furthermore, you'd be surprised at the number of parents today who put no stock in modern theories, and angrily threaten that the penis will fall off or that they will cut it off unless the masturbation stops.

There's one other important factor contributing to anxiety about the genitals, but I'll postpone it for a minute while I trace further what happens to the young child's love of parents. Human love across the sexes always has a possessive aspect. A good man who loves his wife wants her to love only him in this respect, and becomes jealous if another man threatens the relationship. As the small boy's special love for his mother increases, he becomes more aware of the fact that she already belongs to his father. They go out together, they share interests which he cannot understand, they have the same room. The boy slowly faces the fact that he is very definitely second fiddle. This is a bitter realization at any age. It must be extra hard for a small child because he feels outclassed in so many respects—size, strength, smartness, seniority. A boy's resentment extends to his father's genital too. I've been told by a number of fathers that on occasions when they were undressed their sons of four or five made half-joking, half-fierce gestures of grabbing at them.

Probably the reason the boy shows a particular resentment of his father's genital is that it is such an appropriate symbol of the unfairness of their rivalry. He feels like injuring it. Then he jumps to the assumption that his father would like to retaliate. Such reasoning is based on several childish beliefs: that a bad wish is almost as harmful as a bad act; that his parents know all his thoughts; and that if he had angry feelings toward someone, the latter automatically has the same feelings toward him. In the same way, the boy assumes that since he would sometimes like to banish his rival, his father would naturally like to banish him too.

You can see, then, how the child's fear of retribution from his father adds one more to his reasons for being anxious about the safety of his own genital.

Sadly and paradoxically, one of the symptoms which may appear, when a boy becomes excessively worried about his penis, is a preoccupied handling of it. He doesn't seem aware of what he is doing. It is as if he were absent-mindedly reassuring himself that it is still there, and protecting it. This may lead the parents, in their concern for his character and reputation, to make gentle or harsh threats of the harm this might do, which compounds the problem. A girl who is unusually anxious may express it in constant handling too.

A girl feels rivalrous because she realizes that her mother already possesses her father and has had babies by him. She would like to displace her mother in both these respects. (Occasionally this pops out in a happy family when the little girl sweetly urges her mother to go away for a long, long trip, during which time she herself promises to take good care of her father.) But she assumes that her mother knows her mean wishes and that her mother feels quite rivalrous toward her in return. So, in addition to her earlier disappointment that her mother apparently did not try to make her body right in the first place, she may get another idea, that her mother has taken away her penis as punishment for rivalry.

You may well be skeptical that such morbid feelings occur. They do not often appear on the surface, especially in happy families. For one thing, it should be remembered that at the very time this rivalry is developing the child is also forming a particularly strong admiration for the parent of the same sex as his or her ideal, and affection for this parent as a delightful companion. This conflict of feelings tends to keep the antagonism out of sight most of the time.

The psychiatrist, who is trying to find out where a child is mixed up, in order to straighten him out, has the best opportunity to see the negative feelings. Over a period of time he creates a favorable atmosphere by refraining from expressing criticism of the child's thoughts, no matter what they are. The child's suppressed impulses begin to come to the surface. He or she draws picture stories and makes up plays with puppets and dolls. In some of these imaginary situations boys kill fathers and fathers come back to life and kill sons or send them to jail. Penises are whacked off with swords. Mothers go away on trips and get wrecked, daughters take over the premises and have babies. Mothers come back to punish.

Though the child's feelings of rivalry, hostility and fear are repressed into his unconscious, they have a way of reappearing, in disguised forms, in dreams and during the daytime, too, quite apart from the psychiatrist's office. We believe that this is the reason why lots of children have nightmares between the ages of three and six, and why there are many phobias at this time, mild or severe, which have no rational explanation. The fear about injury to his own genital is too intense for the child to tolerate consciously, but it can be expressed indirectly as a preoccupation with broken objects, or as a very exaggerated, anxious curiosity about the genitals of other children, or as a constant absent-minded holding of his own penis, or as a phobia about amputees or other cripples.

THE BATH

By ELIZABETH McFARLAND

My clean ones, in your pretty skins
So sweetly wrapped, with noble chins
(The boy's) and Della Robbia curls
And bracelet wrists (the little girl's),
Your mother views the lovely guise
Of album waist, of keepsake eyes
(O Kate!) and that bright leap-frog lad,
That boy-among-the-garlands (Tad!).
Children, you drank your mother's milk
And turned it into rose-breath silk,
Exchanging vitamins and eggs
For kiss-curved arms and Renoir legs.
So fair you are, so wet, so new!
I decorate my life with you,
And feel no need to paint or gild when
Cleanliness is next to children.

Advertisement

The Picture of Health for February



by MAXINE DAVIS

When winter comes, we expect it to blow in colds and flu and graver ailments. Some can't be prevented. Yet it can be a season of vigor and zest. Some of us succumb to germs and viruses because we are undernourished, have let our health go below par. As we're extra hungry, we tuck in plenty of filling potatoes and beans, pancakes and pies, figuring that spinach, salad, and similar rabbit food can wait for summer menus. We consume all the calories we need, maybe more, and think we're eating properly. But such substantial fare may not contain anything like the amount of vitamins and minerals absolutely essential for good health at any time. Lack of those vital nutritional elements can lower the body's ability to resist infection. So—we sniffle and sneeze!

We don't have to suffer from poor nutrition nowadays even though out-of-season fruits and vegetables are costly, and tired and depleted from their long trip from field to market. Today we can easily obtain those necessary vitamins and minerals packaged scientifically in the laboratory. With them we can help maintain and protect good health for only a few cents a day—a small outlay for treasure beyond price.

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For the baby there's BEXEL vitamin and mineral syrup, to put into his formula or his cereal, or to pop into his open mouth.

For older children BEXEL comes in small gay red capsules that provide no more—and no less—of the vitamins they need each day, fortified with iron and other minerals. (Sometimes they prefer BEXEL syrup. If so, let them have it; it's just as good for them.)

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Vitamins and minerals come in foods, many foods, in varying amounts, but not all of them come in the same foods, by any means. Yet the scientist has miraculously contrived to capsule them together, in proper quantity and highest quality.

So—give each member of the family the member of the BEXEL family he needs, every day in the year. BEXEL is health insurance, in February or July, in childhood and, in time, old age.

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BETTER . . . by McKESSON



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The girl's antagonism toward and fear of punishment from her mother can be symbolized in repeated nightmares about witches, for instance, or an unreasoning fear of dogs. A boy's phobia about a wild animal may be based on anxious rivalry with a father. Such an animal has the hugeness, strength, gruffness that the small boy feels threatened by in his father. Smokey, the fire-fighting bear, might be a particularly appropriate symbol of a just father because he also exhibits a stern disapproval of bad, destructive people. The frightening idea of forest fire could remind a child of both his own angry feelings, of which he feels so guilty, and the dangerousness of the imagined hostility of others.

There doesn't have to be any consistency or logic in the formation of a phobia, as long as different elements in it correspond to the emotions that have been repressed. The fact that Smokey was only intended to be a benign, cautionary figure is lost in the shuffle of the child's troubled feelings. I can still remember a phobia of fire engines I had in early childhood. Though I must have known that officially they help people by putting out fires, I actually felt as I heard one screaming through the night that it was a wild thing spreading fiery destruction.

Freud, in treating people who were suffering from phobias and other neuroses, discovered how regularly some of the roots of their troubles could be traced back, through psychoanalysis, to this stage of childhood, with its love, rivalry, hostility, guilt, fear of genital injury ("castration anxiety"). He called it the "Oedipus complex" after the Greek myth of

A teacher who can arouse a feeling for one single good action, for one single good poem, accomplishes more than he who fills our memory with rows on rows of natural objects, classified with name and form.

GOETHE

Oedipus who, through a series of tragic circumstances, was raised in ignorance of who his true parents were, killed his father in a fight and married his mother. When he learned the truth he blinded himself.

Some people who have heard of the Oedipus complex think it applies only to neurotic individuals. Others understand that Freud believed it plays a part in the development of everyone, but assume that its influence is always harmful to one degree or another. I think it is more correct to see this phase as a fundamentally constructive step in the development of normal human beings. Its painful aspects are like other ordinary tribulations of life: the hurts of accidents which teach caution; the early jealousy of brothers and sisters which is largely converted into altruism; the fights with friends in childhood which foster tolerance and co-operation; the early trials of couples, which eventually strengthen their marriages.

The experience of falling in love with a good parent at this impressionable early age has a most profound effect, we have learned, in setting the romantic ideals of a child, and in preparing him to make a fine marriage and become a sound parent when the right time comes. Even the painful rivalry with the parent of the same sex enables the child eventually to gain more value from the relationship with that parent through the rest of childhood, and trains him not to fear but to handle in a constructive way the daily occupational rivalries with others of his sex the rest of his life.

In a subsequent article, I'll discuss the applications of this concept—the Oedipal stage of development—in the daily management of children, and the distinctions between the child who is handling it well and the one who is being thrown for a loss and needs professional help. I also want to explain sometime how a child gets out of this phase and what the next phase means.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—Ed



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"Cowboys and Indians?...



...that's for dad and the kids. I want to go west to Washington State again because the people are so friendly, the climate's so bracing, and the cosmopolitan restaurants and shops are such fun to explore."

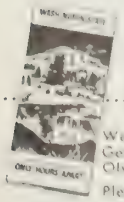


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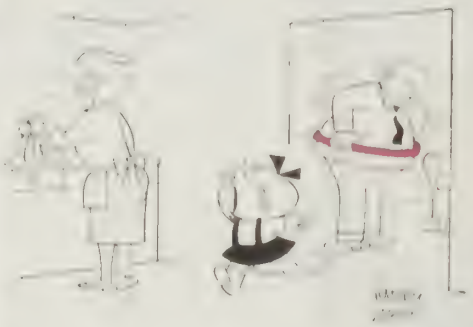
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(PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

WASHINGTON STATE

THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER



My gentle Dream Girl is caustic about the new clothes her diligent salesgals show her lately. "They're the kind you hide from your husband," she says, "calculated to slug and shame you into buying a new wardrobe soon."

On our trip to New York we saw Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer, professors in a comedy about a statuesque Swedish beauty hunting a brainy father (Boyer!) for her planned baby. Every wife and husband in the audience kept eying each other narrowly.

Our favorite home-town restaurant man accuses me of disloyalty when I tell him we ate in Times Square (as an experiment) a $1.19 steak dinner—sirloin, baked potato, salad and toasted garlic roll. "It can't happen here!" he said. (It wasn't a historic steak.)

"I look better in the shorter mink coats," muses Betty Comfort, scissoring a home-made valentine, "but I'm uncertain, because the longer ones are warmer. It's a comfort to know I won't get either; I needn't ever make up my mind."

Ah, a small triumph: my boss' tiny child and his small grandchild both climbed into my arms spontaneously. "They discern my childlike and simple nature," I told my wife.

We saw eleven plays in nine days in New York, and we may confuse Eugene O'Neill's tragic A Touch of the Poet with Richard Bissell's comic Say Darling. Unless we consult our programs.

Our state university is changing the rules: unless a high-schooler finishes in the upper half of his class, he can't be sure of admission to what used to be called (unfairly!) the country-club campus. Eggheads one up on playboys.

Within a few minutes' walk of our N.Y. hotel are two crowded skating "ponds" with synthetic ice. These New Yorkers seem more strenuous and outdoorsy than our home-town villagers.

I was caught off guard when our red-haired daughter named her new baby girl Tracy; I was reassured when my Dream Girl reminded me that was also Katharine Hepburn's name in The Philadelphia Story, of enchanted memory.

On our cool-weather visit to Martha's Vineyard I tasted three of this magazine's "frozen food" recipes. When the American TV platter begins to taste more like these recipes, maybe I'll dine with TV oftener.

What relaxes me more than anything else after a day of strenuous inactivity is to read bridge problems and pretend I'm playing the bridge hands. I try to figure out why Goren led the jack and forget most of my anxieties.

I keep trying not to become a "spectator sport." Instead of taking the family merely to watch an ice-hockey game, I take 'em to skate on our pond at Greenwood Park, or watch hockey.

My Lady Love is completely baffled when I "adhere" to my diet by ordering a small helping of cottage-fried potatoes for my toast with my ham and eggs. She vows it's self-deceit.

"Since I bought a new pair of reading specs with rims as thick as our banker's," muses Peter Comfort, trying to tie his wool scarf like a polo player, "I hope they make me look intellectual; my wife contends I merely look owly."

On a recent weekend visit I helped my host (an eminent literary man) wash the dishes while our ladies relaxed after cooking. You can settle almost as many problems at the sink as over a few brandies.

We remote villagers are surprised by the New York meal-size sandwich, with its gigantic ¾" of meat, and its gigantic price. What became of the paper-thin ham with the 25-cent sandwich?

One of our town's dauntless hunters shot a wild Canada goose which he nicknamed Kendrick. He became so attached to the creature that it's still in his freezer.

Women who look stunning in eyeglasses are experimenting with a new type of bifocal contact lenses, the "reading" segment on the rims. (One girl tells me hers don't touch her eyeball; that baffles me.)

Ah, another Paris touch in New York: the chestnut carts on Fifth Avenue or Broadway corners, big nuts roasted, eight or nine in paper bags for 15 cents; tardy theatergoers dine on 'em.

On our town's main street I can look all the way from the town club eight blocks to Tech High without a pedestrian on the broad sidewalk. Our villagers tend to think a man's eccentric or quaint if he walks more'n two blocks.

A lady I know, who shrugs off ordinary compliments with composure (she's won so many laurels), blushes most when you call her The First Housekeeper of our times.

My wife no longer objects to my valentines for adored ones of boyhood. And it's odd how her serene tolerance helps transform a fandango into a whim. What man can afford roses for all the girls he loved long ago?

I notice many a big-towner talks to himself as he strolls. I even overheard a woman say to a lioness in a zoo, "Excuse me a moment, Zimba, I must see what that gorilla's doing to attract such a crowd; be back in a minute."

A matron in our town with a splendid figure tells me when you diet the last bulge is the one below the waist. "You have to pinch it ten thousand times," she advises, "to make it vanish."

Yes, my Dream Girl and I still have some rattling good quarrels, once or twice a week. Usually they come before we've had our early coffee; all is radiant again by 8:30.

For a modest fee our neighborhood oil-station man shovels the neighborhood driveways with his small tractor rig. And so vanishes another chore we used to pile stoically on our sons.

. . . When your youngest announces by New Year's Day that he has a job for next summer,

. . . Or your brave-new-world daughter confesses via long-distance phone that she had mirrors rigged in the delivery room so she could see all,

. . . And your son's framed commission as an Air Force officer hangs alongside another in your den,

. . . Or a new grandchild arrives while you're still wondering what you'll be when you grow up,

. . . And your wife adopts (twenty years later) your suggestion for rubber heels on her walking shoes,

Then you discover afresh that a successful marriage is the Fountain of Youth.

Clear away that "complexion cloud"...fast!

When grime and make-up cast a cloud over your complexion, see how Woodbury Cold Cream makes it fresh as sunlight! There's no quicker way to brighten up. Instantly, this unique cold cream penetrates deeper to clear away dirt, clear off flaky dryness. No cleanser works better, even at three times the price. Start now to clear your skin and keep it clean with wonderful Woodbury Cold Cream! Only 25¢ to $1.





WOODBURY COLD CREAM

"Don't it disloyal for widows to remarry?"

"My husband says I'm cold, unresponsive"

Must these women conclude "Marriage is not for me"?

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

"SHOULD I FORGET ABOUT MARRIAGE ENTIRELY?"

"My husband died a year ago last December, at thirty-two. We were married right after I graduated from college and I am now twenty-nine. Our first child is five and his sister three. With a small inheritance from my grandmother and my husband's insurance, we can live economically for about four years. Then I'll have to go to work. My husband's insurance makes a special provision for education.

"I loved my husband very dearly and felt he was the only man for me. But facing the world alone the rest of my life seems more than I can bear. His parents would think it disloyal for me to marry again. Maybe it would be. But how do I live with myself if I don't?

"Then there are practical questions. What are the dangers in remarriage? Would a single man or one who has been married before be a better choice? In my college town, most men my age are married, but I meet a good many older and younger. Is age important? If I marry, should I plan to work? And how can I tell in advance whether the man will get along with my children?

"I meet plenty of men who are eager to go out with me, but they don't seem interested in marriage. Maybe I'm too vulnerable. Should I just forget the whole idea?"

Certainly she need not "forget the whole idea." After more than a year as a widow, it is sensible for her to be thinking about the future, including remarriage. Second marriages are often very happy and there is no apparent reason why hers should not be. However, she is not a free agent because of the children, and there are other considerations which didn't enter, or were less important, the first time. Wisely, she is trying to analyze the situation when she is not under pressure. Here are some pointers that may help her and other young widows to make up their minds:

Does she really want to marry? Some women don't, because their first marriages were unhappy, because they are essentially career women or, at the other extreme, because they fear disloyalty to their husband's memory or are absorbed in their children. This woman seems to have made up her mind, but until she has resolved her doubts, she cannot be sure that her present attitude is sound. Reaching this fundamental decision ahead of time will help in two ways: first, it will protect her against an impulsive and perhaps ill-advised remarriage; and second, by giving full weight to the negative factors (there are some) she may find it easier to accept the present situation.

Is remarriage disloyal? Not at all. In fact, it is a form of tribute to her first marriage. The attitude of in-laws should be taken into account *only* in so far as it is based on concern for her and her children.

What kind of man? A single man over thirty-five is not likely to be a good choice, as research shows that men who have remained single till that age seldom achieve a successful marriage. Among men under thirty-five, available evidence indicates that the question of married-or-single is not crucial. However, in general, a mature woman will be happier with a man who has been married before, and the widower, like the widow, usually achieves a happier second marriage than does the divorced person.

A wide age difference is less likely to create difficulty between persons who have been married before than between people previously single. Even so, if the man is ten or more years older, or five or more years younger, the difference can cause trouble.

How will the children fare? Almost certainly some problems will develop concerning the children—but that is so in a normal home. Most children adapt to a stepparent without serious trouble, provided they are well adjusted in the first place, and provided the stepparent is a good choice. The best way to judge the probable outcome is to observe the interreaction of the children and their prospective stepfather in advance. They should be brought together frequently in a wide variety of situations, including some that are *not* planned especially for their benefit. The children's behavior on a trip to the zoo is not a fair test of their response and attitude in day-to-day family life.

Should she plan to work? Unless she has an independent income sufficient to support the children, probably so. Otherwise the financial responsibility for children not his own may become a source of resentment to the husband—or may even frighten off prospects. In any event, finances should be discussed and a budget worked out in detail.

Can she be happy? Since she achieved happiness in her first marriage, there is good reason to expect that she can be happy in a second, always provided she makes a suitable choice, and puts her best effort and thought into making marriage work. She should neither want nor expect her second marriage to duplicate her first. But as a mature woman she should be able to love just as deeply, as happily, and even more realistically.

THE COLD YOUNG WIFE

Even after two or three years of marriage, more than a third of wives have failed to achieve a satisfactory sexual adjustment. Of this group, about half say they find it almost impossible to discuss the situation with their husbands. Here are three examples illustrating types of maladjustment:

1. *The fearful frigid bride.* "At seventeen, I married a boy twenty-one. I knew I was too young, but my mother encouraged it and I was glad to get away from home. I am affectionate and loving, but the thought of sex is horrible. If he weren't a traveling salesman and away most of the time, I don't know what I would do. About a year after we married we separated because I still hadn't let him touch me. But then we got together again and I saw a doctor, but he just said I should stop being foolish. I'm still too afraid to do anything, and now my husband has become very much interested in somebody else. He says I must either give him a divorce or let him consummate the marriage. One is as bad as the other. What can I do?"

This young wife has denied the reality of marriage. It is amazing that her husband has tolerated the situation this long. No doubt traumatic experiences in childhood contributed to her seemingly complete frigidity, and her only hope of resolving the difficulty is to seek expert professional help. Hers is an extreme case; only a few wives (1 or 2 per cent) persist in absolute refusal of sex. But those who do seldom stay married.

2. *The reluctant resentful wife.* "Our trouble is a very poor sexual relationship. After four years of marriage, sex is still a nightmare, but I must accept it or lose my husband. I managed to avoid it for eight months after we married, but then he insisted, saying I would gradually get used to it. But my feelings have grown worse rather than better. I hold him off for months at a time, but then his frustration reaches a breaking point and I give in. Once he even threatened to look for a new wife. We are in the midst of such a crisis now. I resent his every touch and say and do mean and insulting things. Things can't get worse. I don't see how they can get better, either, but I'm willing to try. My husband is a decent man except for this awful animal instinct."

This wife, too, has a serious problem, but at least her fear is tempered with reason. She has enough insight to recognize that a crisis exists, and to give in when her husband's frustration becomes crucial. Still she has made no progress toward overcoming her resentment, much less toward appreciating the sex relationship for what it is—the physical expression of spiritual love. Until she does, her marriage is in danger.

3. *The compromising wife.* "I'm afraid my husband is losing his love for me. He says I am very cold and always push him away and it's true, but I don't know why. He is wonderful and I love him, but I can't think of sex as an act of love. My parents told me nothing about it, but somehow I got the idea it was cheap and vulgar. My husband has been very patient and tried to talk to me about it, but I can't really listen or explain my feelings. I can't always deny him and I try to cooperate out of a sense of duty, but I know I should give in more than I do. Is there any hope for me?"

Yes, there is definitely hope for this woman. She loves her husband and wants his love. She realizes that sex is a vital part of marriage, and that her aversion reflects some inadequacy on her part, rather than "awful animal instinct" in her husband. She has tried to co-operate, and she recognizes her obligation. With this foundation, if she continues her efforts, there is reason to hope for improvement. No doubt professional counsel would be useful. But her greatest resources are her own attitude, and her husband's patience and understanding.

If you truly love your husband and want a successful marriage, but are cold and repressed sexually, these ideas may help you achieve a better adjustment:

Recognize and accept the importance of sex in marriage. The quality of the relationship you and your husband attain in other respects will be profoundly affected by the quality of your physical relationship. Research shows that at least one fourth of married happiness is dependent on sex.

Discuss your feelings with him. Communication is always an aid to understanding. If you are still too shy to talk to him, reading several books about sex may help, particularly if he reads them as well. You may find it easier to discuss the books than to discuss yourself.

Fear of pregnancy may be interfering. There are several methods of family planning, one of which is almost certain to be suitable and acceptable in your situation.

Be co-operative. Learning to be as responsive as you (and your husband) wish will take time. But meanwhile you can accept, even if you cannot welcome. Your continuing effort and your optimistic attitude will enlist your husband's sympathy and support.

Don't give up. There is no more reason for accepting defeat in this area than in any other aspect of marriage. If your relationship does not improve, your physician may be able to help or to recommend a counselor. Don't be content to be a half-wife, for your marriage will suffer, and so will you. This letter from a wife who tried and succeeded may give you new courage:

"I do hope that wives who have hated sex can take heart from my experience. When I was married I was one of those unresponsive wives you wrote about recently, only I think I was worse. I had been taught that sex was wrong, so I always felt guilty when my husband approached me.

"But my husband kept telling me sex was not wrong, and his encouragement gradually took effect. I read about sex and learned all I could. Knowing what to try for, I began to try. I still can't take satisfaction for granted, but I know now I can achieve it. I wish every wife would understand that sexual fulfillment in marriage is worth every effort because it brings your husband happiness too. You can love someone without feeling any need for sex, but you are missing half of marriage. And so is he."

ASK YOURSELF:
Have I Habits Men Dislike?

Single or married, the wise woman never forgets that her appeal for a man depends on how well she measures up to his ideals, both in external matters like appearance and deportment, and in character traits like integrity and fairness. The list below deals with both external and internal qualities. Check to see if you have any of these defects.

Have You a Tendency to:

1. **Exaggerate or tell untruths?**
2. **Swear or use coarse language?**
3. **Insist on having the last word?**
4. **Play one man against another?**
5. **Neglect grooming of hair and nails?**
6. **Take unfair advantage of being a woman?**
7. **Make deflating remarks about men?**
8. **Neglect make-up or use too much?**
9. **Ignore promises or commitments?**
10. **Sulk when denied your own way?**
11. **Seek attention through show-off behavior?**
12. **Refer to older people as "has-beens" or fogies?**
13. **Choose clothes for high style rather than becomingness or suitability?**
14. **Drink intemperately or immoderately?**

Occasionally an attractive single girl who is guilty of several of these faults "gets by" with it—that is, she is able to date and even to marry. But the successful wife recognizes that such tendencies damage her relationship with her husband and does her best to avoid them all. Happy wives almost never have more than two of these faults, and those they constantly try to correct.

to every Lady-in-Waiting*



Sari Chemisette by Babs — photographed by John Rawlings

new "swaddling powder" gives baby "wetproof" protection against skin infection

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TAKE TIME OUT FOR BEAUTY WHEN YOUR AVON REPRESENTATIVE CALLS TO OFFER YOU AN AVON TRY-ON

Seward Hiltner is Professor of Pastoral Theology and chairman of the Field of Religion and Personality at the University of Chicago. His special interest as a theologian is in the relationship of religion and theology to psychology and psychiatry. A special recent assignment was as Alfred P. Sloan Visiting Professor at the Menninger School of Psychiatry. He has published nine books and more than two hundred articles. He has served since 1950 as pastoral consultant to the monthly magazine for clergy, PASTORAL PSYCHOLOGY. Among his books for the general reader are SEX AND THE CHRISTIAN LIFE (Association Press, 1957) and SELF-UNDERSTANDING THROUGH PSYCHOLOGY AND RELIGION (Charles Scribner's Sons, 1951).

THIRD OF A SERIES

SEX and RELIGION

SEX—SIN OR SALVATION?

By SEWARD HILTNER

In its human form, sex is like human freedom itself—responsible for some of man's highest achievements as well as for some of his most deplorable failures. Man's freedom means that he cannot, even if he would, be merely an animal. An animal that can plan and imagine his future has freedom whether he likes it or not. He may use it for good or for ill, but use it he must.

Sex, too, cannot be ignored. Man is not a disembodied angel. But neither is he animal alone. For good or for ill, memory, imagination, planning, romance or exploitation may be involved in human sex life in a way unknown to other creatures. Whatever else sex may be, it is certainly not a drink of water.

From the Christian point of view, sex is intended by God to fulfill a positive function in the life of mankind. Its aim is not solely propagation of the species; it is also the completion of one's being. In the Bible there is reference to union in "one flesh." The implication is that sexual union is inescapably a serious matter for good or for ill, and that God has so provided that it be for good if His purpose is understood and followed. This point of view is far from one that would regard sex as untouchable or contaminated.

The word "know" is sometimes used in the Bible to refer to sexual relations. This was not because of prudery in the Biblical writers. It was to suggest that, through responsible sexual union, one comes to know depths of himself and of another that he had not known before. Sex can help us to know ourselves, and the being of the other sex who is our partner, in a way that illuminates all life. When it does, it serves God's will. But obviously only a sexual union that is both responsible and spontaneous can perform this function.

The Hebrew heritage, to which Christianity is so deeply indebted, had down-to-earth convictions about the good of God's creation. Men distorted this, and prophets had to arise again and again to call the nation back to repentance. But the creation itself, including sex, was good. This basic attitude, fortunately, was carried over into Christianity. At times in Christian history it has been minimized. But it has never been forgotten. Even those branches of Christianity that cultivated asceticism never praised sexual abstinence for its own sake. They only contended that, for some people, it paved the way to achieve other values in life.

From the long-term point of view, the history of sex in the Western world may be seen as an attempt, stumbling and halting and with many reverses, to utilize sex at the distinctively human level of love and personal relatedness. The pagan libertinism against which Christianity had to stand in its early days tended to divorce sex not only from social responsibility but also from personal relatedness.

How are we using sex today? Are the trends of our time helping sex to contribute to personal and social fulfillment, or are they leading us the other way? I believe there is something of both, but that the trends on the positive side are stronger. If we understand the real situation, we can support the positive trends.

Libertinism, the misuse of freedom, appears to be more open if not actually on the increase. Contraception has extended the scope of freedom, and even though I regard this as good in principle it is sometimes misused in practice. The Victorian sex mores that still governed the past generation, which plainly bound people because they could only conform to or rebel against them, have received many heavy blows. If they have not quite been knocked out, the count is at least up to six to eight against them.

But even in the short-time perspective there are some reassuring points. In contrast to Victorian days, there is less hypocrisy, and the movement is away from a sharp double standard and especially toward more sex fulfillment for women in marriage. There is increased understanding of sexual aberrations and more help available to persons who have them. There have been great advances in preparing people for marriage and family through education and counseling. These are obvious and significant gains.

When we attempt to appraise the sexual trends in our own time, a good case could be made for the assertion that our mores are shifting again to the right or more conservative side. Sociologists are telling us that American youth is exhibiting less daring, less yen for adventure and more concern for security than was true a decade or two ago. This may not mean any immediate change in the patterns of sexual behavior. There may be, for instance, as much premarital sexual relations as ten or twenty years ago. Even if there is, it is accompanied by less daring, less flaunting, and less protest against authority, owing to such factors as the availability of contraception, the disappearance of chaperons and more open discussion of sexual matters.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 184



Where would you put another phone?

In our house, the location suggested itself.

There was a place that was pretty far from the other phone. A place where we spend a good third of our time. And near the nursery where our new baby keeps me busy.

Our bedroom.

I can't tell you how many steps that bedroom phone has saved me already. And how safe I feel at night with a phone right next to my bed. To say nothing of the convenience of having a place where I can close out the world and talk privately with friends.

The cost? We hardly notice it. When you've had your bedroom telephone for a while, you'll find that the small monthly charge is far outweighed by the convenience and security you enjoy, day after day, night after night.



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Fresh, Clean Smell! The Instant Chlorine Bleach in new white Ajax leaves sinks and tubs smelling as sweet and clean as they look.

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New White Ajax wipes them away easily, quickly! Try New Ajax now—you'll agree!

UNDER COVER

By Bernardine Kielty



© 1954 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

How I envy you, Brother Timothy. My call didn't come till after many years wasted on the pleasures of the flesh and the so-called joys of the world."

. Francis is still the active friend nimals. On his festival day all y dogs in Rome are given the free- of the city, the dog catcher re- ig for forty-eight hours; and a l of tripe is furnished for the hun- ls of cats that slink about Tra- s Forum and hunt on the banks he Tiber.

or more important facts about St. ncis, see **THE SAINTS, a Concise graphical Dictionary,** edited by *n Coulson* (Hawthorn). An excel- reference book.

●

or a woman's intimate view of a nge land, I know no better book than *garet Parton's* **THE LEAF AND FLAME** (Knopf), about India. **THE RT OF INDIA,** by Alexander Campbell, very satisfactory—the roving news- 's sharp analysis. But this is a little r to the heart. Margaret Parton lived dia several years, kept house, had a , made friends and traveled. This is journal. . . . "*If the world only knew it cost us to keep Gandhi in the pov- to which he was accustomed!*" Her ngs are often worth more than other ple's treatises.

●

M FISK: THE CAREER OF AN ROBABLE RASCAL, by *W. A. nberg* (Scribner), is a factual whiz- g biography, a picture of New York e '70's, a study of vulgarity, extrava- e, ostentation and utter unscrupu- ness.

sk robbed the investors in the Railway consistently and thor- hly; he kept a mistress in notori- splendor on West 23rd Street, with nder wife living quietly in Boston; ribed jurists; he lived like Nero. you sort of like him. And when he at 37, shot by his friend Ned es in the Broadway Central Ho- and was buried on a freezing cold nary day in his home town of tleboro, Vermont, the whole com- nity turned out for its favorite son, in oxcarts and sleighs, and people came from as far as Springfield and Boston. Fisk was a phenomenal Wall Street trader, and after his death old Commodore Vanderbilt, his life-long enemy, frequently urged his favorite medium to try to get through to the beyond, to pump Jim Fisk for market tips.

Fisk's brain weighed 58 ounces, only slightly short of Daniel Webster's record breaker, 62½ ounces!

●

Headed for the best-seller list is **THE SCIENTISTS,** by ***Eleazar Lipsky,*** an outstanding dramatic novel by the former district attorney who wrote the well-remembered KISS OF DEATH and LINCOLN MCKEEVER.

These are books that tell a swift tale, yet have the substance of actuality behind them. But this novel digs deeper. It is the psychological clash of two scientists, one young, the other old, both claiming the discovery of a miracle drug. Wonderful reading for a cold winter night. (Appleton-Century-Crofts.)

●

Those of us who were not exposed to poetry in childhood are inclined to neglect the book of poems, but once in hand what amazing pleasure it can give!

That was the effect of **THIS N- STANT JOY,** by ***Mary Duryee*** (Pageant Press), a slender volume of poems of great charm. She catches that single moment in time and holds it—as we dealers in prose can rarely do—a flashing vision captured in words. It may be a nun picking raspberries; or a small serpent "with liquid spine and lacquer eyes"; the sudden awareness between husband and wife; or a soldier's dead-tiredness—"Sun, lay on his eyelids your pennies of warm gold."

Mary Duryee is the "Mimi" of F.P.A.'s famous old column, now a wife and mother, wise and understanding.



My husband loves to shop with me at these parties.

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NOTE TO WIVES: Accept your next invitation to a STANLEY Party and ask if you may take your husband along. Better still, give one of these evening "couples" Parties in your own home . . . soon!



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B&M brick oven

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SEALED OVEN-HOT IN BOTH GLASS JARS AND TINS

Burnham & Morrill Company, Portland, Maine



OUR READERS WRITE US

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

Should Mothers of Young Children Work?

Somewhere in California

Ladies, I followed your advice. I was brought up with respect toward men. I made a little tin god out of my husband and hoped to make him blissfully happy. But there are eager, young brides who strive to please their husbands and are crushed by defeat because husbands don't read this "how to have a happy home" business. So, to seek expression for their talents, women seek outside employment. If they have an appreciative husband, they stay home. It's as simple as that.

M.H.

Brentwood, Missouri

I think more women would be attracted to running their own homes if they could avoid the feeling of being cut off from the world. Television and radio could be ideal, but at present there is almost no variety in the programs during the day. My ideas:

Discussion programs with guests such as Mrs. Roosevelt and Lillian Gilbreth, telling how they manage their busy lives.

Panel discussions such as you have in the JOURNAL.

"Consumer Union" type material on new gadgets, appliances, products.

Brief lessons in sewing, cooking, decorating, languages.

Theater programs—*early* in the afternoon.

"Invitation to Learning" type programs, usually shown only on weekends.

Music, interspersed with program notes.

"Talking books"—someone reading short stories, or longer works presented in serial form.

MRS. RICHARD P. BOYLAN

Rochester, Minnesota

I could have been working yesterday—I could have been making lots of money—but if I had, I would not have heard the little voice that said "shoe" for the very first time. Nor would I have heard the serenade. On her first birthday, our daughter received a mouth organ, and she has carried it around and tried to make sounds ever since then—but to no avail, until yesterday. She made a sound in the morning and by evening she could blow the whole scale, but I wouldn't trade the original score of Aïda (which I love) for the look that came on that small, sweet face when she blew the first note on that mouth organ! Nor can you buy kisses from eighteen-month-old daughters. All of a sudden I am thoroughly happy that I am at home all day *every* day.

M.L.O

Los Angeles, California

One of the most important factors which your forum did not deal with is that the working mother is lost completely to the community. She doesn't have time for P.T.A., church work, Scouts. She doesn't have time to canvass her street for the Community Chest, March of Dimes and other worthy causes—or to volunteer a day in her community hospital. I'm the first to admit that housework may not inspire one, but there are so many rewarding things you can do for others *and* yourself!

MRS. T. R. ALLEN

Chatham, New Jersey

I am convinced that too little *physical* contact between mother and child is almost as damaging as too little attention to his hunger, thirst or general education. While bringing up my own son and daughter, I have remembered one of the strongest influences in my own childhood: my grandmother's lap. In her old rocking chair by the stove, I learned what love was really all about. Together we gently rocked away any fears or tiredness or care. Strange, isn't it, that I don't recall a single word she ever spoke to me? No spoken words could have penetrated my brain and heart in the way that the circle of her arms did. How can a mother of small children predict that her arms, a kiss, a hug will be needed and most welcome *only* in her off hours from employment?

MRS. R. L. EGGERT, JR.

Spokane, Washington

I am a housewife and mother of four, a graduate nurse. But I am also the child of a working mother. My mother had to teach as a matter of economic necessity. But I can still picture vividly two little girls peering out the window into the gathering dusk for the headlights of a car which finally turned into the driveway. Then how the house would come alive! But who can know the emptiness and coldness a child feels when he or she comes home from school and mother isn't there? I made my mind up early that my children would find me at home, if at all possible. These precious, fleeing years will too soon pass.

MARILYN NORTHRUP

Fort Wayne, Indiana

Life should be a boring drudge only for those who have had no education and cannot see beyond the task that is at hand. A woman's education should be an illumination of all that she does, giving it deeper meaning and proper perspective and above all forbearance. Cannot the mother who feels isolated from a busy stimulating world realize that it is perhaps a blessing to be a step apart, that it enables her to view things more rationally and with less haste? No creative or intellectual outlets for mothers-at-home? We have only to look around—there is opportunity everywhere. Resourcefulness and initiative may be the only lack, and that is within *ourselves* to correct.

LAURA SEARL

Springfield, Massachusetts

My conclusion is that if you leave your children to work, although they are the children of your body, they are no longer the children of your heart and mind and soul—because the sitter is the one who has the major influence during your children's formative years. You have given up your children's right to develop as *you* children for the pleasure you get from working and the income you earn. Is it a fair exchange?

BETTY R. YOUNG

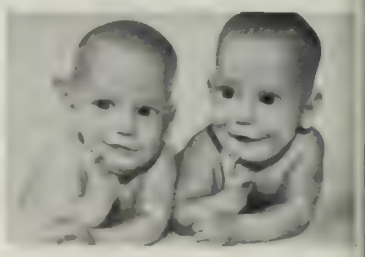
Still Too Green?

Gladstone, Oregon

Dear Editors: In reading your "Why do They Marry so Young?" (November JOURNAL), I am reminded of my mother's teachings. She likened young people to a plant and said it was too bad they "went to seed" before they had time to develop fully.

Sincerely,
LEOTA E. WINKEL

Double Date, Anyone?



The boys.

Annandale, Virginia

Dear Judy and Joyce (c/o Mr. and Mrs. Gould): Sometimes, though, even two heads can't figure these grownups out!

Still trying,
MARK and SCOTT ELLIS

▶ *We'll be glad to make a date with your boys and our girl twins (November Our Readers Write Us) in about 15 years. ED.*

That Journal Paper Doll

Omaha, Nebraska

Dear Journal: One of my happiest memories of my childhood goes back to 1908, when I opened my mother's LADIES HOME JOURNAL and first discovered the Lettie Lane paper dolls. That was years ago, of course (I won't tell you how old I was then!), and I've often wished I had saved them for my own children and grandchildren. Could you possibly reprint them?

An old friend,
MARY HELENA SNYDER

▶ *Our little-sister publication, Jack and Jill, is presenting Lettie Lane, just as she appeared 50 years ago, in its current (February) issue. Watch your nearest newsstand! ED.*



PINEAPPLE-GINGERBREAD

It's a winner every time! To make Tic-Tac-Dole, simply top your favorite gingerbread, hot or cold, with drained Dole Pineapple Slices and Spears.

Better with pineapple... best with Dole



PORK CHOPS, HAWAIIAN

Brown seasoned pork chops; push to side of skillet and add 2 tbsps. vinegar, 1/4 cup brown sugar, Dole Chunks, 1/2 cup EACH pineapple syrup and water. Cover and cook slowly 20-30 min., turning chops once and topping with pineapple.



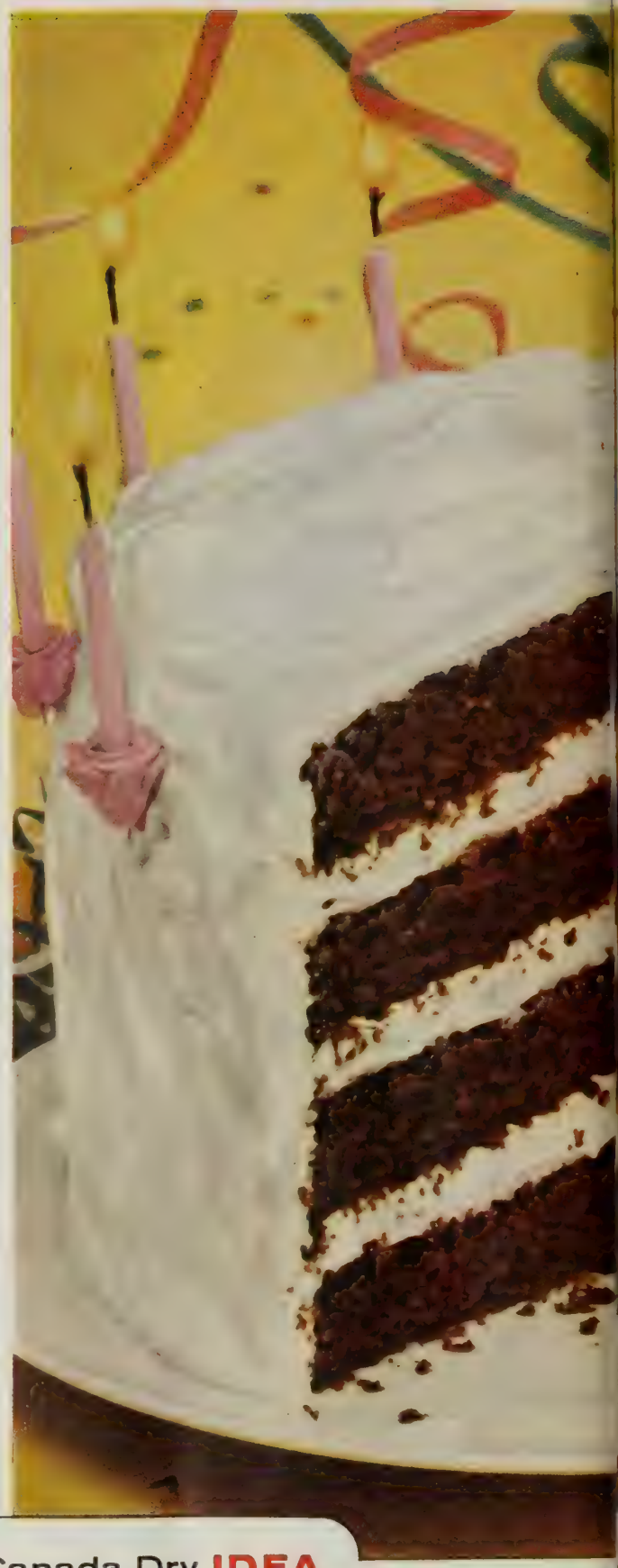
SLICES
CHUNKS
TIDBITS
CRUSHED
SPEARS
JUICE
FRUIT COCKTAIL

the real thing from Hawaii!

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY, LTD., HONOLULU, HAWAII · SAN JOSE, CALIF.

Betty Crocker Softasilk
and
Canada Dry Ginger Ale
bring you:

3 exciting new party ideas!



Today's a very special day for your family or friends — a birthday, anniversary, graduation, or maybe a get-together just for fun. Make a special cake to celebrate with—a 4-layer, rich, moist Softasilk Devils Food. And serve it with an old favorite, dressed up a brand-new way —sparkling Canada Dry Ginger Ale poured over surprise ginger ale cherry ice cubes. Ring the cake with candles—that makes *any* party festive! This is fun—and aren't you the proud hostess!

1. Betty Crocker IDEA



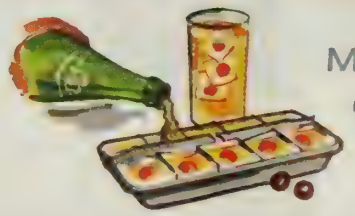
Make a 4-layer cake!

REAL RED DEVILS FOOD CAKE

1¾ cups *sifted* SOFTASILK Cake Flour	⅓ cup cocoa
1½ cups sugar	½ cup soft shortening
1¼ tsp. soda	1 cup milk
1 tsp. salt	2 eggs (⅓ to ½ cup)
	1 tsp. vanilla

Heat oven to 350°. Grease and flour two 8" layer pans. Sift flour, sugar, soda, salt, cocoa together into bowl. Add shortening, ⅔ cup milk. Beat 2 minutes medium speed on mixer or 300 vigorous strokes by hand. Scrape sides and bottom of bowl often. Add rest of milk, eggs, vanilla. Beat 2 more minutes, scraping bowl often. Pour into prepared pans. Bake 8" layers 35 to 40 minutes or until cake tests done. Cool. Split each layer crosswise into two layers. Frost with *Ginger Ale Fluffy Frosting:* Make Betty Crocker Fluffy White Frosting Mix as directed on package, except use ½ cup boiling Canada Dry Ginger Ale in place of water and add ½ tsp. ginger, if desired. (If you like lots of frosting, double the recipe.)

2. Canada Dry IDEA



Make a Ginger Ale Cherry Sparkler

Pour sparkling Canada Dry Ginger Ale into an ice tray to the ¾ mark. Immerse cherries into each compartment. Replace tray in freezer section of refrigerator; turn to lowest temperature. When frozen, remove ice cubes, drop into tall glass, pour Canada Dry Ginger Ale to top. There's your Canada Dry Ginger Ale Cherry Sparkler—a nutritious, vital refresher that makes any party a *ball!*

SAVE 30¢ ON SOFTASILK CAKE FLOUR AND CANADA DRY



Money-Saving IDEA

Save 30¢



For a limited time only . . . pick up a box of Softasilk, a carton or 2 family-size bottles of Canada Dry Ginger Ale. Save 30¢! Send 2 Canada Dry Ginger Ale bottle caps, the box top from your Softasilk Cake Flour package, to Betty Crocker, Box 86, Minneapolis 60, Minnesota, along with your name and address. Print name and address clearly so we can send your generous 30¢ refund promptly. Have a party that's easy on your budget!

Offer expires May 30, 1959. Subject to Federal, local, and state regulations. 1 refund to a family.



You'll bake a softer, lighter, lovelier cake with SOFTASILK CAKE FLOUR

because it's made from a special blend of the world's finest wheats . . . so that every time you bake you're sure to get a higher, lighter, more luxurious cake, the kind of cake you're proud to serve as your very own!



CANADA DRY GINGER ALE—a nutritious, vital refresher

There's more *flavor* . . . in every sparkling sip of this nutritious vital refresher. Flavor is light, not filling, won't spoil appetites. Fizz is exclusive "Pin-Point Carbonation" . . . livelier bubbles that aid digestion.

iINGER ALE—SAVE 30¢

HERE'S HOW! Mail in 2 Canada Dry Ginger Ale bottle caps plus the top from a package of Softasilk Cake Flour to Betty Crocker, Box 86, Minneapolis 60, Minn. Print name and address clearly so that 30¢ refund can be mailed to you promptly.

WHY STOP WITH SALADS?

Other foods, too, get exciting flavor from KRAFT DRESSINGS



Lively, modern *Miracle Whip* does fabulous things for seafoods . . . and of course for salads, too

Salmon Loaf Supreme

This will be a family favorite! Combine ½ c. creamy-smooth Miracle Whip Salad Dressing, 1 c. undiluted condensed cream of celery soup, 1 beaten egg, ½ c. chopped onion, ¼ c. chopped green pepper, 1 tbsp. lemon juice, 1 tsp. salt; mix well. Add 2 c. flaked salmon and 1 c. fine bread crumbs. Bake in greased 8x4x2½-in. loaf pan for 1 hour at 350°. Garnish with curly endive, lemon wedges and cucumber twists. It's Miracle Whip . . . America's favorite salad dressing . . . that gives the special lift to this delightful salmon loaf. You won't find that bright, can't-be-copied flavor in any other dressing.

Fruit Salad Parfait

Surprise . . . a salad with Miracle Whip *inside!* Soften 1 envelope gelatin in ½ c. cold water; dissolve over hot water; cool. Gradually add 1 c. Miracle Whip to one 8-oz. pkg. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese; blend well. Add dissolved gelatin, ¼ c. maraschino cherry juice, and 2 tbsp. confectioners' sugar; mix well. Chill till slightly thickened. Add 2 c. drained canned fruit cocktail and ¼ c. chopped maraschino cherries. Fold in 1 c. heavy cream, whipped. Pour into 1½-qt. ring mold; chill till firm. Inside or on top, Miracle Whip adds excitement to salads. Its famous flavor pleases everyone.

Kraft Mayonnaise makes a velvety Dip

This dip is a dandy! All you do is blend 1 c. Kraft Mayonnaise, 1 tsp. tarragon vinegar, 1 tsp. Kraft Cream Style Horseradish and ½ tsp. curry powder. You'll discover no other mayonnaise mixes like *velvet texture* Kraft's. It's creamier, fluffier. Never curdles or separates. Place mixture in a bowl and sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serve with cauliflowerets.

Miracle French is choice on chop

Expect people to ask, "H did you get that flavor?" wh you use Miracle French t way: Broil lamb chops slow until browned on both sid brushing frequently with M acle French. Its lively flav . . . accented with onion, gar and tomato . . . is marvelo with franks and burgers, t Serve these savory cho with minted broiled peach

JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN

EDITED BY EILEEN SHARPE

WHAT WE DO
WHERE WE GO
WHOM WE MEET

50 years ago in the Journal

In February, 1909, women wore huge peach-basket hats, and men sported upholstered shoulders. Mary Roberts Rinehart wrote The Man in Lower Ten; Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet was first heard; and horses still greatly outnumbered Fords.

Writes a Plain Country Woman in the February, 1909, JOURNAL: *"The best thing about housework is that one likes it better year by year and many tasks that were hardships once become real delights we take joy in doing."*

Good things for tea: oysters on toast, potato scones, milk toast and baked peaches.

"To clean feather pillows in winter, place them on the snow the first sunny day after a heavy snowfall and the glare of the sun will bleach them."

"Jennie: I can understand how anxious you are to resume colors after wearing mourning for five years," sympathizes the fashion editor. "If you cannot afford a new dress or coat, brighten up your black ones with a touch of dull blue."

Sewing hint: "When making new house dresses, buy enough material to make aprons to match."

"Do young girls in the best society go to large hotels to lunch with their men friends?" asks a reader. "A thousand times no!" replies Mrs. Burton Kingsland. "The only way such a thing could be done with propriety would be to have some married woman accompany the girl, who should be of such quiet mien and obvious respectability as to protect her from any unpleasant criticism."

Homemade ice cream: "To every quart of fresh cream add a cupful of powdered sugar . . . turn the crank slowly for the first eight minutes and then rapidly."

"Where can I get Irish moss?" Reply: "In Ireland, but a similar moss is washed up in Massachusetts and Connecticut seaside villages. Many drugstores sell it. It makes a delicious dessert for a young child when cooked with milk and hardened in a little mold."

She travels 15,000 miles a year to see kitchens (helped plan one for this issue, for instance—page 70). So when the Navy invited her to the Nautilus, *Margaret Davidson* promptly accepted her first underwater assignment. The galley is small but food is hearty, she says. It has to be. Submariners are active, gregarious and hungry. "We get pretested," the crew told her, "to screen out anybody edgy or unhealthy. How would you like to be under the polar icecap with a claustrophobic character?" She wouldn't. The food locker holds 20 tons of boned meats, concentrated juices, dried vegetables, to last two months at least. Margaret was delighted to see that sailor cooks use charcoal cooking hoods to keep the air fresh, just like the one she showed you in a recent Portfolio House. And what do they do about garbage disposal on a sub? It's so simple. They torpedo it out!



WALLACE KIRKLAND

Submerged personality: our homemaking editor.

PAUL HIMMEL



Diana and Cynthia meet Roy Rogers.

"Stars stay bright by exercising," ***Dawn Norman*** told us. She should know because of her page 68 story. Working on it, she talked to star ***Roy Rogers*** at his rodeo. "He's the only man I've met," said Dawn admiringly, "who can walk on his hands and converse charmingly at the same time." Exerciser Roy keeps in shape ranching on 136 acres, riding horses and bikes, playing pickaback with his children. He has nine. Seven are adopted, including a Korean daughter, Debbie, and a Choctaw Indian daughter, Dodie, both 6. "They're your age," he told Dawn's daughter Cynthia, then turning to 8-year-old Diana, "and soon they'll be *your* age and pretty, too, if they eat their vegetables, go to Sunday school and exercise." Diana said she did all three. "Boys are harder to convince—afraid to be sissies." Roy told her. "That's why I tell *them* that children brought up in church are seldom brought up in court." It reminded Dawn: "I left one exercise out of my page—the healthy influence he exercises over children."

Books on the best-seller lists shift in order of popularity weekly, but one statistic, always constant, is that more of them have been published first in the JOURNAL ***than in any other magazine. For instance, in the bookshop pictured below one day last month we saw twenty-two books, all of them old friends to*** JOURNAL ***readers. Among them: "Women and Thomas Harrow," by John P. Marquand; "Ice Palace," by Edna Ferber; "The Greengage Summer," by Rumer Godden; "Please Don't Eat the Daisies," by Jean Kerr; "The Rainbow Comes and Goes," by Lady Diana Cooper; "Anecdotes of Destiny," by Isak Dinesen; "Cocktail Time," by P. G. Wodehouse; and "Jonathan Found," by Cecil Maiden.***

The shop is the New Delaware Bookshop in New Hope, Pennsylvania, and why were we there? Because ***Laura Lou Brookman***, of the JOURNAL staff, is its owner. Incidentally, Laura Lou did the editing of all these books for the JOURNAL's pages. In her apartment is a collection of first editions from authors so enthusiastic about JOURNAL editing that they wrote fan mail—notably Alec Waugh, Edna Ferber, Jesse Stuart and Daphne duMaurier.

The fourteen other books we saw? Here they are: "The Story of Holly and Ivy"; "Princess Margaret and Peter Townsend"; "All About Dogs"; "Nine Coaches Waiting"; "Catch as Catch Can"; "Face of the Tiger"; "Complete Book of Absolutely Perfect Baby and Child Care"; "Search for Amelia"; "The Cross on the Drum"; "David's New Girl"; "Anne Batchelder's Cook Book"; "Quick and Easies"; "A Bird in the Pan"; and "The Well-Fed Bridegroom."

Love is on our minds. Valentine's Day is close. ***Cynthia McAdoo Wheatland*** celebrates because it was her first day as a wife. ***Nora O'Leary's*** children paste their photographs on red felt hearts, lace-edge them, and mail to their grandparents. Almost all staff wives tell us they send valentines to husbands. Our ***Glenn White*** writes verses to his wife to celebrate (we published one of Glenn's to Irene November '58). Childhood valentines may lead to confusion, or marriage. One staffer sent such a clever anagrammed valentine to a boy in grammar school he thought another girl sent it. ***Mary Bass*** says she once gave a boy a shoehorn tied with ribbon so he'd think of her as Cinderella, but it was too subtle. Another colleague, smitten with a shy boy, passed him a chicken heart in school biology lab. He married her. Well, that's love.

Book editor turns bookseller: Laura Lou Brookman and her new venture.



RALPH STEINER

The

Claire gazed ahead,
seeing nothing,
because he had taken her hand.
She couldn't be
just another girl to him.



Family Man

How much does his family mean to a man? To his wife? To their children? For Henry Marshall and his family this was a summer of crisis, a test of love.

By FLORENCE JANE SOMAN

It was a quiet street. The old frame houses were painted in sensible grays and browns and pushed up close to the sidewalk. In the winter, the porches were bare and muddied, and the street would take on a dead, hibernating look. But when spring came, the branches of the tall trees blurred and foamed into a froth of yellow green; forsythia bloomed, and then magnolia, and then azalea, blazing in patches of red fire before almost every house. The screens would go up on the porches and the covers were taken off the gliders, revealing the bright flowers or stripes underneath; the porch chairs would be brought up from the cellar and the plants set out, the wicker tables and the braided straw rug, the lamp. For it was then that the porch became suddenly the most important room in the house.

Spring was the best time for the street. At the end of June, the children ebbed away to the summer camps like a wave going out to sea; the sun grew hotter overhead and the air more still. And with the coming of the summer heat, a sudden silence came, too, less the silence of peace than of a deep and faintly troubled sleep.

Coming out of the house on this first morning of July, Fran felt as if something familiar and dreaded were closing like an ether cone over her face, making it difficult for her to breathe. *What is it?* she thought, and she stood still for a moment at the side of the porch looking out through the screen, rubbing her bare arms almost as if she were cold. *Is it because I'm suddenly forty?*

Her eyes focused on the wire screen in front of her. She saw that more holes had formed—they would have to be plugged up or the mosquitoes would be coming in. The screen was old and worn out just as everything in the house was old and worn out—the plumbing, the covering on the furniture, the outdated refrigerator and the battered pots and pans; everything needed replacing or doing over. But all that took money, and it was all they could do to get through each week without going further into debt; the house, like some old and grumbling invalid that whined in its pipes and creaked in its joints, would have to go on complaining and get along as best it could.

But the idea fretted her, as did the knowledge that Joanie could not go to camp this summer, and that Claire had had to take a job in a department store for July and August in order to make enough money to buy her clothes and books for the city college this fall.

There was a movement behind her and she turned. Henry was standing there, and at the sight of his face the frightening thing inside her quieted and she felt almost normal. "Ready for breakfast?" she said.

"I guess so." He stood still, looking at her, a slightly built man, not much taller than she was. His features were thin and finely drawn, his bone structure good; he had a look of breeding. But it was as if some unknown part which would have brought strength and distinction to his face had been unaccountably left out, so that often people felt faintly dissatisfied with what they saw, as if they had been led to expect more.

"Eggs or oatmeal?" Fran said.

"Eggs. There's no rush. I'm early this morning." The sun had lifted over a rooftop, creaming one side of her face. What a soft, warm face she had, Henry thought. Warm, that was it. Warmth in her eyes, her mouth, even the color of her skin. Immediately, something lifted inside him—the terrible feeling of failure which had obsessed him lately. It was not true that he was failing with Fran too; you had only to look at her face now to know that she loved him.

She left him, walking inside the one-windowed, useless room which led through the archway to the living room. Because of the foyer and the screened porch, only a small amount of daylight filtered into the living room; the shrunken slip covers, pale from so many washings, stood out in the dimness. Fran's reaction to the room and its furnishings—bought twenty years ago at the start of her marriage—had long been one of a helpless truce; it was nineteen-year-old Claire who waged a constant and bitter battle against every chair and table and picture. She was always shifting this piece or that to cover a worn place in the rug or some defect in the wall, moving the ash trays about for a better effect, changing the lamps from one corner to another. And always, at the end, being plunged into despair.

Fran sighed and walked through the small dining room to the sunny cheerfulness of the big square kitchen. Joanie was still seated at the kitchen table, a mustache of milk on her upper lip. She was staring out the window in a kind of trance.

"Have you had enough?" Fran said.

Joanie nodded. As she looked at her, Fran thought with relief, *Thank God, Reenie's not going away this year.* Reenie Donovan, who lived down the block, had been christened Renée, but somehow the name had been too much for everybody, and "Reenie" suited her narrow little fox-terrier face better, anyway. There was something touching, Fran thought, about the two little girls' selfless devotion to each other.

Fran went to the refrigerator and got out two eggs. When she started back to the counter, a movement from outside the window made her lift her head and stand still. A man had come out of the Dannons' house, next door. He was dark haired and dark skinned, but his features seemed too big and strong, almost too bold, for conventional good looks.

"I wonder who he is," she said aloud.

Joanie came out of her dream, took another gulp CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE IN ONE ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL

© 1957 by Florence Jane Soman

THE FAMILY MAN
is soon to be published in book form
by G. P. Putnam's Sons
under the title
A Break in the Weather

LITTLE BIG MOUTH

By ROBERT HARDY ANDREWS

To my father, Death was a personal adversary. He bled inside every time he failed to keep a patient alive. He tried to hide how he felt, so hard that sometimes people thought he didn't care at all. He even fooled me, for a while.

In Cuba, in the Philippines, in Panama he had to watch too many men die while he stood helpless. A day came when he couldn't take any more of that. He had to learn more about his job. Maybe if he practiced where failures shouldn't hurt as much, he'd find out how to fight Death as an equal.

I'm rationalizing from a distance of years. He never actually told me why he went to work for the Indian Bureau on the Kiowa-Arapaho Indian reservation, taking two small children to grow up where white people didn't belong, and where everyone said he could do no good for anyone, white or red.

But I know what he did. He fell in love. In love with the empty, sun-scorched country, and the long lonely drives at night across the prairie where there were no roads. In love with the Indians, because they wanted to trust someone but had no reason to, because nobody cared whether they lived or died.

Death robbed him of my mother. He couldn't save his own little daughter. He almost lost his son. But being with the Indians taught him the truth about Death. That is what was going on for my father while Johnny Tail-Feathers Disappearing Over the Hill and I worked out our blood feud. That is what this story is about. My father, my sister, me, Johnny Tail, Alice Reilly, Tom Tall Bear, Joe Jack Rabbit, and others who lived in The Country That God Forgot. That is what the white men and the Indians called it. You will have to decide for yourself if they were right or wrong.

It began when this century and I were very young. Col. Teddy Roosevelt, my father's friend and hero, was the first and last Rough Rider in the White House. Colonel Gorgas was getting the credit for what a lot of nameless nobodies including my father had done to conquer yellow fever, so the Panama Canal could be finished. Congress still couldn't decide if it was safe to let the Indian and Oklahoma territories come into the Union as the forty-sixth state. And most Americans still believed that the only good Indian was a dead Indian.

That was when we drove west into the Cherokee Strip from War Bonnet, the end of the railroad, along a winding wagon trail, to the Long Lance Indian Agency on the Kiowa-Arapaho reservation. My father and my sister and I, and everything we brought from home, crowded the rattletrap buckboard he was able to buy cheap because the Army had no more use for it. Our horses, Buck and Nellie, were Army surplus too. They were cavalry remounts, no more trained to haul a load than my father was to drive them. He said he was Army surplus himself.

It wasn't true. He could have gone on being a major in the Medical Corps, and might have climbed to brigadier general, if he hadn't insisted on resigning after my mother died while he was away in Panama. Now he said the three of us were starting a new life together. He said the clean prairie air would be good for my bad lungs, though he hadn't expected Indian country to be so dusty and dry and empty. He said he'd have a chance to study up on medical methodology, and meanwhile I could be learning to be a doctor, the right way, by going along where he went and studying the job from the bottom up.

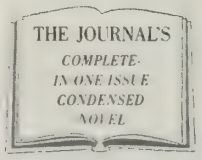
He said the first thing I would learn was what a man has to understand or he has no right to call himself a doctor, and that was Ambroise Paré's discovery: "I cleansed his wounds, but God healed him." This had nothing to do with churches and religion. It was just a natural fact. And another fact I could prove for myself, by getting well, was that the lungs, like the heart and the brain, are just a muscle machine, and they all get flabby and slow down unless you exercise them constantly. But if you do, nothing on earth can stop you.

That was how my father talked, as if I was already grown up. I liked it, though sometimes I wanted to ask what he meant by some of the things he told me. He was still a puzzle to me, and to my sister, Mildred. He had been a stranger, almost always away somewhere in the Army, until he came back just in time to be at my mother's funeral. He didn't want to talk about my mother. She had been the one we knew, and who knew us. Now we were getting acquainted with him.

He said I had better lie down in the shade under the seat, and let Mildred give me my medicine, and stop talking, and rest. I had coughed a lot on the train. That worried Mildred. Since our mother died of tuberculosis and my father found out there was a spot on my left lung, she had acted more like my nurse than like my sister. I argued with her. She was my size, but blond and blue-eyed, and it was easy to make her cry. Her eyes blurred though all I said was that I wasn't going to waste my time being sick, out west with the wild Indians.

Then suddenly I saw wild Indians, on the sky line, against the setting sun. For a minute I thought I was imagining. Then I yelled, and bumped my head scrambling out from beneath the seat, and grabbed my father's arm, and pointed. He pulled on the reins, and Buck and Nellie jumped and plunged. The Indians war-whooped, and came galloping down at us on ponies as wild as they were. I tried to hand my father his Army revolver. He said, "Put it away," and drove on.

In a moment the Indians were swarming around us, howling, whirling their ponies, raising dust. They didn't shoot at us. They had no guns, not even bows and arrows or lances. They wore no war paint. But they were our enemies. They hit Buck and Nellie with sticks



CONTINUED ON PAGE 146



He drew us both close to him.
Tears, that I hated, stung my eyes.
I felt luckier than any other boy on earth
to be partners with a man like my father.

More than anything else I wanted to earn
myself a name in this wild, sun-scorched place.
But how could I do it when
my legs were too skinny,
my sister gave me medicine,
and the Indian boys hated the sight of me?



Both of them loved to play,
especially together,
so they took all their wedding money
and bought the piano.

Nobody's Business

He took the car
and she took the furniture,
but how could they divide the piano—
chop through at middle C?

By HARRIETT PRATT

It was a Saturday morning in May, and Clare and Mike Lathrop were sitting together in their living room for the last time.

"It isn't as though we had children," Clare said.

"No, thank God," Mike said. "It's nobody's business but ours."

They tried to look at each other, but they couldn't sustain it. There were too many humiliating memories between them. When they looked at each other, it was like grasping an ice cube—a chill, and then a dull ache, and then pain that went right to the bone.

They had been married for three years, and the divorce had been coming on for a year, or maybe two. There were so many reasons for the divorce that there wasn't any reason. He had got drunk once. She had slapped him on two different occasions. They had said terrible things to each other about every conceivable subject. She complained that he didn't take her seriously, and he complained that she took him *too* seriously. Then each didn't like some of the other's friends. And Mike was a junior executive with the accent on "junior," which meant they didn't have quite enough money. And she was a fusser and he was careless, and she had a hot temper and he was inclined to brood. Big things, little things, a list that would go up the wall and over the ceiling—it all added up to mental cruelty.

This morning, though, they weren't cruel. This morning, now that it no longer mattered, they found themselves very polite.

"You're sure you don't want to stay on in the apartment?" he said.

She shook her head. "Thanks, Mike. I'd rather store everything and get out. You know."

Clare was a pretty girl with gray eyes and a sweet mouth and short blond hair. Her smallness and her coloring made her appear much younger than her twenty-four years. She looked now like a child who had been through a crisis, or a long critical illness.

"Did I tell you I found a furnished place in Hollywood?" Mike said. "It isn't bad."

"I'm glad," she said.

Clare was going back home to live with her parents and her younger sister. They had a house in Brentwood and her room was ready for her.

"We never did decide who gets the piano," she said.

"We'll have to decide," Mike said.

They both stared at the piano. It was a concert grand and it took up a whole side of the living room with its gleaming hulk. It was the first thing they had bought together, and, next to the car, the biggest purchase of their marriage. They had taken all the wedding money that had been given them, and Clare's savings, and sold some shares of Mike's stock, and bought the piano. Both of them loved to play, and they played together too. Now neither of them had any place to put it. Clare's parents already had a piano, and Mike's small apartment wouldn't hold it.

"We should ask it who it wants to go with," Clare said, but she didn't smile.

Mike wandered over to the piano. It was already covered with an anticipatory film of dust. It looked finished, as though it would never be played again. It would be, of course, but not by them, not by the two of them, playing silly duets and loud duets, improvising operas, making as much noise as a full orchestra, or at least trying to. Some of the best fun they had had together was at the piano.

"This is just what we planned, isn't it?" Clare said suddenly. "Remember? We decided not to have children right away, and then if it didn't work out we'd write it off. No hard feelings."

Mike frowned. He was a dark-haired, compactly built man with a strong-looking face. "Do you have any . . . hard feelings?" he asked.

She thought about it, and shrugged. "I guess not. No hard feelings, no soft feelings. No feelings. It isn't the end of the world. Nobody got hurt. We're young. We'll get over it."

"Still," he said, "I'm sorry it was such a big flop."

She didn't look at him, but an unusual, rather cynical expression crossed her face.

"You can't win every time, you know," she said.

He didn't reply. For a few minutes, neither of them moved.

"Well," he said, "I guess I'll shove off. If you find any of my stuff around, you might send it over to my mother's."

"All right," she said, "but I think we got everything."

"When's the moving van coming?" he asked.

"They should be here now. They said before noon."

"You'll wait for them?"

She nodded.

He walked halfway to the door, and then turned. "Clare," he said, "thanks for being so nice about the car."

"Oh, good heavens," she said, "I didn't care. You're the one who needs it. I'd rather have the furniture anyhow."

"I know," he said, "but thanks anyway." He took a deep breath. "Well—see you around."

"See you," she echoed.

They tried again to look at each other, but it wouldn't hold. He gave her a sort of half salute, and she returned it. Then he went out and closed the door behind him.

When he reached the foot of the stairs, Mrs. Gordon, the manager of the apartment house, opened her door.

"You're on your way?" she said. She was a nice, dowdy woman. Mike liked her.

"I'm off," he said.

She nodded, and pushed a few strands of gray hair into her wasp's nest of a bun. "Goodness," she said, "I remember when you and Clare moved in. I saw that big piano going up the stairs and I nearly had a conniption. Now I don't know what I'll do without it. I'm sorry the way things turned out, Mike."

To his alarm, her eyes filled with tears.

"I'll miss you both," she said.

"Hey now," he said, "you know I'll come visit you, and so will Clare."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 123

The young Virginia colonel was shy with women. Was it because he couldn't forget vivacious Sally, wife of his closest friend?

By ELSWYTH THANE

It was not her first wedding. And in the innocent presence of her small son and daughter she could not honestly wish that it was. Married at seventeen and widowed at twenty-five, four times a mother and two babes dead—she found it disconcerting, at her age, to be so enamored of a man. But there was no denying that the tall, diffident yet masterful soldier who was to be her bridegroom had wrought what she could recognize only as enchantment.

Not just because of the blue-and-scarlet regimentals, for he had laid them aside and resigned from the army. Not wealth or dazzling prospects; he had only a small house on the Potomac and some land—a gift, a passion, for acquiring land. Not social brilliance, for he was a rather silent man who watched and listened and sometimes smiled—and never told stories about his colorful military past, in company. There was his reputation—his achievement, at twenty-six; his magnificent, heart-stirring presence; his way with a horse, his way with her children. But there was more to it than that. She was in love.

Once it had shocked her to find that everyone expected her promptly to marry again, after Daniel died so suddenly eighteen months ago; died without a will, leaving her a rich widow with full responsibility for his estate and the future of little Jack and Patsy. He had wise attorneys, a good overseer, all competent men, who made a polite comedy of consulting her. Still, it was bewildering, for she had never thought to stand alone. Daniel was always there, twenty years older than she was, accustomed to his wealth and its obligations, never at a loss—not, at least, after the death of his overwhelming father in the first year of their marriage. Daniel was so kind, so capable, so careful, so . . . comfortable.

They had had good times together. He liked to see her wear pretty clothes from England; he kept a fine chariot and horses, and twice a year they went from the plantation on the Pamunkey to Williamsburg for the public times when the Assembly met, and then they lived in his fine house in the capital with its six proud chimneys. There was war on the frontier, where the French were encroaching on the Ohio country, inciting Indian raids on the border settlements, massacre, scalping and terror. A man called Braddock came out from England with a red-coated army, marched it to the Monongahela, and there was cruelly beaten in a wilderness battle. When Braddock was seen to be fatally wounded, a man called Washington, who was a Virginian, took charge and brought off the survivors. Without him the remnants of Braddock's force might have been surrounded and murdered to the last panic-stricken Englishman. The royal governor made much of young Washington when he came to Williamsburg that autumn of '55, and Daniel had pointed him out to her in the street—towering above his companions, with a grave, pock-marked face, and the erect, straight-stepping carriage of an Indian.

© 1959 by Elswyth Thane

Two years later, when her sister Nancy married Burwell Bassett at the Assembly time, he was again in Williamsburg, summoned by the ailing governor to report on the necessities of his dissatisfied forces at Fort Cumberland. During the social whirl in the little capital city that May, she and young Colonel Washington were introduced to each other, and exchanged a few words on several occasions. His cool gray eyes were kind and searching, his manner a little formal and remote. The frontier hero was shy with women. When she said so, behind his back, there was some laughter. But not blind to them, somebody said. Unlucky, though, remarked another voice. That depends, was a third opinion. Unmarried, anyway.

Soon after Nancy's wedding, when baby Jack was down with some childish complaint, Daniel was suddenly taken ill. The doctor confessed himself baffled, and almost before she had time to be frightened, Daniel was dead. Less than ten years of marriage, and only two children living, and it had all come to an end.

She was unprepared to find that before long several people appeared to be more than willing to take Daniel's place, and her sister Nancy reminded her briskly that she was not a fool, not a fright, only twenty-five, and had a fortune. Life was far from over, Nancy said, in circumstances like hers. But she had not been in any hurry to prove that. She went on from day to day, as nearly as possible in the same familiar pattern, in the White House on the Pamunkey, not far from Williamsburg. The neighborhood was a nest of friends and relatives, she had the children and devoted, sheltering servants, and she never lacked for company nor for invitations. She began, rather guiltily, to miss Daniel a little less.

In the spring of '58, when she had been more than six months a widow, she packed up the children and their nurse and went for a visit to the Chamberlaynes, who lived nearby. It was useless to expect her to go anywhere that Jacky, four, and Patsy, two, were not welcome. And there, captured at the ferry by her host and brought home to dine, was the tall frontier colonel again, in uniform and riding boots and sword, his hair unpowdered, looking gaunt and ill after weeks of dysentery at his post in the wilderness, and now on his way to Williamsburg to consult a doctor.

They met as mere acquaintances with some mutual friends and recollections. There were other guests to dinner, and beneath the general conversation he made an opportunity to inquire after the Bassetts and to speak gently of Daniel and her loss. At the dinner table she noticed that he ate little, and watching him compassionately she felt sure he was in pain, and she insisted with her quaint maternal authority that he drink some wine with the food. His eyes dwelt on her as she prescribed, respectful, amused, surprised. It came to her that he wanted looking after—men always went a little off their heads when they were ill. The wine seemed to brighten him a bit. That, and someone taking an interest. No women at home? she wondered.

After dinner they all sat in the parlor for a while, and when CONTINUED ON PAGE 132



Her heart had never before beat like this for any man.


THE
Bride

FRANKLY *Dramatic*

By H. T. WILLIAMS

Here is a room designed to have flair and drama—the kind of room that gets a response. Its secrets are subtle, but they can be learned. The trick is to get distinction with discretion, excitement with judgment, color that has vividness but is never strident. Here the effect is achieved with white walls, a sense of space, a single brilliant rug that is not obtrusive (not even expensive) and a few touches of atmosphere such as the spindle oak doors.

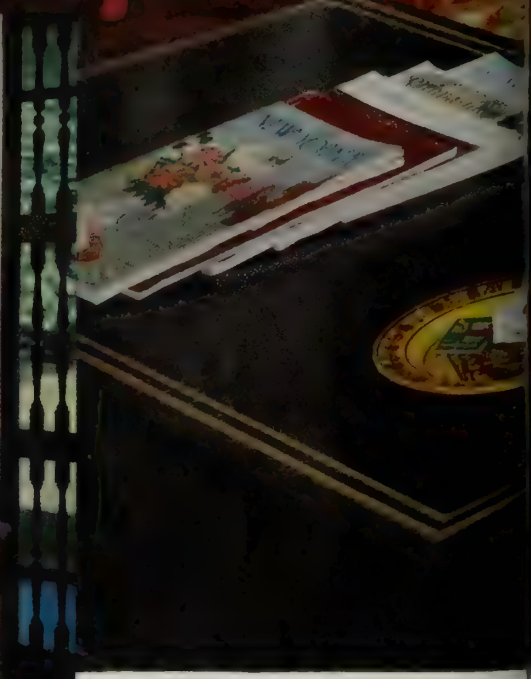
The colors are symphonic—some strong, some muted—to take turns at getting your attention without striving for it. The setting here is an airy country home with an individual approach to life. Antique and modern combine. A French armoire holds television, high-fidelity set and records. The simple color scheme centers on yellow and white with accents of purple, paprika, black and green. Draperies are yellow taffeta, sunny by day, a deep gold by night. Cotton and cotton mixes are heavily relied on. On one ottoman is a striped cotton so congenial it can blend with exotic or homespun fabrics. Two Venetian armchairs use a green-and-white cotton print. Chairs beside the marble-topped table are in a plum cotton mix. The wing chairs are regal in black and white. For contrast, the airy bentwood chair by the big window is lustrous in green silk. The colors are clear, but never clash.

Practical? The room is that, too, with its expanses of polished floor, its clutter-free groupings, its undistracting walls. Twelve people have seating room; twice as many could circulate. We would sum it up as a room equipped to live with poise, and without one unnecessary appointment.



One rug is enough—Spanish, fringed, wool, it costs under $300.





GUERRERO

You must know how to



ccessory too many; all noteworthy. Two lamps are mulberry glass. Two are Portuguese baroque metal. Louis XV wall clock is carved and gilded wood. A bird cage is ceramic.

d but sure about color to achieve this striking room. Keep it spacious, and include two or three unusual features.

DEATH FROM THE HOSPITAL NURSERY

By GLADYS DENNY SHULTZ

Are hospitals the ideal location for childbirth they were once thought to be? Are central nurseries a danger as well as a convenience? Is rooming in (keeping each baby alone in the mother's room) a better solution than nursery wards? Should maternity hospitals be entirely detached from hospitals where sick people are cared for? Or, taking a long look into the future, is the well-trained nurse-midwife attending at home deliveries possibly the safest solution? (It must be remembered that the lowest maternal-death rate ever recorded in this country is that maintained for years by the Chicago Maternity Center at home deliveries in Chicago slums. During the last three-year span, 9000 home deliveries were conducted by the center without a single maternal death.) These are questions that an alert citizenry as well as intelligent, devoted medical men must answer. In the meantime, here are things you can do to lessen the danger of hospital staphylococcus:

1. Check your hospital carefully. What is its record? Has it set up a committee to control cross-infections? If you find difficulty getting these questions answered, write your newspaper.

2. Visit your hospital and check its nursery carefully. Is it crowded? Are the babies separated, by day of birth, into separate compartments? Does your hospital permit rooming in? Would it permit it in your case? If the answers are not satisfactory to you, try another hospital.

3. If your available hospitals do not have a satisfactory record, and have not moved swiftly to counter staphylococcus infections, ask your doctor to let you have a home delivery, provided you can have comfortable nursing help, and no serious complications are expected.

4. Don't ask your doctor to give you antibiotics for minor ailments.

5. Do anything you can to encourage more schools for nurse-midwives, entrance of young women into this work, to aid and supplement our hard-pressed doctors.

A new, virulent organism,
breeding in nurseries for the newborn,
is rocking the medical world. Babies, tragically lacking in resistance
to the disease, are its chief victims. Many infants are als

"I love to work in the maternity ward," a nurse said to me years ago. "We nurses call it the 'happy ward.' Everywhere else in a hospital we're fighting to keep death away—but in the maternity ward most of the women aren't really sick. Their suffering is for a wonderful purpose: to bring life. And then there are the babies! The very *atmosphere* is different in the maternity ward."

And so it should be. The newborn babies in the central nursery, so appealing in their helplessness and vulnerability, tug at the heart. Their survival, one knows instinctively, depends on the tenderest, most devoted care.

But these infants must also be shielded from disease. Bacteria that bigger, stronger people shrug off without difficulty can be fatal to them. Modern hospitals have gone to extraordinary lengths to protect new babies from infection. Glass walls exclude germs. Attendants are required to follow exacting rules for cleanliness and asepsis. No outsider is allowed near the babies. Mothers who want to bear their babies at home are usually dissuaded—homes cannot be made so antiseptic as hospitals.

Yet out of the glassed-in, sanitary, scientifically aseptic central nurseries has come an infection that is rocking the medical world. It is called familiarly "hospital staphylococcus"—"hospital staph" for short—because it originates within the hospital itself. In many hospitals the "happy ward" has been turned into a place of anxiety, for babies ill or dying.

And that is not all. In many hospitals, the staph has spread from the central nursery throughout the wards. Men and women recovering from serious chronic illnesses, or infections incurred outside the hospital, may acquire the hospital staph and die. Dr. John W. Brown, of Berkeley, California, stated at a conference on staphylococcic infections, sponsored by the American Medical Association in Cleveland in November, 1957, that "many patients have died from staphylococcic infections acquired in the hospital. Staphylococci cause most instances of 'terminal pneumonia.' In many of the fatal cases of influenza due to the recently encountered Asiatic strain which have been carefully studied, patients have had a complicating or associated staphylococcic pneumonia." Doctor Brown's paper was subsequently published in the Journal of the American Medical Association.

In maternity wards, breast-fed babies transfer the infection to their mothers when they nurse. In one big-city hospital, eighteen new mothers died in a single month from flu and hospital staph. (This information was never published, was given to the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL by the hospital head in a confidential conversation. The hospital closed down an entire maternity ward to rid it of the staph. All nurses now must have cultures taken from nose and throat before they are allowed in the maternity unit. The situation is believed to be under control.)

Dr. C. V. Letourneau warned, in a 1957 issue of Hospital Management, that the issue raised by hospital-engendered organisms is "more important than relationships between medical staff and administration; more important than financing hospitals; more important than the nursing shortage; more important than personnel management. This problem involves the life and death of our patients."

The medical world was not anxious to publicize the situation. Since the emergence of hospital staph six to seven years ago, the fight against it has been conducted as quietly as possible. But on March 8, 1958, the Journal of the American Medical Association courageously printed the whole appalling story. That month the Journal of Public Health published a similar story. The Associated Press almost immediately thereafter carried the news that hospital staph had claimed the lives of seventeen babies at the Houston, Texas, city-county hospital in the two and a half months prior to March 20. Then came news of nine baby deaths in Dallas from the staph.

Now the grim truth is known. A new, virulent organism has arisen within the antiseptic walls of the hospitals themselves. Identified as Staphylococcus Aureus, Type 80/81, it is highly contagious. It is also immune to the three antibiotics heretofore mo



FRANK COWAN

Nurseries enforcing rigid antisepsis have good records, as do hospitals with rooming-in facilities. Safest seem to be babies born at home, cared for there.

arriers, infecting mothers, other adults.

ective against staphylococcus: penicillin, streptoycin and tetracyline.

Staphylococci are not "new" bacteria. Mankind s probably lived with them since the beginning of ne; they are everywhere about us. It is staphylococci at cause boils, blood poisoning, pus in infected unds; the common skin disease called impetigo; d certain types of pneumonia. Strong, healthy rsons can usually throw off these infections—but the weak and sickly, they are a menace.

Neither are nursery epidemics a new problem. er since it became routine practice for babies to be rn in hospitals and kept together in one large rsery, there have been epidemics. Sometimes taphylococci have been responsible; sometimes other pes of bacteria. When nursery techniques are lax, it easy for a disease to be transmitted from one baby another. And new babies have tragically little retance to disease. Not long ago, once an epidemic t under way in a nursery, half or more of the babies ght be expected to die.

However, more careful attention to antiseptic utines cut down the epidemics; and the new antiotics, notably penicillin, proved miraculously effece against staphylococci. If an infection did appear ong the vulnerable newborn babies in a hospital rsery, it was quickly dealt with. Fatal epidemics in ntral nurseries were considered a thing of the past.

What, then, has happened? Doctors writing in the Journal of the American Medical Association speculate that hospitals, relying on antibiotics to cure infections, have tended to relax their antiseptic routines. Though penicillin does kill normal staphylococci, certain mutations among the bacteria survive. Multiplying—they can produce a new generation every hour—they bring into being descendants with their ancestors' resistance to penicillin. The same process occurs with other commonly used antibiotics.

Several scientists feel one explanation may be that many more frail, ill persons of all ages are being kept alive today than was formerly possible. Hospitals are filled with patients who have little resistance to staphylococci. Also, certain new and widely used medical treatments tend to lower the body's defense against infections. Among these are X ray, insulin, cortisone and radical surgery.

New babies and old people are most susceptible to diseases caused by the staph; frailer babies are naturally most susceptible of all. In nurseries for the newborn, the epidemic usually takes the form of impetigo or pyoderma—skin diseases marked by pus-filled lesions. Among the Houston babies, death occurred when the infection attacked lungs, heart, intestinal tract, or caused general blood poisoning.

Among adults, those most susceptible to the staph are patients already suffering from serious chronic diseases such as diabetes, vascular insufficiency, heart disease, tuberculosis, leukemia and other types of malignancies. However, special conditions may lower the body defenses of an ordinarily healthy person.

Studies at Rockefeller Institute show that the susceptibility of mice to infections can be changed at will—often in a matter of hours—by withholding food, or subjecting the animals to stress. Influenza can render a usually healthy person susceptible to staphylococci. So can an accident, or childbirth. Surgical stitches provide an easy avenue of invasion by the virulent staph. Thus, in the words of a writer in the Journal of the American Medical Association: "Adults with any of the debilitating conditions usually found on the medical, surgical and maternity services may lose their usual resistance to the staphylococcus."

Few exact mortality figures for hospital staph exist so far, and those that do give little indication of the gravity of the situation. This is because staph usually complicates a condition for which the patient was originally brought to the hospital—and the original condition is set down as the cause of death. However, there is confirmation for Dr. John W. Brown's statement that "many" deaths have been caused by the hospital staph since it first appeared. A pilot study was conducted at the College of Medicine, State University of Iowa, in CONTINUED ON PAGE 178

First suits



Short jacket suit in navy wool with grosgrain insert by Alvin Handmacher. Rough straw hat, Adolfo of Emme.



The spring suit that has everything: the fabric a soft lacy wool, the color one of the new misty blues . . . the blouse a sl taffeta flower-garden print matched by the jacket lining, stole lining and hat. The small-scale stole, twisted at the should gives a fresh new look. The jacket, top-of-the-hipbone length, is feminine and wearable. By David Kidd of Arthur Jablo

of SPRING...

Beautiful conservatives

Enter the new lighter blues—azure, turquoise and powder blue, deepening to navy. Flower-printed taffeta and chiffon blouses and jacket linings are sometimes matched by hats. Natural beige and gray make their appearance again. Important to note the return to normal fashions and the very slightly longer skirt. Jackets are from short to hipbone lengths. Pleated skirts that have such ease and comfort are significant once more. Hats are golden straw, shiny black and stark white.

By Wilhela Cushman
Fashion Editor



Pale turquoise basket-weave tweed in a suit by Alvin Handmacher with slightly longer jacket, fold of linen at the neckline. The upturned ballibuntl hat by Mr. John, calfskin envelope bag by Barra.

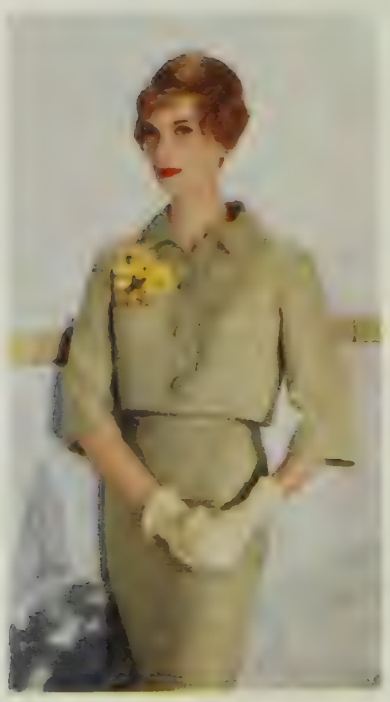
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LOUISE DAHL-WOLFE



Lovely lightweight wool in oxford blue—a suit with a tied bolero jacket, softness over the hipline, striped silk shantung at the neckline, by Adele Simpson. The turban by Irene of New York. Pins by Seaman Schepps.



Pale gray flannel comes again in a dress with a short-stop jacket by Andrew Arkin.



Green-and-yellow bolero suit by Stephan. Pin by Marcel Boucher.



Spring navy-and-white tweed suit by Arthur Jablow, black cloche by John Frederics, pumps by Mario.

The fashions on all these pages are presented to you because they show you the trends of the season and serve as a guide as you shop. You will find many of them in stores throughout the nation. However, if you do not find identical styles in your local shops, we believe similar ones will be available.

First suits of SPRING



Classic straight jacket suit in navy-blue-and-white flecked tweed, jersey blouse, by Alvin Handmacher. White felt Breton bound with navy by Sally Victor.



old-and-black tweed in a lightly shaped suit by ilippe Tournay. Straw Breton by Walter Florell.



White piqué collar and fresh dark red carnations on oxford-gray wool suit by Ben Reig.



Checks, pleats, a big collar and a short jacket make this suit an important step to spring. By Philippe Tournay. The gold bracelet by Seaman Schepps.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LOUISE DAHL-WOLFE

The Journal's GEM OF A WARDROBE



These timeless, classic designs made from the finest-quality fabrics will give you endless pleasure. They will combine and recombine, and this enduring quality is a sound investment. A good navy-blue suit with a white piqué blouse will never be out of fashion. It is an ageless combination that is fresh and crisp. A bright coat goes happily over a dark suit, combines with prints and is a bright note for a neutral wool dress. A long evening dress is as basic as a short one. A change of jewelry or the addition of a colorful stole helps vary the effect. We consider these "clothes with a future" . . . ones you will wear as comfortably next spring as you will now. Your favorite fabric department will be bursting with brilliant flower colors in woolens, and the prints have never been more feminine or more lovely.

By NORA O'LEARY *Pattern Editor*

GOLD JEWELRY BY VICTORIA STONE



This comfortable blue wool suit has its own white piqué blouse included in the pattern. The skirt has ample walking room, and pockets in the seams. Make an extra polka-dot blouse. Vogue Design No. 161.

HAT BY JOHN FREDERICS



Our coat, in a blend of wool and cashmere, has a neckline that is convertible . . . closed with a tie or opened into revers. The pocket detail fits into the elongated neckline dart. Vogue Design No. 9685



This charming garden-flower print is typical of the many lovely ones available this spring. The design itself is very simple with a short or three-quarter sleeve, and a skirt with unpressed fullness in the front. The belt runs through a fabric loop from the skirt and buckles in the back. Later, you may want to make this same dress in black crepe. Vogue Design No. 4963.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROGER PRIGENT



A Journal version of a Paris original design by Nina Ricci. Ours in heavy white ribbed silk has a slim underdress topped by a graceful Empire redingote. We show it with a jewel at the waistline and a moss-green *peau de soie* stole. Vogue Paris Original Design No. 1434.

Chiffon-weight wool flannel is an ideal choice for a spring (though it is seasonless) "go everywhere" dress. The neckline has an away-from-the-neck collar, the skirt soft unpressed pleats. Black calf belt. Vogue Design No. 9687.

PEARLS BY SEAMAN SCHEPPS



Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Page 101.
Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax). These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10c additional for each pattern ordered.
© Vogue



Do you like the way you look in a bathing suit? *Patti Page shows how high she can kick, a test to determine the flexibility of the lower body. Goal is to touch finger tips with toes while arm is raised slightly above shoulder level. A good exercise to firm and streamline your hips and thighs.*



When you catch a glimpse of yourself in a full-length mirror, do you automatically feel the need to straighten up? *Poor posture can add years to your age. Here, Robert Stack and his pretty wife, Rosemarie, demonstrate a test to determine shoulder and back flexibility, on which good posture is dependent. Stand with your head, shoulders, back and heels as flat as possible against a wall. Hold your arms, at shoulder level, straight out in front, and bend your wrists so that finger tips point to floor. Keeping elbows straight, s-l-o-w-l-y raise your arms to see how close you can come to touching wall, above head, with the backs of your wrists, without thrusting your hips or stomach forward as you move arms.*

ROBERT STACK WILL NEXT APPEAR IN JOHN PAUL JONES

HOW *Young*

If you can do a high kick
without coming apart at the joints or toppling over . . .

If you can run up a flight of stairs
without landing in a huff and puff on a second floor . . .

If you are able to bend over and tie your shoelaces, feet planted firmly on the floo
without having your stomach get in the way . . .

If you can dance all night
without going into physical retirement the following day . . .

you have a 20-year-old body even if you are two or three times that ag

If you can't do any of them, and are 20 years old, you had better see your doctor. You'll live long and happily if you can do three or more.

The popular men and women demonstrating our exercise tests (four of th parents with a total of fifteen children) represent two generations. All exercise at leas little every day—ten, twenty, thirty minutes, depending upon how much time they c squeeze into their busy schedules. All agree that exercise peps them up and enables th to carry out their strenuous routines in good humor as well as good form. Try the te (get your husband to try them too) and see where *you* stand, or can *soon* stand, in o young-body line-up!

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN *Beauty Ed*

EXERCISES BY NICHOLAS KOUNOVSKY



If the fashion designers were suddenly to shift us from loose to fitted clothes, would your midriff be able to stand the "strain"? *Here, Arlene Francis tests the strength of her abdominal muscles. The stronger they are, the flatter and firmer in front you will be. Lie flat on floor, arms at sides, palms down, feet together. Without bending knees, s-l-o-w-l-y raise both legs as high as possible, then s-l-o-w-l-y lower them to floor. This must be done s-l-o-w-l-y to get the full benefit.*

When you bend over to tie your shoes does your stomach get in the way? *Patti Page does an abdominal-strength test which includes testing the suppleness of the back. Lie on back, feet together, arms stretched forward to form a 45° angle with your body. Without lifting legs from floor, s-l-o-w-l-y rise to a sitting position, bend forward and touch your toes, then s-l-o-w-l-y lower to starting position. An excellent tummy flattener.*





This is not an exercise test—just a suggestion for the man in the house. *If your husband needs exercise but complains that he can't take the time in the middle of a working day to go to a gym, invite him to look at this picture of Pat Boone. Eager to exercise whenever he can get a chance, Pat has his office rigged up with this chinning bar and other useful man-size exercise equipment.*



Can you s-t-r-e-t-c-h (hang curtains) and b-e-n-d (do laundry) without feeling a strain and tiring easily? *Joseph Cotten tries a test to determine upper-body suppleness. Stand erect, with feet apart in a comfortable stance. Raise arms overhead, clasp hands. Now, with knees as straight as possible, bend from the waist as far as you can to one side, rise up, and then bend over to other side.*



"When I have a half hour for relaxation, I'd rather exercise than nap," says Pat Boone.



"I lost 3" from my hips doing this," says Patti Page. Sit on floor, arms forward, and "walk" on buttocks.



Roy Rogers' exercise talents include such acrobatics as walking across the floor on his hands.

IS YOUR BODY ?

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL HIMMEL



Can you get into and out of a crouching position gracefully? *Arlene Francis illustrates her favorite exercise for building up grace and endurance, as well as keeping legs firm. From a standing-tall position, hands on hips, lower body to this almost-sitting-on-heels position, then rise to upright position, and lower again. A person in excellent physical condition should be able to do this thirty times without feeling strain. Beginners, go slow!*

Appropriately, it's Roy Rogers who demonstrates our most difficult exercise. *Here, the "King of the Cowboys" tests body co-ordination, balance and strength. Stand on left foot. arms forward, right leg stretched out in front of you, and off floor. Keeping left heel on floor, s-l-o-w-l-y bend knee and lower body to this "sitting" position, then s-l-o-w-l-y rise to first position. Repeat with weight on right foot. This takes patience and persistence!*

HOW TO TEST YOURSELF

Try each exercise once. Do not force or strain.

Grade yourself "good," "fair" or "poor," depending upon how easily and completely you can do each exercise.

Make up a daily exercise program for yourself, concentrating on your "fair" or "poor" exercises. (Your "good" exercises need to be practiced only occasionally.)

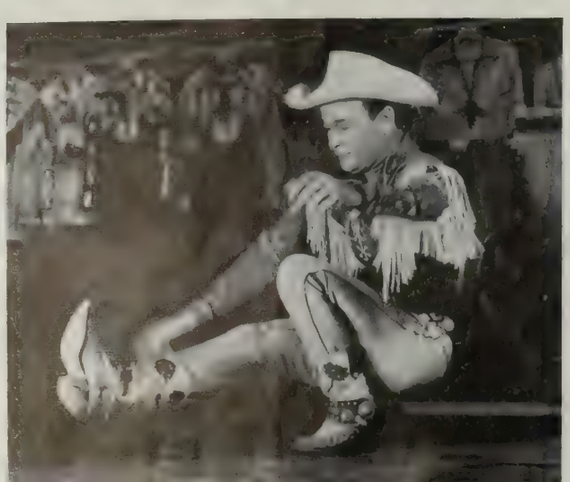
The number of times you should work on improving each exercise depends upon the number of times you can do them *without feeling fatigue.* (This will vary with the individual.) In the beginning, confine yourself to a *maximum of six to ten tries for each one.*

When you can do an exercise easily and completely *ten times,* consider yourself perfect at that exercise.

Facilitate your exercise program by learning to breathe properly. Breathing during any exercise (and that includes walking, running, climbing) should be slow, rhythmical, *deep.*

Inhale with your mouth closed, allowing your chest and rib cage to expand as far as possible. Then *exhale* through open mouth (slowly blow out your breath through pursed lips) so that you feel your chest and rib cage returning to their normal positions, while your stomach simultaneously *expands.*

When you have perfected your entire exercise program, continue to do your favorites as often as possible each day. Daily exercising will reward you with a body that *feels* as young as it looks!





For back suppleness Joseph Cotten follows doctor's orders to stretch regularly. Here he reaches for toes.



To maintain her 23" waistline, Arlene Francis does this waist twist several times each day.



"It's more fun to exercise with someone," says Rosemarie Stack, shown here with her husband.

Come into our Kitchen for Fun

A West Coast kitchen with a Far East mood is the distinctive choice of Mason and Estelle Weymouth.

"We looked for two years for a house we could afford, in a good school district for the children and a convenient location for us to get to business." Photographer Mason Weymouth was telling us how he and his wife Estelle finally settled on the old house built in 1916. It had something for everyone. For nine-year-old Victoria and five-year-old John, Golden Gate Park was but a few blocks away, and the school district was one of the best in San Francisco. For Estelle, who is head of music extension at the university, and for Mason, who has his business at home, the location was convenient. The big problem was the kitchen.

"It was practically a fifty-eight-mile hike from range to refrigerator," Mason described the old arrangement of small kitchen, cramped pantry and service porch, plus a breakfast room. His idea: open up the little spaces and treat the big area boldly. For Estelle, who keeps house in the fringes of her workday, workability is important, but both Weymouths prefer the serene Oriental theme to a bustling, efficient look.

Planners would call the result a double L arrangement. Estelle calls it the most convenient kitchen in California. The old kitchen became a playroom. The back of the house was combined into a new kitchen and breakfast room. The sink went on one wall, flanked by counters for fixing salads, lining up children's milk glasses or setting out California fruit desserts. The mixer is tucked into a corner, and plywood cabinets tailored to the Weymouths' needs include space for baking supplies and utensils. The refrigerator is a new squared design that looks integrated but actually isn't built in; the wall beside it is open so that at snacktime refreshments get passed into the playroom beyond.

A dishwasher goes next to the sink, handy for entertaining because the Weymouths, who cook both Occidental and Oriental meals, have friends over often. Cooking aids are all centered, with twin electric ovens and separate cooking top combined with two-way counters used for both cooking and serving. It's a soothing scheme, all in all, the Weymouths think, and it's a credit to the thinking through ahead of time that it maintains its serene look at mealtime, when Mason and Estelle dispense hospitality as well as good food.

By MARGARET DAVIDSON, *Homemaking Editor*

Sukiyaki, the Japanese friendship dish traditionally cooked at the table, is made in an electric fry pan at the Weymouths'. The round teak table expands when there are guests, and old Japanese *tansu* chests hold mats and tableware. Bamboo shades with tasseled hooks for holding open and Oriental coin-design paper continue the Japanese scheme.

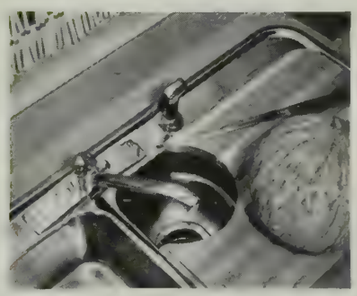




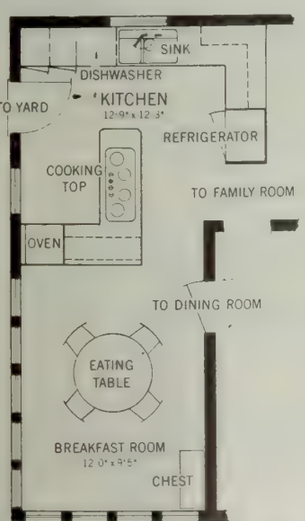
From the shojilike grilles over the cabinets that diffuse light, right down to the hardware, the theme is exotic. But for workability the kitchen is all modern. Floor is melon-colored vinyl plastic. Counters are a neutral beige plastic and the new square refrigerator with convenient swing-out shelves was sprayed beige to match.



Vegetable-storage cupboard has louvers at back to allow California's cool night air to circulate. Lemons kept here are handy to use with drink mixer-server.



Wood cutting board fits over half of double sink. Peelings get pushed directly into disposer, a new quiet model. Second bowl, also stainless steel, is shallower.



New kitchen and breakfast room stretch across rear of Weymouth house. Windows look into San Francisco hills. Open area is activity center for all meals and hospitality. The playroom for the children is on beyond the refrigerator wall. Family has a main dining room as well, but uses it only for formal meals.



Special oven vent draws off baking and broiling odors. Mason claims this his favorite feature, so important in an open plan. Japanese beads screen the windows.

MASON WEYMOUTH



Center section contains cooking arrangements. Two ovens mean Estelle can broil and bake at once. Four-unit cooking top has one unit with a temperature control for maintaining desired heat. A ceiling vent draws heat away. Cabinet beside oven is accessible from both kitchen and breakfast room.

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART



WAITING FOR DAD

WINSLOW HOMER, 1836—1910

While working as a lithographer's assistant in Boston, nineteen-year-old Winslow Homer said, "If a man wants to be an artist, he must never look at pictures." Although he eventually saw the great masterpieces at the Louvre and Luxembourg, Homer remained uninfluenced by the foreign tradition, an intensely personal and individualistic artist. His only real teachers were Nature, solitude, and a sharp sense of humor which kept him from taking himself—or his critics—too seriously.

Henry James, who thought Homer's work "barbarously simple," once said, "I frankly detest his freckled straight-haired Yankee urchins." But the American people loved and bought his paintings, which spoke in their own colorful, forthright idiom, and depicted scenes familiar to them—seas and rugged landscapes, fishermen, woodsmen, and pioneers with their wives and children. This country produced great painters before Winslow Homer, but none more warmly American in spirit and style.

In the charming storytelling picture, "Waiting for Dad," Homer characteristically balances subject and background, so that the immense brooding ocean is perhaps as important as the patient mother and her children. No matter how truly and lovingly Homer portrays his human subjects, one somehow senses that, for him, Nature is the dominating passion; and one is not surprised to learn that he spent the last twenty-seven years of his life in relative isolation at Prout's Neck, Maine, tending his garden of primroses and marigolds, painting, and watching the sea.

Can this Marriage be Saved?



Alcoholism is one of the major family problems of the nation; and it is coming more and more to be recognized as a problem in which every member of the family is involved, rather than as a mere dereliction of an individual. Alcoholics Anonymous, which helps the problem drinker, was naturally followed by Al-Anon, an organization of the wives of drinkers for mutual benefit; and this was with equal logic followed by Al-a-Teens, an organization of the adolescent sons and daughters of drinkers, who found themselves equally involved and in need of aid to help the "problem parent" and themselves. Marriage counselors, as at the American Institute of Family Relations where this particular family was helped, often work with many other resources in the community, although in this instance mere reorganization of the family patterns was sufficient. . . . The counselor was Harrison West.

PAUL POPENOE, SC.D., *General Director*

SHE: "Every day Hollis drinks a pint of liquor on the sly. I am so ashamed and I live in mortal terror that he will harm me or the girls. A psychologist might say that I am partly to blame for his drinking, but I can't see that I have failed as a wife in any way. I'm a good cook and a good housekeeper—what more does he want?"

HE: "I get no companionship and no attention in my home. Ruth has made plain that she thinks I'm a drunkard, a financial washout, a flop as a husband. I'm not a lush and I don't really enjoy liquor—perhaps my hunger for affection and approval may explain my drinking."



JOHN DeNIZ

RUTH TELLS HER SIDE: "Last week I found out where my husband hides his empty whisky bottles until he can get rid of them," said thirty-four-year-old Ruth. She was a spare, bespectacled young woman, dressed unfashionably but as neatly as a wren; her mouth was narrow and pressed in like that of the grim farm wife in Grant Wood's "American Gothic." "Hollis pushes his empty pint inside a glove—somehow he manages to drink a pint of liquor every day on his way home from work—and then he slides the glove under the front seat of his car. On Saturday morning I was vacuuming the car when I came on two empties tucked in a pair of his good gloves I'd missed and been looking for.

"It was a shock, even though for some time I'd known he was drinking on the sly. Several evenings when he was late reaching home I heard his car and looked out into the garage and in the dusk saw him tipping back his head and draining a bottle. I didn't mention it to him or anybody else. I was too ashamed. I didn't complain when he stumbled in from the garage, refused to touch dinner, and raided our refrigerator for beer. More than once he has fallen into a sodden stupor in a chair and not come to bed at all. I live in mortal terror he may start a fire with a smoldering cigarette.

"I doubt that Hollis is a true alcoholic—a queer thing is that he seldom drinks on weekends—but I'm afraid our three daughters have begun to regard him in that light. Elise, our eldest, is sensitive and at an age to be concerned about appearances. She doesn't bring her schoolmates to the house any more and the other afternoon I found her crying. Nothing could induce me to discuss Hollis' shortcomings with his own children, so I comforted Elise without inquiring the cause of her tears. But I knew she was upset about what happened the previous night.

"There was a carnival in town and Hollis promised to take the whole family. I had Elise and her sisters fed and dressed and ready at six P.M. At ten P.M. Hollis had neither appeared nor telephoned and I sent the girls to bed. Toward midnight he showed up walking unsteadily, wild-eyed, loose-tongued and belligerent. His only explanation for being so late was that he stopped in on friends and lost track of the time. To me that was a poor excuse for disappointing the children, but I avoid needless trouble and I didn't say so. Perhaps he saw the disapproval on my face. Anyhow, he suddenly flew into a shouting fury and yelled at me that he had got an advance on his wages without my knowledge and spent every penny available for the family vacation. When I asked what he had done with the money, he wouldn't say. But knowing whisky isn't cheap, I could guess.

"By then I was angry myself. So angry I knew it would be wise to hold my tongue. I walked out of the room and left him ranting. After I was in bed I heard him careening around, opening and shutting drawers. He was in such a state I had a panicky moment of fear that he might be searching for a knife to attack me and the girls. Every day I read in the papers about such tragedies. But then I realized he must be hunting for my purse which I had hidden in the cedar chest. When Hollis runs out of cash to buy liquor, my purse isn't safe.

"Presently he came staggering into the bedroom. He called and I pretended to be asleep. At that point I guess the rage and the thirst had gone out of him. He sat down on the edge of the bed and put his hand on my shoulder. Then he bent his head and kissed me. I kept on pretending to be asleep. At last he got up, went back to the living room and collapsed on the sofa. After I was sure he was sound asleep I went and fetched a blanket to him. In the morning at

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"He sat on the bed and kissed me, but I pretended to be asleep. Then after I was sure that he was really asleep on the living-room sofa, I went and fetched a blanket to him."

Sleigh Ride

In honor of February, a tender veal loaf with curried mushroom sauce,
golden-brown stuffed cheese potatoes, crisp cabbage slaw.
The dessert of desserts, says Mrs. Appleyard,
is her peach gingerbread, with snowy whipped cream!

By ELIZABETH KENT GAY

My mother, Mrs. Appleyard, loves a sleigh ride—as long as she does not have to go along. At her age, she says, it is her role to feed the hungry riders when they return; as the big sleigh on its heavy runners draws up to her door, piled with hay, lined with benches, and drawn by a big pair of horses in their thick winter coats, she waves a brisk good-by to her family and friends, and turns back to her warm, comfortable kitchen, steaming with good smells.

"We'll have spiced cider for the ravenous horde as soon as they come in the door," says mother, "and plenty of my sesame-seed wafers."

Early this morning, she says, she made her special veal loaf, a subtle blend of pork, calf's liver, ham and veal, delicately seasoned, and smooth (almost) as *pâté*. With the veal loaf goes a delicious curried mushroom sauce. In the oven are rows of "inside-out potatoes" which have been baked, the insides scooped out and beaten with butter, cream and a touch of Cheddar; the fluffy mixture is returned to the shells and browned. The salad (my own humble contribution) is a delicious jade-green cabbage slaw, hinting delicately of onion, with a smooth buttermilk dressing.

A sleigh ride, of course, must have other elements to make it a success. February is the perfect month. There should have been several falls of snow, packed down hard and smooth by the town plows. Snowbanks along the winding back roads are piled as high as the horses' heads, to cushion the passengers in case of a tumble.

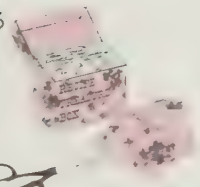
During the afternoon there has been a light dusting of snow, lying like featherweight crystals on

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STUART-FOWLER

at Appleyard Center





Clip these recipes and add them to the 50 treasures you'll find in the new Journal Recipe Treasure Box. To order the Recipe Treasure Box, send $1.35 (Pennsylvania residents add 3% Pennsylvania sales tax) to LADIES' HOME JOURNAL RECIPES, *Dept. 11, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Offer good in U.S.A. only.*

SPICED CIDER

To 2 quarts apple cider add 12 cloves, 4 sticks cinnamon, thinly peeled rind of 4 lemons, 2 peeled and thinly sliced lemons and ¼ teaspoon nutmeg. Put all together in a saucepan. Cover and heat to boiling. Reduce heat and simmer for about 15 minutes. Allow to cool. Strain through muslin. Discard the spices. Chill overnight if possible for flavors to blend. Delicious served either hot or cold. Sufficient for 8-10 servings.

SESAME-SEED WAFERS

The following recipe makes about 30 medium-sized wafers. Toast ½ cup sesame seeds. Sprinkle them thinly on a baking sheet and bake in a moderately hot oven—350° F.—for 5–10 minutes or until golden. Now pound 1 teaspoon caraway seeds to a fine powder. Use a mortar and pestle if you have one, or tie in a piece of muslin and pound with your rolling pin. For the pastry, mix together 2 cups sifted flour, ⅔ cup shortening and ½ teaspoon salt. Chop with two knives or a pastry blender so that the pieces are about the size of small beans. Add ½ teaspoon of the powdered caraway seeds and mix well. Add 4 tablespoons ice water, a few drops at a time, and toss with a fork. (Or use your favorite pastry mix, adding the powdered caraway seed before adding the water. Proceed according to package directions.) Shape pastry with the hands to pull it together. Roll out ½″ thick on a slightly floured board. Spread with 2 tablespoons soft butter. Fold in thirds and press the ends together. Chill for at least ½ hour. Roll out again ½″ thick. Sprinkle with ½ cup toasted sesame seeds and roll lightly into the pastry. Cut with a small cooky cutter about 2″ in diameter. Place the wafers on an ungreased baking sheet. Bake in a moderate oven—350° F.—for 15 20 minutes or until golden.

MRS. APPLEYARD'S VEAL LOAF

Have your butcher grind together twice 2 pounds lean veal and 1 pound lean pork. Blanch ½ pound calf's liver and simmer in about 1 cup water until tender. Drain and allow to cool. Now chop it very finely. Peel and finely chop 2 large onions. Dice (as small as possible) ½ pound lean baked ham. Roll 18 square saltines into fine crumbs. Now mix together the liver, onions, ham, crumbs, veal and pork. Season with 2 teaspoons salt, 1½ teaspoons each white pepper and poultry seasoning and ⅛ teaspoon thyme. Mix thoroughly. Beat 2 eggs slightly, add to the mixture and mix again. Shape into a loaf approximately 9″x5″x3″ on a shallow baking tray; or pack into a buttered 9″x5″x3″ loaf pan, pressing it well into the corners—place the loaf pan on a metal tray to catch any overflow of liquid during cooking. Bake in a moderately hot oven—375° F.—for about 1¾ hours. Cover with aluminum foil to prevent excessive browning. Pour off any liquid (you can save it for making gravy). If you use a loaf pan, allow to cool a little before turning out. Place on a platter and garnish with peas, bacon rolls and broiled tomato wedges. Serve with curried mushroom sauce. Makes 8–10 servings.

CURRIED MUSHROOM SAUCE

Wipe 1 pound mushrooms with a damp cloth. Slice thinly. Heat 4 tablespoons butter in a skillet and sauté mushrooms and 1 medium onion, peeled and finely chopped, for about 7 minutes, stirring continuously. Do not overcook. Drain well; reserve liquid for use later in gravy or soup. In the top of a double boiler make a cream sauce with ½ cup each butter and flour and 3 cups milk. Season with 1¼ teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon white pepper. Make a paste with 1½ teaspoons curry powder and a little cold water and add to the sauce. Mix well. Add the mushroom-and-onion mixture. Continue heating. Serve with a sprinkling of toasted slivered almonds. Makes 8–10 servings.

INSIDE-OUT POTATOES

Allow 1 large baking potato for each person. Scrub well and pierce once to allow steam to escape during cooking. Rub the skins with a little butter. Bake in a hot oven—400° F.—for 45 minutes to 1 hour or until done. Turn them frequently. Remove from oven. Slice an oval-shaped piece lengthwise from each potato and scoop out the insides of the potatoes into a warm bowl. Be careful not to break the skin. Keep the shells warm. Mash the potatoes with enough hot milk and melted butter to make them light and fluffy (about 1 cup milk and 4 tablespoons butter for 8 potatoes). Add 4 tablespoons grated Cheddar cheese for each potato. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Mix well. Pile filling back into the shells and draw the tines of a fork over the surface. Brush with melted butter. Arrange on a baking sheet. Place under the broiler until golden on top, or bake in a moderate oven—350° F.—for about 25 minutes.

CABBAGE SALAD, APPLEYARD CENTER

Shred 1 medium cabbage as you would for coleslaw. Peel and finely chop 1 large onion. Toss the cabbage and onion together. *To make the dressing:* Mix together 4 tablespoons vinegar and 1 teaspoon salad oil. Heat until boiling. Pour immediately over the cabbage mixture. Add 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and ½ cup buttermilk. Toss thoroughly. Garnish with sliced radishes and sprinkle with sieved hard-cooked-egg yolk. Makes 8–10 servings.



Sleigh Ride at Appleyard Center

HERBERT LANKS—SHOSTAL

The horses stamp and whinny on a frosty evening, impatient to be off.

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the compact base. Deep blue shadows have turned to deeper purple as the sun sets, and the sky is a pale yellow at the horizon, shading to an apple green.

"They're coming back," says mother; "they're at the top of the hill." I can hear the rhythmic music of the bells as the team turns the corner by the church. The heavy runners squeak on the snow. The team halts in the dooryard with a flourish, and figures of all sizes dismount. The driver wears a black bearskin coat; my brother Hugh wears his grandfather's broadcloth coat lined with muskrat; Camilla, my youngest, appears from under a wolfskin robe in a coat, hat and leggings of rose wool that belonged to me when I was her age.

There's a rush for the spiced cider and the sesame-seed wafers; in come the meat loaves, fragrant, steaming slices waiting for their accompaniment of mushroom sauce. The potatoes are gilded to a turn and sprigged with parsley, the big blue bowl of salad is heaped full at the back of the buffet table. While the plates are being filled and refilled, mother and I retire to the kitchen to arrange the dessert on platters—upside-down peach gingerbread, still warm from the oven, served with whipped cream mixed with finely chopped crystallized ginger. We cut it in wedges to suit the customers—wide wedges for boys with hollow legs, narrower ones for their mothers, who watch their figures.

Everything disappears, along with mugs of hot cocoa and coffee, and the sleighing party gradually falls silent. Then, somehow, coats and hats and mittens and boots are reassembled from the corners of the hallway, and off we all go into the night. The sleigh will make the rounds of the village, taking us all home. Well fed and completely content, we summon our energies and sing a few bars of Good Night, Ladies, as a tribute to Mrs. Appleyard and her wonderful dinner!

UPSIDE-DOWN PEACH GINGERBREAD

Drain as dry as possible on paper toweling 2 No. 2 cans sliced cling peaches. Melt ½ cup butter in a heavy skillet and add 1 cup brown sugar and 2 tablespoons white corn syrup. Stir constantly over medium heat until blended. Quickly pour the mixture into a 10″ ungreased skillet (with ovenproof handle), spreading it evenly over the bottom. Allow to cool. Now arrange peach slices in a pattern on top, covering as much of the sugar as possible; fill any spaces with well drained maraschino-cherry halves and pecan halves. Sprinkle with ½ cup chopped pecans. Cream together ½ cup butter and 1 cup sugar until light and fluffy. Sift together twice 2 cups flour, 1½ teaspoons ginger, 1 teaspoon each nutmeg and baking soda and ½ teaspoon salt. In a separate bowl, mix together ½ cup dark molasses and ½ cup boiling water. Now add 2 eggs, one at a time, to the creamed butter and sugar, beating well after each addition. Flavor with 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Add the dry ingredients alternately with the molasses-and-water mixture, ending up with flour. Pour into the skillet and spread evenly. Bake in a moderate oven—350° F.—for about 1½ hours. Allow to cool a little in the pan. Loosen the sides with a spatula and turn out onto a platter. Serve hot or cold with ginger whipped cream. Makes 8–10 servings.

GINGER WHIPPED CREAM

Beat 1 cup heavy cream until very thick and glossy. Fold in 2½ tablespoons finely shredded crystallized ginger.

GREAT GO-TOGETHERS—SOUP 'N CRACKERS





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ONCE A DAY...EVERY DAY...SOUP!

Have you had your soup today?

THE FAMILY MAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

of milk and put the glass down. "He's Mrs. Dannon's nephew," she said. "He's staying with her for the summer. He came here from Chicago."

Fran looked at her with astonishment. "How do you know?"

"Dolores told me. Mrs. Dannon told her over the fence the other day."

"Leave it to Dolores." Dolores was the woman who came two mornings a week to do the heavy cleaning; she was forty-two, had bleached hair and a raffish tongue. They couldn't afford her, cheap as she was, but Fran, who loathed housework, was too weak to let her go.

"Dolores told me," Joanie went on conversationally, "that he could put his shoes under her bed any time."

Fran's head jerked around sharply. But Joanie's eyes, in her round freckled face, were clear with innocence.

Fran fought down a laugh. "Dolores is liable to say a lot of silly things." But as she began cracking the eggs, she looked out the window again. The man was still standing there.

There was a muffled, quick thumping of high heels coming rapidly down the stairs. A moment later, Claire burst into the room. She was a long-legged, very pretty girl, a brown-eyed blonde with delicate hollows in her cheeks. In the simple, dark cotton with its single strand of fake pearls at the neck, she looked as if she had just stepped off the cover of a fashion magazine.

"Good morning," Claire said as she sat down and picked up her paper napkin. "Mother, I wish, when Dolores comes, that she wouldn't forget to use the vacuum in my closet; I just haven't got the time, with this job, to take care of things like that." She paused for breath and then burst out, "And can't you get her to wear a uniform, for heaven's sake? I think it's disgraceful!"

"You know she won't," Fran said, stirring the eggs in the buttered pan. "She thinks it's a social stigma."

"But it's *disgusting!*" Claire cried. "Wearing old black rayon jobs with net and fringe! Why, when she answers the front door in one of those outfits, people will think that she's the lady of the house!" The thought stunned her. "They'll think she's my mother!"

Joanie got up. As she passed Claire's chair, she said with dignity, "I like Dolores. She's a very interesting person. And I think her dresses are pretty."

Claire stared. "Pretty," she said. "Why, the other morning Dolores was cleaning the bathroom in a blouse with cocktail glasses in sequins drawn on it, with half the sequins coming off!" Suddenly, as if spent, she subsided in her chair, adding absent-mindedly, "Just orange juice and coffee for me."

Fran opened her mouth to protest, and then closed it again. She just wasn't in the mood to argue with anyone this morning.

Claire said musingly, "Who would take *her* for cocktails?" She was still thinking of Dolores. "And where would they go?"

"I wouldn't know where they go," Fran said as she poured the coffee. She added in a lighter tone, "Maybe she leads a double life. Maybe she has a playboy from Park Avenue on the string, and at night he takes her to El Morocco."

Claire giggled suddenly. Her mother was standing near the window; a beam of sunlight caught in her dark hair, bringing into soft focus the shadowed lashes, the clear, pale skin, the delicate line of cheek and jaw and throat. Claire felt surprise as she stared. *Why, she really has a lovely face*, she thought.

"You know," she said, "you'd look fabulous if you got the right haircut, mother."

Fran opened her mouth to say, "We can't afford beauty parlors." But Henry had come in and she restrained herself. Not only would the remark hurt Henry, but it would madden Claire, who continually chafed at financial restraints.

Henry bent over and kissed Claire's cheek. "Um-m-m-m, you smell good," he said, straightening. "What's that you've got on—Evening in Greenpoint?" He was always hoping to impress her with a clever line or witticism. Sometimes he heard something funny on TV or down at the bank; he would think, *I'll try that on Claire.*

But now he saw by her small smile that the perfume joke was a repeat; he had used it once before without remembering. He picked up his napkin, angry with himself for feeling let down. *Are all parents humble with their children?* he asked himself.

He said, looking at Claire, "You've been coming down pretty early these past few mornings."

"Oh," she said vaguely, "it's better to allow myself a little extra time." Faint color stained her cheeks. Suppose her mother noticed the perfume, too, and said, "Why, you're wearing that expensive perfume that Aunt Irma gave you for Christmas. Why in the world are you wearing it behind a hosiery counter in a department store?" What would she say then?

Oh, she thought as she stared down fixedly at the empty plate, *I don't know and I don't care; all I care about is that I'm going to see him again in an hour.*

She took two sips of coffee and jumped up. "I have to run," she said. "So long."

"So long." Henry had a sudden impulse to put his arm around her ridiculous waist and pull her close, a hunger to cry out, "What's your rush? You're always in such a rush." But she was like some bright, lovely bird about to skim off into space, and he knew the words wouldn't mean anything to her at all.

Claire turned and was gone from the room just as Fran called out, "Have a good lunch, now!"

Henry got up from the table. "What are you doing today?" he said.

"Oh, I may pick up a couple of sailors," Fran said, "and go out to Coney Island." But the little joke seemed heavy and strained; she wondered what would happen if she said quietly instead, "I can't face the summer ahead, Henry. Not in this house, not on this street." What would he say, how would he look? Perhaps his eyes would not show much; it would be his mouth. Somehow his mouth always gave him away and he knew it; when he was hurt, he would say something in a light tone but his hand would go up, as if carelessly, to his mouth, shielding it from view like a hatbrim, so that you could not see the faint, telltale trembling, the distorted downward curve. Ah, how well she knew him. Like, Claire, he was terribly vulnerable.

"I'm glad you said *two* sailors," he said as he bent and kissed her cheek. "I feel safer." He straightened. "So long."

"So long. We're having meat loaf for dinner, don't have it for lunch." The familiar warning.

"Meat loaf?" He hesitated, as if about to say "Again?" But he didn't.

After he had gone Fran began picking up the dirty dishes and carrying them to the sink. Through the open window she saw the dark man, Mrs. Dannon's nephew, come out again to the back stoop. But this time he stood there for only a moment before slowly walking down the three steps to the back yard. He moved with a surprising litheness for so big a man; when he reached the hedge, he stopped aimlessly. But it was a restless kind of stillness; watching him, you sensed a pent-up boredom that was almost frightening.

Then he turned suddenly with his face toward her. It was almost as if their eyes met as he stood there, but that was impossible, Fran told herself quickly, because he was standing in the full sunlight while she was in shadow



This square skillet makes sense—and your cooking easier. You can cook more bacon, eggs, chops, steaks and hamburgers on its square surface. Heat is spread evenly over the entire surface—there are no hot spots to cause food to stick or burn. The square skillet is only one of many Wagner Ware cast iron utensils which can be purchased wherever housewares are sold. This special offer expires March 31, 1959. The Wagner Manufacturing Company, Dept. 701, Sidney, Ohio.

Prices slightly higher West of Rockies

hind a screened window. Yet the illusion rsisted that he was gazing full into her eyes. As she looked at him, a queer thing hapned. It was as if some part of her, like a all, rusted part of a worn machine, had ddenly sputtered faintly and, for a few oments, come to life.

The Excelsior State Bank of Gibbsville was small bank. Mr. Samuel Pierson, its presint, seemed to take a curious pride in this ct. "We may not be big," he said often to customers, "but we offer everything a ger bank can offer. We pride ourselves on a ser contact with our customers in an intiate and friendly atmosphere."

Years ago, when Henry had first come to e bank after graduating from college, it had emed big to him. Gibbsville, at that time, d been a sleepy village with a tiny business d shopping area and the Excelsior State nk had stood out on the street almost like a onument. But as the years passed, small-me developments began to spring up and bbsville gradually became a popular town the young married couples with moderate ans and small children. With their arrival, schools became more numerous, superarkets mushroomed, along with all the chain ores and services, until the shopping area ddenly became "downtown" where it was rd to find a parking ace and the streets re crowded with oppers.

There were other nks now—banks ich exuded a quiet gance and featured ormous ceilings and rble and picture winws framed in plastic aperies. Yet the Exsior State Bank with tan brick façade, its her ugly round clock t front and its Venen blinds, attracted ople by virtue of its of old-fashioned idity.

Because he was a bit ly this morning as eased the car into its ace, Henry sat still for few moments after ning off the ignition. He slumped a little hind the wheel, strangely tired, and stared seemingly ahead at a clump of weeds which gged the tan brick that formed the back the bank building.

A few yards away, a glossy big convertible led into the lot and backed expertly into a ace a few yards away. Seeing that it was ger Busby's car, Henry immediately straightd, and got out of the car, slamming the or briskly. As Roger looked around, Henry ved his hand in greeting and walked to meet n with almost a jauntiness in his step, for it uld have been painful to him if Roger had n him slumping behind the wheel like a d middle-aged man who could not gather enough energy to go inside to work.

oth he and Roger were assistant treasurers the bank, but he was forty-five and Roger ly thirty-five. Each time he looked at ger, it was a reminder that somehow, somere in the parade of time, he, Henry Marll, had become separated from his conporaries and, marking time, standing still so long with his legs churning foolishly on same spot, was suddenly abreast of those o had started long after him.

"Hi, fella," Roger called out, his tortoiseell glasses and splendid white teeth sparng in the sunlight.

"Morning," Henry said. As usual, the "Hi, a" grated on his nerves. Roger's English t depressed him further; his own suit was l and had been cleaned and pressed so many es that it would not hold a crease for long. ce he had wanted to announce wryly to n that he was going to write an essay on ativity, using as an example the salary of 00 a year as earned by two men: one a helor with no family ties whatever, aged rty-five; and the other a married man of forty-five with a wife, two daughters and an eight-room frame house, mortgaged to the hilt and badly in need of repair. But somehow he could not bring himself to mention Roger to her, or Roger's position at the bank, or his age; the little joke was mined with danger all the way.

Now Roger said, "Made your vacation plans yet?" And then he caught himself. "I forgot. You took yours in April."

"If you can call it a vacation." Remembering the sudden appendix attack and the operation, Henry felt a familiar bitterness. "What about you?" he said. They had reached the side door of the bank and in the sudden dimness of the hall they started up the stairs together.

Roger said, "I may just take long weekends in the old bus, and aim for a winter cruise."

Henry felt another flick at his nerves at "the old bus." He said, "Sounds like a good idea."

As they entered the washroom, they saw Mr. Pierson drying his hands. Both men immediately stiffened. Mr. Pierson was a shortish man with a balding head who looked more like the manager of a small-town grocery store than the president of a bank. Now he met their eyes with a faint annoyance.

"Good morning, Henry, Roger," he said. "Look at that. Hair in the sink."

Both Henry and Roger immediately looked down at the white basin with expressions as gravely disturbed as if they saw a dismembered body there.

Roger cleared his throat. "It really is inexcusable," he said.

Mr. Pierson looked at Henry. "How is your family, Henry? Well, I hope?"

"Very well, thank you, sir."

"I'm glad to hear it," Mr. Pierson said. He turned to Roger and his expression became a little arch. "And what about you, young man? Any chance of a wedding soon?"

Roger threw back his head and laughed. "I don't know if I could find time to go after a girl, sir," he said. "And that's a fact. You know how it is." His tone suggested delicately that he and Mr. Pierson were two singular men to whom banking was an art that demanded selfless dedication above all else.

"Ah, yes," Mr. Pierson said. He took off his glasses and began to polish the already spotless lenses to an even more dazzling purity. "It always makes me laugh when I hear people talk about 'banker's hours.'" He replaced the glasses on his nose, gave a small nod and was gone from the room.

As Henry began washing his hands, it seemed to him that, next to Roger, he had made a negative showing in Mr. Pierson's eyes. He thought morosely, *I ought to be more aggressive.*

His head lifted and he met his own reflection in the glass. Suddenly, for no reason at all, a picture flared in his mind; he saw the old, outdated refrigerator at home and the battered aluminum pan that had been shoved under it because it leaked and he could not fix it, any more than he could afford to call a plumber to fix it.

Suddenly the familiar emptiness washed over him, sucking him under; he was falling, sinking thinly through space and Fran's face came swimming up in the darkness and with it the rotting place on the porch steps and the dentist bill for Joanie's teeth and all the little printed paper slips that said THIS IS THE THIRD REMINDER. The word "failure" came dancing up crazily in the reflection of his own eyes in the mirror, growing larger and larger until it was a shout: Failure, FAILURE, FAILURE!

Just before twelve, Henry sensed a faint difference in the atmosphere. Before the big

CONTINUED ON PAGE 81

OVERSHOE EXCHANGE

By BETTY L. SMITH

Ring the bells!
Beat the drums!
Pull out all the stops!
Tom's fit Mike,
Mike's fit John,
And Tom fits into Pop's!

GOOD BROWN BEEF GRAVY

ready to serve in so many ways



Meat Loaf. Mix ½ cup Franco-American Beef Gravy with 2 lbs. ground beef, ½ cup minced onion, ¼ cup fine dry bread crumbs, 1 beaten egg, 1 tsp. salt, 2 tbsp. chopped parsley, 1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce. Shape into loaf. Bake 1 hr. at 350°F. Serve with remaining gravy. 8 servings.

⅓ the calories of homemade—made with lean, juicy beef

If you have a meat and gravy man at your house, keep him happy by serving Franco-American Beef Gravy often. That homemade roasting-pan flavor comes from fine, lean, trimmed beef (makes a low-fat, low-calorie gravy). Try this smooth, deep-brown gravy with one of these delicious ground beef dishes. Once you do, you'll always want a can handy.





Party Hamburgers. Shape 1½ lbs. ground beef into 6 patties. Brown in 1 tbsp. shortening. Add 1 large onion, sliced, and 1 can (4 oz.) sliced mushrooms, drained. Cook slightly. Add 1 can Beef Gravy; simmer about 10 min. Stir now and then. 6 servings.



Skillet Hash. In 2 tbsp. butter, brown 1 lb. ground beef, 2 cups cubed raw potatoes, 1 onion, sliced. Add 1 can Beef Gravy, 2 tbsp. chopped parsley, ½ tsp. salt, dash pepper, dash thyme. Cover; cook slowly 15 to 20 min. Stir often. 6 servings.

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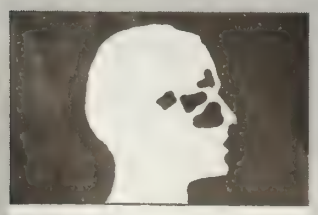
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- Shrinks Swollen Membranes
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- Reduces Fever
- Controls Postnasal Drip

For new blissful relief of colds miseries and sinus congestion...try DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets.

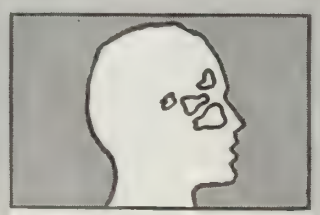
In DRISTAN, you get the scientific *Decongestant* most prescribed by doctors...to help shrink painfully swollen nasal-sinus membranes. You also get a highly effective combination of Pain-Relievers for relief of body aches and pains due to colds...plus an *exclusive antihistamine* to block allergic reactions often associated with colds. And, to help build body resistance to colds infection, DRISTAN contains *Vitamin C*... actually five times your daily minimum requirement (in one day's dose).

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Millions of people have already found new blissful relief from colds miseries and sinus congestion with DRISTAN. You can, too! Get DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets. Available without prescription. And...*important*...accept no substitutes.



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SYMPTOMATIC RELIEF OF
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COLDS & HAY FEVER

There's Nothing Like DRISTAN® Decongestant Tablets!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

ont window sat gray-haired John Collier, e bank's only vice president, talking into e telephone. Before him were the desks of e two assistant vice presidents, George Blake id Joe Desmond, only Desmond's desk was npty now because he was ill at home. Then, rther away from the window, came the desks elonging to himself and Roger Busby, and e one occupied by Harvey Ferguson, the sistant cashier. Mr. Pierson was the only one ho had an enclosed office; it was taken for anted that the officers of a bank should work it in the open, exposed to the customers' eyes. Sitting there, Henry wondered what had anged in the atmosphere, and as he turned s head quickly he caught Miss Carney star- g at him. She was the secretary he shared ith Roger, and she was standing at Roger's sk with some papers in her hand. The mo- ent their eyes met, she looked quickly down Roger with a sudden rigidity in her body id a slight flush mounting in her cheeks.

What is it? Henry thought.

At that moment George Blake, near the ndow, got up from his desk and started lking toward him. "Hiya, Henry," he said. Did you hear the news?"

"What news?"

"Joe Desmond isn't coming back."

Henry stared. "Not coming back?"

"Doctor's orders. I guess the attack was orse than we all thought." His eyes did not ift from Henry's face. "I'm afraid the old y's working days are over."

Henry sat back abruptly. *Twenty-three ars,* he thought; *twenty-three years together d now he's gone.* He had a profound sense shock. And then he became conscious of e odd expression in George Blake's face. Henry stared up at him.

d then, astounded, it me to him what George s waiting for and why iss Carney had looked him in that strange way fore. They were waiting his reaction to the news t he was now in line for e Desmond's job. For a v seconds he seemed paralyzed. In his mind door opened just a little, and behind it he v a light so dazzling that he closed it quickly, aid to look. His heart was pounding and he s unable to speak.

An assistant vice presidency, he thought.

"Yeah," George said, straightening, as if isfied. "It's a shocking thing; I know you l as bad about it as I do. I just wondered if u had heard."

"No, I hadn't," Henry said.

He sat without moving, and now, very cau- usly, he opened the little door in his mind ain. *Fran,* he thought. *Joanie's camp, it isn't late. Maybe I could have Claire switched Smith this fall and tell her to quit that selling . The house could be fixed up; a new refrig- tor; the bills paid and a few weekends in the ntry* ——

His head lifted. He thought, *Why not? I'm t in line; I've earned it. I should have gotten a long time ago.*

He jumped up, unable to bear the sudden ssure inside him. At the water cooler he d the little paper cup, and then his eyes fell Roger Busby. His hand, holding the paper , went down slowly. He felt a sudden cold ntness in his belly.

'm not the only one in line for the job, he ught.

•

e sun was high in the sky when Fran went into the back yard. She stood still in the light, turning her head restlessly; a drift radio music came from somebody's open dow, resting on the still, bright air. The sic was Italian; there was the plaintive ck of a mandolin, and a swell of violins. She closed her eyes. She had read so much ut Italy and all the famous places that ple talked about: San Marco's Square in ice; the Ponte Vecchio in Florence; the nish Stairs in Rome. At this moment, she ught, people were actually in these places, ing at ancient works of art that she had n only in books, eating dishes that she did know existed. England, Scandinavia, nce. Paris. How would it feel to walk there, too, to have your ears filled with the liquid music of the French language?

She had a feeling of panic. *I want to live,* she thought, *really live. It isn't too late for me to see things and do things. If I were free for a little while from them all* ——

She was immediately shocked at the thought. But it was true. She was sick of their problems and their demands, and tired of her own fears and worries about them: Claire's unpredictable passions and Joanie's utter dependence on little Reenie Donovan; and that look in Henry's face sometimes that gave her a twinge—almost of remorse and guilt—as if she had let him down in some way. How tired she was of them all; they seemed to cut her up into little ineffectual pieces, each grabbing a snip here and a snip there for their own needs and leaving her with—what?

It was at that moment that the screen door opened next door and the dark-haired man came out. He stood still for a moment; then he said, "Good morning."

"Good morning," Fran answered.

He walked over to the dividing hedge between them. "Maybe it's afternoon. I've been losing track of time lately."

"I guess it's about noon," Fran said.

"My name is Eddie Fernandes," he said. "Mrs. Dannon is my aunt."

"I'm Mrs. Marshall. Fran Marshall." She hesitated. "We've been neighbors of your aunt for a long time." *I'll excuse myself now,* she thought, *and go inside.*

But she did not move. Fernandes. A foreign name. Spanish? Italian? He looked Spanish or Italian with those dark eyes. It was strange to connect him by blood with Mrs. Dannon, who was plump, pink and white and silver-haired, and looked like an old-fashioned advertisement for somebody's cocoa.

He gave her a short nod, bunched his hands inside his pockets and looked around him. "Doesn't anything ever happen around here? Sometimes you could blow your top."

Why do you stay? Fran thought. But she said aloud, smiling a little, "Nothing happens. Sometimes someone has a baby. This isn't a neighborhood for excitement."

"You're telling me." He looked around him moodily. "You could go nuts."

She wanted to ask, "Don't you do any kind of work?" He wasn't on vacation; if he were, he would be at Las Vegas or Palm Springs or some chrome-and-neon resort that offered slot machines and Broadway entertainment and tall blondes who came down for breakfast wearing expensive make-up and toreador pants. And as she looked at him, her mind kept darting about, trying to arrange the puzzle of this man who did not fit into Mrs. Dannon's back yard, shifting the pieces first one way, then another, and getting nowhere.

Now, suddenly, she thought, *He wouldn't be spending the summer here with his aunt unless* —— Unless he was dead broke. This one piece clicked perfectly into place.

She said politely, "Is Mrs. Dannon your father's sister?"

"My mother's."

"I don't think I've ever met your mother. That is—if she ever visited here."

"She never visited here. Anyway, she's dead now."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

He shrugged. "She didn't have an easy time of it. My father walked out on the two of us when I was a kid."

Fran drew back, as if she had suddenly opened a wrong door by mistake. "I'm sorry," she said. The words seemed to rest foolishly on the air.

"Those things happen." Suddenly his teeth flashed white in a grin. "If I ever run into my old man somewhere, I'll punch him right in the face. But I guess we'll never meet up."

Fran looked down at the thick hedge. "I guess it must have been very hard for you."

She looked up, a little too quickly, and caught his glance moving quickly over her throat and bosom. Then he said easily, "Oh, I'll survive."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 83

The domestic hearth. There only is real happiness.
ANATOLE FRANCE



His pounds melt away—yours won't

SHOULD someone recommend a "wonder diet" to you . . . one that's guaranteed to make excess pounds vanish in a week or so . . . beware of the advice. Pounds never "melt away"...*except those of the snowman!*

How should you tackle the problem of reducing? First, face the fact that overweight—in more than 95 percent of the cases—is caused by eating and drinking too much. To curb your appetite and change your eating habits *permanently,* a lot of will power is required.

Next, you should get your doctor's advice. He will put you on a diet to remove weight at a safe rate. He will also see that your diet includes all the essential nutrients you need—especially proteins, vitamins and minerals—for body upkeep, repair and health.

Though calorie-laden foods (rich desserts, gravies, dressings, fried foods) will be restricted, you will be pleasantly surprised at the varied, appetizing meals you can have while reducing.

Your doctor may also recommend sensible, regular exercise—such as walking. Exercise alone won't solve your weight problem. But it will help keep your body "in tone" and use up some extra calories that would otherwise be deposited as fat.

Reducing and keeping your weight down will be worth all the effort required. That is because excess pounds burden the *entire* body, especially the heart.

For example, it has been estimated that every 20 pounds of excess weight requires the body to develop about 12 extra miles of blood vessels. Consequently, the work of the heart is greatly increased as it must exert more and more force to pump blood through these additional vessels.

Many studies show that overweight also tends to shorten life. At age 20 and beyond, those who are considerably overweight have a mortality rate at least 50 percent higher than those of average weight.

Moreover, diseases of the heart and blood vessels—including coronary artery disease and high blood pressure—develop earlier in overweight people than in people of average weight. This is also true of diabetes and arthritis, as well as gall bladder and liver troubles.

So, if you bring your weight down and keep it down *permanently,* you can expect to have more vigor, more stamina, better looks, better health—and perhaps added years of life in which to enjoy them.

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There's a hole in your handbag

Your household money goes fast enough these days—no matter how carefully you shop around for food and clothes and all the other things you need.

Well, just suppose you lost some loose change every day through a hole in your purse you hadn't noticed. Unfortunately, that's what is happening to you right now.

You see, part of every federal tax your family pays is spent to put the federal government farther and farther into the electric business. This so-called "public power" has already cost you and other Americans *5¼ billion dollars.*

And the "public power" spenders are trying to get hold of *10 billion dollars more* in additional taxes.

This is an entirely unnecessary use of your family's taxes. For America's many *independent* electric light and power companies are able and ready to supply all the electricity the nation needs—*without* your tax money.

The reason this costly "public power" program goes on is simply that most people don't know their taxes are paying for it.

So you can help stop it by spreading the word among your friends and neighbors. As soon as enough people know they are paying needlessly for "public power," they will stop it, you can be sure.

• • •

WHEN "PUBLIC POWER" WINS—YOU LOSE! *Every time the lobby for federal "public power" pushes another government electricity project through Congress, you are taxed to pay the bill.*

AMERICA'S INDEPENDENT ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES

Company names on request through this magazine

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

flushed. *I must go in,* she thought.
ook a crumpled pack of cigarettes from
ket. "Have one?" he said.
hesitated. Then she said, "All right."
nted to laugh. *My, my,* she thought;
lly living it up today, smoking a ciga-
the back yard with a dangerous-looking
enry should see me.
withdrew a cigarette from the pack. He
atch and held it out to her. From his
humb and forefinger rose a faint smell
tine, mingling with the male smell of
, his breath, his hair. He said in a low
"This is much better."
traightened, looking at him in the bril-
nlight. A little shiver went through her.
ne said, "Thank you for the cigarette.
to go in now." She turned and began
toward the back steps with the
r, slightly jerky grace of a woman who
that a man's eyes are following her.

ran came to the porch after finishing
nes, the twilight seemed more like a
ing, the final parting of a tired day.
ooked out front to where Henry stood
plete immobility, his pipe clenched
his teeth as he directed the stream of
om the garden hose into the roots of
e thin tree.
valked down the porch steps and joined
ear the rickety-looking little tree.
drowning it,
she said. "Give
the bushes."
gush of water
tly changed its
n, but he did
anything. The
s of the setting
ght at his thin-
r, turning it into
olden fuzz. His
saw, was unlit,
ually was. It oc-
o her that per-
liked to keep a
nched between
because he fig-
made him look
uthfully aggres-

hought touched
brought back a cloud of memories. As
man, Henry had always affected a non-
he could not quite master. To her,
d been something endearing in this lit-
f his; like a young boy calling for his
ring a dark Homburg that came down
ears.
thing new at the bank?"
rned instantly to look at her. "New?
ade you ask that?"
I just wondered."
e's nothing new." He aimed the hose
erent direction, so that he could shift
om her. The assistant vice presidency
a bright feather dancing just over his
ch time his imagination reached out
it, it bounded lightly away as if
y a cold breath from nowhere. Per-
was the thought of Roger Busby that
n that small, warning chill.

the thought of Roger as a competi-
seemed preposterous. Henry had been
bank for twenty-three years, and
nly ten. Henry had all the necessary
tions: he had worked in almost every
ent; he knew as much as Joe Des-
d ever known about the business of
. He had the complete trust of his
rs, especially the older women. No
d doubt his loyalty, his integrity.
wasn't as simple as that. Sometimes
ped a man over you so that the man
uddenly became the man in front. It
pened to him before, less than ten
o. Sawyer had been moved ahead to
treasurer before him, although there
no apparent reason why. Of course
d made it a year later, when Sawyer
denly gone over to Knickerbocker
t still——
od motionless. If Roger got Des-
ob, after all; if Roger were jumped
as if he were something left forever

stuck on the road—a stick, maybe; a mound of dirt that had spilled and hardened a long time ago—would he be able to take it? Could he look up and see the pitying eyes of George Blake, John Collier, Miss Carney, even the boys and girls behind the tellers' cages?

No, he thought. *No, no, I couldn't take it.*

"Where's Claire?" he said.

"Upstairs in her room."

"Why doesn't she come out?" Henry said. His voice rose a little on a note of irritation. "She's stuck indoors behind a counter all day and then she stays in a stuffy room at night. It isn't healthy."

Fran said vaguely, "She likes privacy."

"Privacy for what?"

"How should I know?" Fran realized that they were both frowning and that their voices had risen. Because of the neighbors, she lightened her expression and gave a laugh. "Maybe she's curling her hair or writing in a diary. I've forgotten what nineteen-year-old girls do on summer evenings."

"What about Joanie?"

"She's with Reenie, on Reenie's porch." She had walked back a few steps, facing the house, and now, out of the corner of her eye, she suddenly saw a splotch of white moving behind the screened-in porch of the Dannon house next door. *It's the nephew,* she thought.

She looked down at the border of rather sickly portulaca outlining the bushes. In a low, sweet voice, she said, "I guess they didn't do very well."

"What didn't?" Henry said. He sounded absent-minded.

"The portulaca. They need sandier soil, the package said." Was the man behind the screen watching her? Realizing what she was doing, what was happening, she stood abruptly still. Her voice, so falsely sweet, her little pose, her lowered eyes and the lipstick she had put on after finishing the dishes were like a small circlet of stiff, artificial flowers that she was offering now for the new man next door.

I must be hard up, she thought. And suddenly, astonishingly, tears glazed at her eyes; something inside her dropped to a low, sorrowful place; it was as if she could see herself: the matron of forty, settled, caught up and bound by a thousand dull threads of routine and convention, reaching out for an instant with a young girl's hand for a small, pathetic moment of intrigue. Oh, how silly, how ridiculous she was!

Upstairs, behind the closed door of her room, Claire lay on her narrow maple bed. Ever since she had left the store at five-thirty, she had wanted to be alone. But first there had been the long, detestable subway ride, boxed in by pushing bodies and sagging shoulders, and then the dinner, surrounded by her family. Only now could she lie still with the day's memories of John Eldridge.

She could not get over the miracle of his being there. Suppose, during her interview with Personnel, she had chosen the cosmetic department to work in instead of hosiery? She would never have known him. Not that she really knew him yet, of course, but she would; oh, she would! She would have to.

Yes, it was a miracle. Someone like that. He was so different from the other section managers, nice young married men who lived in Queens or the Bronx and who wore fifty-dollar suits and ate blue-plate specials in nearby lunchrooms. He wasn't a fixed section manager at all; it was just a temporary part of his training. He was on the Executive Training Squad and he had an Ivy League voice, inlaid with a Boston accent, but it was more than that, much more; he had charm and intelligence and a quick, off-beat kind of humor.

During those first two weeks at the store she had simply noticed him, been sharply aware of him, that was all. Suddenly he was in her

BABY-SITTING GRANDMA

By M. M. PARRISH

I feel, when I've coped with the very young,
Inept, unhonored and unstrung.

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thoughts almost all the time. Sometimes these thoughts brought her a sadness, because he seemed so remote. His was a world of Bryn Mawr girls and Commonwealth Avenue in Boston and squash at the Harvard Club and weekends on the North Shore with friends who had swimming pools and flagstoned patios. Between herself and John Eldridge stretched an abyss that was frighteningly wide and deep; she knew it, but she could not help thinking how wonderful it would be to cross.

This morning he had walked over to her counter.

"Miss Marshall," he had said, "would you have lunch today at one instead of eleven? Miss Trebetkin is out sick, you know, and I have to juggle things around."

She smiled up at him. "I guess nobody cares," she said, "if I start suffering from malnutrition."

He smiled too. "Oh, I doubt if you'll develop rickets before then."

"Well—of course I'll go to lunch when you tell me to." Her smile suddenly had a dimple in it. "You're my superior here. I have to obey you, don't I? They said so in my training course."

They looked into each other's eyes. Then he said, "I wish I had this power over women outside the store."

"Don't you?"

"Ha. I'm lucky if ——" He stopped. "I won't say it. You have tender-looking ears."

"I know." The passing moments had taken on an intoxicating quality. "They've led a very sheltered life under all that hair."

She looked up. His eyes were teasing. "You're just working here over the summer isn't that right?"

"Yes." Her face became deadpan. "I'm working my way through college. There are things I need for school in the fall. One of them is a bracelet of matched emeralds." She coughed. "I figure if I work hard, I ought to have one of the hinges by September."

"Well, well," he said, "that's a very ——

"*Mister El-dridge!*"

"Excuse me," John Eldridge said. An was gone.

Now, lying on the crumpled candle bedspread in her room, Claire closed her *Oh, God*, she thought, *oh, God, let him n me, let him fall in love with me.* And wit inner cry she felt a surge of longing, so s and painful that tears came to her eyes a seemed to her that God, hearing it up the infinite space, could do no less than answ

Henry Marshall knew that the days a were going to be a bad time for him. The fact that he was running against a mar years his junior was a secret anguish. surely, there could be no doubt in anyo mind that his seniority, his added years o perience, his greater maturity of judgmen him unquestionably in front of Roger.

But it was going to be a race, all right a close one. On some points, Roger was ahead of him. Roger, after getting out of vard, had gone on to the Harvard Bus School. Roger was a great success with younger depositors, especially the housew He was a good salesman of the bank's ser Most important, he was a mixer.

Of course they were all mixers. Every o of the bank had to involve himself socially the community around him; it was part job. But Roger Busby went all out. He long ago, become a member of the Gibb Rotary Club; he attended all the Comm Center affairs and had lunch once a we the Businessmen's Lunch Club; on Sun he played golf with some of Gibbsville's ing citizens. Since he knew, as all of the that banking was basically the most h business in the world, he made a point o tivating the interest of the individual, a paid off.

Toward the end of that first week afte Fourth of July, Henry arrived early a bank. Yet Roger had arrived before hi the third day in a row. Henry remem suddenly an old boast of his grandfat "You'll have to get up early in the mo to beat *me*."

Roger looked up, and delivered one instantaneous smiles. "Hi, there," he out. "How are you this morning?"

Teethcliff, Henry thought.

"Fine," he said. "How about you? walked to his desk and sat down. Miss C walked over and stood before him, an cause he was grateful that she had repor him before Roger, he said with a smile, " you look nice today."

"Why, thank you," she said. A little of pleasure had come into her cheeks.

Henry was touched. *I ought to say thing nice to her more often*, he thought

Miss Carney was not bad-looking, b seemed doomed to spinsterhood because was something about her that made instantly respectful of her obvious chast a man thought of her at all, it was becau put him in mind of an aunt before wh had to be very careful of his language, o hygiene teacher he had once had in sch

Miss Carney sensed all this. In des defense, she wore blouses that you cou through and fancy shoes and rather skirts; she spiced her conversation with provocative phrases as "Let's live da ously," and "The only thing I can't re temptation," and "You've got me at a moment," all delivered with an arch her eyebrows that hinted at all sorts indiscretions.

Now she said, "I was to remind you to things clear for Mrs. Hazlitt at eleven."

"Right," Henry said.

He was looking through a credit file he saw Mrs. Hazlitt coming in, one arm ported by the elderly colored man wh her chauffeur, the other leaning stiffly cane. She was stooped over with arthrit moved with a jerky step. Her expressio set in familiar lines of annoyance.

Henry felt a faint twitch at his lips. *Ol Horse*, he thought. But the words h strange affection.

He walked out to meet her. "Well, Hazlitt!" he said. "How are you?"

LOUIS JOURDAN, STAR OF THE GREAT MOTION PICTURE "GIGI"



"You can always tell a HALO girl"

Her hair has that look-again look

You can always tell a Halo Girl,
You can tell by the shine of her hair.
The magic glow of a Halo Girl,
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The magic of Halo shampoo is pure and simple. Halo's modern cleansing ingredient is the mildest possible . . . the purest possible.

He'll love the satiny shine Halo's rich, rich brightening-and-smoothing lather brings to your hair.

Get that look-again look, today — with pure, sparkling Halo.



HALO *glorifies as it cleans*

"Tolerable, tolerable," she muttered. She was all in black, an ancient hat of black straw slightly askew on her white head. "I've been better and I've been worse."

Henry hadn't seen Mrs. Hazlitt since the winter, and it seemed to him now that she had aged considerably. She was as fragile and brittle as old parchment and it was almost as if he could see her crumbling away into powdery dust. It gave him a cold feeling to picture her so alone, except for her Archie, in that big, still-handsome house of hers on the outskirts of town.

The old lady was looking at him speculatively, both her hands resting on the top of her cane. "You've lost a little weight."

"Have I?" Henry said. "I guess that's good. I was developing a paunch of sorts."

"I thought a banker was supposed to have a paunch." A faint dry smile pulled at the corners of her mouth. "Supposed to give him dignity."

She's right there with the answers, Henry thought, and he laughed. "I'd just as soon not look so dignified, then."

"How is your wife?"

"Very well, thanks."

"And the girls?" She had only seen snapshots of them from time to time, but she always asked. "What are they doing with themselves this summer?"

"They're not doing anything much." He tried to speak lightly. "Claire wanted a taste of independence this year, so she took a summer job. Joanie's just hanging around, going to the beach and doing things like that. Her little friend didn't go to camp this year and so she didn't go either." He smiled wryly as if his willful children had somehow got their own wishes against his own.

They exchanged a few more amenities. Finally Mrs. Hazlitt told him that she wanted to know if it was to her advantage to exercise her rights on a certain stock that she owned or if she should sell them.

If I keep a green bough in my heart, the singing bird will come.

OLD CHINESE SAYING

As Henry discussed the stock, he wondered why she hadn't telephoned; he could have given her the same answers and she could have saved herself a trip. The sharp interest she still displayed in her holdings always surprised him because she was, after all, very old and tired and alone in the world except for a distant cousin out West. What could it matter to her if her stocks earned a greater dividend?

Now, leaning back, he said, "It's an excellent stock, Mrs. Hazlitt; it's paid good dividends for over thirty years."

"Well, then." She sat motionless, her gnarled hands still resting on her cane. "You know I always follow your counsel."

Henry smiled faintly. *The Great Financial Adviser*, he thought. What an irony it was that a man who did not have enough money for a plumber to fix a leaking refrigerator was handing out advice on how to manage a fortune. And, what was more, having that advice gravely accepted and followed.

Mrs. Hazlitt said suddenly, "I've named you sole executor of my will. Would you be willing to act?"

Henry stared at her. "Me?" he said.

"Who, then?" Her voice became almost sharp. "Archie?" She shook her head. "It shouldn't be such a surprise to you. You've been handling my affairs for years."

"It's just that I never thought ——" He let out his breath, leaning forward. "I'm very honored, Mrs. Hazlitt. I can assure you that ——"

She broke in dryly: "You needn't assure me of anything. I didn't pick you overnight."

He looked at Mrs. Hazlitt again. He did not know what it meant to him, financially, for her to have named him as executor of her will; he could not compute it offhand. His instinct told him that it wouldn't involve any impressive amount, and in any event it would be years before anything would be coming to him. No, it was not that that warmed him now. It was something else she had given him.

Dolores Sweeney was a big-boned woman of forty-two. From a distance, with her fine height, her long legs and her yellow hair, she looked almost impressive in a showy, theatrical way. It was only when she came closer that the illusion crumbled and you saw that she had a sharp, torn face under the make-up and that her figure wasn't much, after all.

Now, as she walked up the Marshalls' garageway and up the three steps of the back stoop, she knew that her feet were going to hurt soon and she was going to sweat plenty over the ironing and that it was going to be a bad day all around. Hadn't the astrology column in the Mirror said so the day before? "Some of the events coming along now," she had read, "may be upsetting to regular routine, but we must bow to them. The Pisces can be involved in the greatest changes. Your relationships with others are not likely to be as smooth as usual; make allowances for temperament and moods in others and try to keep your own under control."

The moment she entered the kitchen, she saw Joanie sitting at the table. "Hi, kid," she said. She opened the closet door, hung her cracked plastic handbag on a hook and turned, ready to start her day's work in a V-necked French-blue rayon dress that had seen better days.

"Hello, Dolores," Joanie said.

"I'd better start on the ironing," Dolores said, "before it gets too hot." She returned to the closet and took from its depths a pile of clean wrinkled clothes which she carried to the sink. "Where's your ma?"

"She's upstairs."

"What about Miss Harper's Buzzaar?" This was Dolores' name for Claire, for whom she held a deep-seated scorn.

"She left a few minutes ago." Joanie looked admiringly. "That's a pretty dress."

Dolores looked down deprecatingly at the dress which had a band of faded chiffon outlining the neck and sleeves. "It was pretty once," she admitted.

"I guess," Joanie said, "you wore it to lots of cocktail parties." She stared with fascination at Dolores. "Did you go to any last week?"

Dolores shifted her weight to ease her feet, which hurt already. "There was a corned-beef-and-cabbage party at Dolan's Saturday night," she said.

Joanie looked eager. "What's a corned-beef-and-cabbage party?"

"Oh—you just get together and have a few beers and sing, maybe they have a little show. Then, at midnight, they serve you corned beef and cabbage."

"What kind of show do they have?" asked Dolores.

"They have professional entertainment." A dignity had come into Dolores' voice. She walked to the closet to take out the ironing board. "They had an Irish tenor Saturday. He sang Pale Hands I Love Beside the Shalimar. It was a request number. I requested it. He sang it good enough for a wedding." She shook her head and sighed. "I love that song. It always makes me cry."

Joanie said enviously, "You certainly lead an interesting life."

Dolores looked up quickly, suspiciously, then down again. "In a way," she said. "In a way." She had set up the ironing board and plugged in the iron and now she unrolled a pair of Claire's panties, made of white silk with a tailored edge of net. "Everything of hers is so plain," she said. "Just like those outfits she wears; you'd think she was going to a funeral all the time. If you can't make people's eyes pop a little when you get dressed up, then what's the use of it?" She looked down, her hand guiding the iron, and as it hissed across the delicate silk fabric she suddenly saw Claire in her mind, with her long-legged grace and honey-colored hair, so young and fresh and lovely.

Miss Harper's Buzzaar, she thought, waiting for the acid title to bring her the usual feeling of satisfaction. But this time something had crept underneath, bringing with it a dark ache of longing. For a long moment she could not move; it was as if the ache had spread to her whole body. Finally her hand moved again, steering the iron faster across the silk.

Ah-h-h, she thought furiously, and she spoke to Claire; *who cares about you?* And she blamed the heat and her anger and her whole mood on the fact that she was a Pisces.

•

Fran, upstairs in the bedroom, felt the rising warmth being wafted in from the open windows. Usually the thought of a hot spell filled her with dread; they had no air conditioning of any sort and the rooms, after a day or two of sustained heat, became suffocatingly close. But now, as she tried on the sun dress that she had resurrected from her closet, she only thought that it would be pleasant to go into the yard and get some sun on her shoulders.

She turned slowly before the mirror. The sight of herself in the full-skirted pink cotton dress gave her pleasure. Although she admitted that the style was too youthful for a woman of forty, she didn't care; it suited her mood and showed off her pretty shoulders.

When she reached the kitchen, Joanie looked around at her excitedly. "Mamma! Do you know what Dolores just told me?"

"No," Fran said, almost afraid to ask. But she smiled. "Good morning, Dolores."

"Wait till you hear!" Joanie cried. Her face was flushed with excitement. "Her real

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and they've always been fed Puss 'n Boots!"

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Feed Puss 'n Boots and you'll notice, usually within three weeks, an amazing improvement in your pet's looks and liveliness.

"King of the Mountain." For an 8" by 10" full-color print of this original photo by Walter Chandoha, send 25¢ in coin to Cat Pictures, Dept. J-48, Box 6586, Chicago 77, Illinois. Offer good only in U.S.A.



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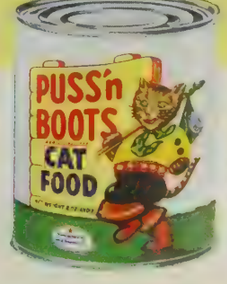
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name isn't Dolores at all! Her real name is Dorothy!"

"Well, what do you know," Fran said, relieved.

"She changed it because she didn't like the name of Dorothy!" There was triumph in Joanie's voice, as if this were final proof that Dolores was a remarkable person.

Dolores said languidly, "I like a name with a little glamour to it. It was between Dolores and Donna for a while; I just couldn't seem to make up my mind. Then I decided finally that Dolores suited me better."

Joanie's face, as she listened to this, was filled with wonder. "I never knew a person could change their name like that! Can I change mine, mamma?"

"What do you want to change your name for? Joan is a lovely name."

"I hate it!" Joanie burst out. "It sounds so plain and ordinary! I want a name that sounds like somebody!"

"What name would you pick out?"

"I don't know yet." Joanie seemed struck by a sudden thought. "Reenie could change hers too." Without saying another word, she jumped up from the table and left the room.

Dolores lifted her iron and rested it on its heel. "Damon and Pythias," she said. "She and that side kick of hers. When one itches, the other scratches."

Fran smiled. "I'm going to be very lazy for an hour," she said. "I'm going out in the yard and get a little sun tan."

Dolores looked up at Fran, who was one of the few people she liked and respected. "You look real cute in that outfit."

"Why, thank you, Dolores." She left the kitchen, closing the screen door behind her. The sun immediately fell upon her head and shoulders like a hot shawl; the sudden intensity of the yellow glare was something she had not been prepared for. But she walked down the three steps to the beach chair on the grass, and settled herself carefully in it, arranging her full skirt in graceful folds.

She closed her eyes, lying motionless. Sounds came to her in a muted underbreath—the hum of a car passing on the street, a dog barking somewhere, the remote drone of an airplane. At last she heard the sound of the back door opening and closing next door. Her heart gave a small lurch.

"Hi, there."

She opened her eyes, as if surprised. Eddie Fernandes was standing on the other side of the low hedge. He was wearing a white lisle T shirt that stretched tightly across his broad chest—too tightly, Fran thought. She shaded her eyes with her hand, smiling up at him. "Hello," she said. "How are you?"

"O.K." He squinted up at the sky. "Boy, that's a powerful sun."

"Yes, it is." Fran hesitated. "Did your letter come yet?"

He had told her about the letter he was expecting from a man in San Francisco; the two of them were planning to go into business.

Now he said, "We've got a pretty big deal cooking. Naturally it takes time."

"What part of the business will you be connected with," Fran said, "when you go out to the Coast?"

"Selling end." He looked around him as if he were tired of the subject. "I'm going nuts around here. How do you pass the time on a day like this?"

"Don't you like any sports?" she asked.

"I used to play sand-lot baseball." Suddenly he smiled. "I like to dance. Only you couldn't exactly call that a sport."

She smiled, too, thinking that he could probably do all the new Latin dances—the *cha-cha-cha*, the *meringuè;* she could see him easily, swaying on some polished dance floor in a night club, a tall blonde in his arms.

He said, "I have a feeling that my boy is going to be a good dancer."

Fran swallowed. "I don't know why, but I never asked if you were married."

"I'm not. I'm divorced. Been divorced for six years." He shook his head. "I don't care so much about that, but I care about the kid."

"Do you ever see him?"

"You bet I see him. Whenever I can." He looked away, a brooding look in his face. "That's one of the reasons I'm so anxious to get going on this West Coast deal. I'd like to send him to a good boarding school."

What a queer mixture he is, Fran thought. "I guess," she said, "you can't wait for that letter to come from the Coast. I don't blame you. It must be very dull for you here."

Suddenly he grinned. "Not too dull," he said. His dark glance under the too-heavy brows seemed to enclose them both inside a moment of intimacy; it was as if he had come toward her through the shimmering haze of heat and taken her into his arms.

She caught herself. He had not moved; he had not come close or touched her. Only his words had touched her, and his eyes.

On the street outside of Brak's Department Store, Claire stood still for a moment, debating where to go for lunch. She hated the employees' cafeteria on the ninth floor. Although the food was cheap and surprisingly good, Claire thought it was a horrible place, jammed with people carrying trays, noisy with chatter and the clashing of crockery.

Of course there were sandwich spots in the neighborhood. Yet these places were awful too; you ate at a counter and someone was always breathing down your neck in back of you, impatiently counting your swallows and telepathically hurrying you on in order to slip into your space when you finished.

Well, Claire thought, *I have to eat somewhere.* She thought of John. Where would *he* have lunch? He would be eating at some nice quiet place near here—perhaps the Drake on Park Avenue or the Laurent or one of the smart little French places. She stood without moving, caught up in a little drift of melancholy. She had only four dollars in her purse and it had to last till Friday.

Someone, passing by, jostled her elbow. She looked around her in a lost, aimless way, wondering where to go. And then, suddenly, she felt reckless.

I don't care, she thought. *I'm going to the Drake.*

Finishing her omelet later—it had been the cheapest thing on the menu—she looked around her from her small table in the corner. Although she was still hungry, she felt satisfied in another way. It was a lovely, peaceful room. The tables were far apart from one another, the carpet thick, the *décor* quietly elegant. Suddenly she saw John Eldridge, sitting with another young man.

She felt a sting of shock. The two young men had finished their lunch and now they were rising from the table. Would he pass by without knowing she was there?

Oh, God, she thought, *let him turn his head. Let him see me.*

He was almost at the door when, miraculously, his steps slowed; his face changed and he smiled.

Claire smiled back. Her coffee cup was empty, but she lifted it with seeming casualness to her lips and took a sip of air.

He said something to his friend; the friend said something and went out the door. John Eldridge came back to her table.

"Hi," he said. "May I join you?"

"Please do."

He sank down opposite. For a few seconds they didn't say anything.

For Claire, the moments had a quality of complete unreality, like something experienced in a dream. Suddenly she was awkward with joy; her hand came down a little too heavily on the table, so that the coffee cup rattled in its saucer.

"Will you be going away for the weekend?"

"I'm not sure. If it stays hot, I may fly up and visit some friends of mine in Maine—take in a little sailing. Have you ever sailed?"

She shook her head. "It must be fun."

"It is—if the elements are with you." He was looking thoughtfully at the absurd little hat she was wearing. "There's something very brave about that hat you're wearing."

She was taken aback. "Brave?"

"Courageous. With the one flower sticking up in the air like that." He leaned back. "Don't you think women's hats have personalities of their own? Some are sad and droopy, for instance; others are dramatic; others ——" He coughed. "My mother has a hat made of some kind of feathers that quiver in the wind. Definitely a nervous hat."

"I see," Claire said.

"Look over there," he said in a lower tone. "No, to the right, the woman with the green hat. What kind would you say that was?"

Claire studied the hat. "Excited," she said.

"On the nose." There was approval in his voice. "It's practically on the verge of hysteria."

Suddenly they both grinned. He said, "Miss Marshall ——" Then he stopped. "That sounds pretty silly here, doesn't it?"

"I guess it does." All at once she knew why it had been so important for him to see her at the table. It was because the background changed everything. At the store they were section manager and salesgirl. But here, sitting in the shadowy, well-appointed room, they were simply a young man and a girl, and soft music was playing and there was the smell of fresh flowers and everything was right.

"Claire, then," he said. "I should know your first name. I've seen it written down enough times."

Claire smiled a little. "Does everyone call you Johnny?"

"Most people do."

"It seems queer," she said, "not having a counter between us. I'm expecting any second to hear someone calling out, 'Sign, please!'"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 89



"I hate to say anything, because everything he makes is delicious."

Who's having a birthday this month?



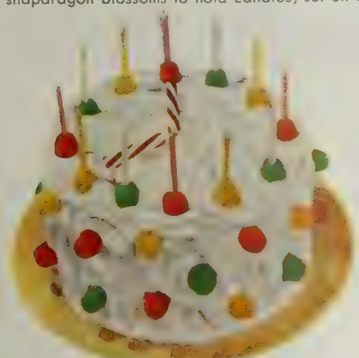
Make a Circus Cake: Frost a Betty Crocker Chocolate Devils Food Cake with our Peanut Creme Frosting Mix. Dip animal crackers in melted chocolate; place on rack to dry. Arrange on cake. Use Life Savers as candleholders.



Make an Orbit Cake: Use Betty Crocker Marble Cake Mix and Chocolate Fudge Frosting Mix. Ring with satellites—colored toothpicks stuck through maraschino cherries (drained). Use cherries as candleholders.



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Make a Birthday Clock Cake: Use Betty Crocker White or Yellow Cake Mix and Betty Crocker Fluffy White Frosting Mix. Set the hands for the child's age by using candy sticks; use candles in gumdrops for the numerals.



A birthday cake for every birthday! That's what happens in the happiest houses. That's what builds the happiest memories. That's one way mothers can be certain their children know they care. Even if you're not the world's best cook—Betty Crocker makes it easy. Have a *perfect* birthday—with a perfect birthday cake!



"I guarantee a perfect* cake every time you bake—cake...after cake...after cake!" Betty Crocker General Mills

*PERFECT! Yes, every mix we make for you is guaranteed to come out perfect, or send the box top to Betty Crocker, Box 200, Minneapolis 40, Minn., and General Mills will send your money back.

CELEBRATE IVORY SOAP'S 80th ANNIVERSARY...

WIN THIS CAR LOADED WITH THIS CASH!



1959 Plymouth Belvedere Convertible



Actual photo of First Prize silver dollars

IVORY SOAP'S $80,000 GIVE-AWAY!

JUST ESTIMATE THE AMOUNT OF MONEY IN THE PILE ABOVE!

Closest estimate wins all the cash PLUS the 1959 Plymouth Convertible

Plus $5,000 Bonus for 1st Prize Winner! (See Rules)

2nd PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Belvedere Convertible plus half the amount of money in the pile

3rd PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Belvedere Convertible plus one-third the money

4th PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Belvedere Convertible plus one-fourth the money

5th PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Belvedere Convertible

Look for Ivory in these special Give-Away wrappers at your dealer's today.

99 44/100% pure®... It floats



Cut out this money-saving coupon to take to your dealer's whether or not you enter the Give-Away

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE

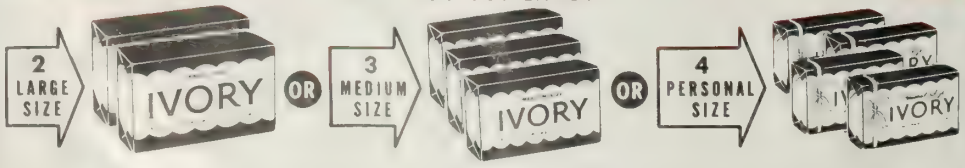
TAKE THIS COUPON TO YOUR DEALER

9651-AF

91-03-94

SAVE 5¢ ON IVORY SOAP 5¢

WHEN YOU BUY EITHER



5¢

TO THE DEALER: You are authorized to act as our agent for the redemption of this coupon in accordance with the terms of our coupon offer as stated below, provided that you and the consumer have complied with these terms. Cash redemption value 1/20 of 1c. TERMS OF COUPON OFFER: We will reimburse you for the face value of this coupon, or, if coupon calls for free merchandise, we will reimburse you for such free goods, plus 2c for handling, provided this coupon has been redeemed in accordance with our consumer offer. Invoices proving purchase of sufficient stock of our brands to cover coupons presented must be shown upon request and failure to do so may, at our option, void all coupons submitted for redemption for which no proof of products purchased is shown. Coupons are good only on brands specified, are non-transferable, and when presented through outside agents or others who are not retail distributors of our merchandise will not be honored and will be void when so presented. The consumer must pay any sales tax involved in the transaction. Our salesman will redeem our coupons or you may mail them at our expense, to Procter & Gamble, 2150 Sunnybrook Drive, Cincinnati 37, Ohio.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

91-03-94

Good only in Continental U. S., incl. Alaska & Hawaii

9651-AF

THIS $80,000 GIVE-AWAY CELEBRATES IVORY SOAP'S 80th ANNIVERSARY!

What a wonderful way to celebrate the 80th yea of wonderful Ivory Soap. For over 3 generation America's favorite for bath and complexion care White, floating, pure . . . today, as always, mor doctors recommend gentle Ivory than any othe soap for adult and baby's delicate skin.

Enter the Give-Away today—Use this entry blank

IVORY $80,000 GIVE-AWAY ENTRY BLANK

PLEASE PRINT CAREFULLY

My estimate of the total number of silver dollars in the pile shown in the picture is:

$_____

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

DEALER'S NAME_____

I am enclosing 3 wrappers (or facsimiles of the face panel copied from any source) from any size of Ivory Soap.

☐ $5,000 Bonus Prize. Check (✓) here if your 3 Ivory Soap wrappers (or facsimiles) include one from each size—Large, Medium and Personal—to be eligible for the $5,000 bonus prize.

Mail to: Ivory Give-Away, Dept. H, P.O. Box 243, Cincinnati 99, Ohio. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, May 1, 1959, and received no later than midnight, May 15, 1959.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

He said suddenly, "How old are you?"

"Nineteen." She grinned. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-three."

She looked at him. He was such a different twenty-three from the other boys she knew. He was so much more worldly. Every move he made, every word he spoke was unconsciously easy and right—or at least it seemed that way to her.

"Do you eat here often?" he said.

Claire hesitated. "I wish I could. But I can't afford it. I came today because of a private revolt against all lunch counters."

"Do you have many private revolts?"

She sighed. "It's funny you should ask me that. I have so many. There must be something wrong with me."

"What are some of them against—besides lunch counters?"

She hesitated. "It's a long list. But if you really want to know ——" She drew in her breath. "The subway. Blue-plate specials. Clothes sold from a rack. Balcony seats at the theater." Suddenly she gave a little laugh. "You'd better stop me. This may take time."

"Speaking of time ——" He looked down at his wrist watch. "We'd better get back."

"Yes, of course," she said. A little smile was pinned across her mouth. It was over. Her confidences undoubtedly had begun to bore him. He had come over to her table to kid around for a few minutes, that was all. What had made her think that it meant anything?

On the sidewalk outside, he squinted up at the sky. "Wow, it's hot all of a sudden," he said. "But do you know something? I like New York in the summer. After work, sometimes, I like to play tennis."

"Where do you play?"

"At the Town Tennis Club over at Sutton Place."

Now she felt lost and lonely, as if he had locked her out in some way. She had never heard of the Town Tennis Club and she had never been to Sutton Place, and New York in the summer meant, to her, the street where she lived and the hot subway and a few movie dates with neighborhood boys and occasional weekend outings to Riis Park or Jones Beach. She thought sorrowfully, *I live only on the edges of things and he lives right in the center.*

On Fifty-sixth Street something made them pause together before a smart window display. "Look at that," Claire said. "A fly swatter with green sequins on it. What a glamorous way for a fly to die. When I go, I want to go like that—choking on caviar, maybe, or suffocating in Labrador mink."

Suddenly he threw back his head and laughed. "You're quite a girl."

They stood motionless on the busy street, looking into each other's eyes. Then, automatically, they began walking on again. But Claire could not feel her legs moving beneath her. She had ascended so quickly and so unexpectedly from the depths to the heights that she felt almost lightheaded.

"The only thing," he said, "about this summer I *don't* like is eating in restaurants. I'm staying at my uncle's apartment while they're in Europe and there's a maid who does the cleaning but no cooking." He looked down at her. "Is your mother a good cook?"

"My mother? Oh, yes." She added jokingly, "If you'd like to take a safari into the wilds some night and have dinner with us ——"

"Sure," he said. "Will you invite me?"

She stared up at him. Then she stammered, "Wh-why, of course. Any time."

Later, in the locker room of the store, her mind was still a radiant blur; there was such a tangle of wonderful things there that she could not sort them out. If only she could go now to some dark quiet place where she could remember everything! If she could open the door of her room at home ——

Her hand stilled on the door; she stood completely motionless. Suddenly, in her mind, she saw the living room with its pale shrunken slip covers, the sofa that gave out a death rattle of broken springs when you sat on it, the faded linen curtains with their dying pattern of leaves and birds.

How can I ask him? she thought. *How can I possibly ask him?*

Sometimes Henry, seated at the head of the table in his little dining room at home, would look around him at his wife and two daughters and think of those advertisements for insurance or air conditioners—the kind with a banner line reading: ARE YOU, AS HEAD OF YOUR FAMILY, GIVING YOUR LOVED ONES THE PROTECTION THEY NEED? or AS FAMILY PROVIDER, YOUR FAMILY LOOKS TO YOU FOR GREATER DIVIDENDS IN LIVING COMFORT. The titles "Head of the Family" and "Family Provider" always gave him a vaguely wistful feeling. Even though it was true that Fran and Claire and Joanie were seated around him in the house he had bought, eating the food he had supplied, wearing the clothes he had paid for, he could not feel that glow of dignity and satisfaction that was on the faces of the men in the advertisements.

Tonight they were all quiet. Henry had a suddenly helpless feeling. Why didn't they talk together? In those TV family-situation programs, everybody was always so garrulous around the dinner table; the children made provocative, cute remarks, the parents were amused or taken aback, everyone laughed or argued. The whole point was, Henry thought, they *talked;* they shared some part of themselves, and why couldn't his family do that?

NEXT MONTH

"You're Janet, are you? The name is George. This is going to be rough!"

● They were four miles above the earth—with the lives of fifty others in their keeping and every second ticking away on the clock increasing the urgency of the emergency.

FLIGHT INTO DANGER

By ARTHUR HAILEY and JOHN CASTLE

is a crimeless adventure story, taut with suspense. *And it could happen anywhere.*

To be published complete in the MARCH JOURNAL condensed from the novel soon to be published by Doubleday & Co., Inc.

He looked at them. Joanie was eating stolidly, but Claire was merely picking at her food. A little smile had gone to sleep on her face, and she seemed far away, caught up in some bright mist of her own making.

He said abruptly to Fran, "You have quite a color tonight. Where did you get so much sun?"

She looked up as if startled. "In the back yard. But it was too hot; I didn't stay long." A faint smile came to her mouth and lingered there. "Mrs. Dannon's nephew kept me entertained for a while."

Claire seemed to emerge abruptly from her reverie. "Oh, *mother,*" she said in a pained voice. "He looks common—like a race-track operator or something."

Fran said, "Do you know something? You're turning into a terrible snob."

Claire sat back in her chair, astonished. "Snob?" she said. "Am I a snob just because I think he looks like just what he is?"

"How do you know what he is?" Fran said, her voice rising. "A man you've hardly spoken to? Do you think you can tell a man's character by the cut of his suit?"

"But he doesn't even talk correctly!" Claire protested. "You can tell he never had much education. For *heaven's* sake, mother!"

It was Henry who broke in. "O.K., O.K.," he said. "What's all the fuss about?" It was true that they were all talking now, as he had wished them to, but it didn't sound like the talk in the TV family-situation plays. Fran's vehemence about the fellow next door bewildered him.

In an attempt to clear the air, he said lightly, "Well, what did you do today, Joanie?"

She looked hesitant. Then she put down her fork decisively. "I don't like the name of Joanie," she said. "From now on, I want everybody to call me Monica."

In the sudden silence, everybody stared at her. Claire said "Monica?" She let out a hoot of laughter.

Joanie flushed. "I'm entitled to change my name!" Her voice was shrill. "A person can change their name if they want to! Dolores changed hers."

Suddenly Henry felt better; it was as if the pattern had righted itself after all. He said gravely, "You can change your name, but you have to wait for the legal age."

"What age is legal?"

"Twelve. You'll have to wait another year."

Joanie looked down glumly at her plate, deflated. "I'll have to tell Reenie. She was changing hers too."

Claire said, "And what name did she pick out?"

Joanie's face became as closed as a neatly wrapped package. "I won't tell you," she said.

Fran had removed the plates from the table and now she brought over the bakery cake and the dessert plates and placed them before Henry. The little ritual, so familiar and homelike, made his spirits rise further. When all was said and done, they were a nice family. He felt almost cheerful as he began to cut the cake.

"Daddy."

It was Claire who had spoken. Her face had changed during the last minute or two; there was a bright stillness in her eyes and she was sitting very straight in her chair. She was, he thought, like an armed fortress—sentries posted, cannons manned, guns ready to go off if attacked.

"Yes?" he said.

"We have to fix up the house. There's someone I want to invite over for dinner."

"Fix up the house?"

"Just a new sofa and a new lamp for the living room. That's all."

At her side of the table, Fran stirred with a quick movement. "*Now?* In the middle of the summer? Why, the slip covers are on."

"Do you call those slip covers?" Claire's voice sounded thin and very even—too even. "They're faded old rags. For heaven's sake, mother, let's take them off."

Henry managed a light laugh. "I don't think this is such a good time to fix up the house." He cleared his throat. "To tell you the truth, things are a little tight right now."

He looked up, smiling, ready to make a little joke about it, but the words stilled on his tongue. Two spots of color had appeared in Claire's cheeks and she leaned forward. "You could buy things on time. Everybody does. It isn't a disgrace to buy things on time."

The faint smile had stiffened on Henry's mouth. "Of course it's no disgrace. But who's going to make the payments? I have enough bills as it is. Joanie's teeth ——"

"Are we so poor?" Claire broke in. "Are we so poor that we can't afford a few new sticks of furniture?"

"Claire," Fran broke in, "who was it you wanted to ask over for dinner?"

Claire looked down at the tablecloth. "Someone from the store. He's on the training squad there. He went to Exeter and Harvard and he comes from a fine old Boston family." She looked up, and there was a tiny flutter in her breathing. "He practically asked himself over for dinner, but how can I ask him here?" Her voice rose. "How can I ask him to sit down in that living room? If he sits on that sofa, he may fall to the floor!"

With a great effort, Henry said to Claire, "Is he coming to see *you*—this young man? Or to look over your living room?" He wanted the words to open her eyes to how foolish she was, but his mind protested that she was only asking for what was her due. Every girl had a right to be able to invite a young man into her home without feeling ashamed.

"He's coming to see *me*, I guess," Claire said. "But ——" She bit her underlip, her shoulders drooped. "It's all right," she said. "If you can't make it, you can't make it."

Henry looked down to the round cake in front of him. It seemed to swell in size; he saw, as if magnified, the sharp, jagged nuts



IVORY "$80,000 GIVE-AWAY" ENTRY INSTRUCTIONS

1. Estimate the total number of silver dollars in the pile shown in the picture. Write your estimate on either a printed entry blank or a plain sheet of paper. Print your name and address plainly. The estimate closest to the actual amount of money in the pile shown in the picture will win first prize, the next closest will win second prize, etc. The first five prizes are as follows:

1st PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Convertible plus the amount of money in the pile.

2nd PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Convertible plus half of the amount of money in the pile.

3rd PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Convertible plus a third of the amount of money in the pile.

4th PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Convertible plus a fourth of the amount of money in the pile.

5th PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Convertible.

Each bag shown in the picture is packed full of silver dollars, as obtained from a Federal Reserve Bank.

2. Mail your completed entry, together with three wrappers (or facsimiles of the face panel copied from any source) from any size of Ivory Soap, to: Ivory Give-Away, P.O. Box 243, Cincinnati 99, Ohio.

SPECIAL $5,000 BONUS

If your three Ivory Soap wrappers include one from each size—Large, Medium, and Personal (or facsimiles copied from any source), you will receive a $5,000 bonus if you are the 1st prize winner.

3. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must comply with all the rules and be mailed in a separate envelope. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, May 1, 1959, and received no later than midnight, May 15, 1959.

4. In addition to the five major prizes, there will be 75 other prizes as follows: 6th Prize will be a Natural Mink Stole, plus a sixth of the amount of money in the pile. 7th Prize will be a Natural Mink Stole, plus a seventh of the amount of money in the pile. 8th Prize will be a Natural Mink Stole. 9th Prize will be an RCA Victor Color TV Set, plus a ninth of the amount of money in the pile. 10th Prize will be an RCA Victor Color TV Set, plus a tenth of the amount of money in the pile. 11th Prize will be an RCA Victor Color TV Set, plus an eleventh of the amount of money in the pile. 12th Prize will be an RCA Victor Color TV Set. The next 68 Prizes will be a matching set of a man's and a woman's Bulova Wrist Watch. All money prizes will be awarded in silver dollars or check, whichever is preferred.

5. In case of ties, which are quite possible, tying contestants will be required to complete a statement about Ivory Soap. The most apt of the tie-breaking statements written in the contestants' own words and expressing the contestants' own thoughts will be selected and rated for prizes. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties in statements judged. Only one prize will be awarded to any winner or family.

6. Entries are limited to residents of the Continental United States (including Alaska) and Hawaii, except employees of Procter & Gamble, its advertising agencies and their families. Government regulations apply.

7. Judges' decisions will be final. Mechanically reproduced facsimiles will be disqualified. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein belong unqualifiedly to Procter & Gamble for any and all purposes. The winners or tying entrants will be notified by mail about 8 weeks after close of contest. A list of winners will be available upon request approximately 3 months after close of contest.

1959 . . . IVORY SOAP'S 80th ANNIVERSARY

and thick raisins embedded in the honeyed craters of dough. The blood was beating behind his eyes. He could feel them staring at him—Joanie curious, Claire accusing, Fran pitying, pitying him for his humiliation and his failure. He could hear the slow dull drip of the leaking refrigerator in the kitchen, like the slow dull leaking away of his manhood and his dignity.

Claire scraped back her chair suddenly. "Excuse me," she said. "I don't want any dessert." She jumped up and left the room without looking at anyone.

Henry picked up the cake knife again and looked at Joanie. "A big piece for you?" he said. He looked as if his mouth hurt him.

"O.K.," Joanie said.

Fran said quickly, "A small one for me, dear. I'm getting too fat." Her mind scrabbled in darkness for the right words that would take that look off Henry's face; it seemed to her that he looked thin sitting there at the head of the table, a little shrunken; his bare arms, emerging from the short sleeves of his shirt, did not go with the jaunty plaid. Suddenly she could not bear it.

She leaned forward. "Henry," she said, "it isn't that important."

He wanted to say, "No. It isn't." But he wouldn't be fooling her; it was almost impossible to fool her and for a flashing second he wished that she didn't have this terrible insight into his mind and heart.

The heat wave lasted two days. Then, toward dawn of the third morning, the winds shifted and brought in rain. That morning, as Henry backed the car out of the garage, he was a little startled to see Joanie at the side of the house, standing with her back against the gray wooden shingles.

He halted the car and opened the door halfway. "Anything on your mind, honey?"

She seemed embarrassed. "Pa ——" She hesitated, and then the words came out in a little rush. "Are we really poor?"

Henry sat back weakly behind the wheel. "Of course not," he said. "We're not poor at all. Just because we can't buy some new furniture right now doesn't mean we're poor. Why, there are plenty of people who would consider us rich." He put a heartiness in his voice. The speech *sounded* good, anyway, he thought.

"Rich?" Joanie said.

"Well—relatively; anyway, there's nothing for you to worry about, baby. Your papa will see that you have all the important things."

Suddenly Joanie sprang toward him and wound her arms tightly around his neck. "Oh, you," she said in a muffled voice. Her nose was cold as she gave him three quick kisses near the corner of his mouth.

"Hey!" Henry said, laughing. "You feel like a big wet dog!" The stuff of her raincoat was crushed against his nose, giving off a rubbery smell; her arms seemed to choke him. As he held her close he felt an eddy of warmth winding inside him. She wasn't often demonstrative like this; it made him feel good, and now, when she broke away, he fished inside his pocket and brought out a dime. "Here," he said. "Here's a dividend on your allowance, just to prove how rich we are."

She accepted it with a faintly stunned look. "Gee, thanks," she said. As he drove off in the car, the little act of giving and her grateful acceptance made him whistle under his breath until, turning the corner, he thought wryly, *Big shot. I'm giving dimes away.*

Later that morning he was sorting some checks at his desk in the bank when his telephone rang.

"Mr. Marshall?" It was a man's voice, old, soft with Southern accent. "This is Archie, Mrs. Hazlitt's chauffeur."

"Oh, yes. How are you?"

"Thank you, sir, I'm fine. But Mrs. Hazlitt is feeling a little poorly. She'd like you to come over and see her this afternoon."

"There's nothing seriously wrong with her, I hope?"

There was a short silence at the other end of the wire. Then: "No, sir. The heat pulled her down a little, I guess."

"Well, I'm not surprised. I'll be over at four, Archie."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, Mr. Marshall."

Later that afternoon, he walked up to the heavy door with its narrow white columns on each side. As he rang the bell, he could hear it echoing hollowly inside the house, and the thought of old and spidery Mrs. Hazlitt, its sole tenant, filling only a splinter of space within its vastness, gave him an eerie feeling.

Archie opened the door, erect and dignified. "'Afternoon, Mr. Marshall," he said. "Let me take your hat, sir."

The wide foyer was dim as he entered it. "Is Mrs. Hazlitt ready to see me?"

"Yes, sir. She was sleeping before, but she's awake now. I'll go tell her you're here."

After he had disappeared, Henry looked around him curiously. He could remember when the impressive drawing room and the dining room could be glimpsed from this spot. Now there was nothing to see but the massive, closed doors.

What happened to all the furniture? he thought. He sensed immediately that it was all still there, inside, covered by old sheets; he could almost see the brooding, pale shapes in the shuttered rooms. So much fine old furniture, sitting there with the magnificent woods gradually drying out, the French brocades slowly unraveling, the silk lamp shades rotting with dust. He thought dryly, *I ought to ask the old lady if I could cart away just one sofa and lamp for my daughter.*

"Mr. Marshall ——"

He looked up, grateful for the interruption, to find Archie standing before him.

"Mrs. Hazlitt will see you now, sir."

He followed the servant into a room that had been the library and was now the old lady's bedroom and sitting room. Mrs. Hazlitt was in a wheel chair drawn up before one window. "Well, Mr. Marshall," she said, "you were very kind to come and see me."

Henry searched for the right thing to say. "I guess the heat takes a lot out of us."

"Oh, I hate the heat," she said. "And air conditioning is not good for my arthritis." She seemed to catch herself. "But I didn't ask you here to discuss my various ailments." With an effort, she reached for a typewritten sheet of paper and handed it to him. "I wanted you to have this list of my properties and their location. And I wanted to discuss with you the arrangements for my funeral."

Henry looked up, startled. "Funeral?" He floundered for a few words of assurance, but he knew they would sound false and hollow, and he let them go.

She began to tell him what she wanted; evidently she had thought it all out carefully beforehand. "I want no eulogy of any sort," she concluded. "But I would like a short poem read. If you will go over to that bookcase, Mr. Marshall, you will find a volume of Robert Herrick."

He got up, found the book and took it from the shelf. And then, staring at the empty place where the book had been, he saw three small piles of money there, each held together by a rubber band. The top bill was fifty dollars.

"Good heavens!" The words broke involuntarily from his throat. "You have money lying here, Mrs. Hazlitt—did you know that?"

"Of course I know it." There was a faint asperity in her voice. "Do you think I have money lying around the rooms without knowing where it is?"

"But that's dangerous. That's very unwise. Surely you know ——"

"Who is going to steal from me?" she broke in. "Archie? He's the soul of honesty. Besides, he doesn't know where I keep my money. No one knows it's there except me."

"But this looks like quite a lot," Henry said. "A couple of thousand dollars." He was still shocked; somehow the sight of the secret pile of bills in so unexpected a place had shaken him. "Let me deposit it in the bank for you. It will be much safer there, and I'd feel a whole lot easier in my mind."

"Well, I wouldn't," she said with some tartness. "I like to have some ready cash around; I always have. Bring me the book, Mr. Marshall; I'll show you the poem which I want read."



"Yes, of course." He thought helplessly, *Fool of an old woman—how can you reason with her?*

He sat down with her again. The gloom deepened in the room as she spoke, and the raindrops, heavier now, hit the windowpane and then jiggled crazily downward on the glass.

Henry began to get a suffocated feeling as he stared at the waxy, parchmentlike face opposite him. And when, finally, he could make his good-bys, and was actually released into the damp freshness of the air outside, it was as if he had miraculously escaped from death to life.

Henry was sitting on the porch after dinner when Fran came out of the kitchen. She was wearing some fresh, light scent, and there was a liveliness in her face. He was thankful; at the beginning of the summer he had been afraid that she was dissatisfied and restless. Years ago, they had planned to travel just about now—to go to Europe together. How far away the trip to Europe was now.

A little silence fell upon them both. Then Henry said, "Has Claire said anything to you about this young man at the store? The one he wants to invite to dinner?"

"No. And I haven't asked her."

"I have a feeling she's crazy about him." An uneasiness had come into his voice. "He must be something special, to attract Claire. I hope he isn't too special. She might get hurt."

"She'll be all right. Anyway—what can we do?" She was deeply troubled about Claire

There would be fewer divorces if the husband tried as hard to keep his wife as he did to get her.

ROB PREWITT

these days, but they could do nothing to protect her; she had to go her own way.

Henry said, "Where's Joanie?"

"Where do you think? At Reenie's."

Another silence fell. Sounds of the street came to Fran—the slam of a screen door somewhere, faint laughter from the porch across the street, the whine of a car passing by. Now she heard Henry take out his pipe and knock the bowl against the metal armrest of the glider. She thought, *Shall I ask him?*

She turned her head, hesitating. "Henry——"

"M-m-m-m?"

"I saw such a pretty cotton dress in a shop-window this afternoon. It was marked down from fourteen ninety-five to only ten ninety-five." She swallowed. "I tried it on and it fitted me perfectly."

Henry stared at her. She never asked for anything; he couldn't remember the last time she had bought a new dress; and now to ask so timidly for such a cheap one! Suddenly he could not control his mouth.

"Of course you buy it," he said. "You don't even have to ask."

"Well—I know that things are tight right now." Her voice was low, hesitant. "If you'd rather I —— What I mean is, it isn't so terribly important——"

He broke in sharply: "I want you to have the dress." Putting the pipe between his teeth, he put a lift into his voice. "What color is it?"

"Such a lovely shade of blue, Henry. It's form-fitting on top and has a full skirt."

"Sounds pretty."

"Oh, it is." She was silent, and then her voice came timidly again. "Shall I give them a check?"

Henry's mind darted to his dwindling bank balance. Low—how low it was; he'd have to be very careful from now on; and even so, it would be a terribly tight squeeze.

"Yes," he said. "You write a check."

Fran did not move; her hands were folded in her lap. There were faint tears in her eyes. *I shouldn't have asked him,* she thought—*not even for that. Why did I ask him?* She was shocked at herself, at her weakness in wanting the dress so much. In her mind, the truth leapt up. She had wanted the new dress for Eddie.

Suddenly the glider beneath her swayed as Henry got up. "Let's go out front," he said. "It's airier on the front steps."

"You go, Henry." The words had come involuntarily. "I'll stay here."

The light from the lamppost filtered through the thick leaves on the trees and shifted over parts of the grass as Henry took an aimless step backward and forward. He drew on his pipe in measured puffs, watching the fireflies as they glowed briefly in the darkness.

"'Evening, there."

He saw that it was the Fernandes fellow from next door; they had chatted together a couple of times before.

"Hello," he said. "How are you?" He walked across the grass to where Eddie stood in the driveway. "How are things coming?"

"Slow. Something ought to break pretty soon." He looked around him. "Boy, I won't be sorry." He added quickly, "Not that it isn't a nice street and a nice neighborhood. For a family man like you, it's fine. But me—I like to travel around."

Henry cleared his throat. "I can understand that."

He was glad he had the pipe in his mouth; it added a little something he needed at the moment, although he didn't know what it was. Eddie Fernandes seemed to dwarf him: you knew, just looking at him, that if he entered a big restaurant, the waiter would rush up to give him extra-good service; that plenty of striking-looking women were glad to wait for his phone call.

He heard the screen door opening and saw Fran coming out, her dress pale in the darkness. "Hello," she said. "Hello, Eddie."

"Hi, Fran."

Henry felt a jolt of surprise at hearing his wife's nickname coming so easily from the man's lips.

"Isn't it a divine night?" Fran stretched out her arms as if to enfold everything. "I don't know how anyone can stay indoors."

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Henry looked at her. The musical tone of her voice, the word "divine," her little encompassing gesture were almost girlish, and suddenly they evoked a host of vague memories that stirred in his mind and brought back another Fran at another time, long ago.

"Yeah," Eddie said. "It's a nice night to be doing something." As if the thought pained him, he looked around him restlessly. "I miss having my car. It was a yellow Caddie with black wheels and trim—every time I parked her, people used to gather around to look her over."

Smiling a little, Henry said, "A car like that would have been a sensation on this block." He looked away. "I think I'll go inside and read a little."

Eddie said, "I don't go for books much; I can't keep my mind on them. I'd rather wait, any day, and see the movie version."

Henry smiled faintly. Fran's shoulder was close to his as if the three of them had divided—Fran and himself on one side, Eddie Fernandes irrevocably on the other.

"Well," he said again, "I guess I'll go in."

Fran added quickly, "So will I."

Eddie looked up at her. "What's your hurry?" he said. "Keep me company for a while." He looked at Henry and grinned. "I'm lonesome."



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Fran seemed to be hesitating, as if some struggle were going on in her mind. She let out her breath and said, "I'll just stay out another minute or two."

Henry nodded to Eddie. "See you," he said.

He was absorbed in his book, sitting on the wicker chair under the bridge lamp, when Fran came in. With his eyes still on the printed page, he said, "We ought to call Joanie."

It was then that they heard the quick, running footsteps and the high voices of children, capped by a scream of laughter. There was the clatter of drumming feet on the steps, then the door opened and Joanie and Reenie burst in as if catapulted from a single slingshot.

"Pa!" Joanie cried out in her high, shrill voice. "Mamma, wait till you hear!" She leaned breathlessly against her father's chair, her round cheeks flushed with excitement. Her hand went up to her chest, as if she had a stitch of pain there from running. "Oh, I'm so breathly," she said.

Henry laughed. "Breathless," he said. "And take it easy," he told her. "What's all the excitement?"

Reenie was breathing heavily, too, her freckled face very pale, as if all the color in her skin had been swept up into her flaming red hair. She burst out: "Let me tell it!"

Joanie stood still, gulping in a deep breath of air. "All right," she said. "You tell it."

"Well ——" Suddenly important, the center of the stage, Reenie looked around her. "My mother and father read in the papers about the heat wave coming and they decided that we should go to the country for two weeks, starting next Friday."

Fran felt her heart sink. "Go away?" she said. "You're going away, Reenie?"

"Wait!" Joanie screamed. "I'm going too! They invited me to come along with them!"

Reenie said, "That's right. My mother said it would be fine if Joanie came along." She looked at Henry. "She's going to call you about it tomorrow."

Joanie broke in impatiently: "The place is in the mountains! There's a lake! We'll go out in a rowboat every day!"

Reenie said, "It's only fifty dollars a week for a child." The note of importance had come back into her voice. "And no carfare. We're driving up in our car." She added rapidly, "And my mother says Joanie will hardly need any extra clothes; it's a very quiet place."

Again there was a silence. Suddenly the two children looked uncertain, as if they could sense a queerness in the new silence, something not quite right.

Joanie looked faintly afraid. "Pa," she said, "I can go, can't I?"

Henry could not breathe; his lips moved, but no words would come. They were waiting, all of them, for what they wanted but he could not give. Yet how could he say no? He was trapped; and the long, agonizing seconds were ticking by ——

When he finally spoke, the words came stiffly, as if he were speaking through a muzzle. "We'll see," he said.

The heat advanced slyly on the city, creeping into the rooms, the caverns of the subway, the shops and buses. At eight o'clock in the morning, radio announcers forecast that the rising thermometer was expected to break all records, and neighbors looked at one another and tried to make little jokes. "Looks like we're in for it now!" they would call out; or "Better get out those ice cubes!"

Claire entered the air-cooled department store with a sense of deliverance. The dinner invitation to Johnny Eldridge was foremost in her mind, and as she moved behind the counter, her eyes kept going to his desk.

As she arranged some hosiery boxes on the glass counter, the carefully rehearsed words of the invitation ran around in her mind like a team of trained mice in a cage. Finally he looked up and saw her. His face changed and he began walking over.

"Hello, Claire."

She looked up. "Hello, Johnny."

"It's going to be slow today; women aren't buying stockings." He smiled. "They're thinking of what to take off, not what to put on."

She smiled too. "I guess so. Although I don't know what else they can take off and still go out on the street." *He's so sophisticated,* she thought; *I always have sophisiticated conversations when I'm with him.*

He leaned over. "I came over to tell you some news. I'm going to be shifted from the department Monday morning."

She stared at him. "Shifted?"

"They're moving me to men's robes. On Monday, I'll be an assistant buyer."

"Why, that's wonderful," she said.

"Thanks. I'm pretty happy about it."

I'll probably never see him again, Claire thought. She was like someone immediately after a shocking accident, still too dazed and shaken to assess the extent of her injuries. "When did you hear about it?"

"Oh, it's been in the wind for a couple of weeks." He looked around him and then at her again. "I'm going to walk away and not look back. Don't move. I want to remember you always as you are at this moment, in front of the cash register."

She felt a stinging behind her eyes. "I hope you'll visit us once in a while."

"Sure I will." He sounded sincere now. "I know I'll miss being around here. I've met some nice people."

Nice people. Her spirits fell to a lower, even more sorrowful place. But she put a lift in her voice. "Well, I guess you can keep your re carnation as a souvenir."

"I'll have it stuffed."

"Johnny ——" she said. And suddenly the word which she had rehearsed so carefuly came out all wrong. "You were saying once that you hated eating in restaurants—what I mean is, if you'd like a home cooked meal, my mother ——" She stopped. The back of her neck felt hot and stiff. "Would you like to have dinner with us next Wednesday night?"

He smiled. "That sounds fine."

For a moment she was so stunned that she could not speak. Then she said, "I'll give you our address and tell you how to get there."

"Why don't we drive out together when the store closes? You could meet me outside."

"All right." She swallowed. "What time and where?"

"Oh, I can call you Sunday and make arrangements. What's your phone number?"

She gave it to him. He scribbled it down just as someone called out, "Mis-ter Eldridge!"

"Good-by," he said. "Duty calls and I go reluctantly. Each time we part, I die a little."

A woman stopped at the counter. Claire turned to her immediately. "May I help you?" she said. And her smile was so dazzling, so filled with radiance that, for a moment, the woman could only stare back blankly, as if she had forgotten why she was there.

Henry had been sleeping badly lately; there had been a recurrent dream. He was running to make a train; just as he neared it, the whistle blew, the doors closed, it started off without him. At this point he always woke up, his breathing still heavy, his body so spent with exhaustion that he could not move.

Now, as he sat at his desk, it was an effort to smile when George Blake stopped for a minute to talk.

"Things are sure quiet," George said. "And they're going to be quieter still, if this heat keeps up." He looked as crisp and British as ever in his dark tropical suit and striped tie. "You look a little off your feed, Henry."

"I haven't been sleeping well."

George leaned forward a little, lowering his voice. "I can believe it. I can imagine what you're going through. It's taking a long time.

Why, he's on my side, Henry thought with surprise; *he wants me to win.* He felt a sense of comfort and gratitude.

"Thanks," he said. "Actually, it's only been a few weeks. It just *seems* long." It was a relief to talk about it, to share it with someone.

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To love is to find pleasure in the happiness of the person loved. LEIBNITZ

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George straightened swiftly, coloring a little. "I hear there's a big Chamber of Commerce luncheon meeting today."

"Yeah," Henry said. "Big issue coming up. Gibbsville wants a public swimming pool for its citizens next year, like some of the other small towns around here."

"So I hear." George glanced away through the side window to the street, baking under the full glare of the sun. "Well, they picked a good day for it. On a day like this, I'd vote for a wading pool in the bank."

"There'll be a battle anyway. There usually is. I'll be there in the middle of it, representing the bank." He added quickly, "Roger too."

"Mr. Pierson too."

Henry's hands stilled. "Mr. Pierson?"

"He said yesterday that he thought he'd go and see what was cooking."

Henry turned to look at Roger. He was jotting down notes on a scratch pad, and Henry got the uneasy feeling that they had to do with the Chamber of Commerce luncheon.

It's a challenge for him, Henry thought. *He can't wait.*

Suddenly he could see himself objectively, sitting there tired, unable to raise the drooping flag of his spirit, dreading the meeting ahead where he would be pitted against Roger under the watchful eyes of Mr. Pierson.

I've got to put up a fight, he thought. *I can't let him take it away from me; it means too much.*

The Pickwick Inn was only a short drive from the main shopping center of town. It was here that the Chamber of Commerce met every other Thursday. Today the meeting was small because of the heat and the time of the year. There were about twenty men in the room, their mingling voices rising in the air along with the faint drifts of smoke from the cigars and cigarettes.

Henry, a martini in his hand, stood with Roger, Mr. Pierson and three of Gibbsville's leading businessmen. He could not make up his mind whether to drink the martini or not. Liquor sometimes titillated his senses and at other times almost put him to sleep. He took a few hesitant sips now and waited cautiously for the effect.

"What an arm," Roger was saying. "Fanned eight in a row and almost made it a no-hitter."

"Well, of course he's pretty good," said Mr. Wendell, of the Gibbsville Textile Company. "But I think he's getting old."

"Oh, no doubt," Roger said hastily. "I think so too. I was only saying that he certainly seemed to have it last night."

Who are they talking about? Henry thought, worried because he wasn't taking part in the conversation, with Mr Pierson standing there. It made him look like some old fuddy-duddy who was out of touch with things.

He cleared his throat. "I miss the Dodgers and the Giants since they moved out West. Those games were something to watch."

"Oh, yes." Mr. Wendell turned to look at him. "The truth is, I don't follow the National League too much. I'm a dyed-in-the-wool Yankee fan, maybe that's the reason."

Roger laughed. "I am too. I have been ever since I was a kid."

Mr. Pierson smiled. "If the two of you have such faith in the Yankees, you'd better reserve your seats right now."

The two of you, Henry thought. Mr. Pierson had seen it, too, then—that small alliance which Roger had achieved within a few moments as they stood there. Maybe, at this moment, Mr. Pierson was thinking, *You've got to hand it to this boy; he has a knack of latching on to potential business.*

He lifted the glass and took a good swallow. Immediately he felt something poking down like a hot wire inside him. He drew in his breath and turned to Mr. Wendell.

"How's your daughter?" he said.

"Marjorie? She's fine, thanks."

"Let's see—she must be about the same age as my oldest girl."

"Marge is eighteen."

"That's what I figured. Claire is nineteen. But sometimes I think she's a hundred and two." Henry shook his head. "She seems to take life very seriously—gets very excited about things."

A light broke out on Mr. Wendell's face. "What *is* it with the kids today?" He turned around all the way, his free hand going up in a helpless gesture. "You can hardly say a word to them without a fuse blowing out."

As they went on talking, it came to Henry that Mr. Wendell was now standing with his back to Roger, and he felt a satisfaction which was instantly followed by shame. How petty and childish it all was. Suddenly he hated all of it: the little trickeries, the deceits, the tiny self-betrayals, all aimed at selling himself to Mr. Pierson and cutting out Roger.

Lunch was served. The fruit cup was warm, the chicken slightly underdone; the conversation shuttled from the public swimming pool to the state of business to the latest Russian announcement on disarmament and back to the swimming pool again. Finally the ice cream was finished and the dishes taken away.

Phil Henderson, president of the Gibbsville Chamber of Commerce, rose and tapped the small gavel discreetly. "Gentlemen," he said, "I think we all know the question to be discussed today—it's been on our minds ever since early spring." He straightened his glasses on his nose. "That subject is a public swimming pool for the people of Gibbsville—especially for Gibbsville's children." He cleared his throat. "Now, gentlemen," he said, "we've all discussed this thing informally among ourselves many times and we all want the pool, I guess. The important question is: How much will it cost and how will we raise the money?"

He straightened, allowed a few moments to pass. "Well, it will cost in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand dollars."

There was a murmur around the table and some shaking of heads. Henderson leaned forward again. "That's the tab, gentlemen," he said. "The question now is—how do we raise the money?"

A man at the far end of Henry's table raised his hand. "How about some kind of a drive?" He looked hesitant. "Maybe a summer fair, and a couple of dances—things like that."

An elderly, balding man across the room interrupted impatiently. "It would take us ten years to raise a hundred grand that way, Harry. I'm against it."

A short lull followed. As Henry turned his head, he felt a tiny jerk in his chest. Roger, at the table opposite, was raising his hand. "Well, Phil, it seems to me ——"

Henry thought quickly, *Since when does he call him Phil?*

"—— that there's really only one answer here," Roger was saying. "One way to raise the money in time for next year without causing any serious damage in any direction. And that's by increasing local taxes." He looked around him with an expression of deep sincerity. "I'm only thinking of the welfare of the town."

Oh, for Pete's sake, Henry thought irritably. Surely Mr. Pierson, as well as every other man here, could see what a phony Roger was? But Mr. Pierson was looking down at his coffee cup and turning it slowly from side to side in the saucer.

Henry thought, *I've got to speak up. I've got to make some sort of impression too.* He felt a faint prickle of sweat on his forehead. *Go on,* he goaded himself; *go on.* His hand had been entwined around the stem of his martini glass and now he lifted the glass and gulped down the half cocktail that was left.

"After all," Wayne Sturdevant was saying, "we seem to be taking it as a matter of course that everybody in town wants a swimming pool. But do they? Let's make sure that a pool is a real necessity before we start taxing everyone."

Hands from all sides of the room had gone up; the chorus of protest began. The beaches were a long forty-minute ride away; not everyone owned a car; the beaches were jammed on hot days and the ocean waters around there had never been entirely cleared of a charge of pollution, anyway. There was no question about it. Gibbsville had to have—was entitled to have—its own bathing facilities. Maybe Mr. Busby was right; maybe taxation was the only realistic answer.

The martini that Henry had gulped down lay like a banked fire in his stomach. As he looked around him, he felt different, calmer, almost defiant. *Pull up your socks, boy,* he told himself; *pull up your socks.* He raised his hand.

Henderson said, "Mr. Marshall." There was a faint surprise in his voice.

All the eyes went to Henry. He had a moment of panic. Then he said in his slow way, "Well, now, I'm not so sure that taxation is the only answer here." Opposite him, he saw a man swallow a yawn; he looked away. "If you start taxing everybody, there's going to be a squawk," he said. "Not from the young married people living in the new developments—they've all got small children. They'll pay a tax, all right. But there's another part of Gibbsville—the group you could call the old settlers. They're getting on in years now, but a lot of them are very active around election time." He looked around him. "You slap a tax on them for a town swimming pool and you're going to hear a holler going up." He paused. "They're complaining enough about taxes now. I ought to know; I hear them often enough at the bank. Anyway, these people have no children; the whole issue doesn't mean a thing to them."

He leaned back, shaking his head. His heart was beating heavily. "They'll vote against the whole proposition right from the start." Roger, he saw, was sitting very still in his chair, a faint flush on his cheeks.

"How will we raise the money, then?" With an effort, he looked around him again. "I think it should be done by contribution. Contributions from the two groups in town which would benefit most from having a swimming pool—the young married couples in the ranch-house developments and the business concerns. A drive would be necessary; we'd have to really get back of it. It could mostly be done on a pledge basis, I think."

Wayne Sturdevant said, frowning, "A pledge basis?"

"That's right." Henry looked at him. "A person can pledge to pay a hundred dollars, say, over a period of three years—that's about three dollars a month. The business houses, of course, could pledge more."

Henderson said slowly, "I dunno. It's been a slow business year."

Henry felt a faint excitement. They were all looking surprised, but no one was protesting. "Ordinarily," he said quickly, "a financial setup like this isn't bankable, but in this case—where money is needed in a hurry to get the pool built by next summer—perhaps the bank could lend money on the pledges."

The moment the words were out, he wished them back. What had come over him, what

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Work Can be Made Easier

By Margaret Davidson
Homemaking Editor

Can opener is electrical

The electric can opener plugs in anywhere, works fast and silently. It handles all sizes up to the big juice cans. Tops are held in place by a magnetic mechanism so that they won't fall in.



Ironing board slides out of chest

Place to iron is no problem. A marble-topped server chest, 60" wide, has top panel that opens to bring out the board. Finish pressing, and board slides back into the chest out of sight. We think it is a great innovation.

STUART



Drawers open at a slant

Kitchen drawers under wall cabinet drop down at a slant to keep cutlery or other aids handy. Other cupboards we've seen have surprises too: movable shelves; with metal inserts for baked foods; with drawers complete with dividers to separate the cutlery.





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had possessed him? It was so unlike his usual way with a problem, so slow and careful, reaching out finally to a painstaking conclusion.

But there had been an immediate spark in the air around him; heads had been raised as if everyone's attention had been arrested.

"The bank?" Mr. Wendell said, surprised. "Will they do it?"

Henry dared not look over at Mr. Pierson. "Well," he said, "it would have to be looked into. Maybe a percentage could be loaned by the bank over a period of three years. Churches sometimes raise money that way."

A feverish argument took place in his mind. It was a good idea. It would bring activity, new business into the bank; they could get some fine publicity out of it. But would the bank be willing to lend the money?

"Yeah," Phil Henderson said slowly. "Let's look into it, then. It might very well be the answer we're looking for." He glanced up at the clock. "I'm afraid we're running over, gentlemen; I know you want to get back to your affairs. We'll call the meeting closed."

There was a stir, a scraping back of chairs, a buzz of conversation as everyone got up. Talking, laughing, lighting cigarettes, the men started walking out.

When Henry reached the landing outside, he felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned around. Mr. Pierson stood there, grave.

"Well, Henry," he said, "I don't know what the board of directors at the bank is going to think about *this*." He sighed deeply and moved away, shaking his head.

Oh, Henry thought, standing very still, *he didn't like it. He didn't like it at all.*

Inside the Marshall living room, Dolores was finishing her dusting. When Joanie entered the room, she turned and straightened. Joanie was wearing shorts and a crumpled cotton sleeveless blouse. Her feet were bare. She padded over to the sofa and flopped down heavily, full length on the cushions. "Whew, I'm hot," she said. "I'm so hot, I could die."

Dolores felt an irritation. "I just got done plumping up them cushions," she said. But her annoyance faded as Joanie struggled suddenly to a half-sitting position on the sofa, supported by her elbows.

"Guess what," Joanie said. "I'm going away next week."

Dolores stared at her. "No," she said in disbelief. "Where you going?"

"Up to the country. With Reenie and her mother. For two weeks." The little girl spoke rapidly, a flush in her cheeks. "It's called Blue Echo Lodge and it's on a lake. You can run right out the door and into the water."

"Well, well," Dolores said. "Ain't that nice." She was puzzled, looking at the child.

Something, she thought, *is a little rotten in Denmark*.

She cleared her throat and pushed the sweeper forward again. "You send me a post card now. Don't forget your poor friends who have to slave in the heat back home."

"Oh, I won't!" Joanie's voice rose gaily. "I'll send you *two* post cards, Dolores."

There was a movement at the archway and they both looked up. "Post cards?" Fran said. "From where?"

Joanie jumped up swiftly, the flush deeper in her face. "Oh, we were just talking," she said, not meeting her mother's eyes. She gave a nervous laugh and began skipping rapidly from the room, singing. But the tune was unformed, as if she had grabbed a few notes t quickly out of the air.

When she was gone, Fran bit her underl "What did she say to you, Dolores?"

"She said she was going away next we with Reenie."

Fran looked away, motionless. *We have tell her*, she thought; *we should have told right from the start.*

Dolores was saying, "Joanie isn't goi then?"

Fran drew in her breath. "I don't think Dolores." Her mind searched for a few fa saving words. "Mr. Marshall and I want h here with us in case we all decide to take a tle trip ourselves."

"Yeah." Dolores lowered her gaze d creetly. *They're busted*, she thought; *busted. I'll probably get the heave-ho mys pretty soon.*

Later that morning, the telephone rang the living room. Answering it, Fran hea Claire's voice, light and gay. "I thought tell you that I invited someone for dinner next Wednesday night."

"The young man from the store?"

"That's right. John Eldridge."

"Well, that's nice." Fran tried to put so enthusiasm into her tone. "I only hope," s said, "that it'll be cooler by then. It's ju sweltering here."

"Oh, *mother!*" Claire's voice was indulge "It's almost a week away!"

"Well, the papers say ——" Fran stopp wondering why the news of the dinner invi tion couldn't have waited until evening. "W that why you called, dear?"

"Well—I thought we'd better get some lined up to serve."

Fran stared blankly at the wall. "Serv Serve what?"

"The dinner, of course." Claire sounded p tient. "He comes from a fine old Boston fa ily; they're very well-to-do. I want everythi to be as nice as we can make it. Don't have a lace tablecloth somewhere?"

"Lace tablecloth?" Fran wet her lip "Claire," she said, "now I'm warning yo

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You can have a nicer skin if you

Wash your face the right way

Perhaps you think you already know how to wash your face. But if you have pimples, blackheads, dry or excessively oily skin, such skin problems usually indicate improper cleansing.

The right way to wash your face starts with the right complexion soap. Even if your face is oily, avoid drying soaps or detergents. They may cause lasting damage. A complexion soap prized all over the world and highly recommended by many doctors is Cuticura Soap. This superemollient soap is never drying. It leaves an invisible medicated film that helps keep the skin soft, fresh, smooth and satiny.

Lather-massage face and neck morning and night a full minute. Rinse until all feeling of slickness is gone. Eight to ten splashes may be enough. If your face is shiny after washing you need to rinse more.

For normal skin use warm water and cool rinses. For dry, delicate skin use cool water only, except perhaps at bedtime when you might try the warm-then-cool routine.

To control excess oiliness, wash your face as often as possible, three or more times a day. Use *hot* water. Rinse with warm, then cool water.

Do the same for blemished skin, but lather gently. Avoid picking pimples and squeezing blackheads. And never try to cover them under heavy, chalky make-up. Nothing is less attractive. Instead, use softening, healing Cuticura Ointment nightly. It improves your skin as it quickly relieves pimples, blackheads and dryness.

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WHICH IS MORE IMPORTANT TO YOUR CHILD . . .

THE SIZE OF HIS HOME OR THE SIZE OF HIS MIND?



A THOUGHTFUL ANSWER
by Dr. J. Chapman Bradley

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

Don't start getting any crazy ideas that we're all going to turn ourselves inside out and go to a lot of expense to entertain this boy." A measure of calm returned to her with the words. "If he wants to come here for a nice, simple dinner, you know he's welcome and I'll do everything I can to make it pleasant. But otherwise ——"

Claire interrupted. "Mother, when is the last time I asked you to entertain a friend of mine?" she asked.

"Now, Claire," Fran protested, "you know you can ask whomever you please whenever you want to. But when it comes to making a production out of inviting a young man for dinner in the middle of the summer ——"

"Is this what you call making a production?" Claire's voice was choked. "To have someone serve, and to put a decent tablecloth on the table? If it is, then all I can say is that our living standards have become pretty low."

"Well," Fran said, "I don't think they're so low." But she had lost and she knew it; Claire would have her way about the dinner.

She turned away from the telephone and then stood still. For the first time it came to her that maybe this rich, well-educated boy from a fine family might mean a brilliant marriage for Claire. Were they in love and was this meeting with her family meant as a serious overture?

For a second she felt a spark of hope and excitement, then it died. The words "well-to-do" and "old Boston family" could mean that John Eldridge was just a stuffy, spoiled young man who would accept their dinner as if he were doing them a favor and then fade out of Claire's life, hurting her far more deeply than if he had never appeared at all. Maybe —— Her hand went up to her forehead. Oh, she didn't know! She didn't know anything, Fran thought; nobody told her anything. Her mind fretted, worried, ran around in troubled circles as she stood there in the suffocating room; she felt engulfed by all of them—Claire, Joan, Henry ——

After the Chamber of Commerce luncheo Henry, back at his desk in the bank, s Roger Busby observing him from his own de a few yards away. "Interesting meetin Roger called out. He rose and walked over.

"Yeah." Henry's voice was dry. "I hop didn't talk too much." He caught hims looking up anxiously at Roger for some ki of assurance. "What I mean is—what did y think of the pledge idea?"

"Well, fella"—Roger spoke with gravity "I'm not sure I would have sounded off wi out consulting Pierson first. Did he give y his reaction?" Now it was he who was looki down anxiously at Henry, as if for assuran

"He said a few words to me. Nothing ac ally *against* the idea, but—well—not too e thusiastic either."

"Oh, well," Roger said, "I wouldn't l any sleep over it."

"I won't." He watched Roger sitting do at his desk again, picking up some pape whistling soundlessly between his perfect tee It was as if Roger had added, "You sure p your foot in it, fella."

About a half hour later Henry was standi at the cooler when George Blake saunter over. With his back to the banking platfor George said in a low voice, "I have news you, Henry. I don't think you're going to ha to sweat it out much longer."

Henry's face felt stiff. "How do you mean

"I was talking to Pierson."

Henry swallowed. "You mean he said so thing?"

"Only that he's made up his mind." Geo held his cup under the narrow spigot a pressed the plunger. "I brought up the subj myself—something like, 'When are we goi to have someone sitting at Joe's desk agai That empty chair is beginning to depress m Something like that. Just a lead." The tiny c filled at last and brimmed over. "He said th he'd just made up his mind and that we'd know his decision next Tuesday after the boa of directors' meeting." Suddenly he smil and clapped Henry on the shoulder. "Che up. My money's on you."

But Henry did not move. "When did he t you all this?"

"Right after he came back from that Cha ber of Commerce meeting."

I've lost, Henry thought. *I'm not getting promotion.* It seemed to him that if he cou only reach his desk, it would be all right; could pick up a paper and stare down at it a no one would know what he was thinking, one could guess that the race was over a that he had lost.

As he stood there, a clammy sweat bro out on his forehead. *I can't*, he thought *won't be able to take it, not this time.*

Inside Henry Marshall's house, the dini room was fiercely hot. An ancient electric f was trained on the table from the sideboa and although it clacked away in a mechani ecstasy the stirred-up air was stale and hum little better than no air at all.

Joanie ate stolidly and quickly. Her rou face was alive with new freckles she had q quired on the beach that day, and she still h a slightly drowned look, like something th had been immersed in water too long. Her ey were slightly bloodshot, and her movemen seemed nervous and exhausted.

"I'll have to put some drops in your ey after supper." Fran frowned, looking at Henr "I couldn't keep her out of the water. She a Reenie kept jumping in every other minu and they'd stay in until they were blue."

Henry spoke as if it were an effort to dred up the words. "Was it cool at the beach?" said. The ride home from the bank had been nightmare of heat and stalled traffic and gas line smells.

"It depended on the breeze," Fran answere

Claire said, "I haven't been to a beach f an awfully long time." She smiled sunnily.

Everyone was startled by the smile. Fr thought quickly. *It's because that boy is co ing for dinner next week; she must be gone him, all right.*

Claire had not complained about the ho rors of the home-coming subway ride; she h



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ed Fran get the supper together; she had
n hugged Joanie once and called her
onica." It was as if she carried some joyous
et around inside her, so heavy with sweet-
s that it could not be borne unless she
red something generously with others.
laire turned to Henry suddenly, her hand
ng out to cover his. She said, "Guess what
ve plans for the living room."
he little gesture of affection, so rare com-
from her, astonished him. "Plans?"
Oh, don't look so scared, daddy!" She
ghed. "I saw a picture of a room in a maga-
and the furniture arrangement might work
ur living room. They had the desk coming
y from the wall, between the two windows.
ver thought of that before."
ran almost groaned. "Oh, Claire," she
, "not again."
Why not?" Claire said. "This is a com-
ely new approach. We'll give that room a
t in the arm yet."
here seemed to be no end, Henry thought,
ner sweetness and good humor. "Let her
it," he said, looking at Fran. "You have to
her A for effort, anyway."
Well," Fran said, "it's too hot now to
k of moving furniture or anything like
." Her hand reached back between her
ulder blades to peel away the damp fabric
er dress. "Plenty of people were staying on
he beach. They had pillows and light blan-
—all kinds of paraphernalia."
oanie looked up from her plate. "Could we
p on the beach some night?" she said.
enie could come too. Could we, ma?"
ran hesitated. "Joanie—you'll have to
n how to do a lot of things without Reenie.

Whatever a man's age, he can reduce it several years by putting a bright-colored flower in his buttonhole. MARK TWAIN

now it's wonderful to have a close friend,
still you must learn to do things on your
, be independent."
oanie's face turned pale under the freckles.
h her eyes swerving to her father, she said
ne word, "MayIpleasebeexcused?"
le knew instantly that she was terrified of
ring the words: "You cannot go to the
ntry with Reenie." In her mind, until she
ally heard them, she could hope and dream
she was going. Now, balanced on the very
e of disaster, she was in a panic to escape
ore it was too late.
lenry felt a stab of pity. "Joanie ——"
began. *I must tell her*, he thought; *the
ner she knows and gets over it, the better.*
anie ——" And then, because he could not
r that beseeching look in her eyes, he said
kly, "Don't you want any dessert?"
No, thank you," Joanie said. "Excuse me."
moment later they heard the slam of the
en door.
ran looked at Henry. "Henry—you ought
ell Joanie that she isn't going away."
Oh, for Pete's sake," Henry said. Irritation
ded his voice. "It isn't so serious if she
sn't go." His voice rose. "Plenty of chil-
n don't get to the country in the summer
they survive. What's so terrible about it?"
ran looked down quickly. "No one said it
terrible. I just think you ought to tell her
oon as you can, that's all."
I'll tell her; I'll *tell* her! Now—is that set-
?" Something seemed to collapse abruptly
de him; he leaned back morosely. "What's
dessert? Not that I want anything."
Watermelon."
I think I'll skip it. Excuse me."
ran sighed. "I don't know what's the mat-
with your father lately," she said to Claire.
laire said cheerfully, "It's the heat. Did
ask anyone to serve, mother?"
Oh, Claire," she said tiredly, "you know I
en't. I was at the beach all day."
Well—ask around tomorrow, will you?
meone experienced and with a nice uni-
m." She looked up bemused at the ceiling.
t's see—I'll get after the linens this week-
."

"Linens?" Fran said. "What linens?"
"Why, the tablecloth and napkins. Cocktail napkins and guest towels. Things like that."
"*Cocktails?*"
"Well, we have to offer him a drink!" The sentence came like an explosion. "How can you invite a guest for dinner and not offer him a drink?"
"In this heat?"
Claire's good humor seemed to flow back. like a fountain turning on again. "Oh, it won't be hot by then. A heat wave never lasts for more than a couple of days."
Fran felt a drop of perspiration, which seemed to have the tiny, tickling feet of a centipede, run down the side of her cheek. A sense of frustration enveloped her, as it had that morning. She felt hot and tired and middle-aged and she wanted to cry.

The telephone rang just as it was beginning to grow dark. Henry heard it from the front steps of the porch. "Telephone for you," Fran said. "It's Mrs. Donovan, Reenie's mother."
Henry picked up the waiting receiver and said into it with false heartiness, "Hello, Mrs. Donovan. How are you?"
"Oh, hot," the voice on the wire said. "Isn't it *terrible?* There isn't a breath of air tonight. That's when the air conditioner is a blessing in the bedroom. You don't have one, do you." It wasn't a question, but a statement.
"No, we don't," Henry said. "One of these days we'll get around to it."
"Oh, you *should*. There's nothing like it." A slight pause. "Mr. Marshall ——"
Henry braced himself. "Yes?"
"I suppose Joanie has told you about the two weeks we're planning up at Lake Mahopac. I do hope she can come along."
"I'm afraid not, Mrs. Donovan. You see we may be going away ourselves in a couple of weeks. Nothing definite, but there's a good chance." He swallowed and went on again

CONTINUED ON PAGE 101

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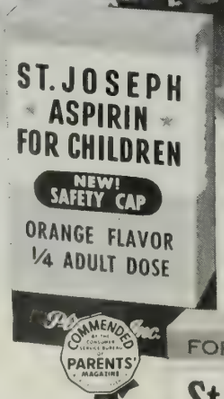
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WITH POND'S COLD CREAM YOU NEED NEVER BE TOO BUSY TO BE BEAUTIFUL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99

ickly. "Naturally, we want to have Joanie
e with us so that we can all go together."
But the lie seemed to show through. There
s silence at the other end of the wire.
Then Mrs. Donovan said, "I see. You
ow, it's only fifty dollars a week for a
ld ——"
Henry broke in quickly, "Oh, it isn't the
ney." He managed a surprised laugh.
ood heavens, that has nothing to do with it.
just that ——"
"Oh, I know, I know," Mrs. Donovan's
ice cut in hastily, sounding embarrassed. "I
t wanted to give you all the facts. I'm so
appointed. Reenie will be too. And of
urse Joanie ——" Another pause. "Well,
terribly sorry. Oh, by the way, Mr. Dono-
van took the two little girls for a ride in the car. I hope that's all right."

"Of course. Just send her home before it gets too late."

On the porch, Fran was sitting on the glider in the rapidly gathering dusk. She looked up at him. "Did you tell her?"

"Yeah." He closed his eyes, wishing suddenly that it were late enough to go upstairs and seek oblivion in sleep. It had been a long day; it seemed years since the Chamber of Commerce luncheon. Now, in his mind, he saw again the horseshoe of attentive faces, heard his own voice saying: "Ordinarily, a financial setup like this isn't bankable, but in this case—where money is needed in a hurry to get the pool built by next summer—perhaps the bank could lend money on the pledges."

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGES 66 AND 67

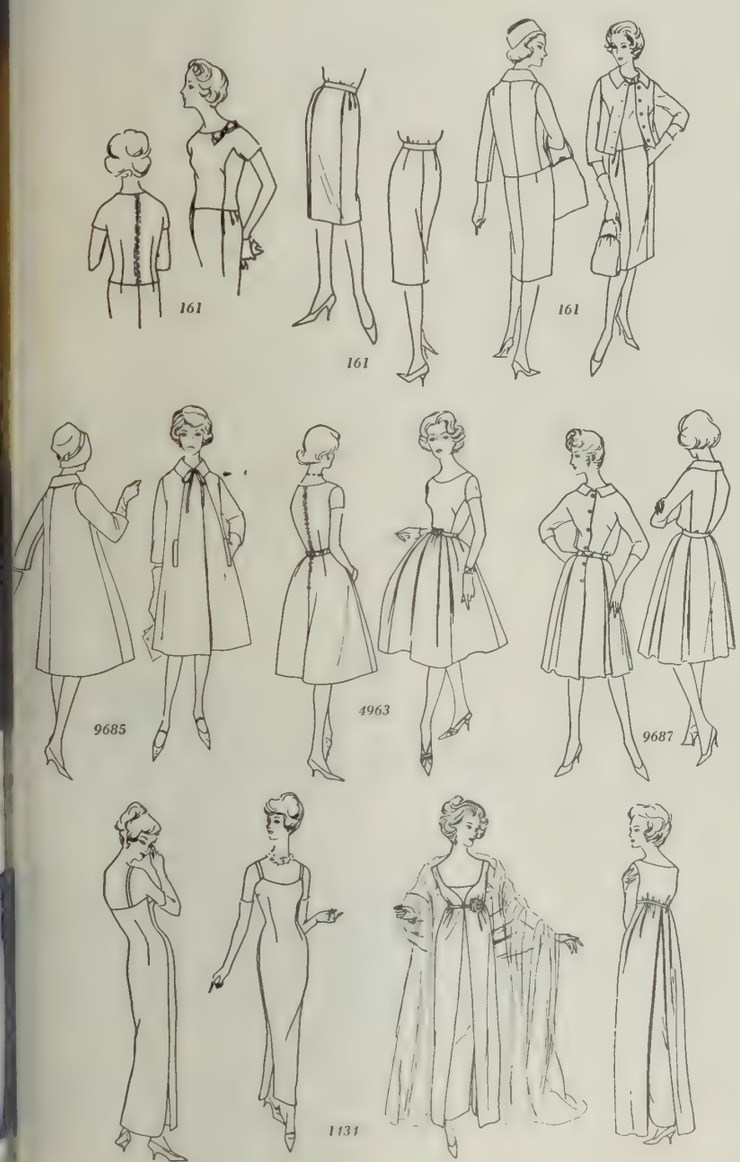
Vogue Design No. 161. Suit and blouse; 12–18 (32–38). $2.00. Version shown requires 2⅜ yards of 54″ fabric without nap for suit and 1⅜ yards of 35″ fabric without nap for blouse, size 14

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He went inside. When he reached the archway to the living room, he stood arrested. The room was dim with the light of one lamp. Claire stood in the middle of the floor, dressed in her oldest shorts and a faded sleeveless blouse. Her legs and feet were bare and her hair pinned up carelessly. She had placed two lamps on the floor, pushed two tables into the center of the room, and now she had the desk turned halfway as she pushed against it.

He stared at her, dumfounded. "What in heaven's name are you doing?"

She grinned. "Changing things around." She went to the sofa and picked up a colored picture which had been torn from a magazine. "Do you see? The window arangement and the size of the room are about the same. But see how they've arranged the furniture—with the desk coming out like that."

She straightened and went back to the desk, her bare feet padding lightly on the carpet. "Just watch this magic transformation," she said. "Maybe, when I'm finished, they'll send a man over from the magazine to take before-and-after pictures. Maybe we'll have to rope it off and charge the neighbors admission." She was grinning. "This room always had an elusive quality, you know. Very elusive. I just have to bring it out, that's all."

Suddenly he was infected by her gaiety. He said, deadpan, "I dunno. You may spoil something. You may take away that lived-in look."

To his surprise, she laughed. "You're cute."

Henry stood motionless, feeling a glow inside him. He was always trying to be funny with her and not succeeding; now, without even thinking about it, he had made her laugh. The tiredness seemed to slip from his body.

He said, "You can't be moving all this stuff around by yourself. I'll help you."

A light broke out on her face. "Oh, daddy, will you?"

"O.K. You give me the orders. Where does the desk go?"

"Over between the two windows."

"Roger." He went over to the desk and grasped the other edge with both hands. "Order received. Over to control tower."

"Message received by control tower. Go ahead. Over and out."

He was intoxicated as he began to push the desk with her at the other end. They were moving together, joking perfectly together on cue; they were father and daughter, pals, partners with everything suddenly clicking close and right between them. And all because he had entered this cockeyed game of rearranging the room in the suffocating heat according to a colored picture from a magazine.

He grunted, "If the Wertbackers look out their windows and see what we're doing, they'll think we're both ready for the booby hatch."

"Maybe we are," she said gaily. "Who cares?" They edged the end of the desk against the wall. "Now let's put the lamp on it. But we won't look at anything until it's all finished. Otherwise, we won't get the effect."

"O.K.," Henry said. "Next on the agenda?"

"The sofa. We'll put it where the desk was."

They transferred the sofa from one wall to another. They shifted two heavy chairs and tables. "Don't look," Claire said. "Don't look until the end. Maybe it will be so stunning that we won't recognize it."

Finally, with the last object placed, Claire stood still. "Now," she said, "I'll walk to the doorway and close my eyes. You turn on all the lamps, daddy."

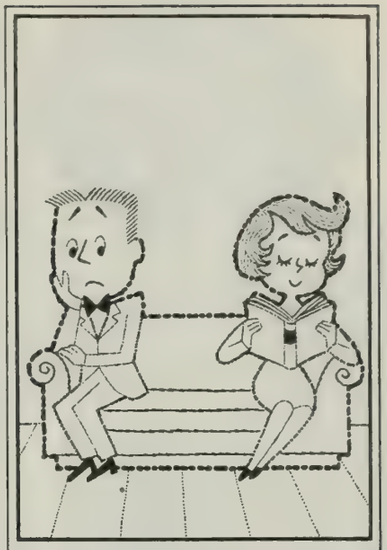
Henry moved to each of the three lamps in turn, clicking on the lights. Then he called out, "Lights. Camera. Look."

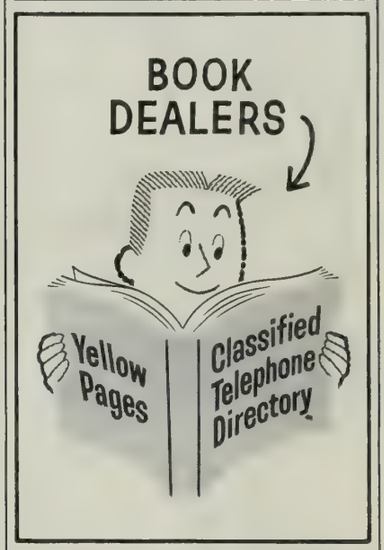
Her eyes opened. First they stayed transfixed on the desk. Then, as if with an effort, they moved slowly around the room. She stood perfectly still.

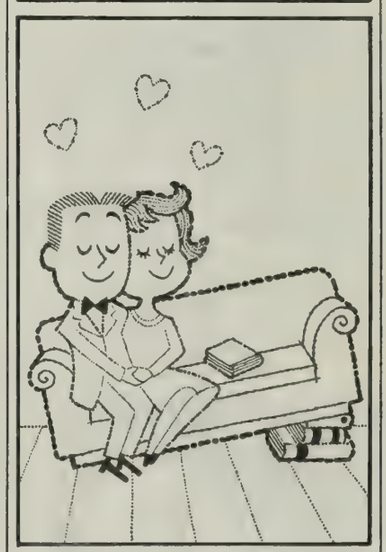
Henry said, "What is it?"

In a dead voice she said, "It looks horrible. Turn the lights off."

"Horrible?" He looked around almost dazedly at the room, glowing brightly now in the lamplight. So foolishly had he been carried along on her wave of hope that failure had not occurred to him. Now he saw that the desk looked ludicrous sticking out from the wall. And the sofa, transferred to the one long wall that faced the entrance to the room, was now







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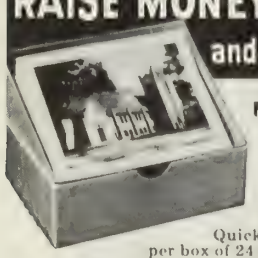
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the focal point to which your eye was immediately drawn—the shrunken slip-cover skirt hiking up in front like the skirt of some old drunken woman trying to be coquettish.

Henry licked his lips. "Well ——" he said.

"We'll move the desk back," Claire said. "And we'll put the sofa on that short wall—that's the darkest part of the room."

He opened his mouth to say, "Aye-aye, sir," and then closed it again. All the good, joking feeling had died between them.

He put out all the lights except one. Grasping a heavy table from each side, they staggered across the room with it. They worked silently, heavily now, grunting only "O.K.," or "A little more." Henry could feel the sweat bathing his body; there was a stitch of pain in his side. *We're crazy*, he thought; *crazy, crazy* —— But he could not stop.

After what seemed like an eternity, Claire said, "All right. Let's look at it."

He straightened, looking around him. Everything was in a new place. Was it better?

"I'll turn on the lights again," he said.

Claire had turned around at the doorway. As he moved toward a lamp, she said suddenly, "No. Don't bother. The scarred part of the desk faces the room now. I forgot about that." Her mouth was a thin narrow line and her breath came shallowly in her chest. "We'll move the two heavy chairs over to the window, with the coffee table between them, and put the desk where the chairs were."

"Claire ——"

Her eyes lifted doggedly to meet his. "You said you'd help me."

"I know, but ——" He could see the tiny glittering beads of perspiration on her upper lip. She was very pale and her eyes seemed dark and feverish. "You'll kill yourself."

"No, I won't. I'm strong. I'm not tired."

They began to work again. He could feel the dull pounding of his heart, hear her labored, shallow breathing as they tugged and pushed together in the dim, suffocating little room. Once or twice his eyes lifted to Claire's face and then moved quickly away again. There was something frightening about her intensity. It was as if she were locked in battle with the room, as if she were pitting all her youth and strong will in a struggle with an ancient enemy and she would not admit defeat until she dropped from exhaustion.

Finally, as if emerging from a nightmare, he heard Claire say, "O.K., that's all." He straightened painfully, taking out his sodden handkerchief to mop at his face.

"Do I turn on the lights?" he said.

"All right. Please."

He turned on the lights. Claire walked toward the doorway, her head down as she looked at the floor, her hands clenched at her sides. Then she turned again in the glowing brightness and looked at the room.

He saw instantly by her face that she had lost her battle. Her voice came in a passionate burst of words: "I can't ask him here! How can I invite him to sit down in this room? It looks—it looks *poor!*"

With an immense effort, Henry looked around him, trying to focus his eyes. But without even trying, he saw instantly that it was the sofa—the battered, derelict sofa—that made the room impossible.

Suddenly he found himself saying, "How much does a sofa cost?"

Her eyes went with instant hope to his face. She said, "I saw a good one at Krueger's that had been reduced from three seventy-nine to two forty-five. It was a floor sample, in very good condition; really stunning. They told me that if we wanted it, we could just telephone and they'd send it over the same day."

Out of the feverish rush of words, only one phrase had registered clearly in Henry's mind.

He said slowly, "Two hundred and forty-five dollars. For a sofa."

The faint light that had come into Claire's face died. Her throat moved in convulsive little swallows as she fought for control of her voice. "Don't worry about it. And thank you for helping me, daddy."

But at that moment there was the clattering of feet on the porch steps, the bang of the screen door and suddenly Joanie's high, piercing sobs, punctuated by blubbering words that were indistinguishable. Fran's voice broke in.

Henry stood utterly still. *No*, he thought; *not now. No. I can't, I can't.*

But there was no escape. Joanie, followed by Fran, burst into the room, her hair wild, her face streaked with tears. Words came in tortured jerks from her chest.

"R-Reenie's m-mother said you s-said I couldn't go."

Henry swallowed. "That's right. I'm sorry, Joanie. It's just that ——"

"I am so going!" she screamed, her eyes enormous in her face. "I am so! *I'm going! I'm going!*"

Henry placed his hands on her shoulders. "Now try to listen to me," he began, but her shoulders squirmed away from his grasp.

"I won't lissen!" she screamed. "I won't! Why can't I go?"

"Because we can't afford it," Henry said. He was conscious of Fran and Claire standing there watching. How bright the room was, how glaring with light; it was as if all the electricity in the world were trained on him like a spotlight on a stage; they were staring at him and he wanted only to escape the light and their eyes; he wanted to sink down somewhere into darkness, blackness, oblivion, but there was no place to sink, no place to look except at the contorted, wretched face of his child.

"Y-you said," Joanie said in a torn spasm of breath, "that w-we were rich. You *s-said* so!"

"I said"—Henry swallowed—"relatively. We're rich compared with some people."

Joanie screamed again as if he had said nothing at all, "I'm going! I'm going with Reenie!" And then she dissolved into piteous sobs; she ran over to him and buried her face in his stomach, her arms clutching his hips. "Let m-me go," her muffled, jerking voice said. "P-pa, let me go with R-Reenie."

The unexpected force of her attack had sent him stumbling backward; he found himself sinking down into a chair.

"Joanie!" Fran cried out. "You come upstairs with me. It's late. You should have been in bed long ago."

Joanie was caught in a series of dry, hiccuping sobs. "I'm going!" she blubbered thickly. But she was being pulled from the room.

Henry sat on the chair, his hand shielding his mouth like a small hatbrim. He heard the diminishing sounds of Joanie's agonized weeping, Fran's voice, speaking low and rapidly, the slam of the bathroom door. He did not know if Claire was still in the room or not.

Finally he turned his head. The room was empty. He got up slowly, conscious of the fact that his body was drenched with sweat.

I'll get a cold drink, he thought.

He walked into the kitchen and moved to the refrigerator. But with his hand on the knob, he suddenly leaned forward and rested his forehead against the cool porcelain. *What a day*, he thought. *What a day.* He stood spent, listening. Silence. Blessed silence. Or was it silence? He gradually became aware of a sound, something lying just below the surface of his consciousness, something real, close to him, alive in this room.

Blip . . . blop . . . blip . . . blop.

It was the old refrigerator against which he leaned that was alive; it breathed sluggishly through its laboring motor, its thin body fluids leaked away slowly into the tin pan placed below to catch them—the worn-out old refrigerator that should have been replaced long ago by one of the gleaming new models.

Blip . . . blop . . . blip . . . blop.

Henry straightened, breathing hard. He kicked the white box with all his strength. Pain stung sharply in his foot and ankle, and something like a sob rose in his throat. He kicked again and the old refrigerator wobbled slightly, then steadied.

He turned away and went inside the closet. An open grocery carton filled with household junk lay on the bottom shelf and he knelt down and stared blindly into the jumbled disarray of screw drivers and half-filled cards of thumbtacks, balls of twine and old paint cans with their splattered tops stuck forever to their bottoms. His hand pushed and rummaged among the articles.

"Where's the monkey wrench?" he shouted. "*Where's the monkey wrench?*"

Fran appeared at the doorway. "Henry," she said, "what ——"

He scrambled to his feet. Spiraling upward from the red core of his rage came a savage satisfaction at the sight of fear in her face. He was the man of the house, the master. Why couldn't they see that he was the master?

The words burst like an explosion from his chest. "Where is the monkey wrench?"

Fran stared. "What do you want the monkey wrench for?"

"To fix the refrigerator!" And then, as her eyes remained fixed and uncomprehending on his, he took a step toward her. "What's the matter?" The cords in his neck were pulled tight; his rage choked him. "Don't you think I can do anything around here?" His hands made a wild flourish in the air. "Is that it? Is it that I'm not good for anything?"

"Henry ——" she said fearfully. "The neighbors ——"

"I don't give a damn about the neighbors!"

In a fierce whisper, Fran said, "What's gotten into you?"

He stared at her face. The roaring dulled in his head; some high, inner force spent itself like a big wave breaking, foaming and thinning, finally trickling up quietly to the shore.

He said almost foolishly, "I'm going to fix the refrigerator."

"You know you can't fix it, Henry."

His eyes left her. His Adam's apple rose and fell as he swallowed. "No, I guess I can't."

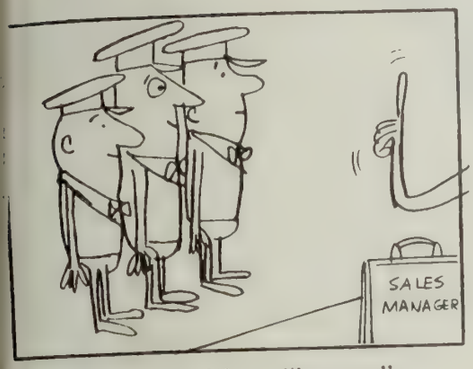
"Henry—what's the matter lately? Is something on your mind?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 105

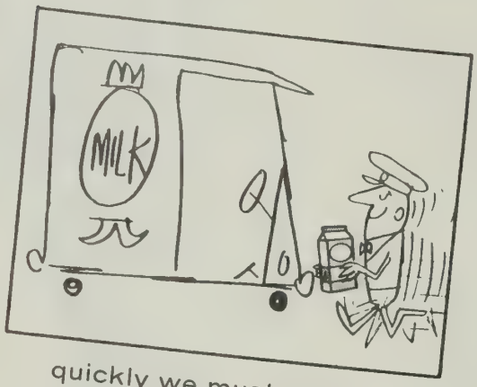


"He's at that exploring stage."

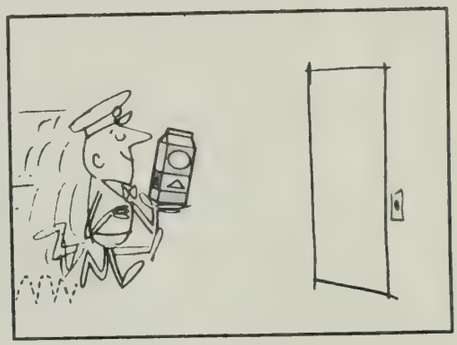
Why Mrs. Jones kissed the milkman . . .



men . . . it's a "honey"



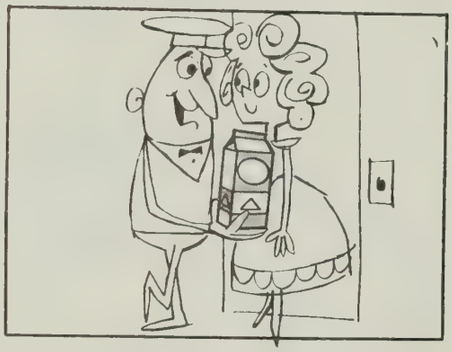
quickly we must spread the word . . .



. . . the people must be told!



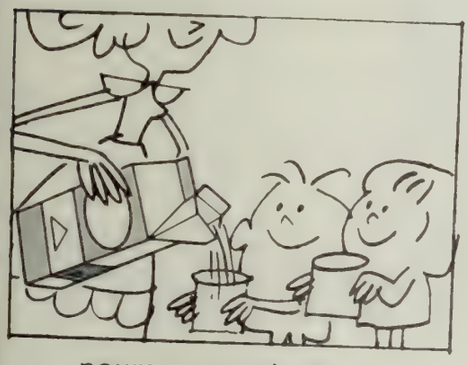
it's something new . . .



a milk carton made just for you!



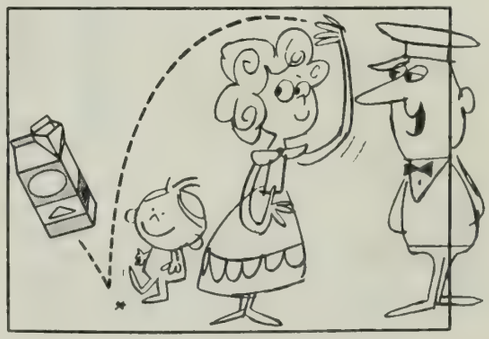
. . . it opens so conveniently



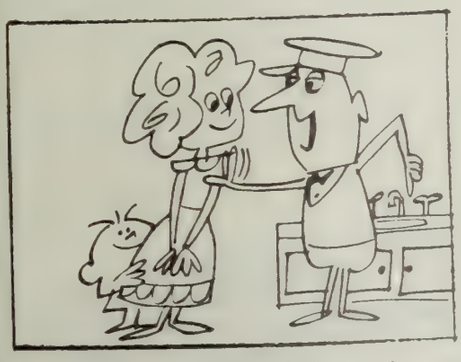
pours conveniently . . .



stores conveniently . . .



and you can dispose of it conveniently, too!



. . . and you don't have to wash 'em, sweetheart . . .



my wife LOVES 'EM—don't you, honey? YOURS WILL TOO!

PUT THIS NOTE IN YOUR MILK BOTTLE TODAY!

Dear Milkman,

Please leave our milk in Pure-Pak from now on.

Name _____

NOW **Pure-Pak** IS AVAILABLE WHEREVER MILK IS SOLD...JUST ASK FOR IT!

YOUR PERSONAL MILK CONTAINER



BAYER®

Brings Fastest Relief

...the fastest, most gentle-to-the-stomach relief you can get!

Fever, sore throat, headache, backache, muscular aches and pains—all are characteristics of virus-caused colds and flu. And at the first indication of any of these symptoms, you should:

1. **Get in touch with your doctor**
2. **Get as much bed rest as possible**
3. **Drink lots of fruit juice**
4. **Take Bayer Aspirin to reduce the fever and relieve the pain**

The importance of taking Bayer Aspirin at the first sign of a cold or flu cannot be over-emphasized. Both diseases, if neglected, can cause you serious trouble . . . flu especially . . . for it not only spreads with insidious speed, but can lead to pneumonia.

Bayer Aspirin makes you feel better fast because it relieves aches and pains with astonishing speed and quickly reduces fever as well.

Public health officials—men who *know* medicine—have stated that the one thing to take for the relief of painful discomforts of colds or flu is *aspirin*.

And Bayer Aspirin brings the *fastest* relief . . . the *fastest,* most *gentle-to-the-stomach* relief you can get.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

e thought of the bank and Mr. Pierson, of
er Busby and the assistant vice presidency
h was going to be presented to Roger on
sday. "Nothing's on my mind," he said.
sorry I blew up. I guess it was the heat.
that leak. I got tired of listening to it."
e smiled a little crookedly. "You scared
I never saw you like that before. Never."
'm sorry. It was the heat."
hey spoke quietly, in intimate, relieved
es, like two people over a sickbed after the
s was past. Now Fran turned away. "I'll
p again. I'm giving Joanie a shower."
s she still crying?"
She—she'll get over it."
ft alone, Henry stood next to the sink,
ing down fixedly at a black, chipped place
e enamel. If only he could say to Joanie,
u can go"; if he could say to Claire, "Call
eger's and tell them to send your sofa";
could turn carelessly to Fran and say, "I
e a nice little windfall this past week—a
stock I had faith in finally paid off to the
of a two-thousand-dollar profit." How
would look at him then!
ddenly he saw the big gloomy library of
Hazlitt house. Three thick packages of
y bills, each held together by a rubber
l. Hidden, secret, probably already forgot-
by the old lady, unknown to anyone else.
g there, waiting ——

e that Friday afternoon, Archie tele-
ned to say that old Mrs. Hazlitt had died.
voice over the wire was tight with grief.
just left her for a minute, Mr. Marshall,"
aid, "to get her a cool cloth for her head,
when I came back she was gone." His
ls came slower. "Seems like the heat just
ied her away."
'm sorry," Henry said.
called the doctor right away and he's
here and gone. He left a paper."
Yes," Henry said. "The death certificate.
have to have that for the undertakers." He
ed, trying dutifully to draw up from
in him some thread of sorrow, but could
think of Mrs. Hazlitt sitting in her wheel
r like some small shriveled fruit. "I'll start
ing the funeral arrangements. Mrs. Haz-
was very explicit about everything."
Yes, sir," Archie said mournfully. "She
that. She was a lady who knew her mind,
that's a fact."
here was a discreet silence from them both,
in deference to the departed. Then Henry
. "Look—I'm going to call the funeral par-
now and they'll be over soon for the body.
'll give them the death certificate. After I
e, you'll be free to go."
fter he had hung up, he called the funeral
or, then the law firm which handled the
lady's legal affairs. Purdom, one of the
or partners, sounded properly grave when
eard the news.
'm extremely sorry to hear it, Mr. Mar-
l," he said. "Mrs. Hazlitt is—ah—*was* one
ur oldest clients. She spoke of you to us
e often over the years, Mr. Marshall. Evi-
ly she had great respect for you."
enry cleared his throat. "Yes. I think I can
estly say that she trusted my judgment in
e things."
Well," Mr. Purdom said, "we have the
inal of her will in our vault and we'll take
s to have it probated as promptly as pos-
. Oh—Mr. Marshall?"
Yes?"
'm wondering. Would there be anything
reat value in the house—anything that
for extra protection? I was thinking of
able jewelry or furs or art objects which
ld perhaps be removed to a safer place."
enry's eyes fixed on the corner of his desk.
t that I know of, Mr. Purdom."
hey spoke for a few moments longer, then
ry hung up. With his elbow propped up on
desk, his hand went up to shield the side
his face. Why hadn't he mentioned the
ey? What had possessed him to answer
uickly with a lie, the words rushing to his
as if waiting there, practiced and rehearsed?
t was the matter with him?
e felt a sudden, almost feverish urgency to
o the Hazlitt house, take the money from
ecret place and bring it back to the bank
afekeeping; he must see the amount neatly stamped on a deposit slip, the date alongside it, with everything in order. But it was Friday afternoon. By the time he got back from the Hazlitt house, the bank would be closed and the vault with it, the time lock set to open again at eight-fifteen Monday morning. The money would have to wait over the weekend before it could be deposited.

Later, sitting in the stifling library that still smelled of medicines and old age and death, Henry heard a sound and looked up from the desk. Archie stood before him. He was wearing a seersucker suit that hung in limp folds about his thin frame, but somehow he had managed to retain his dignity.

"I'm about ready to go," he said. "I'll see you at the church on Monday."

"We won't say good-by, then." Henry looked down at the papers that he had arranged neatly on the desk—bankbooks, bills, checkbooks, correspondence. "I'll get through here as soon as I can. There isn't much."

"No, sir, I guess not. I'll see you on Monday, Mr. Marshall. I'm going to catch my bus now."

"Right."

Archie turned and left the room. Henry could hear the diminishing footsteps across the foyer, the closing of the front door, the faint crunch of gravel outside on the driveway. Then silence. The silence of a room in which a clock suddenly stops ticking.

Henry stared down fixedly at the bill in his hand. Mayflower Laundry Service, he read. He could not tell if it had been paid; he tried to concentrate on the date, the strange symbols before the numbers, but they wavered beneath his eyes. How silent the room was. He put down the paper, got up and walked across the room toward the shelf of books that looked exactly the same as all the other bookshelves in the room. When he reached it, his hands went up to the brown leather volume of Robert Herrick. He took it out.

As he stared at the money, it no longer looked strange and shocking lying there. Perhaps it was because he had seen it so often like that in his mind.

I must count it, he thought. *I must know how much is there.* It took him a few minutes to remove the rubber bands, to count and then count again, to replace the bands and put the three sections down on the table. They were all fifty-dollar bills. Eighteen hundred dollars in fifty-dollar bills.

He stood looking down at them. And now, in his mind, the thoughts swooped forward like something winged and alive—attacking, then retreating, only to turn slyly again and rush forward once more. The money belonged to Mrs. Hazlitt. Only Mrs. Hazlitt was dead. Well—the money belonged to her estate, then. And who would get it in the end? The beneficiaries named in her will. And who were the beneficiaries? An old cousin out West somewhere who was already tottering on the brink of death—and the charities. The long, long list of charities. If this money were equally divided among them all, what would it mean to any of them? Very little. Practically nothing. Whereas, to him, it meant so much.

Frightened, he thought, *I must get the money to the bank.* But the bank was closed.

He looked again at the money. It seemed far away, as if it had receded from his reach, and suddenly, without warning, his mind receded, too, fell away as if spinning backward into dark space in search of something in the past, something—what was it? What could it be that he wanted so much, had to hear again? And then the words, never spoken—no, never really spoken—rushed upward into his consciousness again, the mingling voices, rich and joyous and admiring: "Daddy! You're wonderful!" . . . "Pa—oh, pa, you're the best pa in the whole world!" . . . "*Henry!* How *clever* you are! Oh, darling, I'm so *proud* of you!"

Something moved painfully inside him. His eyes had not moved from the money on the table. Only now, oddly enough, the piles of bills did not look so far away.

It was after supper that night that Joanie began to pray out loud. Fran and Henry heard her while they were sitting on the porch. At first they thought the voice came from somebody's television or radio set nearby, but then they gradually became aware that it was from upstairs and that it was Joanie's voice.

Henry took his unlit pipe from his mouth. "Who's she talking to?" he said.

"I don't know. Reenie isn't there, is she?"

"No," Henry said. "She's up there alone." He got up frowning, and went into the dim hallway, his newspaper dangling at his side.

Straining his ears upward, he heard his daughter's voice reaching the end of a sentence. Then there was silence. He was about to turn away when the voice came again, high and childish: "Our Father Who art in heaven. Please see that I go to the country with Reenie. I will be very good if You do. I will obey my parents and be kind to everyone." The words, so alien to her ordinary conversation, were delivered in the stilted, unsure monotone of a recitation. "I will not ask for anything else in my life. Please see that I go. Amen."

In the pause that followed, Henry began to turn away and then the voice started again, like some time mechanism clicking on after the required wait: "Our Father Who art in heaven. Please see that I go to the country with Reenie. I will be very good if You do. I will obey my parents and ——"

"Joanie!" he called up sharply.

The voice was cut off abruptly. "Yes?"

"What are you doing?"

"I'm praying."

"You don't have to pray so loud."

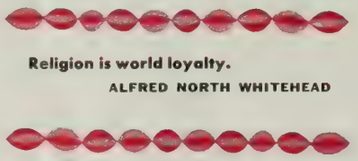
Joanie's round face appeared suddenly at the top of the railing, looking down at him. She looked sullen. "I want God to hear me."

"He can hear you just as well if you whisper."

Doggedly, she said, "I think He can hear me better this way." Suddenly her voice became thick. "Don't you want me to pray?"

"Of course," Henry said hastily. "I'm not stopping you from praying. Just don't pray so loud, that's all."

At nine-thirty that night, Henry heard the praying again. Joanie had lowered her voice a



little, but the words were the same. When the prayer was ended, there was a wait of a few seconds, then it began again.

He stood motionless. If the voice had held the deep, heartfelt anguish of a child reaching to heaven for something beyond the powers of earth to grant her, he would have been moved and torn. But he was only exasperated. Joanie, it seemed, approached her prayers like setting-up exercises; her repetition of the prayer was not unlike a TV commercial aimed at hammering down the resistance of the listener, divine or no.

He walked through the open door into his daughter's dimly-lit room. "Joanie," he said. He cleared his throat. "Joanie, a person has to pray from the *heart*, really *feel* the prayer inside him—not just repeat a lot of words like a parrot. Haven't you prayed before? Don't you say your prayers every night?" They were both rhetorical questions

Joanie flushed. Then she said shortly, "Sure."

He felt helpless. "Joanie," he said, "God doesn't always grant every prayer."

She looked down at a scab on her knee. "God can make anything happen," she said flatly. "He can see the sparrow fall. They taught us that at Sunday school."

What's the use? Henry thought. He was defeated on all sides and the child had a defiant look in her eyes that said, *You can't help me, so I'm trying somebody else.*

He remembered her waiting at the side of the house in a fine drizzle as he backed the car out of the garage. "Are we really poor?" she had asked anxiously. He had given her a reassuring little talk and a dime. He had said, "There's nothing for you to worry about, baby. Your papa will always see that you have the important things in life." She had hugged him and kissed him then; in her eyes he was the all-wise, all-protective, all-powerful father who could do anything.

He stood looking at his daughter. The words came; he almost said them aloud: "You can go. I've managed it, after all. Didn't I tell you that your father would always see to things like this?" And in his mind two of the thirty-six fifty-dollar bills were peeled away in the secret place, the musty, dark place, and the rubber bands were put back and no one saw, no one knew. Easy. So easy.

Claire began worrying about the heat Saturday. Of course, she thought, Wednesday was a long time away; surely the heat wave would be over by then! But she was expecting the telephone call from Johnny Eldridge the next day and if he was hot when he called, he might say—and who could blame him?—"Let's wait until things cool off, Claire. I'll call you again." Then something might come between; the weeks would pass ——

All that day she worried about it. When she awoke on Sunday morning, she felt damp and sticky among the twisted sheets. She got out of the bed and padded over to the window in her short, rumpled nightgown, looking up hopefully for a glimpse of rain clouds. But the sky was a hard, brazen blue and the sun shone down with brassy fierceness.

The early-morning hours dragged endlessly. She sat in the darkened living room with an opened book on her lap. *Ring*, she commanded the telephone as she stared at it; *ring, ring, ring.* She immediately was angry at herself for her childishness. A telephone never rang while you stared at it.

She got up and left the room, walking out to the porch. The street was utterly quiet, baking in the desertlike heat. There was no sign anywhere of human life; it was as if the whole city were in a state of siege.

She went back into the house. Her father had come downstairs and was working at the desk, the telephone at his elbow. He looked up and then down at his papers again. "House is like an inferno," he muttered.

"Daddy—how long are you going to be working?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"Oh—no reason. It's just so hot for you to work in here."

There were clumping steps up the porch and then Joanie, in her ruffled sun suit, now damp and creased, came into the room. Her face was flushed and perspiring.

"I'm hot," she cried out querulously when she saw them. "Oh, I'm so hot." With one hand on her chest, she walked drunkenly to the sofa and sank down as if she were expiring. "I'm dying, I'm dying." Her eyelashes fluttered feebly.

The screen door banged and Fran, carrying two paper bags, came in. She rested them on a table, took out a limp handkerchief and mopped her forehead. "Whew," she said. "It's brutal out on the streets. It must be a hundred and five in the shade."

Claire looked around her at the crowded room. Suddenly the thought that Johnny Eldridge might call at this moment was unsupportable. A scream formed in her throat and fought for release: *Go away! Please go away somewhere, all of you! Anywhere but here in this room!* But her mouth, by a miracle, remained closed.

Fran said, "Why doesn't someone turn on the fan?" Her eyes focused on Henry. "What are you working on, Henry?"

"Papers connected with the Hazlitt estate," he said. "That old lady I was telling you about." He looked at Claire, straightening his back. "She named me as executor. Did I tell you that, Claire? It was quite an honor."

"Is that so?" Claire said. She had hardly heard the words and now she looked desperately at the clock. It was after twelve already, just about the time he would be calling.

Henry looked down abruptly at the paper in his hand again. It served him right, he thought. Hadn't he made his announcement with the hope that she would be impressed? It had been childish, and her complete lack of interest was no more than he deserved.

Joanie got up from the sofa. The briefcase on the floor caught her eye and she wandered over to it. She crouched down, fingering the metal buckle, put her hand inside.

Henry's head turned a fraction and saw her. "Let those papers alone!" he shouted.

Joanie gave a frightened cry and straightened, then she burst into a storm of sobs.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 107



Now! <u>one</u> soap that handles your skin with kid gloves



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UMMM! THE SOAP THAT SMELLS AS GENTLE AS IT IS. That's your promise of *naturally* tender skin care. Cashmere Bouquet's rich, deep-cleansing lather is beautifully free of harsh, irritating detergents. And, fragrant Cashmere Bouquet is so long-lasting, too. So economical. Let your whole family enjoy it.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105

ran cried, "Henry! For *heaven's* sake!" went to the weeping child and cradled in her arms, looking accusingly at her band. "What's gotten into you lately?"

Into *me?*" Henry shouted. "What ut the rest of you? Shouldn't a child that know better than to fool around important papers?" Then he took a handkerchief and mopped his face. K. I'm sorry, Joanie. I tell you what—r lunch, we'll all go to the movies and l off. I'll buy you some popcorn."

laire was sitting on the porch after h when her parents came outside to e for the movies. They seemed sur- ed that she wasn't coming with them, they finally went off with Joanie. The nent they disappeared down the block, re shut the book and closed her eyes a sense of release. She could suffer in ce.

t ten minutes after five, Henry and n walked up the block again, Joanie veen them. Fran, peering ahead, caught impse of Claire sitting on the glider, head back, a line of inertness in her le body.

Oh," she said, "Claire didn't get her "

She's crazy," Henry said. "Wasting a le Sunday. Why, she could have gone where today with any number of nice s."

ran smiled but said nothing. As they e up the walk, she saw Claire jerk erect he glider and pick up a book. By the they opened the screen door, the girl's d was bent with absorption over the es, and when she finally looked up it as if she had wrenched her attention y from the page.

Oh, hi," she said with a little smile. w was it?"

ran, an old member of the same sister- d, felt a throb of pity.

or supper, they ate delicatessen. Claire, aring bits of food around on her plate, exhausted. He wasn't going to call. t had ever made her think he would? ir conversation over the hosiery coun- n Thursday seemed like years ago, the ds about "making the arrangements" something spoken in another world. obably he had forgotten about them an r later. Probably, at this very moment, was lying in wet swimming trunks on flagstoned patio of some girl's home on North Shore, sipping a gin and tonic accepting a hot canapé from a silver . Would he be thinking about a hosiery k from the store?

he looked up. "Excuse me," she said heavy brightness. "It's just too hot at."

e went upstairs and flopped down on bed, but it was even more unbearably ressive than below and she finally got bathed her face and went downstairs in.

n the porch, she found her mother and er sitting on the glider. "There isn't a th of air," Fran said when she saw ire.

laire opened the screen door and sank n on the flat railing outside. Long, ting shadows fell through the motion- trees, but the sun's power was still e and unrelenting. The hydrangea h in front seemed utterly spent, its es drooping straight downward, curled lifeless.

he sight made weak tears come to her s. There was, she thought, a heavy sad- s about everything—the limp leaves, fading, dying grass, even the day itself, ering in a slow death, panting out its choking breaths before darkness med it. What was the use of ——

he telephone rang inside.

he jumped up. "I'll go," she said. She ked into the house without feeling her moving beneath her. In the living m, she picked up the receiver. "Hello?" said.

Hello. May I speak to Claire, please?"

Something burst like a flower inside her. "Why, hel*lo!*" she said, as if surprised. "How are you, Johnny?"

"Expiring with the heat."

"The heat? Oh—it's not so bad here."

"Anyway, I just got a news flash on the radio. They're expecting a cool air mass to move down from Canada tomorrow."

"Oh, I knew it couldn't last much longer."

"It's lasted long enough. Look, Claire, about next Wednesday ——" There was a singing silence over the wire. "I'm terribly sorry; I just can't make it."

Claire stared at the wall. Her throat moved, but no words would come. Finally she licked her lips. "I'm sorry," she said. *It's over*, she thought. *It's all over. I'll never see him again.*

"It's because of my mother. She's coming in from the country on Wednesday, and of course I'll have to entertain her."

"Of course. I understand."

"But look—could we make it tomorrow night instead?"

"Tomorrow night?"

"Well—if it isn't too much trouble to change things around. Of course if you're busy ——"

She said hurriedly, "No, no, I'm not busy. Tomorrow night is fine."

"Good. I'll meet you in front of the side entrance of the store at a quarter to six. Is that all right?"

"I'll be there."

"Fine. Well—so long."

"So long."

For a moment she held the dead receiver to her ear, as if it might possibly come to life again with his voice. Then she wheeled around and walked out to the porch again. Her mother and father were sitting in exactly

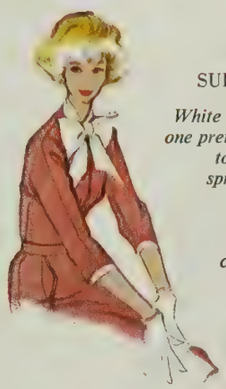
How to Dress Well on Practically Nothing!

One Touch of Spring...

The first sign of spring (fashionwise) is pure delight to Barbara J. It means an all-important investment, the beginning of a wardrobe for a new season. Barbara knows this initial dip into fashion $'s will be an absolute essential to the rest of her wardrobe planning to come, and contemplates her venture carefully beforehand.

Then . . . she shops on a Saturday, decides, and buys: a red-and-white tweed jacket and skirt to wear right now under her blue winter coat. The suit has a definite look toward spring, and on those first warm sunny days will be seen all alone or with further additions having a very springlike air.

By BET HART



SURE SIGNS OF SPRING:

White touches to give variety to one pretty costume and change it to an even lighter, brighter spring look. Barbara makes a bias linen tie, edges the sleeves in white too. And . . . a new season calls for new white gloves.

First Spring Fashion $'s	
Red-and-white tweed cardigan and skirt	$14.90
Bright pink cotton blouse	2.98
White gloves	1.00
White linen for tie and sleeves	1.87
TOTAL	$20.75



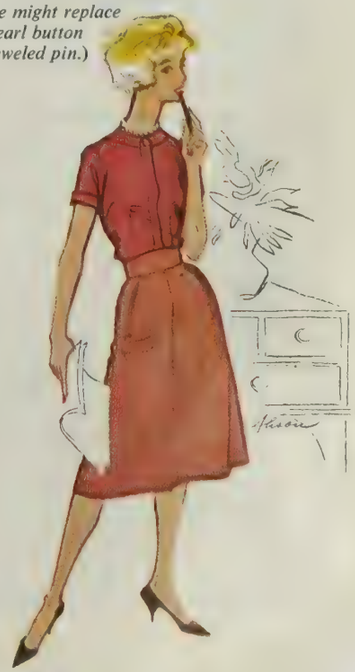
Just as springlike, but definitely more casual . . . a bright silk-chiffon square worn in the most carefree of ways and fastened with a pin. Barbara can also wear the scarf tucked neatly into the neckline as well as in a multitude of other ways.



A Saturday lunch date and Barbara wears her new suit. The fabric, blended with Arnel, is especially easy to care for. Barbara likes the short cardigan jacket, the easy flared skirt with two slit pockets. She wears pearls, two fresh flowers as further evidence of spring. Cost of her investment? . . . $14.90.

PRIGENT

Barbara's second purchase: a bright pink cotton blouse for $2.98. The same pretty cardigan neckline as the suit jacket, but with an added tab detail. (Later on, she might replace the pearl button with a jeweled pin.)



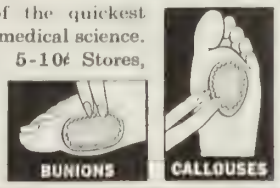
SUIT BY JEANNE ESSIG; BLOUSE BY MAC SHORE

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Higher in Canada

the same place as she had left them, looking exactly the same—her father with the unlit pipe in his mouth, her mother fanning herself with a cardboard fan that said Buy Your Fish at Esposito's. She stared at them. She could not believe it. It seemed incredible that everything could have remained unchanged when her own world—in the space of a few moments—had lurched and revolved and completely transformed itself into something so exciting and beautiful.

Monday, the fifth day of the heat wave, dawned as if it hated to face itself. "There was a promise yesterday," the radio announcer said, "that a cool air mass from Canada would move downward to relieve the eastern part of the United States. But this cool front, from last reports, has remained stationary above the Great Lakes area." Everybody listened and scanned the sky and saw only the hard bright blueness and thought that the sun was burning up the whole world.

At the bank Henry saw that, for once, he had arrived before Roger. But Roger entered only a few moments later, looking astonishingly cool and immaculate in his expensive navy-blue tropical. His hearty greeting to everyone, his brisk wave and white smile affected Henry with a familiar irritation. If he was nervous about tomorrow, Henry thought, he did not show it. In fact, he looked remarkably cool and assured, as if ——

He felt a sudden clutch of certainty; the sentence finished itself in his mind. As if Roger had, from some unknown source, learned that Joe Desmond's job would be officially his tomorrow.

Henry picked up the credit file and tried to concentrate on the names and symbols, but his hand shook and the words blurred. The morning hours went slowly. Business in Gibbsville was at a standstill because of the heat; few people entered the bank and an air of lethargy hung over everything. As the clock's hands crawled to ten minutes to eleven, he left to attend Mrs. Hazlitt's funeral.

When he returned to the bank, it was after twelve and his shirt, under his jacket, was soaked with perspiration. The whole episode, as he had expected, had been an ordeal. He was grateful that the pitiful funeral was behind him.

When he sat down at his desk, he immediately saw the note in Miss Carney's handwriting. "Mrs. Marshall called," it read.

With a feeling of uneasiness, Henry dialed his home number. "Hello, Fran," he said. "Is anything wrong?"

"Oh, Henry!" There was a wail in her voice. "The refrigerator broke down!"

"The refrigerator?"

"It must have been overloaded with all that stuff for the dinner tonight," she said. "I called an electrical serviceman and I was lucky to get him over so fast." Her voice rose. "Today, of all days, for it to finally give out like that! Just in time for this dinner of Claire's! She's called up twice from the store already with all kinds of instructions—how I should tell Dolores to serve, and how I must get water cress for the salad ——"

"Dolores?" Henry broke in. "What about Dolores?"

"She's going to serve and do the dishes. She's only going to charge five dollars, including carfare, which was cheap, considering the heat."

"Five ——" Henry moistened his lips. Then he said, "Let's get back to the refrigerator. What did the electrician say?"

"Well, he can either patch it up temporarily or he can put in a new motor, which would be terribly expensive. In his opinion, it wouldn't pay, he said. I had to ask you what to do."

Henry said slowly, "I guess we'll have to get a new refrigerator."

Fran's voice became low again. "Henry, you know we can't aff——" She stopped, and when she spoke again it was with a faint desperation. "Anyway, I can't go out and look for one now. And everything's beginning to spoil in there. Shall I tell him to patch it up? It would cost six dollars."

"Well—yes, tell him to fix it. If the food spoils it would cost you that much, anyway."

"And the flowers."

"Flowers?"

"Didn't I tell you? Claire sent back flowers from that florist next to the subway station—roses and carnations; she must have spent all her lunch money for the week. Oh, she's going crazy over this dinner, I can tell you! I had to put them in the refrigerator or they'd surely be dead by tonight in all this heat." Her voice rose and trembled, as if fighting for control. "And I'm broiling chicken now! Ninety-eight degrees outside and I'm broiling chicken in the oven so that we can have it cold tonight!" There was a silence as if she were trying to calm herself. "Can I give this refrigerator man a check for the six dollars?"

"I guess so," he said finally. "Sure. Write the check."

"All right." She sounded relieved. "You don't have to bring anything home. I can send Joanie around the corner for ice cream at the last minute." A worried tone entered her voice again. "Speaking of Joanie—she's positive now that she's going away to the country with Reenie on Friday."

"What makes her think that?"

"She says she has faith in God and He'll see to it that she goes. I tried to talk to her, but it doesn't do any good. And how can I tell her, anyway, not to believe in God?" She sounded as if she were drawing in her breath for control again. "Oh, well. I don't know what you can do. I don't know what you can do about anything. I know that you do the best that you can, Henry, and I don't mean to worry you about all these things."

"It's all right," Henry said. His hand had gone up to his forehead, the palm curling to shade his face from those around him.

After he had hung up, Henry sat motionless for a few moments.

"*I don't know what you can do. I don't know what you can do about anything. I don't know what you can do. I don't know what you can do about anything. I don't know what* ——"

At three o'clock that afternoon, he picked up his briefcase and left the bank. When he opened the door, the blast of heat and light affected him like a blow; his eyes shrank against the glare; even walking the few steps across the parking lot to the car was an ordeal.

After he had started the car, he drove through the almost deserted streets to the outskirts of town, then into the state highway. Later, finding himself on the side road going toward the Hazlitt property, he had no recollection of leaving the highway, and when he finally applied the brakes in front of the big house it was with a faint sense of shock, as if he had arrived at his destination through some miracle of muscular and mental co-ordination that he had not known he possessed.

He let himself in with one of the keys that Archie had given him, and stood for a moment in the wide foyer. There was a complete and eerie silence. He turned the corner of the passageway and entered the library.

He did not look around him. He walked toward one of the shelves of books lifted out the volume of Robert Herrick and the book of poems next to it. Then he took out the three hidden piles of money. Scarcely looking at them, he dropped them inside the briefcase at his feet and snapped it shut. Straightening, he replaced the two books, picked up the briefcase and left the room.

I have to get back to the bank, he thought, *before the vault closes.* If he maintained a steady forty miles an hour he could do it easily.

When he reached the main highway, he turned the wheels so sharply that there was a protesting squeal of tires. The sound startled and frightened him. What was he doing, taking a curve like that? He had always been a careful and conservative driver, signaling properly, stopping for every light; in all his twenty years at the wheel, he had never disobeyed a driving rule or got a ticket.

I must be more careful, he thought. The sweat was blinding his eyes, and he took out his handkerchief and wiped them. Ah, that was better. The road before him was straight and wide and there were few cars. Soon, he knew, he would come to the turnoff that led to the business section of Gibbsville; the bank was less than a mile from there. He must not miss the turnoff, he told himself, because the next one was miles ahead and there was no way of turning around before then.

In a few minutes, he saw it—the forked road, marked by a triangular plot occupied by a gasoline station. There was the big sign that read Clean Rest Rooms, and the red pumps and the station itself, a little white brick house under the trees; now it came swimming up toward him in a streak of colors; he was going too fast, that was it; he must slow down unless, unless ——

There was a singing sound in his ears and the scorching wind rushed by him. With his eyes staring straight ahead, he saw only the blur of the gasoline station as he passed it.

But a quarter of a mile down the road, he turned the wheel to the right and braked sharply. The car came to a grinding stop at the side of the highway.

His hands dropped from the wheel and he closed his eyes. In the abrupt silence there was only the faint sough of the breeze as it riffled through the tall grasses a few feet away.

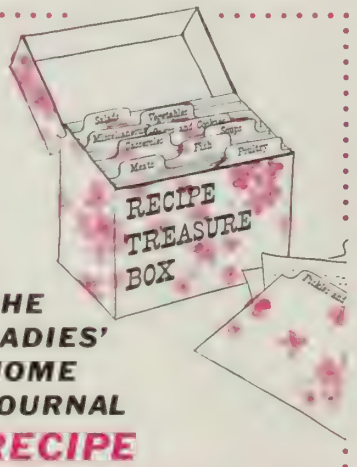
He sat motionless, conscious only of his trembling body. Then his eyes opened. He glanced into his rear-view mirror. His foot pressed down on the accelerator again. The car made a wide U turn on the road and jumped ahead, going back toward the bank, its motor roaring as it picked up speed.

At a little after three o'clock that afternoon, Fran decided that she had done all she could for Claire. It seemed incredible that the arrival of one strange young man for dinner could have thrown the whole household into such a turmoil. But now the dinner was prepared except for the one hot dish; the table was laid with the best glasses and silver and cloth that the house could provide.

Upstairs, the sting of cool water in the shower partially revived her. She put on a thin short house dress and wandered to the side window of the bedroom. She looked downward through the drawn blinds, surveying the Dannon house and its screened-in porch.

I wonder where he is, she thought. Perhaps his letter had come from the Coast and he had packed his bag hastily and grabbed a bus with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

out saying good-by, and she would never see him again. She turned away, slipped off her house dress and fell naked upon the bed, lying on her back and closing her eyes.

When the doorbell rang downstairs, she wondered if she should bother to answer it. It rang again. Finally she got up, reached for her slip and put it on, slipping the loose house dress over it. She went downstairs.

As she neared the bottom step of the stairs, she saw the shape of a big man silhouetted against the light, and realized with astonishment that it was Eddie. She went forward and opened the door.

"Hello," he said. "I was just beginning to think maybe nobody was home. I wondered," he said, "if I could borrow a lemon."

She smiled. "A lemon?"

"I wanted to make a Tom Collins and you can't make a good one without a lemon."

"I guess not." She smiled. "I'll get you one, Eddie. Wait a minute."

She walked into the kitchen, took a lemon from the depths of the crowded refrigerator and started back through the hall. But as she came closer, she heard a faint sound from the living room at her left.

Her head turned. He was standing there in the middle of the dim, hot room, his hands inside his pockets. The sight of him, so big and swart and foreign-looking against the familiar pattern of faded chintz and medallioned wallpaper, startled her.

He said, "You don't mind my coming in, do you? It was hot out there."

Her voice came automatically. "It's hot everywhere, I guess." She was conscious suddenly of her bare legs and the thin house dress.

With an abrupt movement, she held out the lemon. "Here you are."

He took it, but he did not move to leave. "What's your rush? Talk to me for a while. I'm lonesome."

"I'm not dressed."

"Sure you are. You've got on more than most of the women walking down the streets during a heat wave."

"Well—maybe you're right."

He said, smiling, "Well—talk to me."

She smiled, too, but she felt a little nervous. "What did you want to talk about?"

"Ah, anything." His face became suddenly moody and disgusted. "I'm so bored with myself and this street and the heat and the waiting around; I'm about ready to flip my lid." He tossed the lemon up in the air and caught it. "Feels nice and cool," he said. "Here. Feel that." He held the lemon against her cheek, studying her reaction.

She felt the spot of coldness against her skin and his fingers brushing against the corner of her mouth. "Very nice," she said foolishly.

He tossed the lemon up in the air again and caught it. Suddenly he noticed a small radio on the table nearby.

"Hey," he said, "let's have some music." He walked toward it and clicked on the knob. Slow dance music swelled into the room. "Just what the doctor ordered." He threw the lemon into a chair and turned to her, his arms extended. "Come on, let's dance."

A protest escaped from her throat. "Are you crazy? In all this heat?" But his arm had gone around her waist; he had pulled her close. She could feel the hardness of his thigh against hers, and suddenly his arms were around her; she felt the strength of his arm and body; she smelled the cigarette smell and the male smell of his skin and hair; his lips were against her ear and he was murmuring, "Just take it easy, honey; nobody's gonna come breaking in; everybody's far away."

She fought for breath to speak, but no breath would come; she was in a crushing vise and now his mouth was hard on hers. Terror smashed against her. She pushed against him with all her strength and stumbled backward, staring up at him. "Get out!" Her voice came in harsh gasps. "Get out of here."

For a few seconds he stared blankly at her. Then, slowly, his face changed. "For weeks now," he said, "you been giving me the eye."

"Get out."

"Don't worry. I'm going." He gave a short, hard laugh that was almost a snort.

Her hands went up to cover her face, to blot out the sight of him standing there. A few moments went by and she could not move. Then her hands dropped and she looked at the doorway. It was empty.

She stumbled to the sofa and fell upon it. For a little while she lay motionless with her hands clenched and her eyes tightly shut; it was as if she were caught in some dark, narrow space from which she could not move. Finally deep, racking shudders began to shake her body as if she had a chill; she could not stop; they were like waves that broke and receded only to form again, and through them his face came swimming up into her mind.

Her sudden loathing for him was intolerable; it swelled up until it became a cry of outrage and terrible shame. Yet the shadowed room around her was silent; there was no sound except the whine of a car passing on the street outside. Only from inside her did the cry come again and again as she lay there with her hands pressed to her face.

At fifteen minutes to six, Claire came out of the employees' entrance of the store and began walking to meet Johnny Eldridge. She felt a sense of foreboding that, despite all her efforts, this coming date was doomed from the start.

Suddenly she saw him ahead. He was bareheaded and wearing a light gray suit, leaning against the window at the side entrance of the store, absorbed in a folded newspaper.

Her spirits lifted abruptly; she forgot all about her feeling of doom. "Surprise," she said.

His head came up quickly. "Well, well," he said. "What are *you* doing here?"

"Oh—I was just passing by and saw your light." She grinned. "I hope you didn't have to wait long."

"Only a minute. What happened to that cool-air mass from Canada?"

"It must have gotten waylaid at the border."

They turned in the same direction as if on cue, and began walking east. "How is the new job?" she said. "Tell me everything."





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started to talk. At the corner waiting light to change, they stood in full sun- nd she began to feel her skin prickling erspiration, although she kept on look- him with absorbed interest, as if her ere a waiting plain ready to drink in his

-five minutes later, the car turned the of her block. It had been a terrible he bridge had been jammed with traffic, rogress torturous as they became wedged nd again between giant trucks belching t fumes. He had taken off his jacket lled up his sleeves; both of them had o keep up a conversation, but it had bad start to the evening.

the thought of what lay just ahead rose mind like a cloud. She wondered if the om was cleared away and if Dolores aring a uniform and if the table looked able; she thought of the rust spot in th and of the cocktail napkins, which t quite match.

ere's the house," she said suddenly. It dusty and faded, she thought, as if it ne to seed. The whole street looked and faded; the sun seemed to have d out all the color from the trees and s of lawn until everything was a uniform h gray.

w moments later, opening the screen Claire saw her father sitting motionless wicker chair, wearing his good sports nd his best pair of slacks. When he saw he rearranged his features into a r pattern. "Hello, Claire," he said.

ll, daddy!" she cried out, as if his be- re were a wonderful surprise. She went

friend is the first person who nes in when the whole world has ne out. BULWER-LYTTON

nd kissed his cheek. "This is Johnny ge. Johnny, my father."

two men pumped hands; Joanie ap- at the doorway, wearing a starched dress, white socks and patent-leather Claire said, "And this is my kid sister, oan, this is Johnny Eldridge."

ny smiled and said hello, Joanie mum- omething and stared up at him with eyes. An awkward little silence fell hem all. Claire broke it by saying, e's mother?"

the kitchen," Joanie said. She added idden relish and animation, "The re- tor busted."

y said quickly, "It's been fixed." He to Johnny. "Wouldn't you like to p?"

e took him inside the hallway. As soon had started up the stairs, she went down the hall as if released from a ng. At the kitchen doorway her eyes on her mother, who was doing some- o the salad, then went to Dolores, who ying a platter.

elt a sinking of the heart. Dolores was aring a uniform. The "something dark" e had promised to wear was a black dress with very short sleeves and a g neckline. Over it she had tied the pron Fran had given her, but the total with her brassy hair and earrings, did gest any branch of domestic service.

turned her head. "Hello, dear," she Where is the young man?"

he bathroom, washing up." Something mother's face disturbed her. "Is every- ll right?"

rything's under control."

int sound from upstairs made Claire go ickly to the porch again. She found on the glider, reading the comic strips aper, and her father sitting motionless wicker chair, staring into nothingness. g at him, she felt the same uneasiness e had known a few moments before he looked at her mother. Then Johnny ed at the doorway and everything else tantly sponged from her mind.

smiled at him. "Feel better?" she said.

"Much." He was smiling too; but it was no good, Claire thought. The rapport was gone, the gay meeting of minds, the meaningful exchange of glances. They were both trying hard, but it was like trying to start up a dead motor.

She turned to Joanie, her eyes very bright. "Will you hang up Johnny's jacket?"

Joanie got up and took the coat. Fran came out the doorway. There were more introductions and then Henry rose to his feet. "What would you like to drink, Johnny?"

"A gin and tonic, please." In the sudden, blank silence that followed, he added quickly, "Or a martini. Scotch. It doesn't matter."

Henry looked relieved. "A martini. Right."

Claire thought heavily, *I never thought of a gin and tonic. Why didn't I think of a gin and tonic?*

Henry went inside. Joanie, the comic strips on her lap, sat staring at Johnny, her mouth slightly open. No one spoke. As if he could no longer bear Joanie's gaze, Johnny smiled at her. "What's your favorite comic strip?"

She blushed furiously. "Priscilla's Pop," she said. She looked down fixedly at her skirt.

"I don't think I know that one. What's it all about?"

Everyone stared at Joanie, as if urging her silently to say something funny and entertaining. She finally mumbled, "Oh—a bunch of people." She looked up at her mother, her hand going up to tug at the high collar of her dress. "I'm hot," she complained fretfully. "Why do I have to wear this dress? It isn't Sunday."

"Now, dear," Fran said, "we're all hot."

"Oh, heavens!" Claire broke in with a sudden spurt of forced gaiety. "Let's think of nice cold wintry things. Do you go skiing in the wintertime, Johnny?"

"Oh, sure," he said. "We have an old barn of a house up at Old Forge, you know, and it's a real skiing center then. Of course last year the snow wasn't ——"

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If your quest be beauty...



Eaton's Open Stock Letter Papers are all-time, all-occasion classics. A wide selection awaits your choice. Paper and matching envelopes sold separately; both are always available, wherever you are. (Shown: Randomweave and Calais Ripple—each only $1 a box of paper, 59¢ a package of 25 envelopes.)

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FINE LETTER PAPERS

EATON PAPER CORPORATION PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

A trim, new figure can do more than make you look younger. Because, as so many women are discovering...

When you look younger, you <u>are</u> younger

Actual case history: Mrs. Margaret Tryon of Minneapolis, Minn. The Stauffer Home Reducing Plan has brought Mrs. Tryon an entirely new and happier outlook on life. At 36 she looks and feels years younger—weighs a trim 118 and has greatly improved posture.



Before Stauffer, Mrs. Tryon was a hefty 151. Sh looked and felt middle-aged. All reducing efforts ha failed and she felt futile about her overweight problen Then she tried the Stauffer Home Reducing Plan. Com pare the above picture with the one at left—anothe dramatic success story by Stauffer.

Clothes from Matthews, Beverly Hills

MANY WOMEN feel the 30th birthday marks a turning point—the ending of youth and the beginning of what is called "middle age."

At 30, a woman sees the first signs that she will lose her youthful gure. Her waist, hips and thighs begin to fill out. And as she gets eavier, naturally she begins to slow down.

But today, thousands of women all over America have slimmed heir bodies to lovely, youthful-looking proportions with the Stauffer Home Reducing Plan. And, along with new figure beauty, these women re enjoying another great reward—they feel younger.

For them—life is opening up instead of closing in. They are going laces and doing things with the spirit of youth.

These are the truly beautiful women of our time. And the years which they once carried as a burden now actually contribute to their eauty. Age gives them the maturity—the authority—to live and enjoy fe to its fullest. Combined with a lovely, youthful-looking figure and a ew-found feeling of youth, this brings about a complete woman—ore desirable, admired, envied.

Can this happen to you? Yes! If you are over 30 and overweight—eling and looking older than you really are—the Stauffer Home Reucing Plan can liberate you. From the moment you begin with tauffer, results begin to happen. You start to slim down...you start to el younger. You feel younger the first time you look into the mirror nd see your slimmer self. You feel younger when more and more ompliments come your way. You feel younger when you shop for a ew dress several sizes smaller than before. The rewards are wonderful.

Briefly, here is how the Stauffer Home Reducing Plan works. The eart of the Stauffer Plan is the famous "Magic Couch." There no other like it. The "Magic Couch" does your exercising for you. his effortless exercise, along with the expert guidance of a trained ounselor and with the type of sensible calorie reduction doctors advise, kes you methodically to your desired goal:

You lose unwanted pounds.
You lose inches where you need to—from hips, tummy, thighs.
You achieve a graceful, lifted posture.
Your skin fits smoothly—sagging tissue is firmed and toned.
Circulation is stimulated while on the "Magic Couch."

If you are living in the "middle ages"—find out now how you can et *and keep* a trim figure and be one of the beautiful "young" women f our time. For full information, look for Stauffer Home Plan in your hone book, or mail the attached postage-paid card.



Today, trim Clora Nelson of Baltimore, Md. looks like the daughter of her old self. With the Stauffer Home Plan she lost 41 pounds and recaptured a new, happy and active interest in life.



Before Stauffer, Clora looked and felt middle-aged at 30. She could hardly drag her 169 pounds through a normal day's work. Starvation diets only aggravated her nerves and left her tired and hungry.



Today, youthful Eunice Maultsby of Lumberton, N.C., is having the time of her life in the prime of her life. Not only did she lose 62 pounds with the Stauffer Plan, but it took years off her age.



Before Stauffer, Eunice weighed 201. All her attempts to reduce were unsuccessful. Hopelessly, Eunice had resigned herself to "looking old"—until she heard about the Stauffer Home Plan.



he "Magic Couch" (Posture-Rest®) is the heart of the auffer Home Reducing Plan. In order to achieve a lovely dy, loss of weight is not enough; exercise is needed to restore outhful contours and distribute weight properly. The conolled rhythmic motion of the "Magic Couch" gives you sential exercise without lifting a finger. With this effortless exercise and sensible calorie reduction, you lose pounds and inches where you need to—from hips, waist, thighs. The unit can be used in many different positions to meet special figure problems. It is portable, lightweight and easily stored. Available in deluxe family model or new Princess model at lowest price ever. Rent by the month—or buy for pennies a day.



A trained Stauffer Counselor will visit you regularly to give expert guidance. This personalized service is part of the Plan. For more information, mail the attached card, or write to: Stauffer, Dept. LH-29, 1919 Vineburn, Los Angeles 32.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

He stopped, for Henry had appeared with the tray of drinks. As it was held out to her, Claire's eyes darted around instantly for the glass with the chipped edge. She picked it up.

"Thanks, daddy," she said. She looked over at Johnny. "The skiing wasn't good last year?" she prompted. The cords of her neck felt tight and strained. *Canapés*, she thought; *where are the canapés?* She wanted to look at her mother and mouth the word, but Johnny was talking, and so she kept smiling.

The conversation continued in little jerks. Whenever a silence threatened, Claire rushed in with a burst of words about sports and the theater and the newest best sellers. Johnny sipped at his drink and mopped his forehead and rolled his sleeves a little higher. Claire, feeling the slow burn of the alcohol going down, felt as if she were on fire. Her father, she noticed, was holding the cocktail glass in his hand but not raising it to his mouth. Joanie kept fiddling with her collar, and Fran sat very still, a smiling, listening look on her face even when the silences fell.

Suddenly Claire knew why she had felt uneasy before about her parents. Something was wrong with them tonight. Her father looked white and strained and indrawn; her mother's eyes held a bruised look that she had never seen there before. Both of them seemed to move and speak only with a terrible effort. Suddenly she was frightened. What was it? What had happened?

But there was no way of finding out now. Dolores had come out. She was standing with her head bent as she fastened an earring. "Dinner is served," she said. Her eyes went to the guest on the glider and she stared.

"I hope you're hungry," Claire said to Johnny. "Although I guess I can't expect you to be in all this heat." They were inside the hall, following her parents as Joanie lagged behind. "My mother is a very good cook, but of course she didn't have much chance to show off today." They had reached the archway to the shadowed living room and now her voice rose to a desperate pitch of gaiety; the words coming faster to pull his attention to her face. "Boiling an egg must have been like standing over a volcano!"

She stopped suddenly, for they had reached the boxlike little dining room. It seemed to her that they were met by a solid, pushing wall of heat. The flowers of the centerpiece already had a drooping look.

Fran said, "Johnny, you sit over there next to Claire. Joanie, sit on this side, dear."

They all sat down. The jellied madrilène had become a little funny from the heat; the pats of butter had a melted look. Dolores, coming in with a plate of rolls, approached Fran from the right side and then, as if on secret signal, went around on the left. As she leaned forward, Claire saw that the seam of her armhole had come slightly apart.

She looked down quickly at the madrilène, lifting a spoonful mechanically to her lips. Anguish pierced through her. Everything was wrong; everything. She could see it through the eyes of the young man beside her.

A cry of protest rose inside her. *Why is it so hard for me?* she thought. *Why does everything come so hard?*

Dolores leaned over her now, offering the rolls. Claire shook her head. Dolores moved on. There was a silence around the table, broken only by the clacking of the old fan and the faint clink of china and glass.

Then, from outside, came a low, distant rumble of thunder.

Everyone looked up, startled. Fran said. "Why, I do believe it's going to storm."

"They said this morning," Johnny said, "that we might have thunderstorms tonight." His face was moist with perspiration and his shirt was stuck to his skin.

"That's right, they did," Henry said, as if emerging from a dark cave of preoccupation. "You can see that it's getting darker now."

Joanie jumped up and ran to the window, craning her neck sideways. "There's a big black place in the sky!" she reported excitedly.

"Sit down, dear," Fran said.

Joanie's head turned around, her expression suddenly fretful. "I don't like that kind of soup," she said. "What kind of soup is that?"

Claire thought slowly and heavily, *Everything is wrong. Everything.*

The storm struck right after they finished the dessert. Suddenly, there was an ear-splitting crash and the room grew so dark that they could hardly see one another's face.

"Henry," Fran said, "you'd better go upstairs and close the windows."

He got up and left the room. Wind blew in suddenly, lifting the tablecloth and almost toppling over the flowered centerpiece. Joanie shrieked and someone laughed almost wildly; Claire realized with a shock that it had been herself. And now a drilling rain came down outside, making a loud plopping noise on the asphalt. With its coming, puffs of damp, cool air made the curtains billow inward until they fluttered almost horizontally into the room.

From upstairs came the sound of windows slamming shut. Johnny half rose in his seat, looking at Fran. "Shall I close the windows?"

"No!" Claire cried. "Let the air come in. Oh, how good it feels!" She sucked great breaths of it into her lungs. But even as she rejoiced in the coolness, the terrible thought came to her that now, with it raining so hard, they would have to sit in the living room.

A half hour later, sitting on the sofa, her body felt spent with exhaustion, she did not know why. The room had cooled off astonishingly and the nightmare of the dinner was behind her, but she was tired, tired to death and nothing mattered any more. She could not believe there had ever been a time when she and Johnny had looked at each other with a wonderful awareness or batted bright talk back and forth, making each other laugh, with all the current turned on high and the little wheels within wheels whirring to perfection.

Now Joanie, squirming in one of the chairs, suddenly reached behind her and, with a startled look, brought out a lemon in her hand which she held up into the air. "Look at this, mamma!" she cried in astonishment. "I found a lemon in my chair!"

Fran, caught in mid-sentence, turned her head. Something happened to her face; it was like a sudden draining away of life and color. "Take it into the kitchen," she said.

"But how did it get there?" Joanie said, rising and walking away, still staring in wonder at the lemon as if it might not be real.

No one answered. Claire, sitting inertly, wondered why the sight of the lemon had made her mother look so queer, but the entire episode and its strangeness seemed only a small component part of the whole evening's strangeness.

Johnny got up from his chair. She thought instantly, *He's leaving.* She felt only a numbness, as if not only her legs and arms but her whole body had gone to sleep.

"Claire—if your mother and father would excuse us, I thought we might take a ride."

She stared up at him. Had he really said that?

Fran said instantly, "The two of you go right ahead."

Henry looked out the window. "Why, it's clearing," he said. "There are only a few drops falling now." He looked at Claire. "By all means, run along."

She rose to her feet. "All right," she said. Meeting Johnny's eyes, she saw something flicker there that she remembered from a long, long time ago. She thought stupidly, *Maybe it isn't over. Maybe it isn't over at all.*

It was like coming out of a long dark tunnel into the light.

A few minutes later, as they drove away from the street in his car, he said, "You know something? You have a very nice family."

She looked at his profile. "Yes, I do. My mother and father weren't themselves tonight, though. I don't know what was the matter with them."

"I wouldn't say that any one of us was particularly brilliant along conversational lines. It was hot."

"That's the understatement of the year."

There was another interval of silence as the scenery blurred by. "I've been having trouble getting through to you this past hour," he said. "Must be a power failure west of Chicago. I'm getting a very weak signal."

Suddenly she sat straighter. "Maybe I need new tubes."

"That's better. Now you're coming in clear and strong. Where are we going, by the way?"

"I have no idea."

"Is there anyplace around here where we could dance?"

"Not unless you want to put a nickel in a machine first and eat a pizza."

"I'm not exactly in a pizza mood right now. How about a movie?"

"If you like."

"Any other suggestions?"

"Well—how about a quiet hour or two in a Christian Science reading room?"

"Maybe there's a community sing somewhere."

"We *could* make a tour of the downtown fish market."

"Or get tattooed."

There was a short silence as they looked at each other with straight faces. Then he said suddenly, "You know something? You have a very cheerful nose. It turns up at the end as if all's right with the world."

She lowered her eyes. "You say such beautiful things, Mr. Eldridge. I'm all choked up." Why, it was all back, she thought in wonder, better than before. It had survived everything that she had considered so important, and what did the rust spot on the tablecloth matter now, or the sagging sofa or the serving maid with the plunging neckline?

She gazed ahead, seeing nothing, because he had taken her hand. She felt the warm pressure of his fingers and palm against her own, sending a ripple of delight up her arm. Did he feel it too? Or was it, to him, just another hand-holding with just another girl?

She wanted to turn her head to see if she could tell by his face which it was. But she could not move.

It was nine o'clock, and Dolores was finally finishing her dinner at the kitchen table, with Joanie sitting opposite her. She was eating this late because she had wanted all the dishes to be done first.

"I can't deejest my food," she explained now to Joanie, "with a mountain of dirty dishes facing me. It gives me heartburn." She speared a last morsel of chicken daintily on her fork and brought it up to her mouth. "Whew, am I tired. I'm so pooped, I'm peeped."

Joanie gazed at her with her usual look of fascination. "Anyway," she said, "it's cool now."

"Thank the Lord," Dolores said. Her thoughts went back to the fancy dinner. The only reason she had consented to come tonight was because of "Claire's young man." Some deep-felt curiosity had teased and stirred inside her: who would Miss Harper's Buzzaar pick out? Coming out on the porch to announce the dinner, she had been prepared for someone big and handsome, built like a football player and looking like Rock Hudson. But at that first glance she had been struck dumb. *This?* she had thought in stupefaction—*and her so particular?* Why, he wasn't even tall. He was just a nice-featured boy with kind of a society look. What in the world did she see in *him?* She had gone back to the kitchen, shaking her head, feeling much more cheerful.

Now, as she looked at Joanie, her mind veered to other things. "What was you and Reenie talking and laughing so much about before—up in your room?"

Joanie's round face flushed; a secret smile came to her mouth. "Oh," she said, "nothing much." But suddenly she leaned forward, whispering quickly, "We were planning all the things we were going to do together in the country, after we leave on Friday."

Dolores' mouth opened. "Your ma told me ——"

"I'm going," Joanie broke in quickly. "I've been praying three times a day. I haven't missed once." She leaned back. "God will see that I go. Why, this isn't anything for Him—a little trip to the country for a child. He can do it, easy."

"Izzatso?" Dolores said, her voice still thoughtful. "Well, now, since you have such a pull with Him, maybe you could ask for one or two things for your old friend here."

"Sure," Joanie said generously. "What was it you wanted?"

For a moment a host of things fluttered radiantly together in her mind like bright balloons. Then one became separated from the others. "See if He can find me," she said, "a good man with matrimony on his mind."

At ten o'clock Henry and Fran sat on the glider outside. Fran's eyes felt dry and scratchy from weeping; her face was stiff, as if her features had been arranged for too long in an unaccustomed pattern. Ever since Eddie Fernandes had walked out of the house that afternoon, she had been tormented with memory.

Now, sitting there on the glider, she wanted to cry. Despite all her logic, a protest lodged in her throat. *I only wanted to flirt a little! I only wanted to feel young for a little while!*

Henry, at her side, said suddenly, "He seemed like a nice young man—Claire's beau."

"Very nice."

"Good manners. I don't care what you say, those fancy prep schools and Ivy League colleges put a certain finish on a boy."

They sat silently. Then Fran let out a sudden cry. "The canapés! I forgot the canapés!" She looked at him, her face stricken. "A whole

CONTINUED ON PAGE 119

Ask any WOMAN

By Marcelene Cox

A young mother says her baby is in the stage where the *top* of her foot gets dirty instead of the *bottom.*

An excerpt from the bride's weekly letter home: "And the world is wonderful and life marvelous and love beautiful! Our house is, undoubtedly, the cleanest house in town, and maybe even in Massachusetts, and maybe even in New England and maybe even in the United States and *maybe* even in the world! We spent all day scrubbing, waxing, polishing, straightening drawers; and while we were working we sang songs, talked, listened to records, and enjoyed each moment with relish and enthusiasm. Life is wonderful when you work at enjoying it with someone you love."

Happiness, too, may knock only once.

The use of the pronoun "I" should decrease as a man matures until finally it is almost absorbed by the pronoun "you."

That desire in every woman's heart to advance the welfare of her family is probably the vital force of economic life.

There's nothing harder to manage, once it gets out of hand, than piecrust—except an unruly child.

MOTHER'S FIRST INDULGENCE

Tonight she served herself
The largest piece of pie,
The choicest cut, the best of shelf. . . .
She dined alone, that's why.

The best way to build character in a child is to give him money, privileges, freedom in abundance . . . after 40.

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In Canada, too!

FOR BEAUTY THE MODERN WAY... Dorothy Gray

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Peppermint Pinks

This is the spring to brighten your yard with pinks! Enjoy their gay colors and piquant perfume by a doorway, in a corner planting, or along a foundation. Revel in fragrant bouquets, too!

Northrup King's new "Peppermint Pinks" run a gamut of enticing shapes and colors: shy single pinks, showy doubles . . . fringy edges as well as smooth . . . demure pastels, flaunting reds, sparkling two-tones and all of them breathing that spicy-fresh fragrance everyone loves.

Peppermint Pinks are easy to grow! Seeds are easy to handle and plant. And you can count on rapid growth . . . long and lavish bloom!

Where can you buy Peppermint Pinks? *Only* at your nearby Northrup King Seed Rack. It's one of Northrup King's exclusive 1959 "Garden Winners" . . . choice flower varieties in special cellophane-wrapped packets.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

ozen frozen cheese puffs! They cost almost vo dollars! And they're sitting in the re-igerator!" Suddenly she could not bear it—his one last, tiny defeat added to everything se. She burst into tears.

"What is it?" Henry said in alarm. He ulled her close and cradled her head against is shoulder. He began stroking her hair awk-ardly the wrong way.

She shook her head against his chest, weep-ng. Finally she said, "Oh, Henry, I do love ou. You know that." With her face still ressed against his chest, she fumbled in her ocket, drew out a tissue and blew her nose.

"I love you too." He could smell the light, apy smell of her hair, so familiar to him, ist as every line of her body was familiar and he sound of her voice and even the cadence of er weeping, although she was not a woman ho cried often. He patted her shoulder. "It as too much for you today—having company that heat, and the refrigerator breaking own besides."

"Yes." Her voice came jerkily. "I guess at's it." She disengaged herself, smoothing own the hair that he had ruffled, wiping her yes.

He got up. "I'll get you a cold drink," he aid. "What'll you have?"

"Whatever's open. I think there's ginger le."

A few moments later he handed Fran the old glass. "I think I'll walk up and down a ttle," he said. "Do you feel better?"

"Much better. I was just nervous."

He opened the screen door and went down he steps. The air was even cooler and fresher eyond the confines of the creens and he began walk-ng down the block. *I must et ready for tomorrow*, he hought. First there was the peech he must rehearse his mind for Roger. omething simple and short, et warm, congratulatory. omething about his cer-inty of Roger's doing a he job; just a few words would do. He must emember to stand up straight and smile, be-ause he looked younger when he smiled; e ——

He stopped dead on the street. His heart ropped like a stone and his spirit seemed to ither. Could he walk over to Roger and say he words in front of everybody? And after hat, could he walk to his desk and pick up he old, frayed threads of his familiar work hile Roger moved up to the big desk near he front window?

He felt almost dizzy. *But I have to*, he hought. *There's nothing else I can do.*

He peered through the darkness and saw ran standing on the front steps, facing him. Henry!" she was calling out. "Telephone!"

He began walking quickly toward her and p the walk. "Who is it?"

"George Blake," she said, following him p through the screen door. "What a time to all on business! It's almost eleven."

He didn't hear her last words. He had left er on the porch and gone inside. In the living oom, he sat down on the desk chair and icked up the waiting receiver.

"George?" he said. He could hear, on the ther end of the wire, the faint sounds of usic and laughter. "What's the matter?"

"That's what I wanted to ask you. I saw ou come tearing into the bank late this after-oon and go rushing down to the vaults as if he cops were after you. You looked white as zombi."

Maybe the cops *were* after me. I'd just roken the law twice, that was all."

"You?" A short laugh came over the wire. That'll be the day."

"It's true, though. You know that turnoff n the main highway—the one going into Gibbsville? Well, I missed it. And I had a lot f money with me belonging to old Mrs. Hazlitt; it had to go into the vaults before they losed. So I made a U turn right in the middle f the highway; then I crossed left again when hit the turnoff—violation number two." He nook his head. "But I got away with it. I ist made the vaults as they were closing."

"You must have been in a powerful hurry to get rid of that dough. What's the matter, Henry, don't you trust yourself?"

The words, spoken jokingly, made him shiver. *Was I that close?* he thought. *Was I actually going to steal the money?*

He realized he was holding his breath and now he expelled it slowly. His mouth twisted. "Let's say it was a temptation." He cleared his throat. "What's on your mind, George?"

"Oh—I thought I'd call you and put you out of your misery, Henry. You're in, boy; you're in."

"In?" Henry said. "In where?"

"Do I have to draw you a diagram? You've got Joe Desmond's job. You're our new assistant vice president."

Henry stared at the wall. Through a sudden roaring in his ears he heard, very faintly, the sound of dance music at the other end of the wire and even the rising scale of a woman's laughter.

When he spoke again, his voice was hoarse. "Who said?"

"I just got it straight from the horse's mouth, my boy. From Mr. Samuel Truesdale Pierson himself."

"Pierson? You're with Pierson now?"

"We're at his country club."

Henry's heart had begun to knock against his ribs. "And he told you ——"

"That you were our new man. Just five minutes ago. I don't think he was ever seriously considering Roger. He said it was an advance report, but to keep it under my hat until it was announced officially tomorrow morning at the board of directors' meeting. But, Henry, I figured you'd been sweating it out long enough."

Henry stared at the wall. He could not speak. The seconds went by.

"Henry?" The voice sounded suddenly in his ear. "You still there?"

"Yes, yes, George. I'm here."

"Well, you'd better get ready for a big day tomorrow. Wear your good suit, boy. You'll be the Man of the Hour."

"Yes," Henry said, still looking fixedly at the wall. "Thanks, George. It was wonderful of you to call." He did not know what he was saying.

"Congratulations and all the best. You deserve it." His voice became hurried. "I've got to go. So long, boy. See you tomorrow."

Henry put down the receiver. Then he rose to his feet. His legs felt suddenly weak, as if they could barely support him.

He went out to the porch. Fran was sitting on the glider and she looked up.

"What did he want?" she said. And then she saw his face. She stopped, staring.

"Fran," Henry said. "Fran." He drew in his breath. "I've gotten a big promotion at the bank. They've made me assistant vice president."

For a few seconds she sat there, her mouth open. Then her face changed and she let out a cry.

"Henry!" She jumped up and came to him, throwing her arms around his neck. "Oh, darling! I can't believe it!"

He tried to say, "I can't believe it, either," but his throat would not move.

She broke away from him. "I'm so glad for you. Oh, Henry! It's the most wonderful thing that ever happened!"

"Yes," he said. "Yes." Something had happened to his mouth; it was shaking. "We can fix up the house for Claire. We can send Joanie to the country."

"I'm so *proud* of you! Oh, darling, I'm so proud!"

As he looked at her, everything was blurred and yet radiantly bright, stabbed through with shifting colors that he could not yet sort out. He only knew that this was what he needed, had to have, more than the money, more than anything else in the world—this, just this—the look in her eyes and the words, "I'm so proud of you!" Tomorrow they would all be looking at him like this at the bank. The Man of the Hour. He would be the man they were all talking about, the man who had won and who stood in the winner's circle; he, Henry Marshall, who would smilingly accept their congratulations and their slaps on the back, who would move to the big mahogany desk near the front window ——

He turned his head away and looked unseeing at the street. And in that moment he was somehow back in the familiar dream, a dream in which he saw a train at the top of a steep hill. It was waiting, its doors open, and he knew he must catch it, that he had to catch it at all costs; he had to run. Only now it was easy: his legs churned lightly beneath him as he ran, so lightly that he could hardly feel them touching the ground; the wind made a rushing sound in his ears and there was no strain, no stitch of pain in his chest; it was easy, easy; why, his body was buoyant and light; he was already at the top of the hill and now he grasped the train bar effortlessly and swung himself aboard just as the whistle blew and the doors closed ——

He heard, as if from a great distance, the sound of Fran's voice behind him. "Henry?" she was saying.

But he could not move. He was on the train; he had made it, and he felt, standing there on his own porch, a stab of glory so sharp and so pure that, for a moment, he could not turn and let her see what was in his face. END

Prayer does not change God, but changes him who prays.

SOREN KIERKEGAARD



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HOW TO GARDEN YOUR HOUSE WITH GLAMOUR



The house had a lonely look; the planting was spotty and purposeless; no privacy, no place to sit or play; too much lawn; too little charm.

A simple, quick, noncostly way for any small place to take pleasure in unaccustomed privacy, enjoyments and property value. By RICHARD PRATT

This house makes a good example because it happens to have a larger lot than most for a change, thus showing that our landscaping ideas deal equally well with large and small lots alike, level or sloping.

The main thing is to frame the house around with an inviting and usable yard. This can be done as we have done it here with fencing, trees and paving. The kind of fencing, trees and paving is a matter of preference and price. What you are creating is a yard within a yard. One way to handle the *outer* yard, which runs to your boundary lines, is to treat it like a little park, planting it inexpensively with trees and shrubs and grasses that pretty much take care of themselves. (Ask us to elucidate if you like.) Let your fondest care be concentrated on the *inner* yard. This is the yard you look out into and walk out into—your livable and usable yard. And like the house of which it is really an extension, it can have its places for play and entertaining, work and leisure, sun and shade, all framed in by fencing and trees, and made both practical and pleasant by pavings and pathways, panels of lawn and borders and boxes of flowers.

Let me interject here that our design idea is nothing more nor less than an adaptation of the dooryards and patios that have made houses more homey for centuries on end.

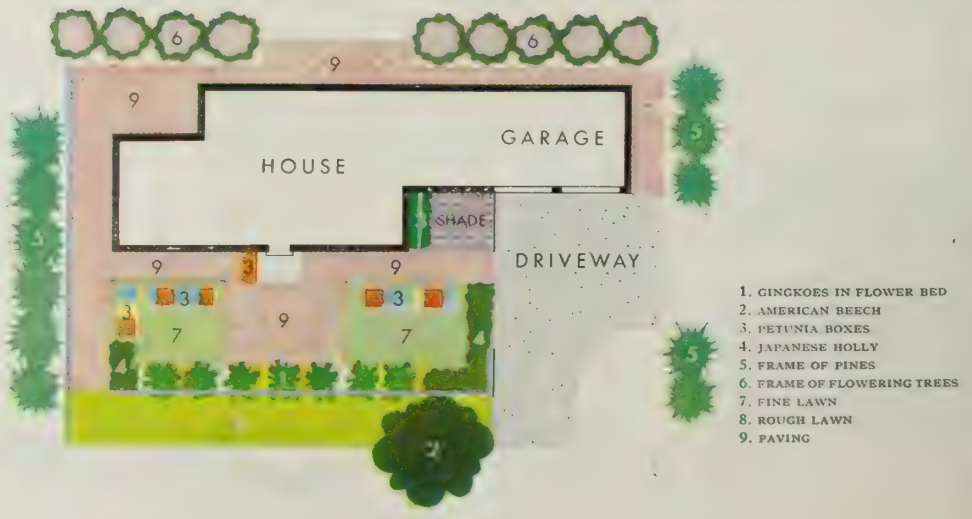
Notice that we have been careful to level up the yard, leaving just an indiscernible slope away from the house for drainage. And notice in particular that we have moved all foundation planting away from against the house, where it only causes trouble in time, and have paved right up to the house all around, a four-foot strip, which makes wall and window servicing simpler, and looks wonderful!



PHOTOGRAPHS BY EZRA STOLLER

Now privacy and protection are provided by fencing of varying heights, by a frontal screen of columnar gingkoes, and by a fine big beech growing into a beautiful bulwark. Note the simply and quickly created shade in the angle of the house, the paving interspersed with grass, the summer boxes and all-year borders for easy gardening.

The layout in principle and practice is a logical one for almost any manner of house and lot, for you can see at a glance that once you have created a surrounding close-up yard, framed in by fencing and yard-size trees, all that remain are some leveling, some paving, some planting. It's like finishing up and furnishing a room—only more fun, out in the open air.





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NOBODY'S BUSINESS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

"It isn't that," Mrs. Gordon said, blinking ird. "If you were going off to a nice house gether —— But I always liked to think of ou youngsters . . . I'd hear you up there ughing and banging that piano, and—oh, s a shame, that's all."

"It was no good, Mrs. Gordon," he said ntly. "We're better out of it. Nobody really ot hurt."

But when he reached the car, he sat quietly r a few minutes. *Nobody got hurt*, he ought. *Except Mrs. Gordon, of all people.* Of ourse it wasn't important. She was a senti- ental woman, and her faith in happy end- gs had had a jolt, that was all. But tears om such an unexpected quarter made him easy.

Finally he started the car and headed owly for Wilshire Boulevard. He had prom- ed to have lunch with his mother.

Clare stood by the window and watched ike drive away. Then she went and sat own. She felt odd and heavy, as though she ad swallowed a stone. She supposed she ould cry or something, but instead she sat solutely motionless, in a sort of trance. She id no idea how long she sat there, but she me out of it with a jerk.

You're Clare Gates Lathrop, she told her- lf. *You're sitting in your apartment, waiting r the movers.* She cleared her throat, and en she said "Hello" aloud, to reassure her- lf, because she suddenly had the notion that e didn't exist. She wondered whether to be- me just Clare Gates again, or to keep the Lathrop." Even her name was subject to certainty and choice.

She surveyed the living room. It was a warm, iet day. The windows were open and the aperies were packed away and the room was ry bright. Everything was still in place—the fa and the tables and the lamps. But all the tras were gone—the silver ash trays, the wl of fruit, the books, the flowers. And all ike's stuff was gone. That was one of the ings about him that had made her so mad. e never put anything away.

He left a trail of shirts and shoes, cigarettes e never used just one ash tray), papers, mu- , candy wrappers, orange peelings. In all eir married life, this was the first time the artment had looked really neat.

Next time, she thought, *I'll pick someone ho has a little interest and pride in his home.*

At first the idea of marrying again had locked her, but now she was getting hard- ed to it. She was determined to try it again, d again after that, if she had to, until she t what she wanted. There was nothing wrong th that. Lots of people did it.

Nevertheless, when the doorbell rang, she mped, as if she had been caught doing some- ing shameful instead of merely sitting in her ing room, thinking.

She opened the door, expecting the movers, t instead it was her friend Betsey Williams.

"I thought you might like some company," tsey said. She looked awkward and long- ced, as though there had been a death in the use.

"Would I!" Clare said. "Come in."

She heated up the coffee and poured it into couple of paper cups. "No sugar," she said. We'll have to make do."

"That's fine," Betsey said, but she still dn't crack a smile.

Clare and Betsey had been roommates in llege, and Mike and Betsey's husband Joe d, by a miracle, taken to each other, so the ur of them had done a lot of things together.

"Quit looking so gloomy," Clare said. "I'm e one getting divorced."

"I know," Betsey said. "I can't help it. onestly, Clare, Joe and I sat around Satur- y night and we were both so low we couldn't en turn on the TV. We really miss you."

"Good grief, Mike and I are still around. ou'll just have to see us one at a time."

"Oh, you and I can have lunch, and Mike d Joe can have lunch, but it won't be the me. And if we have a party or something, e can only ask one of you."

"Don't worry about that," Clare said. "Any time you ask Mike, I'll understand."

"Oh, I know you will. It isn't that. It's you and Mike. I mean if it can happen to you it can happen to anybody. I mean if he beat you or something—but you and Mike are both such swell people, and —— Golly, I'm a great help. I'm sorry, Clare. Let's get off the subject. Would you like to go shopping Monday? I want to look for a cocktail dress."

They talked about clothes for a while, then the doorbell rang; this time it *was* the movers.

After Betsey left, Clare watched the furniture go, piece by piece.

When the movers had finished, the apartment looked the way it had three years ago. She and Mike, back from their honeymoon, had walked through the empty rooms then, their heels echoing on the wooden floors. Mrs. Gordon had stood in the hall while they decided. They had walked back and forth, around living room, bedroom and kitchen, holding hands.

"Well, it isn't a palace," Mike had said. "But it isn't bad. How about it?"

AN ARABIAN VALENTINE

By ENA MULDOON

If I could go to Alamut,
O Sun of My Delight,
To lie within a silken tent
Until the regal night
Came winging to the Eagle's Nest
With candles in her crown,
I wonder, O My Lord, My Sweet,
If ever I'd come down
To where there are no golden grapes,
To where no angels sing.
But 'tis just fancy, Love; I'd come—
Forsaking everything!

"Fine," she had said. "It's fine."

In those days anything was fine, so long as she could be near Mike. If he had taken her to live in a cave, she would have said fine. In those days they couldn't be in the same room without going together like magnet and metal. At dinner, or at the movies, or in the car, or walking down the street, they touched hands or shoulders. That terrible attraction between them had been the last thing to go. Even toward the end of their marriage, if they would stop talking and touch each other, they could make peace. That terrible attraction had fooled them into marriage. It had fooled them into signing a two-year lease for an apartment which wasn't big enough, or nice enough, or in a good-enough area. When the lease was up, they had stayed on, because by then they were fighting most of the time and both of them felt, although they didn't say it, that there was no point in moving together when they would soon be moving apart anyway.

Now it had happened, it was over, they were safely out of it, with very little breakage. Except for Clare's family, maybe. And Betsey.

It occurred to Clare that she would just as soon not see her old friends for a while. They all knew Mike. She would just as soon start over, with new people. She wouldn't fit in any more, as a single girl, and then when she started dating again she'd feel funny, seeing the old crowd with a strange new man.

She went to the telephone and called home for a ride. Her sister Elaine said she'd come right over. Clare didn't want to see Mrs. Gordon—not now, anyway. She slipped down the back stairs and stood on the curb and waited.

Mike was an only child. His mother had been a widow for twenty years. She taught piano and harmony in a private school, and she owned a duplex in the Wilshire district, and lived in one side of it.

"You know," she said, after lunch, "I have plenty of room for you here, Mike."

"I know," he said. "Thanks. But I think I'd rather be on my own for a while."

His mother poured herself another cup of coffee. She was a tall, pretty woman with an authoritative manner and a warm voice. She and Mike got along very well.

"It isn't that I want to hang on to you," she said. "Well, I do, of course, but I know better, and I know you, and I don't think going off alone to lick your wounds is a very good idea in your case."

Mike scowled. "I'm not wounded. Nobody is. It's a simple, uncomplicated divorce. There aren't any children. Nobody's mad at anybody. We're both getting off lightly."

"Yes," his mother said. "Well, if that's true, I'm glad. Or maybe I'm not. If you're getting off lightly, it means you were never really into it, doesn't it?"

"I suppose so," Mike said. He glanced at his watch. "Didn't you say you had a two-o'clock appointment?"

"Yes," she said, "and yes, I know I'm meddling. I've tried to keep out of it. I haven't said a word until now, have I?"

"No."

"No," she agreed. "Well, I can't be a modern mother all the time. I know you're a grown man, but I still hate it when things go wrong for you. Besides, I'm in on this too. I'll miss Clare and her family. We've never had any family, and I liked having them around, and having Christmas and such with relatives instead of just the two of us. And then of course I've always wanted grandchildren."

"Oh, I'll probably get married again," Mike said uneasily.

She looked at him. "Will you?"

There was a silence. "No," he said. "Probably not. I'm not bitter or anything, but I just don't think marriage is for me."

His mother's face took on a grave expression. He wished she would go. Normally their relationship was pleasant and unemotional, but today something had gone haywire, and she seemed bent on saying things he didn't want to hear.

Finally she rose. "Well, I *do* have to leave." She picked up her purse and gloves and walked slowly toward the door. Then she turned. "Mike," she said, "I'm not trying to make you miserable, and I'm not trying to drive you back to Clare. I know that's finished. But sometimes I think I see a little too much of myself in you, and it scares me. So I have to say two things: Don't shut the door and walk away from life. I did, and I regret it. And Mike, don't—don't be too proud to admit that things matter to you." She half smiled. "End lecture. Are we still speaking?"

"Barely," he said, and managed to smile.

"Next time," she said, "I swear I won't talk about anything but the weather."

When she had gone, Mike went into the living room. It was an attractive room, full of books and pictures and comfortable furniture. They had moved here after his father's death in an auto accident. Mike's mother had nothing but good to say of her husband, and Mike had no memory of family quarrels, but he sensed that his parents' marriage had not been a happy one. His mother had never, so far as he knew, considered remarrying. She had busied herself with music, reading, work, friends. Not a bad life—he hoped he could do as well.

Because she was right about one thing. He did want to be quiet. He wanted to be left alone. He wasn't bitter and he wasn't proud. He was simply tired.

He wandered over to the piano and, without thinking, picked out the tune of Library



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Blues. He had written the song four years ago, for a campus variety show. He was working then for a master's degree in business administration, but music was his hobby. He had been too busy to attend rehearsals of the show, but he had gone on opening night. He had checked his program. The girl who sang Library Blues was named Clare Gates.

She had been one of the hits of the show. He could still hear her and see her. Her hair had been long then, and she had worn a sweater and skirt and carried a couple of books. She had a light, clear voice, and she was very pretty.

"I met him in the stacks, under Biology;
He said that he adored me—that was Fiction!
And now I have a very sad Biography ——"

A ridiculous song, Mike thought now. Really, a terrible song. He placed both hands flat on the keyboard, and let the discords vibrate and die.

He had met Clare after the show, at the cast party. She was a senior music major. He liked her, although she was the sort of girl who was a little too popular for her own good. At the end of the evening he had asked her for a date. She had hesitated, and he had thought that if she said no, he would never ask her again. But she had said yes.

Later, when he asked her to marry him, she hadn't said yes. She had said, "Well, we could try it."

They had tried it, all right.

He thought of the first time he had kissed Clare. It had been a routine good-night kiss, part of the pattern of dating. But that night he hadn't been able to sleep. After that he hadn't called her for a week. He hated needing anyone, even when the need was only temporary and physical. It had turned out to be not so temporary. It had taken him three years to get her out of his system.

"You can't win every time," Clare had said this morning. He thought of the hard little look around her mouth. It hadn't been there before. He wondered what would happen to her now—a pretty girl, a nice girl, divorced at twenty-four, with no children, no ambition for a career, plenty of time, and a hardness about the mouth.

He lighted a cigarette and stared at the floor and frowned.

"Boy, a divorcee," Elaine said. "You don't look any different."

"Don't watch me, watch the traffic," Clare said. Her sister was nineteen, but her driving still made Clare nervous. "Anyhow, I'm not divorced yet."

"Well, practically," Elaine said. "When can you start going out?"

"I don't know," Clare said. "Not for a while."

"You'll get rushed," Elaine said. "All the guys say a divorcee gets rushed. Woman of the world."

Clare frowned. The things her sister was saying had gone through her own mind, but coming from Elaine they sounded unattractive.

"Well, Mike's a nice guy," Elaine went on, "but I bet you can do better. . . . What's the matter?"

"Nothing," Clare said. "Only you sound so tough."

Elaine blushed. "I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't think you cared. I mean you said you didn't."

"I don't," Clare said. "But a divorce is a divorce. It's not quite like breaking a date or something."

"You said there was nothing to it."

"There isn't," Clare said. "Only—only don't *you* do it."

Elaine smiled. "I see," she said. "You're setting an example for your little sister."

"Not a very good one," Clare said.

"Oh, don't you go stuffy on me too. Mother's bad enough."

"Is she still going on about it?"

Elaine shrugged. "You know mother."

"I *told* her," Clare said sternly, "that if she says one more word about my wifely duties, and the evils of divorce, I'll walk right out the door and get my own apartment."

"Then you're safe," Elaine said. "She wants you home where she can keep an eye on you. She's afraid you'll go to the dogs."

"Honestly," Clare said.

Elaine grinned. "Maybe you will," she said, "but it might be fun."

When they got home, Clare's mother was very careful. She had been crying, of course, but she made sandwiches and coffee and carried on a bright conversation. It was worse than a lecture. Clare couldn't wait to finish lunch and get up to her room and close the door. She unpacked and put on fresh make-up and did her fingernails, although they didn't need it. After a while there was a knock, and her father came in.

"Hiding?" he said.

She nodded. "I can't stand looking at mother. I feel as if I've killed her dog or something."

"Oh, she'll get over it," her father said. "It's a shock for her, that's all. And then she's got the idea it's all her fault for spoiling you."

"I'm not spoiled," Clare said. "Much."

"I don't know," her father said. "Maybe we tried to make things too easy for you. It's difficult for parents to resist that. . . . How's Mike? Taking it hard?"

Clare shrugged. "You know Mike. He never takes anything hard. I was with him for three years and I never really got at him, except to make him mad."

"Did you try?"

"Sure I did." She hesitated. "You shouldn't have to try. I'm not going to go around prying the lid off. I'm used to people who are generous with their feelings. You shouldn't have to *make* someone care about you. Mike's an emotional miser. Really. And I'm not desperate enough to try to force it out of him. After all, there are plenty of people who'd be glad to care about me." She stopped. "I sound awful, don't I?"

"No," her father said. "You would if you meant it, but you don't mean it."

"I think I do," she said. "I think I'm turning nasty. I don't know how it happened. I didn't use to be this way."

"You're tired and you're upset," her father said.

"But I'm *not* upset," she cried. And then she said, "I sound like those people who shout that they're not shouting."

They were quiet for a few minutes.

"I wish I could help," her father said. "It looked like a good marriage. What happened?"

"Nothing. Everything. When Mike and I were dating ——" She looked at the floor, embarrassed. "It was one of those things where whenever we got near each other, you

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

A VACCINATION FOR CANCER?

By WARREN COLE, M.D.

● Does the body have a built-in resistance to cancer? How can the body's natural resistance or immunity to cancer be built up? These questions dominate research in a virtually new field of investigation in the many-faceted cancer-research field. That field is immunology.

Experiments at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine in New York in 1957 cast new light on this subject. Liver cancer was transplanted to the body cavities of rats, and most of the animals succumbed. But when the liver cancer was transplanted into the rats' leg muscles, half the animals overcame the disease. Further efforts to transplant liver tumor into the body cavity and muscle tissue of the recovered rats failed. The animals were immune.

Meanwhile, a group of volunteers offered themselves as subjects for human experimentation to scientists of the Sloan Kettering Institute. Some were patients for whom nothing more could be done. Some were physically well prisoners at the Ohio State Penitentiary. Both groups were injected with cancer cells. The prisoners didn't develop the disease. Something in their system—a built-in immunity—cast off the malignant cells. It was otherwise with the cancer patients. Their already sick organisms accepted the cancer cells. Apparently they had lost their immunity.

These are only a few of the experiments that are breaking new ground in the new field of immunology. Underlying them all is the hypothesis that the body possesses an inherent ability to defend itself. We must find out: (1) does such an ability exist; and if it does (2) whether it depends on antibodies and therefore can be enhanced by vaccination; or (3) whether it is due to some other mechanism; (4) in the latter case, what that mechanism is.

In only a few years of research, evidence has already been gathered to show that some resistance to spontaneous cancer in man does exist. Some scientists believe such antibodies exist and that once they are discovered an anticancer vaccination can be produced.

With a little hindsight, it is easy to see *now* that it might have been clear fifty years ago that a vaccine against polio would have been developed. Yet in 1910 the idea seemed completely impractical to most scientists and to virtually all laymen. As far back as 1910, however, scientists already knew that viruses could cause polio, and that monkeys surviving one attack were immunized against future attacks.

This is about where we now stand in relation to the search for a vaccine against cancer. It took about forty-five years from this point for the development of a vaccine against polio. My personal belief is that it may well take fewer years to develop cancer vaccinations. Brilliant scientists are working in the field.

Much work is under way. It is being pursued with energy, intelligence and imagination. The American Cancer Society's research-grants program, because of its unique flexibility and sensitiveness to changing emphasis in the research field, is of immense value in this effort.

Since World War II the society has devoted $70,000,000 to a national research program.

There is an atmosphere of expectation in laboratories across the land. Scientists in many research fields are convinced that we are on the eve of the big breakthrough in cancer. Whether it will come through work in immunology or through work in one or another of the many important research fields, no one can say. But of this I am sure: breakthroughs in certain areas will come soon. And until they do the public—that means all of us, laymen and scientists alike—must continue to increase our support, both financial and moral, of the vastly productive and greatly promising projects financed by the American Cancer Society.



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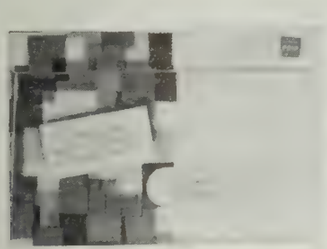
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Swift 104TH YEAR

To Serve Your Family Better

all the meat is beef

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

know—wham! Well, in the long haul that just isn't enough. I think we both knew it. We started out scared."

"Everybody starts out scared," her father said.

"I guess so. Anyhow, it's kaput. You should have seen us this morning. After all those fights, and this morning we were absolutely charming to each other. You can't be charming if you care any more."

"I suppose not," her father said. He stood up. "Well, I'll get out so you can gather up your strength for dinner. I'd better warn you, your grandparents are coming."

"Oh," she said. "More lectures?"

"No, they've been warned. You may get a *look* or two."

After her father left she stretched out on the bed. *It's like dropping a pebble*, she thought. *One little divorce, plunk, and then ripples and ripples and ripples. Parents and grandparents, sisters and friends.* She felt like the eye of a hurricane. Then suddenly she was irresistibly sleepy.

When she woke up, it was almost time for dinner. She sat on the edge of the bed, still half asleep, aware that she was thinking of something. It was something Mike had told her. Something about Korea. She picked up the hairbrush and brushed slowly, trying to remember. Then it came. It was about the time he had been in a tight spot, and scared, and he had got out of it, and he was so glad to get out alive that he hadn't even known he was wounded until he looked down and saw his arm covered with blood.

She frowned into the mirror. That was an odd thing to have thought of.

"Hey, Clare," Elaine called. "Dinner."

"O.K.," Clare said. "Thanks."

She went downstairs and greeted everyone, and made conversation, and ate, but all the time, at the back of her mind, was a picture of Mike, in uniform, looking with surprise at the blood on his arm.

At eight o'clock he called. Clare answered the phone. "I just wondered if the movers got there all right," he said.

"Oh, sure," she said. "Are you all settled? Unpacked and everything?"

"Stuff piled all over the place," he said. "I can hardly get in and out the door."

"You need somebody to pick up after you," she said, without thinking.

"I guess so," he said. "Well, I won't keep you. I just wanted to check about the movers."

"Mike," she said quickly, "you know we *do* have to decide about the piano. I mean we'll have to do something about it."

"I know," he said. There was a pause. "Look, do you want me to—should I come over or something and we can talk it over?"

"Could we maybe go for a ride?" she said. "The whole clan's here."

"Fine," he said. "I'll start right now."

"Check," she said, and hung up before she could change her mind.

She went upstairs and freshened her make-up and came down and announced to her parents and grandparents that she was going for a ride with Mike. She saw the bright hope flash around the room.

"We're deciding what to do with the piano," she said severely. "It's important. It cost a lot of money."

Then she went out and sat on the front steps.

When they were in the car, Mike said, "Which way?"

"I don't care."

He went to Sunset and then headed west toward the ocean. "Family giving you a hard time?" he asked.

She shrugged. "I'm giving *them* a hard time is closer to it. Except Elaine. She thinks a divorce is the greatest. I wouldn't be surprised if she'd go and get married herself just so *she* could get divorced too. . . . How's your mother doing?"

"Putting up a fight. She says she's going to miss you and your family, and of course she will. I hadn't thought of that. . . . Oh, and met Mrs. Gordon when I left this morning and she *cried*."

"Oh, *no!*" Clare said. "Betsey was ove She's worried about which one of us she'll as to parties."

"I never thought of that, either," Mike sai wryly.

They drove in silence till they got to th beach. He pulled off the highway and parke It was a clear, still night, and the only sour was the quiet swish of the waves.

"Carries you back, doesn't it?" he said.

She nodded. They had come here ofte when they were dating.

Mike lighted a cigarette. "Well, about th piano," he said. "I suppose we could sell it

"Oh, I hate to," she said. "It's such a goo one."

"Well, look," he said, "there's no tellin when I'll have a place to put it. Maybe neve Why don't you take it?"

"I don't have a place either," she told hi "Besides, that wouldn't be fair. We *bo* bought it."

"I suppose that we could saw it in half he said.

"It would solve the problem," she sa gravely, "but it would ruin the piano."

They sat for a while without saying an thing. Clare rolled down her window. The was fresh and damp and smelled of the ocea and of spring.

"It's been a spooky day," she said, alm whispering. "You know Elaine was going about the joys of being a divorcee, and it w like hearing a playback out of my own hea It sounded really awfu

"I got it too," Mike m mured. "My mother pinn me to the wall. Too prou she said, and so on and on."

He put out his cigare and leaned his arms on t steering wheel.

"Mike," she said, "w did you call? Why did y bring me all the way out here?"

"Why did you come?" he countered.

She hesitated. "I guess—I think I came l cause I was worried about you," she sa softly. "I went to sleep this afternoon a when I woke up I was thinking about th time in Korea when you were wounded a didn't know it, and I thought maybe—may that had happened to you again."

He didn't reply. She waited, and then b her head and said, in a tired voice, "I suppo we should go."

Mike sat motionless. When he spoke, words were so hard for him to say that sounded angry. "I called because I was w ried about you," he said. "I got to wonder what was going to happen to you now. I w ried about you all afternoon." He took a l breath that turned into a shudder. "I worr about you because I love you," he said. "A you're absolutely right about my be wounded. I feel—I feel as if I'm bleeding death."

Clare began to cry. She sat with her ha clasped in her lap and sobbed like a child

"Clare!" he said. "Clare!"

"I thought you weren't going to say it," cried. "I thought you weren't going to be a to say it."

They held each other, wide-eyed and w with fright, like two people just saved fro shipwreck. Finally they calmed down. H kissed her gently, her eyes and her lips.

"God bless Mrs. Gordon," he said. "A my mother."

"And Betsey," she said. "And silly Ela And my parents and grandparents."

"And the piano," he said.

"Oh, the *piano*," she said. "Mike, Mike, were fooling ourselves. All that talk abou our marriage didn't work, we'd get a divo We didn't mean it."

"I know we didn't."

"Why, the first thing that we bought a piano," she said. "How can you ever di a piano?"

He took both of her hands in his. "Yo right," he said. "You can't. A piano, like is indivisible."

Every generation laughs at the old fashions but follows religiously the new.

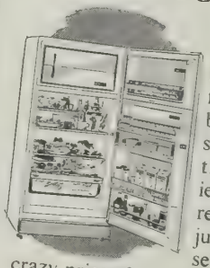
THOREAU

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(the common-sense refrigerator)

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THE BRIDE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

the others, who were not staying overnight as she was, rose to take their leave and the Chamberlaynes accompanied them to the outer door, Colonel Washington lingered, seeming on the point of departure, awaiting only the return of his host to make his own farewells. In the hall and on the stairs there were voices and laughter and running to and fro. Alone in the parlor, the widow and the soldier sat down again, with only the fire between them. Making conversation to keep him at his ease, she asked the right questions, gave the right answers to his, and they found themselves on common ground. He sat facing her, his big hands clasped before him, his eyes steady and troubled, while they talked.

They did not see Mrs. Chamberlayne look in at the door and tiptoe away to intercept her husband. They forgot that his body servant waited at the gate with the horses. They forgot they were almost strangers. They were two lonely people, discovering with mutual excitement that each could succor the other. He was worn down and exhausted; he had had repeated frustrations and humiliations in his military duties, dealing with incompetent subordinates and arrogant superiors, he was on the point of resigning from the army forever; he was already half resigned to an early death like that of his brother Lawrence after Cartagena; he had been since boyhood more than half in love with the brilliant, brittle wife of his closest friend and neighbor at Mount Vernon—after years of Sally Fairfax he was unaccustomed to the type of woman who sat across the hearth from him now, cozy and frank and unintellectual and unflirtatious, listening without guile simply because she was kindhearted and interested and wanted to help. She warmed and soothed him like the wine, and did not go to his head like Sally Fairfax. And she, with her homely genius for cosseting, which Daniel no longer needed, saw the tall colonel as little more than a harassed boy without a woman to turn to, both proud and humble in his solitary misery, and she let him discover that she, too, was solitary, with problems and responsibilities beyond a woman's scope, in need of guidance and experience which he as a landowner himself understood.

It was like a sort of magic, she thought afterward, looking back to that first afternoon in the Chamberlaynes' parlor—the flare of mutual need and mutual response. And when at last with reluctance he recollected himself and rose to take his leave, Mr. Chamberlayne blocked his way in the hall, vowing that no guest ever left his house after sunset. The horses were sent to the stables with their astonished attendant, the candles were brought in, the children were sent for to say good night—he looked larger than ever, extending a courteous forefinger for Jacky to shake.

At supper he ate and drank what she recommended, with touching obedience and gratitude. As the evening drew out, the Chamberlaynes were unaccountably fatigued and retired early to bed, while their two remaining guests sat on by the fire again, and he listened, smiling, to chatter about her babies, and promptly accepted an impulsive invitation to pause at the White House when his business in Williamsburg was finished, and see Jacky ride his pony. It was only then that he recalled the grim nature of his errand in the town, and the expectation of a fatal diagnosis.

Breakfast was leisurely and talkative, and around noon he rode away, in a very different frame of mind from when he had come. He was not willing to die just yet. And there were several things he wanted to say to the governor.

He was somehow less incredulous than he might have been, when the dreaded interview with Doctor Anson proved reassuring. At least he did not have Lawrence's tubercular complaint. Irascible old Governor Dinwiddie, with whom he had been carrying on an exasperated correspondence for months, had at last departed for England, and the acting governor, President Blair, was more tactful. There was unfinished business at Fort Loudoun, and it was no time to think of retreating from his undertaking there.

Early in April he set out from Williamsburg northward again. The White House on the Pamunkey was not much out of his way back to the bleak frontier.

In the interim she had gone to some trouble to learn more about him. His friendship with Major Chamberlayne went back to a wilderness campaign, and she needed only to show the most casual interest to set them all talking about him. In the three years, more or less, since that spectacular day on the Monongahela, his career had been anything but triumphant, and his friends felt it was small wonder that he had become disillusioned and was even unwilling to continue his thankless effort to organize and defend the western settlements. Last year, entertaining the idea of retirement from the service, he had stood for election as burgess for Frederick County and had been defeated—a blow at least to his pride, though his absence at his frontier headquarters during the election campaign was reason enough.

As for why he was still a bachelor at an age when many men could show a growing family, his life as a soldier provided little opportunity for courtship, and when he came away on leave it was usually to recover from sickness or to wrangle with the authorities. His scanty leisure was mostly spent in the lively Fairfax household at Belvoir, near Mount Vernon, where George William's wit outshone all the rest. Everyone was a little in love with Sally Fairfax, witty, slender, sparkling, perhaps a trifle spoiled, childless after ten years of marriage. And she was conspicuously in love with her easygoing, handsome husband who was a burgess for the county which bore his family name. A man emerging into civilization after months in the wilderness would certainly be dazzled by the little balls and amateur theatricals and musical evenings and scintillating talk which enhanced Sally's world. It was a useful circle, too, if ever he wanted to stand for another election.

The more she heard, the more she doubted the singular bond which had held them both that day in the Chamberlaynes' parlor. He had been at a low ebb, anxious about his health, deadlocked in his army ambitions, homesick for his neglected acres, oversusceptible to family comforts and a little sympathy. The note which he dispatched to her from Williamsburg to say nothing except the time of his intended arrival for the promised visit. She wondered that he had remembered to send it, even as she posted a servant to watch for him on the shore.

He was punctual to the time he set, attended as always by the devoted man Bishop, who had been a sort of legacy, along with a fine horse, from the dying Braddock. She was watching on the doorstep when they rode up to the house, and Jacky ran to meet him as he swung out of the saddle, and was tossed up on the big horse where he sat frozen with joy while she held her breath, until after a solemn parade down the drive and back he was safely removed and deposited at her feet. Jacky was now Colonel Washington's slave.

Her hand was engulfed in his as he bent above it, and even before she led the way into the parlor, where the vases stood full of spring bloom, she could see that he was much improved in health. It amused him to assure her that it was as much her sound advice on what to eat and drink as it was the doctor's nasty prescription which was hastening him to what he now believed would be full recovery. Yet he was able to return to his post at Fort Loudoun, to await the arrival of the new governor. Until then, there was nothing much to be done with the Council and President Blair, who preferred to temporize. Meanwhile, his men would go always a little hungry

SKELETON IN THE CLOSET

English law prohibited surgeons from practicing dissection. There was only one loophole in the law: a doctor might cut up the body of an executed criminal.

The rise of modern medicine created a great demand for bodies. Professional grave robbers sold them to physicians at high prices. Many an early doctor dissected only one body in his life. Naturally, he would prize the skeleton highly and be reluctant to dispose of it. But public opinion made it dangerous for him to keep it where it might be found. So the prudent anatomist usually hung his prize in some dark corner where visitors were not likely to see it.

This practice was so common that people began to take it for granted that a doctor had a skeleton in the closet. From this literal sense, the phrase eventually came to indicate any hidden evidence.

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ragged almost to nakedness, short of munition, and with field equipment almost nexistent. Always it was the same answer: k of funds. But what was the Assembly at illiamsburg for if not to grant funds for the n who risked their lives and sacrificed their ly comfort for the service of their country? hen he should stand for election again, she d. Next time he would win, and then he uld speak his mind from the floor in the apitol and demand that the soldiers be pro- ed for. That brought him up short with a otest that he was no orator, and she smiled d said he had been very eloquent indeed for rly half an hour. But that was different, explained—any man could talk to her, she tened so well. And he apologized for impos- on her, and she set him off again with a l-placed question

One thing was plain to her as she watched n. He said it was no use, he said he was couraged and sick at heart for his men, he cied the Council hard names—but there was despair in him now. He was on the way k. He would go on. He was not beaten. would never be beaten.

After dinner they walked about the grounds, h Jacky riding his pony, and interviewed steward, a Williamsburg man. She thought olonel Washington's manner with her peo- was exactly the right blend of authority courtesy, and he was followed by admir- glances and broad smiles. When they rned to the house baby Patsy toddled ward to offer him a limp bouquet, and he nt on one knee to accept it, his face trans- red by tenderness, and she laughing up at through her eyelashes so that he called a baggage and prophesied broken hearts her wake before long.

When he rose and turned to where Patsy's ther stood looking on, their eyes met and gered—it felt so right to them both that he uld be here, playing with her children, erseeing her property, dining at her table, ring their plans and their difficulties.

The horses were waiting in the drive, their s in Bishop's hands. He thanked her rather mally for a delightful afternoon, walked h her back to the doorstep, and paused re, without privacy to say good-by. The e she raised to him was full of entreaty. hen the new governor came, he said, in wer to it, he would doubtless be summoned Williamsburg again to put his case. So it uld not be long, he said, looking down at with his grave smile, before he did himself pleasure of another visit, if she would mit.

Once more she stood and watched him ride ay from her. And Patsy, sensitive to every eze that blew, burst into tears.

e next time she had no warning He rode the drive on a hot day at the end of May, ty and travel-worn, bound for Williams- rg, where big things were afoot, though the w governor had not yet arrived. He and hop had dined along the road, but the rses needed rest, and he sat down with a nfortable sigh in the shaded parlor to enjoy ool drink and a plate of cakes fresh from oven, doubly delicious to a man who sub- ed most of the time on a soldier's rations. He would have more time to visit on the y back, he told her. He would know then at was behind the summons by the Council. hoped it meant another attempt to wrest rt Duquesne from the French, a new cam- gn in which Braddock's mistakes might be oided. He had waited nearly three years for chance to take the offensive again. It was old score he longed to settle, and today he s restless and inwardly simmering at the spect. She saw him now as a soldier, dedi- ed, preoccupied, in a hurry. It was dis- pointing. Even the children failed to catch attention entirely. His mind had gone on ead of him to Williamsburg, probing the ds there, devising argument, preparing de- ses, laying down stratagems.

When he rose, more abruptly than was his nctilious habit, her docile acceptance of his od penetrated at last, and he paused with a tful smile. She was so small, so uncom- ining, so *good*, like one of her own sensitive ldren. He held out both his big hands and 's went into them gratefully. On the way back, he promised her, when he knew better where he was, there would be more time. He hesitated and then laid his lips against her fingers before he strode out of the room.

Since he had last seen her he had had a great deal to think about besides the policy of the new governor. He was turning twenty-seven and felt he had very little to show for it. His name was known throughout Virginia, it was true, as the foremost young officer America had produced so far. But his rank and reputation were very little good to him so long as the king's commission outweighed a colonial one, and his hard-won experience and opinions could be dismissed by any commander sent out from England to do the job he believed he had himself earned the right to undertake.

And if he left the army, and won an election, and settled down at Mount Vernon to become an influential planter and member of the Assembly, like his friend George William, for instance, then the long, sterile devotion to George William's wife would not fill the chair on the other side of the fire in the evenings, would not provide heirs for the estate he cherished, nor make a gracious hostess for the guests he was bound to entertain. His widowed mother, intransigent and arbitrary always, lived alone near his married sister at Fredericksburg. His favorite brother, John Augustine, who had for a time managed Mount Vernon for him, had gone with his bride to live in Westmoreland County. Mount Vernon required a wife. His own empty hours indoors would be the cozier for one. And if he married, who would be easier to love than the sensible little widow at the White House, who lacked a manager for her own estate? Together they could build an establishment second to none in Virginia.

During those long spring evenings at Fort Loudoun he had plenty of time to think, and he recognized a crossroads. Absorbed in the dreary daily round at the post, he had allowed





himself to drift too long. If he was to have a future, he must lay hold of it soon. Mount Vernon was his home, and the secondhand family life he had found at Belvoir was not enough. Sally had told him more than once that he ought to marry.

It was not to set someone in Sally's place, for she had no legitimate place in his life. It was not to forget her, because they would always be neighbors. His relationship with Sally need not change if he married, because he had nothing to lose. But let the woman he chose be as different from Sally as a woman could be, rather than some pale counterfeit who could never stand comparison with the true gold coin. Let her be small and soft, instead of tall, taut and slender; sweet-tempered and obliging, instead of distracting and unpredictable; submissive where Sally challenged; no better read than he was, maybe; fond of babies; and let her be always kind. As he totted up the total and wrote the little widow's name as the sum, he failed to notice that Sally came out a bit short on wifely virtues. He was never to see Sally plain, as long as he lived, though he might have done so if ever he had got close enough to hold her in his arms.

Women, however, were secondary now as he rode toward Williamsburg at the end of May in 1758, and they remained banished from his thoughts during the busy days which followed. As he had suspected, Parliament was taking a hand with the French, and a man called Forbes was to lead a new assault on Fort Duquesne. Colonel Washington had been named to accompany the expedition as second in command. His immediate orders were to return at once to his post and prepare to join Forbes, who was coming down to the frontier from Philadelphia.

So now he knew where he was. He sent off a message to the White House, announcing his return in time for dinner on the fifth, and looked the thing in the face. He might be away for months. No one knew better than he the endless delay and hazard involved in the coming campaign. It was even possible that he might not come back at all. Perhaps it would be better to wait till Fort Duquesne was taken, and the old score with France was settled, and then he could turn his back on soldiering forever, settle down at Mount Vernon to grow tobacco at a profit, stand for election till he won a seat, and travel to Williamsburg twice a year when the Assembly met, with his family in a fine chariot and four.

But when he saw her again, standing so small and straight and smiling, asking nothing of him, but so willing to give, she went to his heart, and he knew a sudden fear that he might lose her if he left it too long. A woman like that would not have to wait. And he was quite sure now that since it could never be Sally it was Martha he wanted in the chair across the hearth at Mount Vernon—as different from Sally as a woman could be, a new leaf, a fair beginning.

He had not prepared a speech for it. The words came clumsily, he thought, as he tried to find them, and to her the big man's lack of assurance, his innocence of all conceit or self-importance as he made his honest offer, left no room for doubt. Besides, he was on his way to a war. And if a woman's promise for his return was any sort of shield or comfort against what lay ahead of him, then he had it with her love and her prayers.

It was only when he was gone again, for no one knew how long, that she realized it had all happened rather suddenly. Four brief meetings since her widowhood, and she had promised to be his wife, to leave all her dear accustomed surroundings, her lifelong friends, her sister Nancy at nearby Eltham, and go to live with him on the Potomac, in a house she had never seen, among neighbors who, though not total strangers, were not like the Chamberlaynes and the Bassetts and the Byrds whom she had known always. It would be a new life, a new world at Mount Vernon. But at least she would have the children, and she could never feel lonely or strange so long as she had Jack and Patsy. And now there would be more. A new baby would make all the difference.

His own second thoughts as he rode back toward Winchester presented some misgiving too. Now he had to tell Sally that he had taken her advice and bespoke a wife. Sally would laugh, and congratulate him. He knew her to well to suppose that she would show any regret for the loss of her exclusive empire over his private feelings, even if she had any, which was unlikely. Sally's discretion was such that she had sometimes found his too naïf admiration a trifle embarrassing, even exasperating. Sally did not intend to have it unduly noticed and commented upon that young Colonel Washington believed himself to be in love with her. She would doubtless welcome an end to that, and would receive his bride cordially into the inner circle of Fairfax society and help to make her feel at home. It was not as though Martha Custis was unknown to the Masons and the Carlyles and the Lees and the Fairfaxes. Everyone met everyone else during the Assembly times at Williamsburg. But she had never visited among the Potomac households, and she might feel uprooted at first. Some adjustment would be required, and he must make sure that she was never lonely. Sometimes as he rode he reflected with something like dismay that it was too late now to unsay those halting words in Martha's parlor, and then he would remind himself that marriage was a step which must be taken sooner or later.

Before he left Winchester he announced his second candidacy as member for Frederick County, and arranged for his friends Carlyle and Fairfax to campaign for him in his absence. Then he pushed on to Fort Loudoun where he found all the usual small feuds and controversies grinding along. With Forbes it was the same old story too. Ignorant of the terrain, he still refused advice, and undertook to cut his own road through the forest instead of making use of the old Braddock route. The extra delay and hardship caused by his obstinacy made trouble with the temperamental Indian allies and discontent among the men.

By mid-September they had advanced only as far as Raystown on the new road, winter was threatening to overtake them along the

TO MY SON, WHO IS GROWN AND GONE

By IRVING PETITE

Hummingbirds come back
The day that wild currant blooms.
Sure as earth turns
The poplar tree comes into bud and peach bloom burns;
Will there be, ever again,
Your shadow on the window-pane,
Quiet reaching for the key?
I can see
Your brooding look, as if you stood
Once more inside the hall
Waiting to know if I had waked,
On tiptoe for my call . . .
Dreading, yet hoping
For that concern
Which proved that you, though overlate,
Were loved.
You are gone now.
Come white wild orchid gleam, come willow bud
—Pheasant in the thicket
—Ouzel in the creek . . .
I would trade it all and more, and more
To hear your step again,
To hear you speak.

way, and Washington knew only too well what that would mean for himself as well as his ill-fed, ill-clad men. His letters were dispirited and angry. "We seem then to act under an evil geni, the conduct of our leaders (if not actuated by superior orders) is tempered with something I don't care to give a name to," he wrote, "for nothing but a miracle can bring this campaign to a happy issue."

For years he had written to the Fairfaxes out of his loneliness and discouragement in the field, and received from them enlivening accounts of Tidewater doings. Now there was another letter for him to write, to the woman who would be his wife when this war was over, and there were her letters back to him, full of the homely details of her placid days at the White House—comforting but unexciting letters, of a woman who was too unaccustomed to her pen to set down her thoughts and emotions, and therefore not love letters as they might have been, to put his mind at ease with ardent phrases. They were difficult letters to answer, because the acquaintance was so short and there was so little of mutual experience to share. But he wrote conscientiously, wondering how much of the military record of delay and misunderstanding she could comprehend or find of interest.

And then the miracle which he had mentioned without much hope did happen. When they had struggled to within a day's march of Fort Duquesne the French suddenly set fire to the place and by the light of the flames escaped down the river bag and baggage.

General Forbes retired to Philadelphia in shattered health and died a few weeks later. On his orders, Washington was to leave a garrison at Fort Duquesne and himself ride at once to Williamsburg to persuade the governor to make adequate provision for wintering the exhausted troops. His horses broke down on the way, and by the time he reached the Potomac again in December he was as usual suffering from the inevitable camp ailments, dysentery and fevers.

A hasty inspection of Mount Vernon last June before he joined Forbes had revealed unrealized dilapidations which must be remedied before he brought home a bride. George William had most kindly undertaken to engage workmen and oversee the job, but goods ordered had not arrived, and the place was still a mess of carpentry and unglazed windows. He tramped unhappily through the echoing rooms with shrouded furniture piled here and there, and saw no hope of inhabiting the house for months to come. The wedding would have to wait, then.

In any case, he had won the election this time, and his decision to resign from the army had been taken, to the dismay of the men he commanded, who threatened right and left to follow suit. He had been five years ousting the French, and he recognized that it had been valuable experience, but the account was closed. Now he was free to become a burgess and a planter and a married man. He looked forward with mixed emotions to what the next five years would bring, and the White House lay between him and Williamsburg.

Six months had passed since he had last seen the woman he was going to marry, and he was wondering how to resume the mood in which they had parted. But when the door opened on rooms decked with Christmas greens and bright with fires and the voices of children, and she gave him both her hands with simple dignity and delight at his safe return, it all began to look much easier.

After little Jack and Patsy had been taken away, complaining, to their own quarters, their mother opened a locked chest and showed him, laughing and whispering like a child herself, the toys and little garments she had had the foresight to order from England months ago. He had seldom if ever spent a Christmas season in a household where there were children, and he had forgotten, to his chagrin, to provide any gifts of his own. It would be too late now to pick up suitable trinkets, even if such were to be had in Williamsburg. He put his hand to his pocket for money, and hesitated. Coins were nothing to children, it was only what the coins would fetch. Smiling, she came to his rescue, and laid out a toy horse and a velvet cap with silver lace. Those were to be given in his name. But for her, he said, touched and awkward—he had nothing even for her. Next year, she comforted him. Next year there would be time for all that.

It was difficult then to confess the sorry state his house was in, and he discovered that the prospect of postponing the wedding, once viewed with something like relief, was after all a depressing one—for the warm room and the tactful little woman beside him, and the indefinable holiday excitement already in the air had soothed and captivated a spirit starved of love.

And so somehow it was arranged between them, to their mutual satisfaction. He would go at once to Williamsburg, as he must do, and kiss the new governor's hand and conclude his army business there and attend the year's-end festivities at the Palace if bidden. And early in January, free of military service and its obligations, all his duties faithfully discharged, he would return to the White House for the wedding.

And still there need be no upheaval, they decided, very serious and longheaded and secretly aglow. It would be necessary for him to take his seat in the Assembly in February, for his first session as burgess for Frederick County, and while they were in Williamsburg they would live in her town house with the six chimneys. During that time, too, they would settle all the legal formalities which would place her affairs and the children's safely in his hands. Mount Vernon could wait, and take its time; they would not be homeless. In the spring they would go to Mount Vernon. Meanwhile they would be gay in Williamsburg. It had been too long, she told him, since he had been gay. And watching her happy face in the firelight, he perceived that he had a lot to learn about living with a woman, and that the lessons were going to be remarkably pleasant.

On her side, as the summer waned, she had begun to dread the day when she must leave the White House and the familiar faces she was accustomed to, and set out for the Potomac with a man she was very lately acquainted with at all. And now, instead of being hustled, she found herself with another Williamsburg season ahead of her as the bride of a man everyone delighted to honor. And Mount Vernon in the spring was only something to look forward to, fresh with new paint and glass and timber, hers to arrange and devise and furnish like a doll's house. He drew her a floor plan, showing a central hall with two rooms either side, upstairs and down. He made a list of the furniture he could remember, and they decided to order everything new from London for the bedroom, which was to be blue and white. And now when he rode on to Williamsburg she had only a fortnight in which to deal with both Christmas and her wedding preparations.

She had plenty of assistance, and when the day came she was ready without any last-minute scurry or fuss. Her dress was all white, with a silver thread. Her white satin shoes had high heels, because he was so tall. There were pearls looped through her powdered hair.

The governor himself was coming to the wedding, in full dress, with his wife on his arm. The house was already bulging with guests, and her sister Nancy had taken charge. The children were beside themselves, and had to be restrained. It would be the same clergyman who had married her to Daniel, but she would not have felt right about a ceremony performed by a stranger.

She sat alone in her room in her white dress, waiting, a pool of quiet in the domestic vortex—resisting the temptation to peep through the curtains each time more wheels rolled up the drive, listening for the saddle horse which had once carried Braddock in his red coat, and whose army days were over now. He must have traveled very soberly, for there was Nancy's voice outside her door, like a peal of bells—Colonel Washington had arrived.

Her heart never beat like that for Daniel.

END



Cover a hot casserole (baked beans shown here) with Kraft De Luxe Slices, topped with ketchup in green pepper rings. Bake at 350° until cheese melts.

Eight generous slices . . . eight full ounces



Here's really rich cheese flavor!

These handy slices taste better than others you may find in the dairy case because Kraft uses really fine natural cheeses to make them. That's why they're called Kraft De Luxe Slices.

Tender fillets of sole are
baked in a creamy shrimp sauce
and served with *the* perfect salad:
cucumbers, water cress and
lettuce tossed in a sweet-sour dressing!



ABBOT MILLS

Your guests will enjoy cornucopias of prosciutto or thinly sliced ham, filled with pâté, for an hors d'oeuvre. A small serving cart wheeled up to the side of the dinner table makes a hostess' job easier.

Conversation Piece



STUART

The sole-and-shrimp casserole can be prepared the day before the party and heated half an hour before serving. There's lots of extra sauce to serve separately.

By RUTH MILLS TEAGUE

A dinner menu that is comparatively easy to produce, requires no last-minute fussing and can be served either buffet or at the table is a boon to any hostess. Of course it goes without saying—but I'll say it just the same: the food must be epicurean in quality, each item complementing what goes before or comes after, so that the result is a unified work of art. Even with this high-sounding build-up I can talk about our meal with confidence, because it lives up to these specifications. We'll begin with cornucopias of *prosciutto* filled with *pâté de foie gras*. In case *prosciutto* isn't available, you can use ordinary boiled ham; and in case *pâté de foie gras* is a little rich for your pocketbook, I'll give you a recipe for *pâté* made from liverwurst and other things. With the cornucopias we can serve some olives, pickles, and one of the many varieties of delicious crisp things that are available everywhere. The main dish will be sole with shrimp-and-caper sauce, and I hope you will find it as popular with your guests as it is with mine. The sauce is made with a base of strong chicken broth and though it is creamy in consistency it is not heavy and rich. So our main dish is fairly low in calories—what could be more innocent than sole and shrimp? The salad, cucumber, red-onion rings, water cress and lettuce, is a good salad to remember as an accompaniment to any fish dish. It is served with a sweet-sour dressing that is rather special: a combination of olive oil, a little mayonnaise, wine vinegar and green pepper. For bread we'll have potato crackers. They are very good as they come out of the box, but if they are spread with sweet butter and dried out in a low oven they are really terrific. These are not like potato chips—they're about the size and thickness of round crackers. Now dessert, and this one is unbelievably easy and ditto good. It's pineapple chunks, strawberries, maple syrup and commercial sour cream. A little kirsch may be added if you like. Frozen fruit can be used when fresh isn't available, and raspberries may be substituted for strawberries. In fact, this is a most versatile dessert. You can be as experimental about CONTINUED ON PAGE 138



Peachy TOPSY TURVY Cake!

New upside-down idea with Betty Crocker Cake Mix ... bright and luscious with golden Cling Peaches!

A sunny cake that makes its own topping—a double layer peach cake that's twice the fun to serve! What's more, when you bake with Betty Crocker Cake Mix and summer-sweet cling peaches, you're bound to turn out a perfect beauty of a cake the very first time! **HERE'S HOW: Mix ½ cup butter, 1 cup brown sugar (packed), ½ cup chopped nuts; spread half in 9″ round layer pan. Arrange ½ No. 2½ can sliced cling peaches, drained, over mixture. Make Honey Spice Cake Mix batter as directed. Pour ½ batter over peaches, ½ in 8″ round layer pan. Bake at 350°—8″ layer 30 min., 9″ layer 35 min. Turn 9″ layer onto serving plate. Place 8″ layer on baking sheet, arrange remaining peach slices on top and sprinkle with rest of brown sugar mixture. Broil until bubbly, place on top of 9″ layer.** Cling Peach Advisory Board



canned **CLING PEACHES** from California

Sunniest way to brighten any meal

It's the natural mate for every meat...

Ocean Spray Cranberry Sauce!









Ocean Spray Cranberry Sauce gives you

14 Vitamins and Minerals

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It's the natural mate for every meat — tart, tangy Cranberry Sauce. So naturally delicious, you'll want to serve big double-thick slices. So naturally nutritious you'll count Cranberry Sauce an extra vegetable-happy way to add vitamins and minerals to your meal plan. Serve Ocean Spray every day. To glamorize a simple sandwich. To add new substance to a salad. Or every day to dress up any meat. Natural fruit vitamins. Natural fruit minerals. Natural fruit pectins. And a naturally sparkling, appetizing, taste-teasing flavor. Good reasons, all, why Ocean Spray belongs in your meals . . . *every day!*



SERVE *Ocean Spray* EVERY DAY!

CONVERSATION PIECE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136

the combinations of fruit as you like—the invariable is the sour cream and maple syrup.

We have no service problem with this meal, and no last-minute preparations to contend with. However you plan, only one plate is needed for the fish and salad, which makes serving a lot easier. Just be sure you have your schedule worked out so that everything will go smoothly and you can be as calm as any of your guests.

PROSCIUTTO-AND-PÂTÉ CORNUCOPIAS

Get ½ pound thinly sliced *prosciutto* or cold boiled ham. *Prosciutto* comes in tins and this is ideal for our use because the slices are so even in shape. Take a piece of ham about 3½" long and 2" wide and fold into a cornucopia or funnel shape. You may have to use scissors to even off the tops and if they don't hold their shape fasten with a toothpick. Fill centers with *pâté de fois gras* and chill until very cold. Makes 8–10 servings.

LIVER PATÉ *that can be used instead of pâté de fois gras*

Let ½ pound smoked liverwurst and 3 ounces cream cheese stand at room temperature until softened. Cream together until smooth with 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce and ⅛ teaspoon dry mustard.

FILLETS OF SOLE WITH SHRIMP-AND-CAPER SAUCE

Get 4½ pounds fillets of sole. If not available, use frozen fillets of sole or flounder. Cut fillets into pieces the right size for serving. Arrange the fish in 2 casseroles, one piece on top of another so that there are about 10 nice pieces for serving. Salt and pepper each piece well. Then bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 35–40 minutes. Wash 2½ pounds fresh or frozen raw shrimp and plunge into a large pot of rapidly boiling water to which 1 cup vinegar, 2 tablespoons salt and 2 cloves garlic, crushed, have been added. Boil 7 minutes, drain, rinse with cold water and remove shells and veins. Reserve 10 whole shrimp for garnishing and cut the rest into 3 pieces each. Melt 1 stick (¼ pound) butter in a heavy saucepan. Let it brown just a little. Add 5 tablespoons flour, stir until smooth. Drain fish liquid from baking pans. There should be about 1½ cups. Add enough cream or milk or chicken broth to make 3 cups liquid. Add to the flour and butter. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until the sauce thickens and comes to a boil. Add cut shrimp, 4 teaspoons monosodium glutamate, ½ teaspoon each gumbo-filé powder and salt and ⅛–¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper. Wash 3 tablespoons capers with cold water and add them. You can use more capers if you like, but be cautious because their taste is sharp. I use a little finely minced garlic in the sauce, but that is optional. Now, taste for seasoning. Sprinkle fish in casseroles with paprika. Dot with butter and spoon some of the sauce over and around the fillets. Be careful not to mask the fish entirely. Garnish with the whole shrimp. Cover with a lid or aluminum foil. All this can be done the day before, if you like, but keep refrigerated. A couple of hours before serving, let stand at room temperature. About ½ hour before serving, put in a preheated oven, 350° F., until they bubble and are piping hot. Serve in casseroles garnished with lemon and paprika. Heat remaining sauce in a double boiler and serve with the casseroles. Makes 8–10 servings.

CUCUMBER-AND-ONION SALAD

Partially peel 5 cucumbers, leaving on enough green skin to make them look pretty. Slice, and cover with ice cubes. Wash water cress and lettuce and store in refrigerator. Peel 6 moderate-size red onions, slice and separate into rings. Toss with the following dressing.

SWEET-SOUR DRESSING

Mix together 3 tablespoons mayonnaise, 1 cup olive oil, ⅓ cup wine vinegar, 3 tablespoons chili sauce, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon paprika, 3 squirts hot pepper sauce, ⅓ cup very finely chopped green pepper and 1 small minced clove garlic. The dressing, except for the green pepper, can be made far in advance and the green pepper added a couple of hours before serving. Makes 8–10 servings.

BREAD

Spread potato crackers with sweet butter and dry in a very low—200° F.—oven until crisp. Make plenty—once treated this way, they stay crisp for days in an airtight container.

DESSERT

Get fresh, frozen or canned pineapple cut into chunks. Thaw frozen strawberries, leaving them slightly icy. Put pineapple chunks on dessert plates and cover with the strawberries. Pour 3 tablespoons maple syrup over each serving. Add a good dollop of commercial sour cream and put 1 teaspoon maple syrup in the center of cream. If you like, pour a little kirsch over the fruit before you add the syrup and cream. If you prepare the dessert ahead of time, keep plates in refrigerator. If you prepare at the last minute, be sure the dessert plates as well as the fruit are very cold.

Enjoy these lively Lipton Soups...full of FRESH HOME-COOKED TASTE and hearty nourishment



Lively, fragrant Lipton Onion Soup is the kind of treat a French chef would serve you. Tasty onions, simmered slowly in rich beef broth—that's the delicious secret.



Tangy, hearty Lipton Tomato Vegetable Soup is so good for children . . . and the whole family. It's made with wholesome garden-fresh vegetables and enriched egg noodles.



Rich, nourishing Lipton Green Pea Soup is creamy-smooth with a wonderful old-time smoky flavor everyone enjoys. And it's so substantial—practically a meal in itself.

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You couldn't find better ingredients if you shopped for them yourself. They're quality ingredients that are blended and seasoned to perfection.

And Lipton Soups have a lively, fresh, home-cooked taste because you finish fixing delicious, nourishing Lipton Soups at home—in minutes.

There's so much good in

LIPTON SOUP MIXES

. . . body-building proteins, carbohydrates for energy, minerals and vitamins essential to good nutrition. Try them all . . . soon.

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BEEF NOODLE • GREEN PEA
TOMATO VEGETABLE

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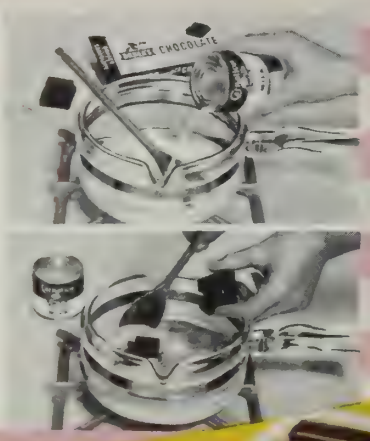
YOURS IN 4 MINUTES...delicious fudge frosting...
no beating, soft-ball tests or candy thermometer needed

RECIPE:

NEW 4-MINUTE FUDGE FROSTING
(Makes frosting for two 8-inch layers)

½ cup undiluted CARNATION EVAPORATED MILK
3 squares BAKER'S UNSWEETENED CHOCOLATE
3½ to 4½ cups sifted confectioners sugar
¼ cup softened butter or margarine

Heat Carnation with Baker's Chocolate in medium saucepan until the chocolate melts (about 3 minutes). Remove from heat. Add sifted confectioners sugar, 1 cup at a time, to spreading consistency. Stir in butter. Blend. Spread frosting between, on sides and top of cake layers.



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Always smooth, never a failure, made with...

BAKER'S UNSWEETENED CHOCOLATE
the genuine chocolate

No ordinary chocolate can give fudge frosting the true, rich chocolate flavor you get with Baker's. For Baker's is *genuine* chocolate – a special blend of the finest cocoa beans. More convenient, too. Individual squares, scored to break easily, melt quickly.

CARNATION EVAPORATED MILK
the double-rich milk that whips!

No ordinary milk can give fudge frosting the smooth-as-cream goodness you get with Carnation. For no other form of milk is so rich, so much like expensive cream. Carnation's double richness cuts cooking time and eliminates much of the work...assures success every time.



Weekend Wife... Weekday Widow...

SUNDAY

"All week I go through the motions one must in taking care of the house and children. It's only on weekends that I'm a human being again."



MONDAY

"When Ed leaves for his traveling-salesman job, I usually cry a little. . . . Oh, this awful loneliness which grabs me the minute he goes!"

"Ed's wonderful, but I'll never be happy till he's home every night."
—Betty Rogers, Winchester, Virginia

BY MARGARET PARTON. PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARGERY LEWIS

"I live by the week," declares dark-haired Betty Rogers, her hazel eyes somber with introspection. "Ed leaves for five days early Monday morning. When I begin the housework, I think, 'If I can only get through today, tomorrow will be Tuesday—and that's the day before Ed telephones me.' Tuesday is better, because I know he'll call me the next day. Wednesday I live through because I'm going to talk to him on the phone that evening. Then Thursday is the day before he comes home, so I can survive that. And Friday I can pretend he got up early and that's why he isn't here in the morning. And of course he'll *really* be coming home for dinner like every other husband. On the weekends I live—weekdays are just marking time."

Betty has been married to Edwin Lloyd Rogers for five years, and those years have seen many changes: The birth of three babies. A steadily rising income. First payments, in 1957, on a neat little brick home in the lovely old town of Winchester, Virginia. But one aspect of life remains the same: Ed is still a traveling salesman, is still gone from home five days and four nights of every week. And Betty hates his absence just as fiercely as she did when she was a bride.

But Betty, during the quiet hours of afternoon when the three tiny children are napping, and the long lonely hours of evening, has been doing a lot of thinking. Folding diapers, half watching television, she now tells herself, "Always before I've run away from what I didn't like, or fought it. But now I can't run and I can't fight because I'd only be fighting my family and myself. I love Ed too much to make him unhappy. If I forced him to take an office job he'd be unhappy, and then I would be too. And what would I have accomplished?"

And so, in Ed's eyes at least, and sometimes in her own, Betty is gradually "growing better."

"I've got a good job with a good company," says the tall young man, affectionately balancing



TUESDAY

After supper Betty does chores, talks to herself: "I should roughhouse with the children. Ed does, when he's home, but I'm too tired."

WEDNESDAY

"If only someone came home at night—to wipe one face, tie one shoe. But the worst thing is having to make every single decision alone."





THURSDAY

"Daddy will be home tomorrow." Time now to joke with the children, to shine up the house, to wash and curl her hair, to anticipate the home-coming.

"Tuesday's the day before Wednesday, when Ed phones; Thursday, the day before he gets home again."

a blond baby daughter on each knee. "I earn six to seven thousand a year, after taxes and expenses, and the job offers a real future. The only reason I'd ever give up my job would be for Betty's sake. But I think she's getting used to it—she's much better than she was before."

For Betty, the struggle to achieve this moderate triumph has been long and hard. Her memories of an indulged girlhood—for the first twelve years of her life she was an only child—surrounded by affectionate swarms of aunts, uncles, cousins and kissing cousins, have made the struggle more difficult than it might have been for another woman.

Betty Lou Shelhorse was born thirty years ago, grew up in Fredericksburg, Virginia. Here lived her maternal grandmother, beloved "Granny," five of her mother's eight brothers and sisters. "I may have been an only child, but I was never lonely," Betty recalls.

Her father's large family have never been as close to her. Most of them live in "far off" Richmond; also, her view of them is colored by her opinion of her father.

"My father is growing mellower now," she admits. "But when I was a child he made my life and my mother's life miserable. He was terribly strict. I couldn't come home late, couldn't date lots of boys, couldn't wear certain clothes. He allowed me to be a cheerleader, but not a drum majorette. He was arbitrary about everything. But I didn't just lie down and take it. I fought him, and when I couldn't fight I disobeyed him."

On the other hand, Betty admits that her father, a civil engineer who had periods of moderate wealth, gave her "everything I asked for, and more. I had only to say what I wanted—a horse, a dress or a new toy—and I had it."

Her mother's family, the Freemans, are "horsy" people, and her Uncle John Freeman is noted in Virginia as a great horseman. Betty believes that a "feeling" for horses runs in the blood: "You're either born with it, or you aren't. If you are, it's hard for you to live without horses in your life." She, evidently, was born with the feeling.

When Betty was five years old she was given two ponies. At thirteen she went to riding school; later she made sure that the college she chose—Mary Washington College of the University of Virginia—also provided riding. Her Uncle John gave her a horse for a wedding present, but the young couple soon found it too expensive and sold it.

"I can't wait for my children to get into school," Betty says, smoothing a loving hand over the jodhpurs which hang in the hall closet. "Then maybe I can get my riding breeches on again!" The separation from horses, she often implies, is as difficult for her as the separation from her Fredericksburg family.

When Betty was twelve years old her brother John was born, followed shortly by James and William. She was old enough not to resent them, and old enough, also, to enjoy helping her mother care for the three little boys. Now she is grateful that she learned so much in those days about diaper changing and formula mixing, for she was taught nothing else to prepare her for her future job as housewife. "Mother just wanted me to have things easy as long as I could," she says. "She even washed my hair for me until I was sixteen. She has a theory that the girls who've had everything while they were young don't mind buckling down and working after they get married, and that it's the ones who were deprived of luxury in girlhood who resent having to scrub floors and cook."

After college Betty became a physical-education instructor. It was a happy career, with an apartment shared with another girl, her own horse in a nearby stable, lots of fun, lots of dates, and a handsome young man with whom Betty thought she was almost in love. But she was in no hurry to get married.

"Betty Shelhorse?" said an unfamiliar voice on the phone. "Our mutual friend Herb Williams in Richmond said to look you up. My name's Ed Rogers."

Awhile later, Betty was looking at a little white calling card on which was scrawled: "Herb Williams said hello and give this boy a break—even though he doesn't deserve it." Then she looked at the tall, blond ex-marine it introduced, and went out with him to celebrate his thirtieth birthday. By the end of an evening of dancing and talking, and driving under the stars in Betty's convertible, she had made a decision: "That's the nicest person I ever met in my life. I want to marry him."

For easygoing Ed the reaction was a little slower—he waited until the fifth date to ask Betty to marry him. "I hadn't planned to marry just then," says Betty. "Until I met Ed, I had never known a man whose shirts I'd want to iron, to be a slave to or go into a bedroom with. I was most interested in horses. But after I met Ed, I changed."

The husband Betty had chosen was a patient, soft-voiced young man. Like Betty, he had grown up in a large, close-knit Virginia family; unlike Betty, he had known poverty and hard work all during his youth. His father, a motion-picture projectionist, had been badly hit during the depression and Ed, his brothers and his sisters had all worked after school to help the family along. By the time he met Betty he was a $90-a-week automobile salesman, and he was definitely ready for marriage.

On July 3, 1953, Ed and Betty were married in Trinity Episcopal Church in Fredericksburg—just five weeks and two days after they had first met. Betty's grandmother was ill, so Betty dressed at her house. Beloved Granny must not be cheated of the sight of her glowing grandchild in the white Orlon ballerina-length wedding dress, the borrowed seventy-five-year-old veil, the white prayer book with its white orchid! After the wedding there was a reception for two hundred guests—most of them members of Betty's and Ed's



FRIDAY

Home—and so much to catch up on!
How's Kim? Her stomach O.K.?"
Did Ted hurt himself when he fell?"
Is the baby all right now?"

SATURDAY

"I sometimes worry," Ed admits, "that I won't be important to the children if I come home only on weekends. I do want them to know that daddy is part of their lives too."



families—and then the young couple drove off in a cloud of stars for their honeymoon. "I do think right marriages are made in heaven, and I think that ours was," says Betty.

They returned to reality with a slight grinding of celestial gears. Shortly before he met Betty, Ed and his brother Roger had bought a twenty-room white elephant of a house on the highway between Fredericksburg and Richmond. This was where they moved as newlyweds. Ed had planned to run the place as a motel, and had furnished it with sturdy but rather characterless blond-wood pieces—some of which are still in use in their home. ("Oh, how I'd love to have Early American!" Betty sighs. "And how I'd love to get rid of that big red lamp Ed bought for the motel!") The motel plan did not work out.

After five months Ed finally found a potential buyer for the house, and while he tried it out, Ed and Betty moved to Richmond. They were there only six months, but during this time the most important event of their young married life took place: the birth of their son Edwin L. Rogers, Jr., in May, 1954. "We could hardly wait for him," says Betty, who hates to wait for anything. "We were so excited and so happy—and so was all the family on both sides."

When little Ted was only a few months old the tenant decided not to buy the big old mansion, so Ed and Betty and the baby moved back into it. Ed, who couldn't picture himself an auto salesman forever, found a new selling job on the road. Then the traveling, the separation and the loneliness began.

Betty had never been alone before for more than a few hours at a time. Now she was alone with a baby for several nights a week, in a big country house—transforming every breath of wind into goblins, every falling leaf into a footstep. It didn't help to lock every window—windows can be broken. It didn't help to think of the telephone—telephone wires can be cut.

Ed was not traveling so much as he does now, and Betty had not yet connected her uneasiness with his absences. They sold the house, and Betty, thinking that everything would now be fine, was happy to move to an apartment near her family in Fredericksburg. A few months later, when Ted was only eight months old, Betty found (somewhat to her surprise) that she was again pregnant. Conscious of his growing responsibilities, Ed began to look for a better job—and found it as a salesman with the Union Underwear Company, a subsidiary of Fruit of the Loom. The company offered security, a chance for promotion, and a salary of $10,000 a year, less taxes and expenses. *But* his territory would be parts of Virginia, West Virginia and Maryland, he would be on the road five days a week, and they would have to move to a more convenient location.

They moved in July, 1955, to a clean, compact little apartment in Roanoke. Betty admired the sterilized-looking white kitchen, painted the walls of the apartment a dark Wedgwood blue, and settled down to await the new baby and to find out what it was like to be the wife of a full-time traveling salesman.

Almost at once she decided that she hated the role, fiercely and completely. "Every weekend when he came home I begged him to give up his job. I said we should move to Florida and be ditchdiggers. I screamed and wept and raged."

Betty's pregnancies and deliveries are difficult, the after-birth blues severe. Kim, whose proper name is Mary Kimberley, was born in September of that year—and Betty went into what she remembers now as the worst depression of her life.

"Evening closed in," she remembers with a shudder. "I'd see the men coming home, the doors closing and the lights going on. And there was I, alone in the house with two babies. I'd look at those blue, blue walls, and then I'd go into that surgical kitchen and fix something for the children to eat. Then I'd put them to bed. And after that, what? Nothing."

As the weeks went on she grew more and more depressed. She didn't bother to put on make-up when Ed was away. She sat staring at the blue walls. She was up a lot at night with Kim, both babies were still in diapers, and she was always tired. She almost forgot about eating.

"One morning about eleven," she remembers, "I suddenly felt dizzy. Then I remembered that I hadn't eaten any breakfast, not even a cup of coffee, nor any supper the night before. I couldn't remember eating lunch the day before either."

When Ted was twenty months old, and Kim was four months, Ted caught a severe case of the measles. The doctor advised Betty to get in touch with her husband, and to get help.

"I spent hours on the phone, trying to find Ed," she says. "Usually he leaves an itinerary, but this time his boss was down from New York, and the schedule was all upset. When I finally did reach him he told me he couldn't possibly leave the boss—I'd just have to carry on the best I could." Although her mother, many of her relatives, and even the friend downstairs, would have come to her aid, Betty was too tired and too frightened to call any of them. "Mostly I remember holding both children in my lap, one on each knee, and feeding them bottles, and feeling more and more alone," she murmurs.

When a doctor suggested that a change of scene might help her outlook, Betty jumped at the chance to get away from those Wedgwood-blue walls. As for Ed, he was willing to settle anywhere, just so long as the town was convenient and Betty was happy.

They found a garden apartment in Winchester, a city of around 18,000 soft-spoken Virginians at the head of the Shenandoah Valley. That April Betty was ecstatic with springtime and the flowering plants outside her door. But as the months passed, she missed Ed as much as she ever had. Furthermore, she was expecting—again, to her surprise—another child. Three children! How would they all fit in the small apartment? Wouldn't it be better for them to have a home of their own? Lisabeth Kirk Wellman, born on March 3 of 1957, was a cranky baby and cried continually. Betty became determined to have at *least* three bedrooms.

Ed was doubtful whether they could find a suitable place in high-priced Winchester. But finally they came upon a small brick house on a half acre of land—at $17,000, with a $1500 down

CONTINUED ON PAGE 145



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2. **Low-dust formula.** Johnson's special process cuts down powder "dust." Helps reduce particles apt to be airborne or inhaled.

3. **Protects against irritations.** Pure Johnson's Baby Powder has a special "buffering agent" which helps neutralize irritants in diaper moisture. It guards against chafing — helps keep baby free from rash.

4. **Special moisture absorption.** Johnson's Baby Powder absorbs moisture, keeps fragile skin comfortably dry. That's why it's so effective in helping to prevent prickles and heat rash.

5. **Tested for allergies.** Johnson's Baby Powder is "hypo-allergenic." That means it's been tested to agree with babies' tender skins.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 143

payment. They borrowed the payment from a bank—and in July moved into their first real home.

The little brick house is pleasant if undistinguished, Betty thinks. The walls of the living room are a pale, woody pink, as is the cotton rug. Over the fireplace hangs a portrait of Betty, painted by a friend. On one wall are photographs of her brothers, on another photographs of Ted, Kim and Kirk taken when each was three months old. Betty has hung two copper wall vases nearby and has trained philodendron vines to encircle the pictures of the babies. The room is big enough to hold a sectional sofa from the old motel, two easy chairs, a corner table, a small bookcase and a television set. "*Never* put a television set in a living room!" Betty advises darkly as she tries to sweep around an absorbed Kim and Ted, and make her voice heard above that of Mickey Mouse.

Betty and Ed's bedroom is also furnished with bits and pieces from the motel, and is warmed with photographs of Betty's relatives, friends and former horses. Kim and Ted share a gay, toy-filled bedroom and next to it a dining room now serves as Kirk's nursery. Over the crib Betty has hung gay animal cutouts, which she colored one long and lonely evening.

Beyond the dining room is a long galley of a kitchen with blue walls—*pale* blue. At the end of the kitchen is a dinette with gray-and-yellow table—Formica-topped—and chairs, which must serve until Ed can figure how to build an extra bedroom onto the house. ("Or until we find a bigger place, where maybe I can keep a horse!" Betty says happily.)

Outwardly, Betty's daytime life is no different from that of thousands of other young mothers. Breakfast. Dress the children. Change the fat and rosy baby and cuddle her a little. Put her in her playpen. Bundle up sturdy young Ted and send him out to hunt lions in the honeysuckle jungle across the street. Comfort shy little Kim, who has bumped her head on a corner of the table, and distract her with the new set of water colors. Toss the clothes in the washing machine. Telephone the grocer, the dry cleaner. Before she knows it, it's time to fix sandwiches and soup for the children.

All three are still blessedly young enough for naps, but Betty never lies down herself during these two quiet hours. "It's too lonesome," she says. Instead, the television goes on ("So that the children will learn to sleep even when there's noise") and Betty sits down to watch, or to leaf through a magazine. But soon it's time to fold diapers or hang up the day's washing or vacuum the house. Betty is a precise housekeeper, with a passion for neatness.

"One trouble with me," she admits, "is that I'm terribly orderly. It's taken a great deal of adjustment to get used to the inevitable dirt and mess of three small children. After the first baby I managed to get organized pretty quickly. The second baby made it a bit harder, but gradually I had everything smoothly scheduled. But the third baby really ruined things!"

By the time the children wake from their naps the house is in order, and Betty is ready to go outdoors with them. Often all four of them—five, if you count Kim's doll in her pink tin stroller—make a traffic-stopping expedition to the shopping section a few blocks away.

Home again, and the dusk is beginning to fall. It is now that Betty's life begins to be different from that of other women. "Evening is the worst time. It makes a whole day worth while, knowing that a man is coming home in the evening, and thinking about him while you fix his evening meal. . . . If only *someone* came home at night! I'd cook *six* meals a day for Ed, if only he'd come home every evening!"

Toward evening Betty's nerves are jangling, her voice tends to be shrill, temper shorter than usual. The children, merry, well-adjusted little protoplasma, are quite accustomed to the way their mother blows up quickly and calms down fast. Joyously Ted and Kim take their bath together, climb into pajamas, kneel with their mother to say prayers: "Now I lay me . . . and God bless daddy, granny, granddaddy, John, Jimmy, William, Grandmother Rogers, Granddaddy Rogers, Aunt Addibel, Uncle Jim and Sissie, and God make me a good boy!" Betty wants the children to grow up deeply aware that they are part of a *big* family.

By eight o'clock the house would be silent if it were not for the ever-murmuring television set. Betty sees to it that there is always a chore for the evening hours. One night a week she prepares the lesson for the Sunday-school class she supervises. Another night there is laundry to sort; and on a third night, ironing. Some evenings are dedicated to sewing. She always sits so that she can half watch television. "It's company."

The hour grows late, and Betty knows she ought to go to bed. "But I hate to go to bed alone," she broods. "To wake up and hear a child crying—and to have to make decisions alone—that's one of the worst things. Shall I call a doctor? Is her forehead *really* hot? Is that cough croupy? I'm always *afraid* when Ed's away.

"Sometimes I'm more afraid than I am at other times. I'm always nervous when I'm pregnant, and when I was having Kirk I was *terribly* nervous. I wasn't so much afraid for myself—but I kept lying awake worrying about the morning, when the children might come in and find me murdered, all slashed —— Oh, I had terrible thoughts! And I couldn't bear it: how long would they have to cry before someone heard them?

"I couldn't bear it just to lie in bed, if I thought someone was in the house. Once I heard a crash—just like someone had fallen over a chair in the dining room, in the dark. So I made myself walk to the dining room to see who was there: a picture had fallen.

"Some people might think I'm silly, but I have friends who say I'm brave to stay alone at all. I have one friend with four children, and when her husband has to go away once a month, she moves them all to her mother's for the night! Another tells me that when her husband is gone she sleeps with a butcher knife. But I won't do that. I just won't give in to fear. If you have to live with a thing, well, you have to live with it.

"And who would want to rob us? We've nothing. And anyway, the windows are high above the ground and the doors have good strong bolts. Of course someone could cut the screen porch door—but I don't see that happening. And anyway, somewhere, sometime, we have to trust in God."

Betty sleeps at last. And in the morning everything is always better.

Betty feels that she has passed a turning point in her unhappiness, although she is not sure when that point came. Perhaps when she actually sat down and wrote to the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, describing her problem. Perhaps when she decided to wear a comforting Catholic medal—although she is not a Catholic. Perhaps when *somehow* she began facing the fact that in fighting Ed and his job she was fighting the husband she loves so dearly. Nowadays, although she has frequent, daily relapses, she is determined each time to fight them—not Ed.

Above the kitchen sink she has tacked a newspaper clipping which she says has helped her:

"*I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. Phil. 4:11.* CONTENTMENT IS A HABIT. It is a habit achieved by centering our attention on the good in our lives and giving thanks to God for our blessing. *Gracious Father, accept our gratitude for Thy unfailing love and give us a compelling desire to please Thee always.*"

Recently she has tried to do what she calls "thinking up" rather than "thinking down." She reminds herself of positive good resulting from Ed's job: he can "shop the sales," for instance, in each town, and this helps considerably on the budget.

Another way of "thinking up" is to remind herself daily: "I *am* Mrs. Edwin L. Rogers, and I owe something to Ed to look well even when he isn't here." She now makes a point of combing her hair during the children's naptime, and putting on her favorite shade of dark-cherry lipstick.

"Another help," she reflects, "is deliberately to create normal situations. I used to feel that if Ed wasn't coming home to dinner there was no use in fixing anything nicely or in serving meals at a regular time. But now I try to pretend he *is* coming home—I fix the children *good* meals instead of just nourishing ones, and I try to set the table prettily and have dinner at the same time every night. I'm not neurotic," Betty insists. "I miss my husband because I love him. I want to be with him every day and not just on weekends!"

This fact becomes increasingly evident as the week progresses. Wednesday night there is the telephone call from Ed, and the couple exchange news and gossip for an extravagant half hour. Thursday is the day before he comes home—time to relax a little, time to tease the children with happy anticipation: "You know what daddy's going to bring you?"

"Hug?" asks Kim.

"What else?"

"Kiss?"

"And what's daddy going to bring Ted?"

"Hug."

"And what else?"

"Kiss!"

HOW THE ROGERSES SPEND THEIR MONEY EACH MONTH

Ed draws $600 a month from his company as a basic salary. In good months his commissions will bring him in a great deal more, in bad months they may fall below the basic figure. Last October, a top month, he made $1100. But in November he made only $550. Ed figures that his average take-home pay, after withholding taxes and expenses are deducted, is $541.66. Since the real figure varies widely from month to month, Betty and Ed do not live on a budget, but try to save money from the "good" months to use on the "bad" months. These figures are therefore an average.

Food and milk	$100.00	Transportation	1.00
Clothing	20.00	Dry cleaning, shoe repair	10.00
Mortgage on house ($500 yearly, and $225 quarterly)	116.66	Child care (sitters)	2.00
Fuel, light, water, electricity	28.83	Magazines, newspapers	3.00
Telephone	10.00	Cigarettes	4.00
Insurance (Ed's life, $13.72 monthly; Betty's life, $17.49 twice a year; car insurance, $10 monthly)	26.63	Christmas Club	20.00
Medical and dental	10.00	Other (for $1500 borrowed on car several years ago) (for investment property Ed is buying with his family)	80.00
Recreation	10.00		16.25
Church contributions	5.00	Bank loan (for part of the down payment on the house)	40.00
Furniture and appliances (paying off $300 electric range)	9.00	Gifts for family and neighbors	5.00
		Total	$517.37

"But we still don't seem to have any money left over at the end of the month," Betty sighs. "I don't know where that extra $24.29 goes to!"

"And what else?"

"Candy."

"And what's he going to bring mommy?"

"Two candies."

Friday is here at last. Betty is relaxed and humming at her work. The baby chortles happily from her high chair, watching her mother prepare Ed's favorite spaghetti sauce. No matter what time he arrives home on Friday night, dinner is waiting for him, and Betty is waiting to eat it with him.

But tonight he is early. It is only half past six, but here he is! The two older children fly to the door shouting, "Daddy's home! Daddy's home!" Betty is there, too, smiling and pretty. Ed kisses her on the cheek (he is shy of demonstrations even before the children), then stoops to give Ted a big bear hug. Kim, her cheeks bright pink with excitement, is dancing circles around her father, singing, "Daddy-daddy, daddy, daddy, daddy, *daddy!*"

There is a candy bar for each child, and a big box full of play shirts for Ted and Kim, and a navy-blue jacket for Ted—Ed had noticed a sale in Charlottesville. "Oh, Ed," says Betty reproachfully, "you *know* he needs a new pair of shoes much more than a new coat." All right, says Ed, he'll return the coat on his next trip.

After dinner, while Betty bathes the baby, Ed holds Ted and Kim on his lap and reads to them. But when Betty calls, asking him to hold the baby while she changes crib sheets, off goes Ed to be useful in the nursery. "Oh, it's so *wonderful* to have someone else to help!" Betty sighs.

Soon the baby is asleep, Betty is helping Kim undress, wash, and brush her teeth. In the bedroom Ed is getting Ted into his pajamas and telling him the story of Little Red Riding-hood. He makes a special effort to give Ted some extra attention, in compensation for the attention Kim demands and gets from him. "She's a real daddy's girl," Betty explains. "I'm all right for her on weekdays, but on Saturdays and Sundays she wants to be with her father all the time. Sometimes when he's sleeping late in the morning she'll bring her little chair and just sit quietly for an hour, watching him sleep."

Ed, who doesn't want the children to think of him as a disciplinarian, tends to be (in Betty's eyes, at least) "too easy" with them while she, he thinks, is too strict. Tonight, for instance, Betty goes into a flaming, thirty-second rage: "Ed, I've begged and begged you not to take Kim to the toilet! I had her all trained to go by herself, and then you come home and spoil her! After all, I'm left with the training and the discipline, while you just have fun with them!"

"O.K., honey," says Ed, patting her on the back. He buttons Kim's pajamas, and carries her into the bedroom for prayers, hugs and good-nights. In the kitchen Betty is almost through the supper dishes.

Now Betty really relaxes for the first time in five days. The television is on softly. Ed watches, and Betty lies on the couch beside him, her head in his lap. Gently he strokes her hair, and soon she falls asleep.

Saturday morning brings noise and happy confusion once more. The children come bouncing into bed with their parents, and Ed gives them a joyous roughhouse. But time's wasting, and all living must be packed into this day. There's a big breakfast, with everyone still in pajamas and bathrobes. Then the children must be dressed and sent outdoors to play. The puppy, that seems to have worms, must be taken to the vet. There are clothes to collect from the dry cleaner, and Betty needs to have some new skirts fitted. Besides, Saturday is the day when Betty does the weekly grocery shopping. While she is gone Ed stays with the children and potters about the house, doing small repairs.

Tonight Betty and Ed are going out to dinner with their next-door neighbors, the Buckleys. This is a rare occasion, for Betty and Ed do not like to leave the children often, and neither of them *really* trusts baby sitters. "I don't mind so much leaving them with a sitter in the evening when they're asleep," says Betty. "But I hate to leave them during the daytime. Sometimes relatives and friends criticize us for being too devoted to the children. But we're *parents*, and that's what we want to be. I know it might help my loneliness if I went out more, played bridge or drank coffee with other women. I'm trying to force myself to do it every once in a while, as part of my 'getting-better' program, but I'm not really happy away from the children. For our social life, I'd rather have friends come here on Saturdays or Sundays for a buffet supper after the children are in bed. That's what we do sometimes."

Sunday morning, like Saturday, is busy. Ted and Kim must be ready at five to eleven, dressed in their handsomest and prettiest for Sunday school. "I love teaching Sunday school to the little ones," Betty says. "I think that agreeing to do it was one of the best things I've ever done in my efforts to help myself."

The baby is napping, the house is quiet. Ed makes another pot of coffee and settles on the living-room couch to talk about the life of a traveling salesman.

"I used to worry about my family almost constantly," he says. "Betty would give me a bad time on weekends, and then when I was on the road I'd be thinking all the time how lonely she was, and how much she wanted me to give up my job. But then I talked to other traveling men, and they all say their wives are at them to get off the road.

"Just the same, when I'm away, I'm always conscious of them at home, wondering if they're all right, and thinking what if Ted broke his leg, or if there was an intruder in the house ——

"And then, I want the children to grow up with *two* parents. I know a salesman who managed to get home only once a month—he was in the pants line—and his children finally even stopped asking about him. When he *did* come home they didn't care, one way or the other. I wouldn't want that to happen."

Another aspect of his job which makes him unhappy, Ed says, is his territory. The mountains in West Virginia are rugged; in winter the snow is deep, the roads are bad. In tiny mountain towns the children all play in the one main street—he's afraid of hitting a child and he can't make any time. Ed drives 50,000 miles a year, and hates driving.

"And the hotels are pretty dreary," he reflects. "I get tired of eating alone, tired of watching television, tired of going to the movies. Sometimes I just sit all evening and think about the family."

What Ed hopes for, what Betty hopes for, is that some wonderful day he might be given a better territory, where salesmen rarely have to travel more than 80 miles from home. "That way, I could get home every night, or at least every other night," Ed muses. "But I don't look for anything like that for several years. In the meantime, I like selling and I like the company I work for, and I guess everything's all right now with Betty. She doesn't complain much any more, and she's doing fine with the children. So what's there to worry about?"

Nothing now, for Betty and the children are home from Sunday school, hungry and chattering. Lunch of toasted cheese sandwiches and salad. Naps. And then perhaps a drive out to the airport, to show Ted and Kim and the baby the shiny little private planes. Soon enough, then, time for dinner and bed.

Monday morning again. Ed is off at seven, with a final look at the still-sleeping children, a final hug for Betty. She pats his shoulder in good-by, tries to smile, but does not look at him. Only after she hears his car drive away does she sink onto the couch and bury her head in a pillow, pounding a fist on the arm of the couch. Finally, hearing the children beginning to stir, she sits up and dabs furiously at her eyes with a balled tissue.

"I love him to distraction, and I resent him bitterly for putting me in this solitary position!" she exclaims. "I can't take out my feelings in being mean to Ed, because I love him. And I can't take it out in drink or in starving myself—that wouldn't be fair to the children."

Betty stares for a minute at her narrow feet still in their scuffed slippers. "I guess you can't teach yourself not to be unhappy," she says slowly. "Maybe all you can learn is to live constructively with your unhappiness—so that you won't hurt other people with it."

In the nursery the baby is crying for breakfast. In the children's room there is the crashing noise of a successful pillow fight. The puppy is yipping to be let out. Resolutely Betty rises and tightens the sash of her bathrobe around her slim waist. Then she begins facing another week of mothering, of loneliness, of painful self-discipline.

NEXT MONTH

The many thousands of letters suggesting new families for How America Lives show us that there is no "average family" in real life. Almost the only common denominator is the fact that all families have problems. For over 200,000 families a year the crisis is premarital pregnancy, the young mothers coming from all neighborhoods, all economic levels.

Recognizing the great preventive work that must be done through social agencies, and by devoted families, a JOURNAL editor visited four of the readers who wrote of their own experiences—the hasty marriage, the fears for themselves and their children's futures. Their stories appear in

THE UNWED MOTHER

By NEAL GILKYSON STUART

How America Lives
in the March JOURNAL

LITTLE BIG MOUTH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

and rope ends, and stampeded them into a crazy runaway, and rode after us, making Buck and Nellie run faster. My father fought to keep hold of the reins. The buckboard bounced and almost tipped over.

The road turned sharply, circling a butte. Ahead, the road was filled with wagons loaded with Indians, and more Indians trudging along on foot. Somehow my father swung our horses just in time. We went banging and swerving across the prairie, and into a dry arroyo strewn with rocks. An axle broke. The right-front wheel rolled free. I sailed from the buckboard and hit the ground.

I thought I was killed. But my eyes were open. By the time dragging weight slowed Buck and Nellie enough so my father could stop them, and he jumped down and came running back to me, I was trying to stand up. He caught me and felt my bones. He found no breaks. Without saying a word, he ran to catch the horses. He led them to where the wheel had fallen off, and started trying to patch the axle and get the wheel on. I wanted to help. He wouldn't let me.

He told Mildred to keep me out of his way. For once, I didn't argue. He didn't swear or raise his voice, but I was afraid of the anger in him. Far off, the Indian wagons moved along as if nothing had occurred. The young braves hooted at us until they disappeared. My father went on working while the sun set fire to the horizon.

We didn't know until later that this was Allotment Day, when Indians gathered at the Long Lance Agency to draw their semi-annual dole out of what the Government had agreed to pay them for the hunting lands their people had always owned until the white men came. It figured out to about a quarter of a cent an acre. Between Allotment Days, the Indians went in debt to white traders, who had an arrangement that their claims had to be paid first, before the balance due—if any—was handed out to the Indians.

That was something else to study up on, after we got settled. We didn't know about the system when we got to Long Lance finally. It looked to me as if all the Indians in the world were crowded together in front of the only big building in the little town. That was the agency office and warehouse, and headquarters for the Indian police. Scattered along the dusty street, beyond the agency barn and corral and schoolhouse and combination church and meeting hall, there were half a dozen houses. That was Long Lance, all of it.

The Indians didn't notice us for a minute. They were interested in an argument between a fat old man, a thin old woman and the chief of the Indian police. The same young braves who stampeded our horses were in the crowd. Dogfights and babies wailing in cradles carried on their mothers' backs added to the noise. A boy my age and size yelled something I couldn't understand. Everybody looked at us. Suddenly there was not a sound. I grinned at the Indian boy, to make friends. He didn't grin. Nor did anybody else. The Indian police pushed men and women and children out of the way. Several white men carrying sawed-off shotguns came from the corral. A young woman in city clothes came out of the schoolhouse. I could tell at first glance that she was the schoolteacher. Mildred told me not to move. The Indians, and their silence, frightened her. I wasn't too sure about things myself.

The chief of the Indian police told my father, "I Joe Jack Rabbit." He wore an Army cap and carried a cavalry carbine. The rest of him was Indian.

My father said, "I'm Dr. Mark Carroll."

Joe Jack Rabbit looked at us in the buckboard, and asked, "Where your missus? Where your wife?"

My father said, "I'm a widower." It was the first time I heard him use that word. He asked, "Where will I find the agent in charge?"

My father said, "I'm a widower." It was the first time I heard him use that word. He asked, "Where will I find the agent in charge?"

One of the white men spoke up. He said, "Well, doc, you won't. He quit and left last week." Another white man said, "He'd been in bad health for some time." The third white man told my father, "Better come on inside, doc, where we can talk without an audience."

My father lifted Mildred from the buckboard. I jumped before he could help me. I landed close to the Indian boy who had yelled about us. I said, "Hi." He just looked at me. My father said, "Come on." Mildred nudged me. With Mildred, I followed our father and Joe Jack Rabbit and the white men into the agency office. We stood there wondering what was wrong. The white men were polite and friendly, but I didn't like the way they watched my father while he read a letter that Joe Jack Rabbit gave him.

The woman I saw coming out of the schoolhouse touched my shoulder. She said quietly, "I'm Alice Reilly."

I told her, "We're Dr. Carroll's children. I'm Mark Junior, and this is my sister Mildred."

She asked us, "Couldn't your mother come with you?"

I said, "Our father is a widower."

She said "Oh," and looked at him. He held the letter and looked around at everybody waiting.

He asked Alice Reilly, "Are you on the agency staff?"

She said, "Yes. In a way."

He told her, "I've run into some foul-ups in the Army, but this is too much. I signed a contract to open and operate an Indian hospital. I didn't agree to run an Indian agency. I wouldn't know how, and I wouldn't take the job if I did."

He showed her the letter. "According to this, I'm ordered—not asked, ordered—to take charge immediately upon arrival, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48



Aren't you the little surpriser—fixing this delicious meal so easily, and it's only about 30¢ a person! Chun King Mushroom Chow Mein over fluffy rice mounds (or with crisp Chun King Noodles).

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 146

continue as temporary acting agent until such time as the Indian Bureau can find and send a permanent replacement to fill the vacancy created by the sudden and unexpected resignation of the former agent. And so on and so forth." He asked her, "Why me?"

She said, "I imagine because of your record, as an officer with service in Cuba and the Philippines and Panama. The Indian Bureau doesn't get many men with your qualifications, major."

My father said, "Keep it 'doctor.'" He argued, "I've never even met an Indian, except Joe Jack Rabbit here."

She surprised my father, and me. She said, "I'm Indian. My father was Irish, but my mother was Cherokee. I'm on the Cherokee Nation tribal rolls." She smiled. She wasn't laughing. "The Government educated me. Or should I say 'civilized me'? You might find quite a few civilized Indians on the reservation, doctor, if you looked."

The white men spoke up. "Look, doc. We've got a situation on our hands. The Indians came in to collect their allotments. Joe Jack Rabbit don't have authority to pay out Government funds. The Indians have been waiting all day. That letter of yours makes it official. You sign the papers and Joe will take care of the details. That way, we'll get the Indians out of town. No sweat, no strain, and you can take your time deciding what's next. Matter of fact, you don't have to do anything once the allotments are on the books. Won't be another Allotment Day for six months. Between times, this agency runs itself. Ask Joe. The Indians never bother the agent, except when their money's due. They know better than that. Don't they, Joe?"

Joe Jack Rabbit nodded. Alice Reilly said, "Joe is Pawnee. His police are all Pawnees. The Pawnees and the Kiowa and Arapaho are hereditary enemies. Joe was an Army scout. The Army scouts killed many Kiowa and Arapaho. These gentlemen are quite right. The Indians know better than to expect any more than the worst of it. Go ahead, doctor. Sign the papers. Then these gentlemen will collect first, and the Indians will get what's left. It won't be much. But that's not your problem. As you said, you came here to run a hospital. I'm sure that's all the Indian Bureau really expects of you. The temporary appointment is purely a matter of form, to keep the books in order."

She spoke quietly. But the traders shouted, calling her a troublemaking half-breed. My father turned on them. They backed off, scowling.

Alice Reilly told my father, "Your living quarters are across the street. I live in the other half of the building. I think your children would like to get settled, and have their supper."

My father asked her, "Would you take them over there? I hate to impose on you, but I'll be busy for a while."

The traders stared at him. He walked out past us and faced the Indians. They hadn't moved from where they stood when we drove in. It was dark now. The only sound was from the horses, stamping and jingling their harness. My father started to speak. Then he told Alice Reilly, "I'll have to ask another favor."

She talked for him, to the Indians, in a guttural, singsong dialect. Her hands flashed sign language. A whispering hum began to spread in the crowd. She told my father, "I'm explaining that you've just arrived, and you need time to check the books and make sure they get their full allotments. They will have to wait until morning. You're sorry, but it can't be helped."

"What will they do between now and morning?"

"Wait."

"They carry food with them, don't they?"

"You can't carry what you don't have."

"Then tell them I'll see that they're fed."

"I don't think there's an agency allowance for extra meals for the Indians. In fact, I know there's not."

"Miss Reilly. I'm stuck with a job I didn't ask for and don't want. If I break any bureau rules, the worst they can do is fire me, which would be a favor. The Indians will be fed."

She stared at him. Then she spoke to the Indians. The young braves started catcalling. They were shoved aside and silenced by the tallest, biggest Indian I ever saw. He pushed toward us. Like Alice Reilly, he was Eastern dressed and spoke college English. He told her, "I'll keep the loud-mouths quiet."

She told my father, "This is Tom Tall Bear of the Kiowa. His father is Chief Two Babies. Tom played football at Carlisle."

My father shook hands with him. I never wondered until then if my father was really the strongest man alive. Tom Tall Bear's hands were twice as big as my father's. He towered, walking along with us. I felt brave being beside him.

The Indians scattered, camping for the night. Dogs barked, and from the distance the coyotes answered. The moon was rising. Mildred shivered, and when we reached the barrooms that were to be our home she refused to enter. She hated the place. There was no bathroom, no running water. Two of the windows were broken. I said it looked fine to me. Then I started to cough, and couldn't stop.

Alice Reilly helped Mildred put me to bed. Tom Tall Bear brought our things from the buckboard. He said my father was very busy over at the agency. I couldn't let myself cry in front of Alice Reilly and Tom Tall Bear. Finally I fell asleep. When I waked, late the next morning, Mildred said I was not to get out of bed, but I had to see what was happening that caused so much noise outside. I opened the door, and Indian children threw clods at me. They were on their way to school. They made fun of me in my flannel nightshirt that had shrunk so my thin legs showed clear to the knees. Mildred tried to shut the door. Before she could do it, a rock hit me on the forehead, hard enough to draw blood. The Indian boy my size and age had thrown it.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 150

APPLIQUÉ PILLOWS

By ALICE KASTBERG

Scraps of fabrics and trimmings left from major sewing projects have been used in making these delightful pillow pictures. Their great charm lies in the imaginative use of ordinary materials and the selection of just the right solid color or printed cotton for each appliqué motif. The irregular lines of the drawings give a fairy-tale quality. Simple embroidery stitches; gold braid; rickrack in baby, regular and jumbo sizes; even small pearls and fake jewels, point up the designs.

Backings can match the pillow faces or can be bright stripes or bold prints, and you can make your pillow any shape you wish.

Although we show these as pillows, they were originally planned as story pictures to be framed for use in a child's room. Marjorie Margulies, who adapted the designs and executed the appliqué, tells us that one of these pictures was purchased as a gift for Princess Caroline of Monaco.



Above: Polka dots, stripes and gingham checks, combined with rickrack, braid and embroidery, make a jaunty aeronaut who hawks his wares from a gay chintz balloon.



Left: A carefree child, clad in calico jumper, plays with embroidered butterflies in a field of appliquéd and embroidered flowers and leaves, accompanied by her emerald-eyed cat.



Right: This demure princess, complete with double strand of pearls and yellow rickrack hair, awaits her armored knight, who approaches brandishing his gold-braid lance. Bright pennons fly from crenelated gingham towers, and the drawbridge spanning the embroidered moat has been lowered to herald his arrival.



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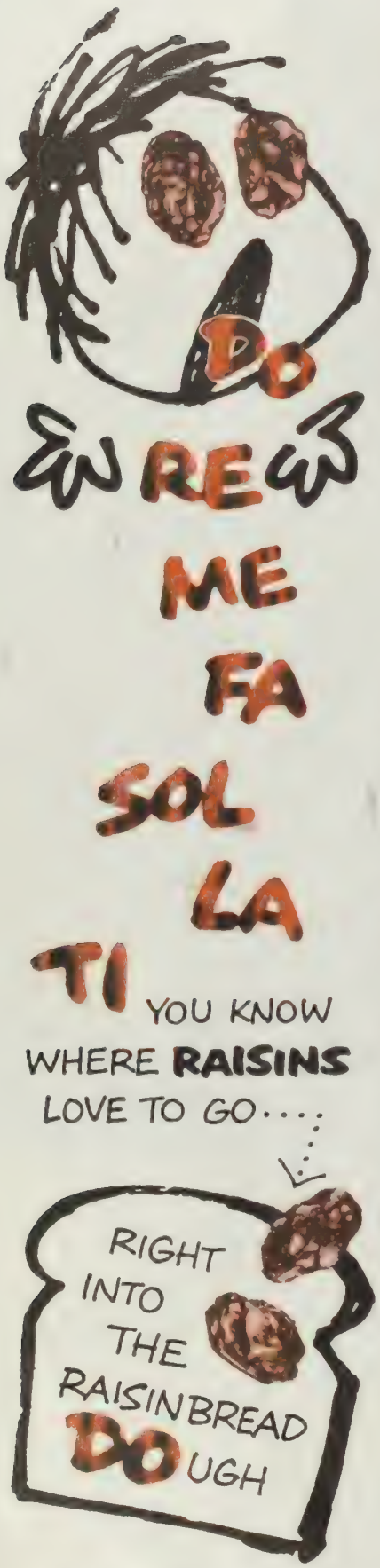
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 148

Alice Reilly called from the schoolhouse. The Indian boy looked as innocent as an angel. She rang a hand bell. The Indian children hurried into the schoolhouse. The Indian boy looked back, and made a fist at me. And across the street the young braves made fists at my father. Joe Jack Rabbit and his deputies looked ready to start hitting people. But my father wouldn't stand for that.

I dressed as fast as I could. I made Mildred swear not to tell our father how I got the scratch on my forehead. I ran out, and dodged between Indian wagons and ponies crowding the street. My father had Tom Tall Bear and Chief Two Babies helping him. The white traders stood back by their store wagons, scowling and whispering to one another. Tom Tall Bear and his father would listen to my father. Then they would translate to the Indians. The Indians would argue. My father would say, "Tell them I'm trying to keep them from being cheated." The Indians didn't thank him. They took the silver money that Joe Jack Rabbit counted out to them, and signed *X* above their names in the allotment book. Then they hurried to buy whatever the traders had to sell.

Suddenly my father saw something. He went to one of the store wagons, where the young braves were buying stuff in bottles. He checked the bottles, and told the white trader, "There's a Federal law against selling liquor to reservation Indians."

The trader said, "That's patent medicine, tonic for man or beast. Those little bottles are vanilla extract. These boys have got a perfect right to improve their health and sweeten their breath. No law on the books that says they can't do that."

"Except that this stuff is forty per cent alcohol." My father told the Indians, "No more tonic. No more vanilla extract." He told Joe Jack Rabbit, "Confiscate these bottles and lock them in a safe place till I get a ruling from Washington."

The trader, a hairy man in expensive but dirty clothes, named Wiley Haskell, said, "That might take weeks!"

My father said, "It might even take months." He moved to another wagon, where a trader was selling cans of salmon. The Indians, men and women and children, opened the cans as fast as they bought them, and ate the salmon like candy. My father took a can from an Indian girl, and smelled the salmon. He stepped up into the trader's wagon and checked packing boxes. He read out loud, "Condemned by the Army as spoiled, unfit for human consumption." He told Joe Jack Rabbit, "Clear these people away from here." He told the trader, "I'll give you a choice. Get this stuff off the reservation, and you with it. Or stay, and so help me, the first Indian who comes down with ptomaine, you'll be in jail."

He hadn't been to bed. He hadn't slept on the train, all the way from Kansas City. But he didn't act tired. He had told me the thing he disliked most in the Army was giving orders that people had to obey, right or wrong, because he had the rank. He gave orders to the Indians, and to Joe Jack Rabbit, and to the white traders. Pretty soon he had the Indians headed back to wherever they lived, and the traders pulling out on the drive back to War Bonnet.

He hadn't made any friends, but everybody knew who was boss at Long Lance. Only one of the traders doubted it. He told my father, "You've got no business changing a system that everybody's been satisfied with till you barged in. Including Washington."

My father said, "Including poisoning off the Indians on rotten salmon?"

Wiley Haskell yelled from his wagon, "You having been a major don't cut any ice out here!"

My father said, "I agree with you. Now get out of my sight."

Wiley Haskell yelled, "You can't run us off of the reservation."

My father said, "I can try hard. And by the way, Mr. Haskell, I intend to spend a lot of time going over the agency books, in the light of what I've seen today. It's possible, under laws regarding the special status of reservation Indians as Government wards, for the Government to file Federal lawsuits to recover what's been taken from the Indians illegally."

Wiley Haskell said, "Don't try it, doc. Don't try it." Another trader yelled, "We know our rights, all right!" My father said, "Maybe it's time you found out the Indians have rights, too." That struck the traders as a joke. But they pulled out as ordered. Then for the first time my father noticed that Tom Tall Bear hadn't left with the rest of the Indians. He said, "I couldn't locate you on the allotment roll."

Tom Tall Bear said, "I'm not on it. I canceled myself off when I left the reservation to go to college."

"Don't you live with your family?"

"I got out of the habit of living in a tepee," Tom Tall Bear told him.

"Miss Reilly tells me you're a graduate lawyer, admitted to practice back East. Yet you returned to the reservation."

"There was no noticeable demand for my services."

"How about working for me? Temporarily, anyhow?"

"I'd be no help to you, doctor. I've been read out of the tribe. They gave me a new name: *Tah'ha Sah'shah.* 'Young Man Trying to Go Both Ways.' Not Indian, not white. Nothing. You've made yourself enough enemies, red and white, without making more by hiring me."

My father said, "I had no idea what I was walking into, when I arrived last night. I've been playing it by ear since then. That's contrary to such military training as I've had, which wasn't much. Since I seem to have started a new Indian War, I need a scout who can tell me where to watch out for an ambush. Will you come on in the office and answer questions, as a favor? I'd appreciate it."

Tom Tall Bear looked at him for a while. Finally he said, "All right, doctor. If that's the way you want it." He followed my father. Joe Jack Rabbit started in with them. Tom Tall Bear said something sudden in Indian. Joe Jack Rabbit growled, but he stayed outside. So did I. As far as I could tell, my father had forgotten me.

The rest of that long day, I had nobody to look at or listen to but Mildred. All she would talk about was how she wished our mother was still alive, not in heaven, so we wouldn't have to be where we were. So it was a great relief to me when I heard Indian children shouting and knew that school was out. I left our house remembering how my father faced the Indians, to see if I could copy him.

The Indian children bunched up when they saw me. They were clean, for Indians. The Indian boy who hit me with the rock stepped forward, looking me over. I inspected him. He wore blue overalls, washed until they were almost white, and an old blue flannel shirt sizes too big for him, and moccasins. His haircut was round, as if it had been done with a bowl upside down on his head. He carried his books, and a tin lunch bucket. He put these down, and balled his fists.

I said, "I'm Mark Carroll, Junior."

He said, "I'm Johnny Tail."

I asked him, "Johnny Tail?"

He said, "Johnny Tail-Feathers Disappearing Over the Hill. My Indian name *A'co Suwa Ches'mi.* What you care? You want to laugh at my white name? You want to fight? Come on. Fight!"

I said, "I don't want to fight. I'm not mad."

He reached in his lunch bucket, and drew out a small writhing snake. He whirled the ugly thing around his head and threw it at my face. I screamed and ducked. Off-balance, I fell flat. Gravel cut my hands. The snake slithered across my wrists. I choked on sickness in my throat. But I grabbed the snake's tail, and came up throwing it back at the Indian boy. He didn't flinch. He brushed the snake aside and came at me, pommeling with both fists.

Down I went, with him on top of me. His sharp knees dug into my chest. He gripped my ears, and banged my head against the ground. Crying, coughing, I clawed at his eyes. He bit my fingers. He wasn't just a boy beating up another boy. It was Indian against white, and for once my race was the down dog. Terror and hatred gave me sudden strength. I got hold of his hair, and banged my head up against his mouth. Then he was hauled up, kicking and squawling.

My father held him at arm's length. Tom Tall Bear stood behind my father. Beyond were the Indian children, in a row. I saw the snake, and tried to stamp on its arrow-pointed head. Tom Tall Bear stopped me. "Garter snake," he said. "Harmless. More scared than you were." I realized he was talking to my father as much as to me. He told my father, "Better loosen up on Johnny. His shirt collar's cutting off his wind." I had thought my father

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THE LANDSCAPE OF LOVE

By PHYLLIS McGINLEY

I

Do not believe them. Do not
believe what strangers
Or casual tourists, moored a
night and day
In some safe, sunny,
April-sheltering bay
(Along the coast and guarded
from great dangers)
Tattle to friends when, ignorant,
they return.
Love is no lotus island, endlessly
Washed by a summer ocean; no
Capri;
But a huge landscape, perilous
and stern ——

More poplared than the nations
to the north,
More bird-beguiled, stream-
haunted. But the ground
Shakes underfoot, incessant
thunders sound
And multitudinous tides run
back and forth;
And tempests winter there, and
floods and frost,
In which too many a voyager is
lost.

II

None knows this country save the
colonist
Whose home it is. Ah! he alone
has seen
The hidden groves,
unconquerably green,
The secret mountains, steepling
through the mist.
Each is his own discovery. No chart
Has pointed him past chasm,
bog, quicksand,
Earthquake, mirage, into his
chosen land—
Only the steadfast compass of the
heart.

Turn a deaf ear, then, on the
traveler who,
Speaking a foreign tongue, has
never stood
Upon Love's hills, or in a holy
wood
Sung incantations; yet, having
bought a few
Post cards and trinkets at some
cheap bazaar,
Cries, "Thus and thus the gods'
dominions are!"



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 150

was going to hit the Indian boy. The Indian boy expected a blow. But now my father let go of him.

The boy backed off, a step at a time, like a mongrel ready to snap or run. Tom Tall Bear said, "Big battle over. Nobody wins, nobody loses. Now red man and white man smoke pipe of peace. You two shake hands." We didn't move. Neither did my father. Tom Tall Bear touched the boy's shoulder. Suddenly I stopped pitying myself, and felt sorry for Johnny Tail-Feathers Disappearing Over the Hill. If he wouldn't start, I would. I stuck my hand out. He looked at it, and spat between his teeth. Then he turned and fled. The Indian children flocked after him. Some distance down the road, they stopped to yell at us. Then they separated, going different ways, and disappeared.

My father said, "I wasn't going to hurt that boy. But there can't be any more of this."

Tom Tall Bear said, "Civilizing savages takes time. They have a lot to remember, and not much reason to forget it."

My father thought about this. Then he said, "I was planning to start Mark and Mildred in school tomorrow." I waited. So did Tom Tall Bear. Finally my father said, "Now I don't know. If Mark had some beef on his bones, and the muscle to use it ——" He didn't finish the sentence. He didn't need to. Being called puny and weak and worthless in front of Tom Tall Bear made me ashamed. I started walking away. My father called "Mark!" I ran as fast as Johnny Tail-Feathers had run, away from my father. He followed me slowly.

I didn't eat much supper. Neither did my father. Mildred wasn't a very good cook, but she thought she was, and us not eating hurt her feelings. My father rumpled her hair and told her he'd help with the dishes. That made her feel better. But then my father began talking while he wiped plates and scoured the frying pan. He said he was going to treat like grown-up human beings. He hadn't h much luck, trying that on the Indians, b maybe he could do better with his son a daughter. He said we'd have to organize ou selves into a partnership. Sometimes even t best of partners find out they'll have to ma allowances for each other.

For example, he probably looked to us li he hadn't been much of a father, always with the Army even when we were babi home on leave just a few days now and th and never very often, not there when c mother needed him the worst. But as fast he could and as well as he was able, he hop to convince us that even when he made m takes, as undoubtedly he would, he was t ing to do his best for us.

"And I'll need your help," my father sa He half grinned. "I don't say that much. I contrary to the rules and regulations in t regulars to own up there may be somethi you can't manage solo. But this is between t three of us. What I need from you is the a solute truth. We're here. The mistake of col ing, if that's what it was, has already be made. Next question is, will it be a worse m take to stay? The easy thing would be to s 'Yes,' and load up the buckboard, and he out of here as fast as Buck and Nellie can ha us. Would 'Yes' be your answer, son?"

He hadn't called me "son" until then. hadn't talked to us like this before. I did know what to say. But Mildred spoke up. don't like Indians. I hate Indians."

I had to talk then. I said, "I like Indian

My father asked, "Including the Indian b who threw the snake at you and tried to pou the life out of you?" Anger at Johnny Ta Feathers came back. "I saw the whole p formance, son. And it will happen again, I let you go to school. You and Mildred, t only white children in the midst of a gang Indian kids who'll take out on you and yo sister what their families feel about white fol in general, and your father in particular. don't know any good reason for subjecti you to that. I know how your mother wou feel about it."

He walked back and forth. I felt as if m mother was alive again, and there in the roo with us, and he was explaining to her as mu as to us. "I'm a doctor," he said. "All right made my bed. It's up to me to lie on it. If m definition of doctoring requires me to go a venturing off to San Juan Hill and Baguio a Panama City, that's my problem. It would selfish, and wrong, to drag my family alon By the same token, it was selfish, and wron to bring you to Long Lance. I knew that b fore we got off the train."

There was a knock at the door. I felt he w thankful for the interruption. A little mo and he might have convinced himself of wh he really didn't want to believe. But Tom T Bear saved him from that. Tom Tall Bear sa Joe Jack Rabbit and two of his Pawnee dep ties had just brought in three prisoners, you braves who were drunk and disorderly a had bootleg whisky in their possession. I said the prisoners were in pretty bad con tion.

"First rotten salmon. Now poison whisky my father said. He got his black medicine ba

"The liquor the bootleggers sell to India has a strong kick," Tom Tall Bear said. "B I don't think it breaks a man's jaw, or pu gun-butt dents in his skull."

My father checked the little bottles of pi I was supposed to take, and counted mo pills into one that I had emptied when Mildr wasn't watching. He told her, "Make h take two of these, and see that he swallo them down, before he goes to bed." He to me, "And you mind your sister." He ask Tom Tall Bear, "How would you feel abo wearing a badge? Temporarily, anyhow?"

Tom Tall Bear said, "I'm no Indian fight doctor."

My father said, "And I'm no Indian age acting or otherwise." And next morning released the patched-up prisoners, and to Joe Jack Rabbit he was suspended pendi Washington decision on affidavits chargi that he arrested the young braves and th half killed them, because they hadn't paid t bootleggers for the moonshine Joe Ja



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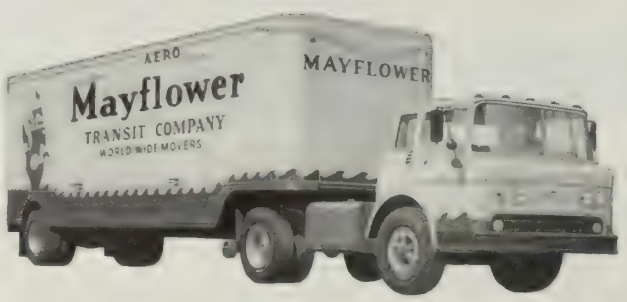
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abbit let the bootleggers bring onto the eservation. The braves couldn't read or write nglish, but they took the Indian oath and gned their *X* to what my father wrote and ead to them after they told their stories. Tom all Bear signed as interpreter and witness. nd he let my father swear him in as Indian olice Chief, Temporary, but refused to carry gun.

Joe Jack Rabbit rode away from Long Lance ith two Pawnees who quit when my father aid they could do that or take their orders rom a Kiowa. Joe Jack Rabbit said he ouldn't be gone long. He said he had friends ith connections clear up to the top in the ndian Bureau. My father said, "You'll have o prove it to me. And when you do, I might tart asking what kind of people are friends f yours." Then my father sent Tom Tall Bear ut to post signs on all roads entering the eservation, that Federal liquor laws would be nforced from then on, and bootleggers took chance of getting shot on sight.

And Mildred and I started school. My fa- her hadn't said we should, or shouldn't. He as out in the buckboard, driving Buck and ellie where there were no roads, getting his

The one thing that can keep a human life strong and steady when it is faced with rigorous demands or deprived of happiness is fidelity to duty. With this comes something which, though it be not happiness, is nonetheless a deep inner adjustment which sustains the individual life's resources. The dictionary has no word for it: it is not peace of mind or contentment, although it is nearer to these than to happiness; and it does have something restful in it. Yet it is not calm, not tranquil, not quiet; and nonetheless, in some very final sense, it is repose.

Duty can be done in unhappiness just as well as—sometimes better than—in happiness. . . . "Duty" is not a pleasing word to modern ears—but it must become an acceptable one. Better than that, we must learn how greatly duty can transform us and multiply our spiritual resources.

A. POWELL DAVIES
More Lasting Than Happiness (Sermon)

irst look at how the Indians lived, where white men seldom went because most white nen weren't interested in any Indians but lead ones. At least that was what the Indians believed. And they thought my father was counting *coup* on them, the way the Sioux nd Cheyenne and Pawnees did before the white men came, going into the enemy's camp nd picking out the warrior you'd kill first, the irst time your tribe and his made war on each other. They wouldn't let their women or chil- iren come near him.

No one but Alice Reilly talked to us at school. When we first walked in, she looked surprised. She told the Indian children, "This s Mildred Carroll, and this is Mark Carroll, Junior." They sat like statues with shoe-button eyes. She told them, "Children, say 'Hello' o Mildred and Mark, your new schoolmates." They said "Hello" all together, in a mono- tone. She asked how far we had gone, and placed us in the row with her advanced pupils. She started an arithmetic lesson at the black- board. When she asked a question, Mildred raised her hand, and so did I. Johnny Tail- Feathers was already answering. Johnny Tail- Feathers was brighter than any of the others.

At first recess, Alice Reilly marched us out in the middle of the line. The moment we were outside the door, Johnny Tail-Feathers started the Kiowa kickball game. Boys and girls kicked and shouted and laughed. Nobody paid any attention to us. Marching in after recess, we were shoved back to the end of the line. Nobody did anything that Alice Reilly would notice. But we had black-and-blue marks from pinches and pokes.

When school let out, Tom Tall Bear was coming across from the agency.

"Your father went to War Bonnet," Tom Tall Bear said, "to send a telegram. He asked me to keep an eye on you and your sister while he's gone."

Actually, my father sent a telegram and a letter. The telegram was to the Indian Bureau. It said he didn't feel competent to function as acting agent, and urgently requested immedi- ate notice that a permanent agent would show up soon. The letter was to Pres. Theodore Roosevelt. My father showed us a copy of it later.

He apologized for going outside of chan- nels, and for presuming on brief acquaintance in Cuba during the Spanish War. Then he said, "Every American knows what a magnif- icent job you have done to conserve this coun- try's natural resources. I take the liberty of asking, how about preserving the first Amer- icans? I mean the Indians. They fought us and hurt us, but we hurt them worse, and we won. Now we're letting them die by inches. That, sir, is the plain truth."

Then for six full pages he cited what he had seen in the short time at Long Lance. Four hundred children of school age, but only one teacher and room for only forty children in the only schoolhouse. No incentive to make the Indians want to become self-supporting. "They're supposed to farm and raise cattle. They don't know how to farm, and there's nobody to teach them how. Their treaty allotments won't stretch far enough to buy cattle and start herds of their own. There's no Indian Bureau budget for seed and farm machinery."

He summarized in a sentence: "Either we want the Indians to die out and disappear, in which case it would be kinder to shoot them, or we want them to grow into citizens, in which case we need a whole new point of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 155

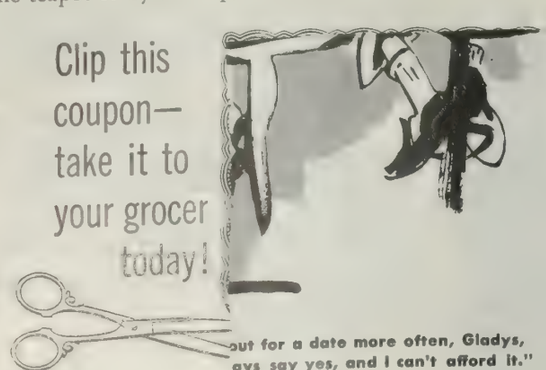


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out for a date more often, Gladys, ays say yes, and I can't afford it."

next permanent agent covered it up, and nailed down the cover. But it was still there.

Alice Reilly heard strange noises from the church, and found Mildred trying to get mu- sic out of the old organ. The next thing I knew, I was called in, to crawl under the flooring and find the bellows that pumped air into the organ pipes. It was hot and dusty under there, and I sneezed and coughed. But when I worked the bellows, the organ re- sponded. Mildred started practicing hymns.

That led to Alice Reilly's going to my fa- ther with an idea. She said that even if there were no church services to go to, it couldn't do any harm to have Sunday school. She would read Bible stories to Mildred and me, and



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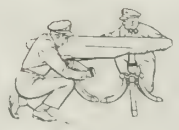
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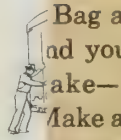
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 153

ew and policy." He ended, "I don't suppose ve told you anything you don't already now about, because you know this country etter than anybody else. But I had to get it ff my chest. And with every good wish, re-pectfully, Mark Carroll, M.D., Acting Agent ong Lance Agency, Indian Territory."

He said when he got home from War Bon-et that he had to wait ten hours for an answer om the Indian Bureau. It was signed by some erk. It said, "Continue as assigned. Impos-ble state when permanent appointment." he way he figured it on second thought, Presi-ent Roosevelt wasn't going to run again. With a change in administration due, depart-ent bosses were playing it safe, and nobody as likely to accept an Indian Bureau appoint-ent that might last only until Presidents hanged.

"I'd make a guess," he said, "that I'll have o keep the job I don't want, because nobody se wants it, either." Then he took my tem-erature, and ordered me to bed, and told Mildred he'd give me my medicine to make ure I took it. Finally he carried the lamp into is room, and shut the door. I heard him alking back and forth. He couldn't sleep. Neither could I. So we were both awake when ullets came through our windows.

I jumped out of bed. I saw him crossing the oom. Mildred tried to light the lamp on the ible, and broke the chimney. From the door-ay we watched him crossing the street in noonlight bright as day, toward three men ho lounged near their horses, at the agency orral. He had his Army .45 in his right hand, own at his side.

The men were strangers. But they knew who e was. They called out to him with laughter in heir voices, "What's the trouble, doc? That hooting spoil your night's rest?" They took urns jeering. "Can't imagine who'd do a crazy hing like that. Maybe some young Indian elt like stirring up a little excitement, long one and far by now. Probably never find out ho it was or why. Rough country round ere, doc. Can't never tell when bullets might art flying."

My father's right hand flashed up. He ham-ered three .45 slugs into a fence post thirty eet away. The post rocked under the impact. Ie told the strangers quietly, "There are more ots left in this gun. And I'll tell you exactly hen they'll start flying. The first next time nybody makes a target of my home and my amily."

Tom Tall Bear appeared by then. He had his Vinchester. He wasn't needed. The three rangers forked their horses and got out of wn in a hurry. My father told Tom Tall ear to forget about it, and came back to us. lice Reilly stood outside her door. In a thin obe and her nightdress, with her hair in raids down her back, she looked all Indian. Ie noticed her suddenly, and stopped. He idn't say anything. Neither did she. After hat seemed like a long while, she disappeared nto her part of the house. Tom Tall Bear had tood watching from the middle of the road ntil then. Now he went back to the agency.

My father closed the door. Mildred turned p the lamp wick. The tongue of flame flick-red because there was no lamp chimney. He ut the gun down on the table. Then he did omething he hadn't done before. He drew us oth close to him.

Mildred sobbed and clung. Tears, that I ated, stung my eyes. I ached with pride in my ather. He hadn't needed backing from Tom Tall Bear, or encouragement from Alice Reilly. He hadn't even really needed his Army 45 to handle the three gunmen who were ent to scare him into leaving Long Lance. I elt luckier than any other boy on earth, to be artners with a man like my father.

The next day was Saturday. No school, and he Indian children were out on the prairie naring jack rabbits, stoning rattlesnakes, unning and laughing. I had no one to be with ut Mildred, and nothing whatever to do with myself. Until my father hitched up Buck and Nellie, and told me to come along. He had his black medicine bag under the buckboard seat, and his case of scalpels in his pocket. He said, "I'm one of very few doctors the medical society can't call on the carpet for drumming up business. That's what the Government is paying me for. Let's go look for some patients, son." That was a wonderful morning.

In the chief's house at the main Kiowa camp, twenty miles west of the agency, in a cottonwood clump by the Cheke River that was seven eighths dry wash and one eighth muddy water, my father faced the tribal council. The house was an unpainted four-room shack, built of weather-beaten lumber the Government salvaged when the last fort in that area was abandoned in the '80's. Chief Two Babies and Mrs. Two Babies didn't live in the house. They lived in a big wigwam out back, and had a cyclone cellar dug in the side of a hill. The only time they entered the chief's house was when there was a council meeting.

Everyone just sat on the floor, because there was no furniture. My father talked to Chief Two Babies and Mrs. Two Babies, because he knew that they understood English and could speak it if they would. They listened, and once in a while said something in Kiowa to the elders sitting in a circle. Dark Indian faces, black Indian eyes said nothing at all. But my father kept trying, patiently and politely.

He said, "I am only the acting agent until the permanent agent arrives. My real job is to serve you full time as a doctor. I'm fixing up a four-bed hospital at the agency. Any of your people, men or women or children, have the right to come there for treatment. Or to send for me to come to wherever I'm needed. It won't cost a cent. Whatever medicine I give is free. It won't be charged against your allotment. I want you to pass that word to all the Kiowa and Arapaho. The Government sent me to help the Indians. I'll help any way I can."

He said the death roll at the agency showed deaths he felt needn't have happened, if a doctor had been available. He mentioned particularly how many Indian babies died at birth, or a few hours afterward. When he said this, Mrs. Two Babies stood up and snapped something in Kiowa. Her husband and the elders rose and walked out following her, without a word to my father.

At the agency that evening, Tom Tall Bear said, "My mother's Indian name is *Wa'woki Wa'tha*. She inherited the name from her mother, who got it from her grandmother. As near as I can English it, doctor, *Wa'woki Wa'tha* means She Who Takes Charge. My mother is the tribe's hereditary midwife. She's the only one entitled or allowed to take charge when babies are being born. There's Indian religion in it, and Indian tradition, and more that I can't quite make clear."

Tom Tall Bear didn't want to talk about it any more. But Alice Reilly, who was helping Mildred bake a chocolate cake when we went home for supper, offered her own opinion. "They can't believe the Government wants Indian babies to be born, and grow up healthy, and have children of their own," she told my father. She gestured. "I apologize, doctor. That was Indian of me."

"'And never the twain shall meet'!" My father said it angrily, and helplessly. He was silent, then, until Alice Reilly told us "Good night." He nodded, and didn't look at her though she hesitated in the doorway. He was curt to Mildred and to me. I knew better than to argue when Mildred measured out my medicine. I swallowed it without a word, and crawled into bed. Mildred waited, watching our father. He sat there at the table with a medical book opened in the circle of lamplight. He wasn't reading. After a while, when he thought Mildred and I were both asleep, he opened the door and stood there, silhouetted. Finally he closed the door and blew out the lamp.

From Alice Reilly, I found out how Johnny got his name. "The Kiowa," she said, "name their children for something that happens at the time of birth. Johnny's father was out hunting. He was just about to shoot a quail, when someone came running to say he had a new son. He fired, and missed. So naturally, his son was named *A'co Suwa Ches'mi*—Tail-Feathers Disappearing Over the Hill. And Tom Tall Bear's right Indian name is *A Than Ekha*, The Eagle Person. Because when he was born, an eagle from the Rocky Mountains where the tribe used to live flew over his people while the soldiers were driving them onto the reservation. 'Tom Tall Bear' is what the football coach renamed him, because it looked better in the sports-page headlines."

Tom Tall Bear told me *Wa'kontah* was the Indian God. "He is of no color, not red, not white. He is everywhere. His heaven is where the tribe came from. A long, long way from Long Lance." *Ta Tan Ka*, Buffalo Mudhole, was the Kiowa name for what the Government had rechristened Long Lance. Alice Reilly's Cherokee name was *Wa'ke Chont' Za*, Blue Eyes Laughing. When I called her that, she frowned She said, "Blue eyes is all I inherited from my fine Irish father. He was a cavalry sergeant. He left the Indian country before I was born."

I asked her what the Indian children meant when they called my father *Ma Ta Wan Kan*. They yelled it like a warning, whenever they saw him approaching, and scattered like frightened quail. She hesitated. So did Tom Tall Bear, when I asked him. Finally, Alice Reilly said, "*Wan Kan* is Kiowa for 'medicine.' It doesn't mean what he gives sick people. Yet in a way, it does. It means, 'He knows secrets.' *Ma Ta* means, 'We fear' or 'We run from.' If it was *Ko Ka Wan Kan*, that would mean, 'His medicine is good, and so is he.'"

"But *Ma Ta Wan Kan* means, 'It's bad, and so is he!'"

"They're Indians, Mark. They can't help being Indians. They didn't have any choice about being born red instead of white."

"Johnny Tail-Feathers likes being an Indian."

"Whether he likes it or not, that's what he is. How would you act, Mark, if you were Johnny and he was you?"

I hadn't thought about it from that point of view. But from then on, I did a lot of thinking.

I decided to buy his friendship. It was getting hotter and drier day by day. Cross Creek was waterless, and soon the Cheke River would be the same. School would let out for the summer in another week. I decided to let Johnny in on a discovery I had made. If he would bury the hatchet, and get me an Indian name, I'd show him the secret swimming hole under the pulpit in the church.

I stumbled onto it by accident. Alice Reilly found out from Mildred that our mother used to play the organ at our church, until her last illness. She had given Mildred some music lessons. Mildred loved music. Lonely as she was, without even me to talk to because generally I was off by myself watching the Indians, Mildred got the key to the reservation church. There was a wheezy, rusted old hand-pumped organ in the church, a castoff sent to the Indians by some Indian Aid Society auxiliary somewhere, years before.

Government regulations provided for a nonsectarian religious meeting place on every reservation. Whatever minister happened to travel through could hold services. But there were rules against proselyting. So there couldn't be any revival sessions, with converts hitting the sawdust trail and ushers passing collection plates. In the case of the Long Lance Agency, the Kiowa and Arapaho were stubborn about their faith in *Wa'kontah*. Very few preachers visited Long Lance. But some previous permanent agent had been a man of strong convictions. At his own expense, and without informing the Indian Bureau, he installed a total-immersion baptismal tank. Of course the next permanent agent covered it up, and nailed down the cover. But it was still there.

Alice Reilly heard strange noises from the church, and found Mildred trying to get music out of the old organ. The next thing I knew, I was called in, to crawl under the flooring and find the bellows that pumped air into the organ pipes. It was hot and dusty under there, and I sneezed and coughed. But when I worked the bellows, the organ responded. Mildred started practicing hymns.

That led to Alice Reilly's going to my father with an idea. She said that even if there were no church services to go to, it couldn't do any harm to have Sunday school. She would read Bible stories to Mildred and me, and



"I'd ask you out for a date more often, Gladys, but you always say yes, and I can't afford it."

maybe some of the Indian children would come, if only because it would give them a chance to have something special to do on Sundays. At least during the summer, when she had to stay at Long Lance anyhow because she had a year-round Government contract, it might help to keep the children interested in school, so they would come back to regular school in the fall and maybe bring their brothers and sisters. That was how Alice Reilly explained it.

My father listened, watching her. Finally he said, "I could probably use a little Sunday school myself." So the next Sunday he shaved and put on his best suit, and Mildred and I got dressed up, and the three of us and Alice Reilly and Tom Tall Bear went to church. Mildred played hymns, while I pumped the bellows. Alice Reilly sang, and my father joined in. Then Alice Reilly read the Bible story about the First and Second Commandments, and she and Mildred talked about what it means to love thy neighbor as thyself. My father and Tom Tall Bear sat silent. And I was busy under the platform, exploring, hoping I wouldn't run into a rattlesnake nest.

I found the baptismal tank. It was ten feet square, deeper than I was tall, and three fourths filled with water that had been there since no telling when. The corrugated-iron sheathing had rusted, turning the water red. It wasn't clean, and it smelled bad. But it was wet, and cool. And nobody knew it was there. Nobody but me.

Above me, Mildred stamped on the floor as a signal for me to start pumping the bellows. I paid no attention. She started "Shall We Gather at the River?" on the organ. What the pipes produced was a series of startling wails and howls, like dying animals. I scurried back and pumped the bellows hard, so Mildred could finish the hymn. Then I crawled out.

I didn't tell Mildred, or my father, anyone, about the baptismal tank. Bu told Johnny Tail-Feathers. I stopped h after school. He balled his fists for a fig I said I'd make a bet with him. I'd him anything there was one thing I co do that he couldn't do. I'd bet he could swim. He said of course he could. I s he'd have to prove it to me. And I said couldn't prove it, unless he knew wh there was some water deep enough swim in, which he didn't. But I kn where there was a secret swimming h

I offered a trade. If he would swear fix it for the Indians to give me an Ind name, a good one, big and strong, and see to it that the Indian children cal me by my Indian name whenever we m I'd make him my equal partner in priv ownership of the only swimming hole the whole reservation, in the whole dian Territory. And I could do it, t because the swimming hole was on G ernment property, and my father was only Government representative at Lo Lance. I said if Johnny shook ha white-man fashion, and gave his sole word, I'd take him to the swimming h then and there.

Johnny pondered. He didn't want believe me, but I talked so big that he h to. So he touched hands and said "O.K And I led him into the church, being c ful that no one saw us. It was his con bution, that if we pried up some boa alongside the pulpit, we could step ri down into the tank. Five minutes la we were splashing like puppies. Joh could swim better than I could. I dic care. I thought we were friends, fina

We knew we would have to put boards back in place before Sunday. went swimming again on Saturday. clothes were draped on the pulpit. Nak we took turns belly-flopping from pulpit steps into the tank. We were m ing so much noise that we didn't h people entering. Then a woman scream

Three members of the Indian Aid ciety auxiliary at War Bonnet, and th pastor, had picked that day to come Long Lance with several barrels full of clothes and worn-out shoes and brok toys, as charity gifts to the Indians. T expected my father to tell them how ki and considerate they were. Of cou they wanted to visit the church. My ther and Alice Reilly were their guid

And they saw two bare little savag disporting themselves with total lack reverence, desecrating the baptismal ta And they learned in a moment that of the savages was the acting agent's s Johnny ran like a quail disappearing o the hill. He took his clothes and min hunkered behind the pulpit until father wrapped his jacket around The Indian Aid Society's commit stood struck dumb, while he marched out of the church and up the road.

I had never been spanked. My moti wasn't strong enough to spank me. father hadn't felt I was well enough stand a spanking. But I knew what coming to me now.

"Young man," my father told "you've started a scandal that will spre from War Bonnet to Washington fas than a prairie fire. Your mother wo be ashamed of you. I'm ashamed you. I don't blame Johnny Tail-Fea ers. He doesn't know any better. I you do."

Alice Reilly knocked at the door. said, "Wrap a blanket around you." opened the door.

Alice Reilly said, "The committee leaving."

He said, "That's all right with me."

She said, "It was funny, wasn't it?" looked at her. She said, "The expressi on their faces, when they saw Mark a Johnny."

He said, "It's not exactly a laugh matter."

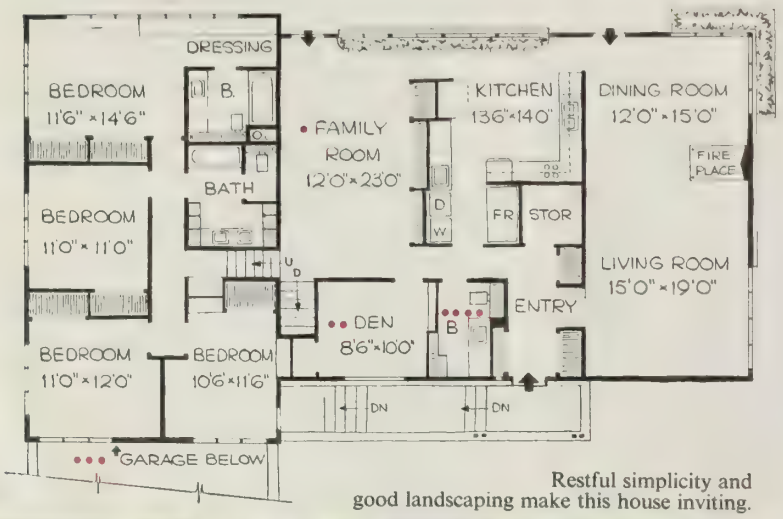
CONTINUED ON PAGE 158



ARCHITECT: PROF. ALDEN KRIDER, A.I.A.; PHOTOGRAPHER: RODNEY MCCAY MORGAN

Soft gray stain on siding is easy to look at and maintain.

4 BEDROOMS... 4 activity rooms



Restful simplicity and good landscaping make this house inviting.



This striking family house encloses space engineered for activities.

By JOHN BRENNEMAN
Architectural Editor

Now that a three-bedroom house is almost a minimum standard, most of us are concerned with a newer growing pain: adequate space for hobbies and special interests. Here is a house with lots of well-planned activity space.

• It has a family room, large enough to be used without blocking traffic, out from under working feet in the kitchen but still close, and fitted with plenty of cabinets of varying depth for versatile storage. If unexpected guests drop in, there's no scurrying to pick up the inevitable mess; the living room is well away and out of sight.

•• Across the hall is a small den useful for privacy away from the children.

••• Below the bedrooms is a double garage and shop, one big room over thirty feet deep. Autos in the garage do not stop operations here.

•••• The half bath in this house is utilized as a darkroom. Cabinets put all equipment out of sight when necessary.

There are other niceties here, such as the offset entry to the living room, so one can't look down the hall to the bedrooms. The freezer and bulk-storage room are both in uncommonly convenient places. And the laundry sink in the kitchen is useful for a great many things. Bathrooms are roomy and well planned. One of the biggest litter savers is the half closet in the entry hall for hats, gloves, keys, odds and ends, mail and such things that usually are dropped on the dining table!

This is not a cheap house, but its 2300-plus square feet of space is close-knit, efficient and unpretentious. Thus its price, per square foot, can be very reasonable.

Cost: $26,000 to $30,000 plus land.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 156

She said, "I know it's not. But I can't help laughing." Then she spoke to me. "Mark, you're shivering. You mustn't catch cold. Get right in bed." She took charge while my father watched. All at once he grinned.

"The dear ladies," he said, "will tell all the other dear ladies in the congregation that it's a sin and a shame, but what else could you expect from a widower bringing his children up like wild Indians. They'll be justified."

But he wasn't going to spank me, after all. And suddenly I didn't miss my mother quite as much, because Alice Reilly was so gentle and understanding. It occurred to me that my father felt the same way about her. That was good too. And if Johnny Tail-Feathers kept his part of our bargain, and he'd better, I'd have an Indian name. I'd belong. Altogether, it had been a very successful afternoon.

And Johnny kept his bargain. On Monday, the last week of school, the Indian children awaited me, with Johnny in command. They knew about what happened at the church. By now it was all over the reservation. It was the kind of joke on the white people that the Indians would cherish and repeat and embroider. The whole thing bothered Mildred. But I strutted like a hero.

Suddenly, all together, the Indian children yelled at me, with Johnny leading the yell, "*Cha'taka Chung'hah! Cha'taka Chung'hah!*" I didn't know what that meant, but I liked the sound of it. I said it over to myself: "*Cha'taka Chung'hah!*" It sounded like the Indian name I would have chosen, if I spoke Kiowa. Alice Reilly was ringing the hand bell, so there was no chance to ask Johnny, "What is it in English?"

But at recess time I stayed in. So did Mildred. She was just as anxious as I was to find out what I'd be to the Indians from now on. But when I asked Alice Reilly, she was hesitant.

I repeated "*Cha'taka Chung'hah!*" She half smiled, half frowned. She said, "Mark, you must realize that the Indian languages and yours are so far apart that any Indian name has several possible translations in English. For example, the white men called the great Sioux cavalry general Crazy Horse. The Indian equivalent didn't really mean there was anything crazy about him. Actually, it meant that nothing and no one could tame him and break him. 'Wild Horse' was a truer interpretation. Even that wouldn't quite give the real meaning."

I insisted. "What does *Cha'taka Chung'hah* mean?"

She said, "Well, Mark, literally it means Little Big Mouth." And then I knew what Johnny Tail-Feathers had done to me.

I was Little Big Mouth, He Who Talks Too Loud and Too Much, and my father was We Are Afraid of His Medicine, and as far as the Indians were concerned, no matter how hard we tried we still didn't belong. School let out, and I saw no more of Johnny Tail-Feathers. No Indians came to occupy the four hospital beds my father had ready, in the spare rooms at the agency. No Indians came to ask for the doctor. There was no news about a permanent agent, and no answer to the letter my father sent to President Roosevelt.

It got hotter and hotter, drier and dustier. My father was silent most of the time. Mildred was irritable. Alice Reilly kept to herself a good deal. Tom Tall Bear was less easygoing. He did a lot of lone riding, along the reservation boundaries. One evening I saw him coming into town, and started out to meet him. He rode past me, and knocked at Alice Reilly's door.

I eavesdropped, and wished I hadn't. He told her he had been to War Bonnet on agency business, about the seed grain my father wanted to buy and distribute to the Indians so they could plant winter wheat. He said, "I had to hit a man. A white man. Wiley Haskell, the trader. He made some remarks, and I had to hit him."

"I'm sorry you did that, Tom."

"I'm sorry I had to. His remarks were about you and Doctor Carroll. With people listening. Never mind what he said."

"You've told me, by saying 'Never mind.'"

"It's not a good situation, Alice. Not for him, and not for you. They're out to blacken him."

"And blacken me. What do you think about it, Tom?"

"You know what I think. I'd ask you to marry me, if I could, if I had anything to offer you."

"Don't ask me, Tom."

"I won't. I won't. But neither will he."

"Of course not. How could he? Why should he?"

"You know the answer to that."

"I hate to hear you sound jealous, Tom."

"I hate being jealous. But I'm human." He said that angrily, and turned and led his horse away. If he saw me there in the shadows, he gave no sign. And when Alice Reilly realized I had heard, she went back into her part of the house without even saying "Good night." And I was miserable. What I understood was bad enough. What I wasn't old enough to understand was worse.

I rode with my father, in the buckboard, going out for another visit to the Indians. He said, "If Mahomet will not come to the mountain, the mountain must go to Mahomet." I bragged. I claimed I knew enough Kiowa by now so that if any of the Indians wanted to talk, I could be his interpreter. I wasn't telling the truth. I could say a few words and phrases, but I couldn't string them together in sentences. But I wanted to be important.

I had my own explanation figured out about my Indian name. I said Alice Reilly said an Indian name has many meanings. *Cha'taka Chung'hah*, I said, was something like He Who Does the Talking. I assured myself that this was not exactly a falsehood. I said the good Indians called my father *Ko Ka Wan Kan*, His Medicine Is Good. He said, "The only problem is to catch a friendly Indian."

He changed the subject, from Indian to Kipling. He said we'd have another Kipling



"Of course I can make good coffee!"

THE SECRET OF GOOD COFFEE

Start with clean coffee maker, fresh coffee, fresh cold water. Use proper grind for maker. Measure and time carefully. *Always use at least ¾ of the capacity of any coffee maker.* For each serving, 1 standard coffee measure (2 level measuring tablespoons) to ¾ measuring cup (6 oz.) of water.

PERCOLATOR: When perking starts, reduce heat. Perk gently 6 to 8 minutes. *Time carefully.*

DRIP: Pre-heat pot. Pour in measured amount of boiling water. Brewing should be complete in 4 to 6 minutes. *Stir before serving.*

VACUUM: When water boils, reduce heat, insert upper bowl. Stir coffee and water and remove from heat. Coffee should remain in upper bowl no more than 3 minutes.

CAUTION: *Brewing too long makes coffee bitter. For weaker coffee, dilute after brewing according to above recipe.*

NOTE: If you use "instant," vary the strength to suit your taste.

PAN-AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU, 120 Wall Street, New York 5, N.Y.

esson while we drove along. The idea was that ie would quote some poem from the Barrack Room Ballads or some other book. I was supposed to memorize it, and then recite it, and ell him what I thought the writer had in mind vhen he put the words together, and then spell he words and give definitions. He said this vas exercise for my brain muscles, and that he more I learned, the better equipped I would e when I went back to school, wherever I ent to school next year.

He quoted the lesson for the day. " 'Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look ehind the Ranges. Something lost behind the anges. Lost and waiting for you. Go!' " While he made the words ring, he stared ahead cross the empty rolling sand hills. I imagined e remembered strange places he had seen, the ulu Sea and Darien and Daiquiri and Hong ong.

I quoted back at him, to explain what I nought Kipling intended, " 'For to admire an' or to see, For to be'old this world so wide—never done no good to me, But I can't drop if I tried!' "

He said that summarized the blessing and e curse of the congenital wanderer. "Which what I was," he said, "until I happened to member, a little late, that I had children, and wife."

He spoke lines slowly. "The Kipling I need remember now, and steer my course by, is hat he wrote when we took the Philippines. ake up the White Man's burden, The savage ars of peace. Fill full the mouth of Famine, nd bid the sickness cease.' " Bitterness rengthened in his voice. " 'And when your al is nearest, The end for others sought, atch Sloth and heathen Folly Bring all your ope to naught.' "

e drove Buck and Nellie faster, though we d no particular destination. " 'Take up the hite Man's burden, And reap his old reward. The blame of those ye better, The hate those ye guard, The cry of hosts ye humor h, slowly!) toward the light.' " He paused, en finished: " 'By all ye cry or whisper, By all ye leave or do, The silent, sullen people Shall weigh your Gods and you.' "

He told me, "Kipling was writing about real Indians, in India, not here on the Cherokee Strip in The Country That God Forgot. 'A softer, kinder people in a warmer, greener land.' " Then something tore a hole through the dashboard near his feet, and an instant later I heard the crack of a gunshot.

Another bullet kicked dust in front of Buck and Nellie. My father flattened me on the buckboard floor. In the same move, he got his Army .45. I hadn't known until then that he had taken to carrying the gun in his medicine bag. He wrapped the reins around the whipstock, and jumped down. A third shot smashed into the buckboard seat, where he had been an instant before.

Somebody was shooting to hit, from the cottonwoods along the Cheke River. He started running toward the cottonwoods. A fourth shot sang close to him. He ran on, and disappeared. Buck and Nellie pulled against the reins. I grabbed the reins and hauled on them, yelling "Whoa! Whoa!" To my amazement, Buck and Nellie obeyed me.

I saw my father coming back. He breathed hard, from chasing whoever it was that tried to shoot him. He inspected the buckboard, and used a scalpel to pry out a slug. He talked to himself, not to me. "Cavalry carbine. Inaccurate at extreme range. Joe Jack Rabbit carried a cavalry carbine." He climbed up and started Buck and Nellie. He headed for the Kiowa colony at the chief's house.

There were Indian wagons and Indian ponies and Indian dogs all around the chief's house when we got there. Indian women were taking down tepees. Indian children were loading family belongings in the wagons, or making packs for their mothers to carry. The Indian men were gathered around Chief Two Babies and the elders, who inspected mustang racing ponies. It seemed to me that the whole Kiowa Nation had rallied.

Silence fell when we drove in among the Indians. Chief Two Babies came toward us, followed by the elders. Young braves scowled at us. We were intruders, and unwelcome. Apparently they expected my father to tell them not to go where they wanted to go. But before he reached them, he turned aside.

He had heard an Indian woman moaning and groaning, in the cyclone cellar that belonged to Chief Two Babies and Mrs. Two Babies. He moved in that direction. A tall young Indian barred his path. I tried to recall the Indian words for "Stand aside!" Before I could get anything out, my father pushed the young Indian out of his way, and entered the cyclone cellar. In a moment he reappeared. He called to me to bring his medicine bag.

The root of the matter, if we want a stable world, is a very simple and old-fashioned thing, a thing so simple that I am almost ashamed to mention it for fear of the derisive smile with which the wise cynics will greet my words. The thing I mean is love, Christian love, or compassion. If you feel this, you have a motive for existence, a reason for courage, an imperative necessity for intellectual honesty. BERTRAND RUSSELL

I took it to him. I knew his Army .45 was in it. I saw Mrs. Two Babies confronting him. She wore frayed barbaric finery, feathers and beads, the appurtenances of her hereditary office in the tribe. Behind her, a young Indian woman twisted and sobbed on a pallet in the darkest corner. The tall young brave who hadn't wanted my father to enter the cyclone cellar pushed past me toward him.

He opened his pocket case and took out a hypodermic needle. I yelled at the Indians, "*Tah'si! Tah'si!* Don't make trouble!" He paid no heed to them. He gripped the sick woman's arm. She fought his hands. She wailed when the needle stabbed. He threw his coat on the floor, and rolled up his sleeves.

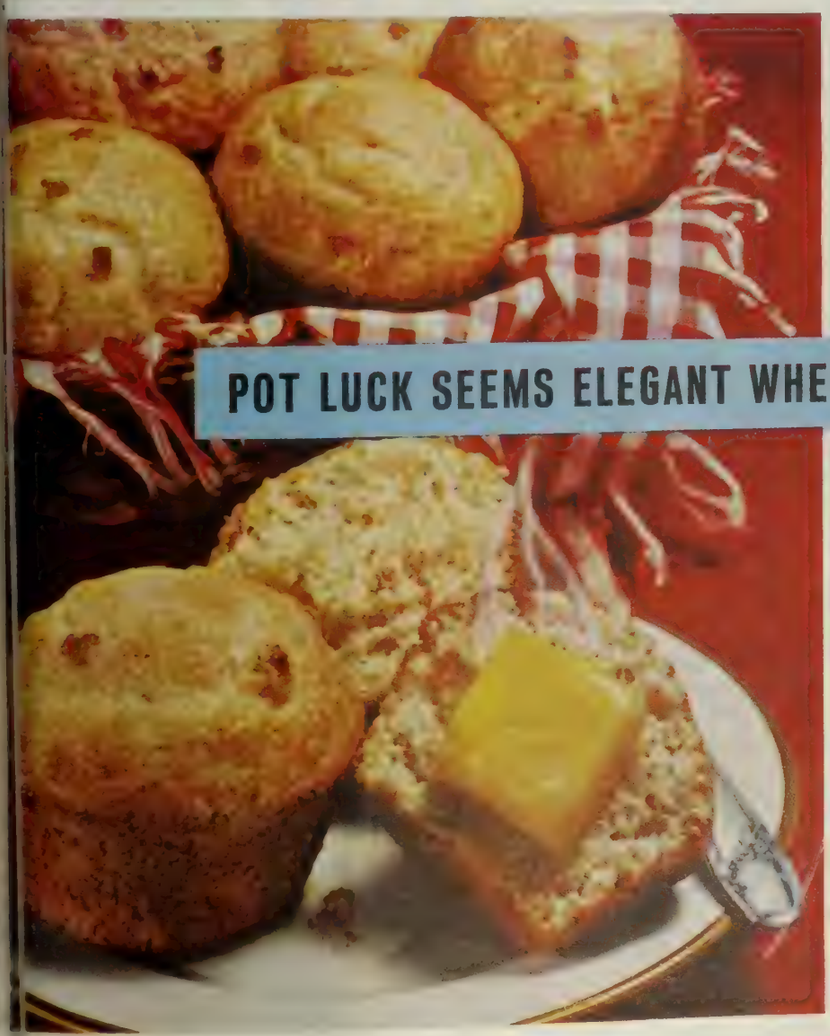
He told me, "I'm going to have to do a Caesarean section. Should have been done hours ago. She may die under the knife. Her baby probably can't live. I'm not sure. I'll have to work fast. Too fast to stop and lecture you while I operate. I'll tell you what to hand me. I'll tell you once, only once. There won't be time to repeat myself. If you get it wrong, if you can't stand what you'll see, if you faint on me, or run out for air, she'll lose."

He meant "I'll lose." Young as I was, and frightened as I was, I comprehended. Death, his personal adversary, grinned at him in that dank Indian-smelling cave. And he forgot the Indians crowding closer, and that I was a child and sick and his only son, and went into battle though by all the rules his fight was hopeless. What I had to see, what he did with his scalpels and other things I handed to him at command, is still too much to remember. It is why I am not a doctor like my father. But he beat Death that time. The young Indian woman lived. So did her child. It was her first son.

When it was over, some time after midnight, I stumbled past the Indians and out of the cyclone cellar. Indian dogs snarled at me. In the distance, coyotes bayed. I reached the buckboard, and touched Buck and Nellie. They snorted and stamped. Unutterably miserable, I climbed up to the seat. The Indian cooking fires had burned low. I felt Indian eyes staring at me out of the darkness. I shivered, and pulled a blanket up around my head. At length I slept.

I waked at sunrise, when the Indians started moving away along the road to Long Lance. My father came from the cyclone cellar. Behind him Mrs. Two Babies stood glaring bitterly. Chief Two Babies joined her. She spat words in Kiowa, and led him to their wagon. They joined the Indians driving away.

We followed, swallowing the dust the Indians raised. My father told me where they were going in such a hurry. "They remembered, even if we didn't. This is the Fourth of July,





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when they hold their annual powwow and pony races at the agency. That young woman's husband is a champion Kiowa rider. They'll bet everything they own. It wouldn't occur to the woman's husband to cancel out of the races and stay and look after her and her baby."

He said, "You drive for a while, son." He leaned back and closed his eyes. He said, "Son, I hope and pray you never arrive at where I am right now. I'm too tired to climb even golden stairs." We were halfway to Long Lance when I saw a rider galloping to meet us. It was Tom Tall Bear. He wouldn't hurry his horse that hard unless bad news was the spur. His father and mother shouted to him as he passed their wagon. He turned and rode alongside for a minute. His mother was doing the talking. She was still talking when he turned again and galloped to meet us. He told my father matter-of-factly, "There's a big delegation of special visitors at the agency. They were surprised, not to say shocked, that you'd be away on Independence Day."

My father said, "I've been admitting a new citizen."

Tom Tall Bear said, "So my mother told me. She says she wouldn't have believed it if she hadn't seen it. She says for a white man, you're all right. That's a compliment, doctor, coming from her."

My father said, "It certainly is. Incidentally, if you talk to her again, you might say that from my side, I said I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it, either. There's a lot in the old Indian methods that modern medicine hasn't discovered yet."

Tom Tall Bear said, "You'll have to tell her that yourself. She'd accuse me of making it up to flatter her." Then he was grim. "The delegation from off the reservation," he told my father, "is composed of a very carefully selected committee allegedly representing the Indian Aid Society. Heading it is a real-estate promoter and all-purposes blatherskite named Prentiss Davison. His friends and fellow schemers have chosen him to go to Washington calling himself a territorial representative, to demand immediate statehood for Oklahoma. And immediate special legislation removing the Indians from their present reservations, and opening up their treaty lands for homestead settlement by white taxpaying voting Americans. Mr. Davison considers an acting agent who fails and neglects to take advantage of the Glorious Fourth, to harangue the Indians on how lucky they are to be wards of a generous Government, is just not the man for the job. When I left to look for you, doctor, Mr. Davison was spreading his wings and making the eagle scream, while he orated from the text 'All men are created free and equal.'"

He paused. Then he said, "Mr. Davison's best friend, principal financial supporter, policy maker and strong-arm boy is Wiley Haskell. Mr. Haskell brought along a helper. Joe Jack Rabbit." He said earnestly, "Doctor, they've got a trap rigged for you. They're waiting for you to walk into it. My advice is, stay lost till tomorrow."

My father asked, "What can they do to me? Turn in some more reports recommending my instant discharge as acting agent? Can't they get it through their thick heads that being fired will be a favor, for which I'll thank them?"

"Being fired as acting agent, yes. Being fired as the agency doctor sounds to me like a horse of a different color."

My father stared. Tom Tall Bear said "What they don't want, what they can't stand for because it spoils their setup, is any white man doing anything for the Indians. Like what you did last night in the cyclone cellar. The whole tribe will hear about that. From my mother. You'll have the Indians coming to you now, doctor. You'll be a big man on the reservation. Even if the schemers put a hand-picked permanent agent in your place, and you're still around, the Indians will have a white man to speak up for them. But if the Indian Bureau's experiment in appointing an agency doctor blows up in an ugly mess, they'll have all the ammunition they need to force a change back to the good old policy. Not to mention, doctor, that if you leave Long Lance in disgrace, the bad name will stay with you wherever you hang out your shingle."

My father pondered. Finally he said, "You make sense, Tom. You make a lot of sense. Thanks." He started Buck and Nellie on.

Tom Tall Bear rode alongside. He said, "I figured you wouldn't take my advice." He called against the noise of hoofs and buckboard wheels, "But if you're counting on me to back your play, forget it. If Wiley Haskell opens his mouth to me, I'm likely to kill him. If I do, they'll blame it on you. You've got fair warning, doctor."

My father nodded, and drove faster. Remembering how he handled the three gun slingers who put bullets through our windows and went gunning for the sharpshooter who fired at us from the cottonwoods, and how he ignored the sullenly threatening Indians in the cyclone cellar, and that he still had his Army .45 in his medicine bag, I was eager to get to Long Lance and see what he'd do about Prentiss Davison, and Wiley Haskell, and Joe Jack Rabbit.

But on the edge of town, he stopped the buckboard and handed me his medicine bag and said to jump down and run on home and stay there. Leaving me, he drove on into the biggest gathering of Indians since Allotment Day, when we arrived.

Of course I didn't stay at home. Though Mildred did her best to stop me, I went looking for excitement. And I found it everywhere. The Indians had a race track, circled by ropes on stakes, beyond the agency corral. Young braves were getting their ponies warmed up. Indian dogs snapped at the ponies' legs. Indian children were playing for the stickball championship. White traders sold rockets and giant firecrackers, that banged and whooshed on all sides. White gamblers worked the three-card monte cheat, and short-changed the Indians while they took bets on the races. Some of the Indians were getting drunk.

The traders' wagons were decorated with American flags and red-white-and-blue bunting. So were the shiny Concord buggies in which Prentiss Davison and the Indian Aid

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ciety committee came from War Bonnet. e only people I saw who weren't celebrating re my father and Tom Tall Bear and Alice illy. They were on the agency steps, answer- all kinds of questions fired at them by ntiss Davison and the committee members, le and female. I looked for Joe Jack Rabbit. was on guard at Wiley Haskell's wagon. Suddenly I came face to face with Johnny il-Feathers. He held a rocket and was light- its fuse with a cigar butt some trader had own in the dust. He aimed the rocket at ntiss Davison. I yelled at Johnny, "Let go! go before it blows up in your hands!" He shed a startled glance at me, and instinc- ely threw the rocket from him just as the wder caught. It hit amid the Indian Aid So- ty group, shooting stars while they scattered. Johnny ran, and so did I. We ducked under ley Haskell's wagon, and bumped head on o Joe Jack Rabbit. He grabbed us and mmed us together. Johnny bit his wrist. He go of Johnny. Instead of running, Johnny ked up a rock and ng it. That made Jack Rabbit let go me. Johnny and I side by side, like o quail escaping. d from then on we re a team.

got dirtier and dirt- more and more In- n. I forgot my fa- r's troubles. Then ley Haskell caught This time, we ldn't get away. But tead of beating us, hired us. He filled hands with printed ets, that advertised *oving Pictures, First r Seen in the Indian ritory.*

That was Wiley skell's new scheme get the Indians to nd their money. It s cheaper than sell- spoiled salmon, safer than selling tent medicine. nehow he had got d of three reels of m, and a hand- nked projection ma- ne, and some car- e-lights equipment. had Joe Jack Rab- nailing a big white sheet between posts in the agency corral. e corral, with its eight-foot-high stockade, s his outdoor theater.

The moving pictures would start as soon as got dark. Admission, men, women or chil- n, was a quarter. Twenty-five cents was a of money to Indians whose annual allot- nt was less than a hundred dollars. But ev- Indian wanted to see the white man's new- invention. Long before sundown, Joe Jack bbit had sold so many admissions through corral gate that there was hardly room for ley Haskell to set up his machinery.

hnny Tail-Feathers wouldn't believe the ole thing wasn't another white-man fake. I d him I knew all about moving pictures. at was a slight exaggeration. But at least I w more about moving pictures than nny Tail-Feathers knew, so for a change I ld be Little Big Mouth and he couldn't jeer into silence. I was still lecturing when all at e hard bright light cut through the thick- ng twilight, and the show began. Wiley skell had placed us behind the bed-sheet een, and given each of us two half-coconut lls. When we saw horses, we were to bang shells on a box, to make the sound of ofs.

The pictures were of white soldiers gallop- , of Indian warriors riding to meet them. e watching Indians in the corral were struck mb for the first minute. Then they began to out. The white men killed Indians on the een. The picture Indians fled from their ite foes. The Indians in the corral yelled at Indians on the screen to stand and fight, to kill the white men or die trying. The crowd surged toward the screen.

My hands froze in mid-air. I let my shells fall. But Johnny banged in frenzied cadence, yipping war whoops. Then silence fell. I started out from behind the screen. I saw my father and Tom Tall Bear walking through the crowd of Indians, toward Wiley Haskell and Joe Jack Rabbit. Behind them came Prentiss Davison and the Indian Aid Society committee, and Alice Reilly. Tom Tall Bear carried his Winchester.

My father told Wiley Haskell, "That will be all for tonight, Mr. Haskell." He told Tom Tall Bear, "Tell the people to go home. Tell them to go peaceably and quietly, and right away."

Tom Tall Bear started talking in Kiowa to Chief Two Babies and Mrs. Two Babies. He said, "There is bad trouble between these white men. If the Kiowa stay, the trouble will hurt them. Make them leave quickly, and let the white men settle the things that must be settled. It is not your fight."

In spite of the immense sums of money expended on the education of children and young people of the United States, the intellectual elite does not seem to have increased. . . . It seems that the excellent hygienic conditions in which children are reared, and the care lavished upon them in school, have not raised their intellectual and moral standards. . . . There is no doubt that children are much happier in the schools where intellectual effort and voluntary attention are not exacted. What are the results of such an education? In modern civilization, the individual is characterized chiefly by a fairly great activity, entirely directed toward the practical side of life, by much ignorance, by a certain shrewdness, and by a kind of mental weakness which leaves him under the influence of the environment wherein he happens to be placed. It appears that intelligence itself gives way when character weakens. . . . In the United States the intellectual standard remains low in spite of the increasing numbers of schools and universities.

ALEXIS CARREL
Man the Unknown
Harpers

His father and mother spoke commandingly to the Kiowa. Young braves protested. Chief Two Babies told them, "*Tah'si! Tah'si!*" The squaws began to herd their children out of the corral. Family men followed. Reluctantly, muttering and looking back resentfully at my father who had spoiled their fun, the young braves joined the exodus.

Wiley Haskell said, "Well, Mr. Davison, you've been a witness. Doctor Carroll here takes it upon himself to order the Indians not to see the rest of my show although they paid to see it. He orders me to close up. And I'm supposed to do exactly as I'm told, no questions asked, the same as the Indians. What do you think about it, Mr. Davison?"

Prentiss Davison said, "I think that it's an outrage."

My father asked him, "What would you think it was if somebody got killed because of Mr. Haskell's moving pictures?"

"Just what does that mean, doctor?"

"I mean that in about two more minutes the Indians might have torn that moving-picture screen apart. And from that to Mr. Haskell would be just a short jump."

"You have a vivid imagination, doctor."

"It doesn't take much imagination to imagine what the Indians thought and felt, thanks to Mr. Haskell's lack of enough sense or decency to know better than to show them how their people were cut down by the whites, and why they're reservation prisoners."

"You set yourself up as protector of the Indians. Although from all I can gather, the Indians have absolutely no use for you, resent your interference, refuse your services as a doctor. It will be interesting to see how the Indian Bureau feels about you, doctor, when I submit a documented report in person."

My father started out of the corral. Wiley Haskell stood in his way. "Hold on, doc. I've got a couple of remarks to add to the record. One is, you'll save everybody time and trouble if you pack up and leave of your own free will, before you're run off."

My father started on. Wiley Haskell asked, "What's the attraction at Long Lance, doc? The half-breed wench with the Irish eyes?"

Alice Reilly drew back. Tom Tall Bear tightened. Wiley Haskell goaded my father. "A widower, with nothing much to do, and she's handy. That it, doc? Of course this big Indian had her first. But what's a half-breed squaw, between friends?"

My father's control cracked. He hit Wiley Haskell, as Wiley Haskell hoped he would. Tom Tall Bear started forward, lifting his Winchester. My father knocked the rifle down. Tom Tall Bear cried out to him, "I've got nothing to lose. You have."

Wiley Haskell rushed at my father. As he attacked, he told his allies, "You folks are witnesses. He asked for this. I got a right to defend myself." Then he hammered my father mercilessly, driving him back toward the bed-sheet screen, still brightly lighted by his motion-picture machine. He was taller, heavier, with thicker arms and huge gnarled hands. He fought with fists and elbows, knees and boots. My father went down. Wiley Haskell stamped on him.

But somehow my father surged up, and drove blows into Wiley Haskell's body, doubling him. He was fast and accurate, a duelist against a battering ram. Their leaping shadows danced on the moving-picture screen. Then Wiley Haskell reeled, and brought the screen down with him. He lurched up lunging. My father shook off pawing fury, and hit, hit, hit, driving Wiley Haskell back toward Prentiss Davison and Joe Jack Rabbit, pinning

CONTINUED ON PAGE 163

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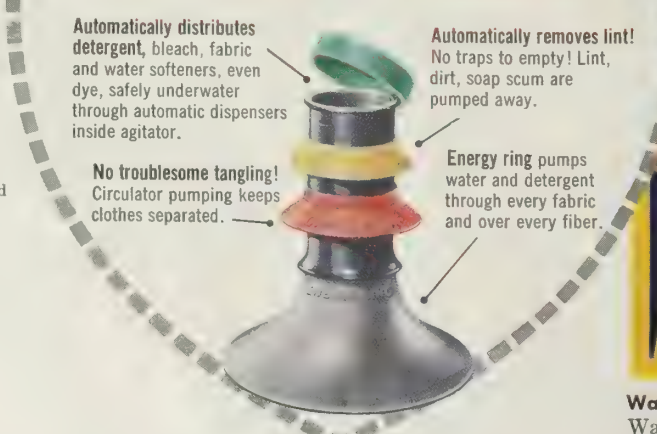
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1959 Frigidaire Fabric-Master Washer with matching Dryer for "Wrinkles Away" drying. Models in Mayfair Pink, Aztec Copper, Sunny Yellow, Turquoise, Charcoal Gray or Snowcrest White.

FRIGIDAIRE ADVANCED APPLIANCES DESIGNED WITH YOU IN MIND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 161

him finally against the corral stockade, hitting him right and left until he pitched forward and lay still.

My father was masked by his own blood. His shirt was ripped into shreds. He could scarcely stand or speak. But he straightened, and said carefully to Prentiss Davison and the Indian Aid Society men and women, and the white traders crowded close behind them, "You've gotten what you came for. So there's nothing to keep you at Long Lance any longer." They backed off in a body. Suddenly there was a great rush to buggies and wagons. Even Wiley Haskell and Joe Jack Rabbit hurried, getting the moving-picture equipment loaded.

My father started steadily but slowly across the street. Alice Reilly darted ahead, and disappeared into her half of the house. Tom Tall Bear waited at the corral gate, to see Wiley Haskell and Joe Jack Rabbit leave. I hesitated, then summoned courage to walk beside my father, though I expected his anger because I had disobeyed him and been where I had no business to be.

But he said nothing. His hand dropped on my shoulder. It came to me that he was glad to have me there. I wasn't big enough to offer much support, and he was hurt and tired. But I walked as tall as I could. I never felt so important, or so proud.

Next morning early, Alice Reilly left Long Lance. She went without saying good-by. For all Mildred or I knew, we would never see her again. We missed her, more than we had realized we could. She had been like part of the family. We were used to having her with us. Mildred cried. I didn't, because Indians don't. At least not when anyone else is around. And Johnny Tail-Feathers was very much around. He had seen the fight in the agency corral. He regarded my father with surprised awe. He was even a little less belligerent with me.

We wandered together, seeking adventure and finding none. The next days were as empty. Summer crawled. The only break in sultry monotony was when my father hitched up Buck and Nellie. Then it was taken for granted that I would climb in the buckboard, and go along to do the talking.

One morning when we drove past the Cross Creek colony, Johnny appeared and walked wistfully beside the buckboard until my father said, "Climb aboard."

After that, Johnny was a regular passenger on our drives across the prairie. But the drives were not much fun, even for us. The country was drying up and blowing away. The creeks and even the Cheke River were sand and sun-cracked mud. Day after day the sky would cloud up, but it never rained.

The wind blew most of the time, blowing the dust so hard that although we kept our windows shut there would be a layer of dry dirt on the floor every morning. Mildred coughed a lot at night. I hadn't coughed much lately. Mildred worked very hard, trying to keep the house swept and dusted, trying to keep our clothes clean though she did the washing with just a little water in the tub because that was all we could spare. Then one night Tom Tall Bear brought Mrs. Two Babies to the agency. She wouldn't talk English, because she was embarrassed by her errand. She had come to ask my father to drive out to the Cheke colony. People were sick, men and women and children. It was some strange new kind of sickness, nothing she had seen before.

It must have taken days and nights for her to reach decision. Now the proud old lady mumbled herself. She confessed, with her son as the translator, that she was a failure. She couldn't help her people. She spoke for the tribe, asking *Ma Ta Wan Kan*, He Whose Medicine We Fear, to come and work his magic where her magic had failed.

From then on, there was no day or night for my father. He was on his feet and on the go at all hours, driving back and forth between the Indian colonies. He gave battle to Death, the personal adversary. He lost oftener than he won. He helped the Indians bury the dead.

Under "Probable Cause of Death," my father lettered *Apparently Mountain Fever*. Then he used ditto marks, in an always-lengthening column. This was before the various kinds of influenza and pneumonia were catalogued and isolated. People coughed. Their temperatures went up to 104° and even higher. They fought for breath. Their lungs drowned. *Apparently Mountain Fever* was as accurate as any "Probable Cause of Death" known at that time.

Trying everything he could think of, my father used up his stock of medicines. He sent Tom Tall Bear riding hard to War Bonnet, to buy more medicines, and to dispatch his telegram to the Indian Bureau reporting an epidemic out of control and asking for rush delivery of urgently needed articles. Tom Tall Bear, returning, handed my father what he had been able to buy with the little cash he had. "The druggist said he's sorry but he can't extend credit on your say-so, considering the situation regarding the agency. I put a tracer on your telegram to the bureau. It was received, all right. But I suspect it got pigeonholed."

My father gave Tom Tall Bear all the money he had, and sent him back to War Bonnet for more medicines.

He went on fighting Death as hard as he was able. I rode with him, and talked for him. The Indians called me *Cha'taka Chung'hah* respectfully. Mrs. Two Babies did what my father told her to do. The three of us were in a sod hut on the far side of the Cheke, and a sick woman was passing the crisis and beginning to get better, when Tom Tall Bear appeared and called my father aside.

Heat lightning low on the black horizon silhouetted my father when he turned from Tom Tall Bear and told me, "Mildred is sick. He thinks she has mountain fever. We'll have to get back to town as soon as we can."

Then without warning the black skies opened with a stunning crash of thunder, and the rain came at last. It was more than rain. It was a cloudburst, roaring and hammering. My father hurried, but he could not bear to leave while Death stood grinning at him. Tom Tall Bear had Buck and Nellie ready. All at once he shouted and ran to get my father and show him what was happening.

A torrent was coming down the Cheke River, filling it from bank to bank. That is what happens, in the sand-hill country, when a cloudburst breaks. The dry streams flood within minutes. Before we started to cross at the ford, crossing became impossible.

My father drove downstream, with Tom Tall Bear riding ahead to guide us. We circled hills, and splashed through water spreading across low places. By the time we reached the bridge on the road from War Bonnet, water was over it up to the rails. The torrent was a quarter of a mile wide, and spreading. Dead trees plunged through the white-capped flood. The bridge swayed and trembled.

Lashing rain blinded me, and almost stopped my breathing. How much my father could see clearly, I will never know. I think he saw nothing, really, but my sister Mildred sick and alone, many miles away beyond the raging river. I think he remembered nothing but that my mother was sick, and alone, while he was far away in Panama helping strangers. And that he came home to her too late.

Against the roar of the storm and the flood, he shouted to Tom Tall Bear, "Take care of Mark." As he shouted, he put Buck and Nellie into a run at the bridge, Tom Tall Bear reached from his saddle, to swing me over from the buckboard. I managed to avoid his hands, and tumbled, sprawling on the buckboard floor.

Buck and Nellie went with a rush until they were belly deep in the rushing water. Then they reared and swerved, almost pulling my father from the buckboard seat. He hauled hard, and yelled, and forced them straight ahead. Their hoofs hit the bridge floor. He drove one-handed, cracking away with the whip but never quite touching them. I clung to the buckboard side, and looked up at him.

Water came into the buckboard. A log hurtled at us. My father yanked on the reins. Buck and Nellie broke stride momentarily. The log hit the buckboard and caromed off. The buckboard tipped and rocked and slammed against the downstream railing, but Buck and Nellie bulled right on. They were half running, half swimming, when we passed the middle of the bridge. It was about to break in two.

All at once Buck and Nellie were sliding and stumbling in mud, and so furious at my father that they pretended to be running away. He let them run, but he headed them toward Long Lance. I knew he was aware of me behind him. But he never looked at me or spoke to me. Soaked, miserable, terribly aware of my uselessness to him, to Mildred, to myself, I crawled into the buckboard seat. We drove on, in the rain.

The cloudburst slackened at sunrise. Red showed here and there, fringing the black clouds. I saw a mud-splashed Concord buggy in front of the agency. As we neared the agency Alice Reilly and three strangers, two white men and a matronly white woman, came out of our house. They stood in the rain, awaiting us.

One of the strangers was the new permanent agent. He had been in the Rough Riders at San Juan Hill. Since 1898, he had worked as a United States marshal in the Sioux Nation in Dakota, and as an Indian Bureau inspector. The matronly woman was his wife. She had worked for the Indian Bureau before they were married. Her father and mother were missionaries living with the Indians in Wyoming, where she was brought up. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan were people who liked Indians and liked working with them. With them and for them.

The other stranger was a farmer from Nebraska, who decided in middle age that although he did not want to be a missionary, he'd like to do what he could for the Indians. The Indian Bureau had sent him to Long Lance under contract to get wheat farming started. He would have seed to distribute, and enough allowance for machinery so the Indians could get a crop planted. His name was Fletcher.

They told me about themselves while I watched the closed door of Mildred's room. Mrs. Morgan had taken charge of me the minute I stumbled down from the buckboard. She got me into dry clothes, and tried to make me eat something. I couldn't swallow. I couldn't talk. She understood, and so did her husband. So did Mr. Fletcher.

They made conversation, while I waited for my father or Alice Reilly to come out of Mildred's room and say she was all right. They said the schemers and spoilers had run into a roadblock at the Indian Bureau, put there by Mr. Roosevelt. There'd be a lot less cheating and conniving against the Indians, and a lot more decent treatment for the Indians, or President Roosevelt would take the case to Congress, and if that failed, to the American people. That was how Mr. Morgan summarized matters.

But I hardly heard. It didn't matter any more. I wasn't *Cha'taka Chung'hah*, adopted Kiowa. I was Mark Carroll, motherless, ashamed because I hadn't been kinder to my sister, afraid of the enemy my father hated. Afraid to think of what it would be like, if we lost Mildred the way we lost my mother. Afraid for my father, more than for myself. Afraid, and desolate.

Mildred died that evening. When Alice Reilly took me into the room, I thought Mildred was just asleep. Then I saw my father's face. Then I heard him speaking, not to me, not to Alice Reilly: "I had no right. I had no right to bring her here, no right to leave her, no right to forget about her for the sake of Indians. Indians." The word was like a curse. And Alice Reilly bowed her head.

We went out to the burial place that the Kiowa called *Wi'yo Pa'ya'ta*, Where the Road Ends. My father and I rode in the buckboard, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan and Mr. Fletcher and Alice Reilly followed in the Concord buggy. Tom Tall Bear was waiting for us at the new grave he had dug. Mr. Fletcher was a carpenter as well as a boss farmer. He had made Mildred's casket. It was plain, but well constructed.

My father's medicine bag, and our suitcases, and his books were in the buckboard. As soon as we left *Wi'yo Pa'ya'ta*, we were going to drive to War Bonnet and take the train. The Morgans and Mr. Fletcher had asked my father to think about it for a few days. He told them there was nothing to think about. We were leaving. "I'm taking my son back where he belongs. Among our own people." When he said that, Tom Tall Bear and Alice Reilly drew together. They were not angry at him, or hurt, because he now believed he hated Indians. They understood. They pitied him. They knew what it is like, not to belong.

They stood a little apart from the white people now. Alice Reilly opened Mildred's New Testament, that she had used when we went to Sunday school, and she explained the First and Second Commandments. But before she began to read, there was sudden distant sound. We looked west across the sand hills. And we saw the Indians coming.

They came in their wagons, and on their ponies, and on foot. Men, women, children, all the Kiowa, they came in procession, to the burial place called *Wi'yo Pa'ya'ta* where only Indians had been buried until now. And as they neared us, they began to sing. I saw Johnny Tail-Feathers and his mother, and Chief Two Babies and Mrs. Two Babies, and they were leading the singing. The Indians sang for Mildred.

They sang "Shall We Gather at the River?" Some of them only uttered sounds, because they knew no English. Others formed the words uncertainly. But the Indian boys and girls sang clearly, from their hearts. The Kiowa people gathered around us. The song ended. They bowed their heads, and were silent. They had given all they could, in gratitude to the white man who worked for them while his own daughter was alone and dying. They gave reverence, and sympathy, and love.

And I saw my father cry. I had never thought that he could cry. I forgot my own tears, and my misery and loneliness. I went to my father, and took his hand. We stood side by side until it was time to go away from *Wi'yo Pa'ya'ta*, leaving Mildred there.

And my father looked at the Indians, and at me, and after a long moment he turned Buck and Nellie away from the road to War Bonnet and the railroad and the white man's world. And he drove back to Long Lance, because now at last we both knew it was home, where we belonged. END

VICIOUS CYCLE

BY MARJORIE LEDERER LEE

I shudder at the icy blear of
Winter; and the less I hear of
Snow and sleet, the better. Still, I
Hold my tongue against my will: I
Know too well when spring comes round, the
Man I thought was true will sound the
Hunting horn and don his wings and
Fly in search of newer things, and
I with pen chewed to a splinter
Will write like mad in praise of winter!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"I don't know what I want—I don't even know what half of those things are."

Her BUTCHER is a Cook's BEST FRIEND

Give him a chance to teach you.

By GWEN WALKER



A casserole of sauerkraut and vegetables, rose-tinted from the meat of ham hocks gently simmered, is a blessing to the budget.

Most women are much too timid about taking their butchers into their confidence. The butcher is the cook's best friend, if she would only realize it. This specialist at the meat counter can advise her on meat cuts, whatever the status of her pocketbook or current family tastes.

A roast is a good buy if it is chosen for minimum of bone, and cooked to preserve a maximum of flavor. But there are a number of Cinderella cuts—hocks, shanks, ribs, heart, kidney, and so on—which have a particular charm of their own. They will not yield their flavor and tenderness instantly. They demand of the cook ingenuity and imagination, which in the end add up to artistry. The thing to remember about conquering the less-tender cuts is that it takes either long, slow, moist cooking, a breaking of the fibers by grinding, or a preliminary session with a meat tenderizer to turn them into delicacies—but it's worth it!

Given a flick of spice or herbs, a piquant sauce, even an old hen can become a poem of a dish, as you will see.

So get to know your butcher and the meats with the lower price tags and go home and create some wonderful savory dishes like the ones on these pages. The whole family will be in your kitchen sniffing. I'm willing to bet on it!

FLANK-STEAK ROLL-UPS

Buy a 2-pound flank steak and have your butcher score it for you. Cut pieces of steak 2″ wide and ¼″ thick by slicing into the meat diagonally and across the grain. This will make the flank steak as tender as possible. Salt and pepper the meat well. For the stuffing, mix 1 cup fresh bread crumbs with ½ cup finely diced celery. Sauté 1 cup finely minced onion until golden in 3 tablespoons butter. Add 1 cup finely chopped mushrooms, and cook a few minutes longer. Now stir the mushrooms into the bread-crumb mixture with ¼ cup melted butter. Season with 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon curry powder and a dash of pepper. Add more curry if you like. Place a tablespoon or so of dressing on each meat slice. Roll up and fasten with a toothpick. Place roll-ups on broiler pan and brush with a mixture of ¼ cup melted butter and ½ teaspoon rosemary. Broil, close to the heat, about 5 minutes on each side, basting twice. Meat should still be pink. Flank is tough when served well done, so watch this. Makes 4–5 servings.

ALSATIAN SAUERKRAUT

Place 2 ham hocks weighing about 2 pounds each, 2 cups water and 12 peppercorns in a heavy kettle. Cover and simmer until the meat is tender and falling from the bone. Cool, remove the meat from the bones, trim off fat and cut into bite-sized pieces. You should have about 4 cups ham. Set aside 2 cups broth from which the fat has been skimmed. Cook 12 slices bacon until crisp and break into ½″ pieces. Scrape and finely dice 2 carrots; peel and finely chop 1 medium onion; peel and cut 1 medium apple into ¼″ cubes. Drain two 14-ounce cans sauerkraut, and make a layer in the bottom of a 3-quart casserole, using ⅓ the total amount. Add a layer of ham, a layer of onion and a layer of carrot, using ½ the total amount of each. Peel and grate 1 large potato and spread evenly over the top. Sprinkle with ½ the bacon. Then repeat the layers of sauerkraut, ham and onion. Make a layer of the diced apple, another layer of the sauerkraut and top with the remaining carrot and bacon. Add the 2 cups ham broth, cover and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 1½ to 2 hours. Makes 8 servings.



STUART

Braised knuckle of veal,
known as ossi bucchi *in Italy,*
with rice pilaf is a dish to remember.



When a stewing hen is a good buy,
brew it with vegetables for
a heartening and savory Brunswick stew.

EF-AND-KIDNEY PIE

Make enough pastry for a 2-crust 9″ pie. Roll out the bottom crust and line a 9″ pie plate. Cut 1 pound lean beef chuck into cubes. Sprinkle with ½ teaspoon meat tenderizer, piercing meat with fork. Let stand at room temperature for 30 minutes. Meanwhile, remove the fat from 1 beef kidney or 2 veal kidneys. Cover with about 3 cups water and simmer for 10 minutes. Remove, cut into thin slices and trim off any extra fat that might still be there. Strain the broth and measure. Dredge beef cubes with seasoned flour and brown in about 3 tablespoons melted butter. Add 1 clove garlic, the beef kidney and ¼ cup flour. Heat and stir until the flour turns golden. Pour in 2 cups kidney stock and season with 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, a generous pinch each of savory and marjoram. Cover and simmer until the meat is tender, about an hour. Turn into the crust. Add 1 No. 2 can small whole onions, drained. Cover with the top crust and bake in a hot oven, 450° F., for 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, 350° F., and bake until the crust is brown, about 20 minutes more. Makes 6 servings.

OSSI BUCCHI

Have your butcher cut 2 veal shanks into 3″ pieces. Heat 6 tablespoons salad oil in a heavy Dutch-oven-type utensil and brown veal well on all sides. Mix ½ cup each chopped carrot and onion, ¼ cup finely chopped celery, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon black pepper and ⅛ teaspoon monosodium glutamate. Add to the kettle, cover and simmer 15 minutes. Mix 1 cup chicken stock with one 8-ounce can tomato sauce. Stir into the vegetable mixture and simmer, covered, for 2 hours and 15 minutes, or until meat is tender. Remove the meat. Skim off fat and thicken gravy with a flour-and-water paste. Return the meat to the kettle and bring gently to a boil. Serve hot with rice pilaf (recipe on rice packages) and fresh broccoli. Makes 4–6 servings.

BRAISED BEEF SHIN

Buy 2 pounds lean shin beef. Cut meat into 1½″ cubes and sprinkle with 1 teaspoon meat tenderizer, making sure you pierce the meat well with a fork. Let it stand at room temperature for about 40 minutes. Dust with flour, salt and pepper and brown well in 3 tablespoons butter. Add the bones, 2 cups water, 1 bay leaf, crushed, 1 clove garlic, minced, 3 onions, sliced, 1 tablespoon vinegar and ½ teaspoon savory. Cover and simmer slowly until tender, about 3 hours. Add more water if needed. It will make its own thickened gravy. Remove bones. Serve braised beef with boiled potatoes. Makes 4 servings.

BRUNSWICK STEW

Place a 5-pound cut-up stewing hen in a large kettle. Add 2 quarts water, 1 tablespoon salt and 1 cup minced onion. Simmer until tender—about 1½ to 2 hours. Remove hen from broth and cool. Take meat from skin and bones and cut into bite-sized pieces. Skim fat from broth. Return meat to broth along with 2 cups canned tomatoes, drained, 1 cup sliced canned or thawed frozen okra, drained, 1 tablespoon each salt, Worcestershire sauce and tomato paste, ½ teaspoon thyme, and ⅛ teaspoon each cayenne and black pepper. Simmer for 20 minutes. Add 2 cups (1½ packages) frozen baby Lima beans. Cook for another 40 minutes. About ten minutes before it is done, add 2 cups frozen or canned whole-kernel corn. Thicken to desired consistency with a little flour-and-water paste. Serve in soup bowls with crusty hot French bread. Makes 3 quarts stew.

SPICY SPARERIBS

Cut 3 pounds meaty spareribs into serving-size pieces and brown in 2 tablespoons hot salad oil in a heavy kettle. Mix together one 10½-ounce can tomato soup, 1 medium onion, peeled and grated, ½ cup water, 2 tablespoons each vinegar and brown sugar, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon celery seed, ¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper, and ⅛ teaspoon each cumin seed and (if you can get it) spice Parisienne. Cook over hot water in the top of a double boiler for 10 minutes. When the meat is well browned on all sides, pour off all fat and add the barbecue sauce. Simmer, covered, for 1 hour, stirring ribs occasionally and basting with sauce. Makes 6 servings.

NEW-PENNY MEAT LOAF

Mix together 1½ pounds ground beef, ¼ pound pork sausage and ½ cup cracker crumbs. Add 2 well-beaten eggs, ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon onion salt and ¼ teaspoon poultry seasoning. Mix thoroughly and press evenly into an 8″x8″x2″ casserole. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 25 minutes. Meanwhile, mix together 2 cups milk, ½ cup corn meal and ½ teaspoon salt in the top of a double boiler. Cook over hot water, stirring frequently, until smooth and thickened, about 10 minutes. Blend mixture into 2 well-beaten egg yolks. Beat 2 egg whites until stiff but not dry and add 2 teaspoons baking powder, mixing well. Fold in the corn-meal-egg-yolk mixture. Remove the meat loaf from the oven, pour off any excess fat, and cover with the spoon bread. Return to the oven and bake 45 minutes longer. Serve immediately. Makes 6 servings.

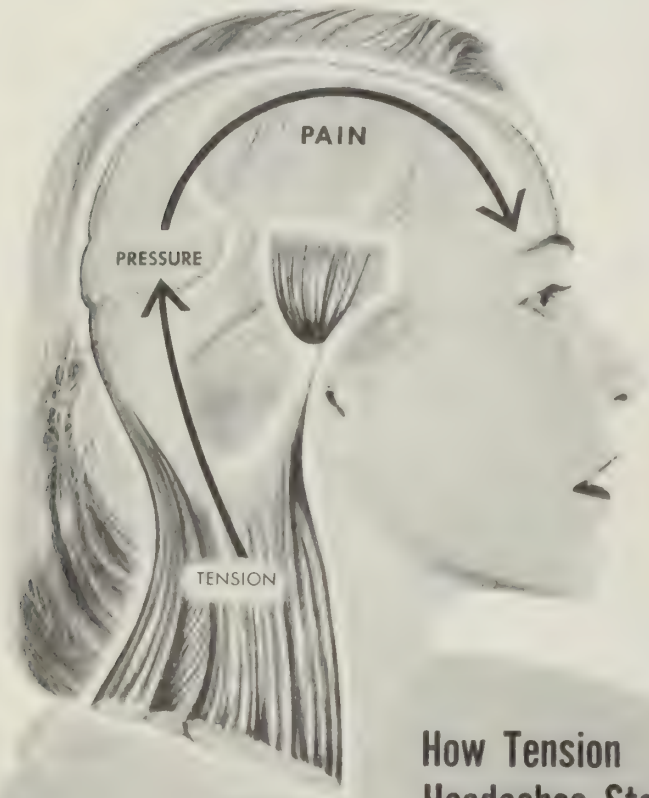
SAVORY LAMB SHANKS

Have your butcher saw 4 lamb shanks into three pieces each. Sift together ½ cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon each black pepper and garlic salt. Roll the pieces of lamb in the flour mixture and brown well on all sides in 3 tablespoons hot salad oil. Remove browned meat from the skillet and stir 2 tablespoons of the remaining flour mixture into the fat. Add 1 cup chicken broth and cook, stirring constantly, until well blended and thickened. Return meat to skillet, cover, and simmer for about 2 hours until meat leaves the bones easily. Take the meat from the gravy, then cool slightly and remove the bones. Skim fat from the gravy and blend in 1 cup commercial sour cream. Add 1 cup cooked peas; return the meat to the skillet and simmer very gently 3 minutes longer. When ready to serve, remove meat to serving dish. Add some of the hot gravy to 1 egg which has been beaten until frothy. Blend into the gravy remaining in the skillet, heat for about 1 minute and pour over meat in the serving dish. Makes about 6 servings.

How you can break up the

VICIOUS CYCLE of NERVOUS TENSION HEADACHES

Better than aspirin even with buffering added



How Tension Headaches Start

90% of all headaches are caused by tension that comes from a source you'd never suspect — the muscles of back of neck and scalp. This tension causes pressure on nerves and tiny blood vessels and results in pain. In turn, the pain builds up more tension, more pressure and makes your headache worse. That's why you should try the special medication in Anacin (*not found* in aspirin or even in aspirin with buffering) to give fast and more complete pain relief and break up the vicious tension headache cycle.

ANACIN® • Relaxes Tension • Releases Pressure • Relieves Pain Fast

Tension headaches need the special medication in Anacin for more complete pain-relief. So why limit yourself to aspirin or buffered aspirin which contain *only one* pain reliever when you can benefit by the *extra* medication in Anacin? Anacin contains *not* just one but a *combination* of medically proven ingredients which 3 out of 4 doctors recommend for headache pain. And here's why Anacin gives a 'better total effect' in relieving pain of tension headache, neuritis and neuralgia . . .

The special medication in Anacin — which you *do not get* in aspirin or buffered aspirin — relaxes the tension, releases the pressure and promptly relieves your headache. Anacin stops the vicious pain cycle fast. Anacin Tablets are safer, too. They do not upset your stomach. Buy Anacin today.

3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients in



CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

breakfast he snapped and snarled at the girls. He growled at me, but I didn't answer back; I didn't speak to him at all. That evening, as usual, he arrived home from his job the worse for liquor.

"For a long while now Hollis has been drinking more and more and I don't know how to cope with the situation. I've repeatedly suggested that he consult a psychiatrist, but he refuses. Six months ago I prevailed on him to talk to the pastor of a big downtown church, a specialist in advising problem drinkers, but the experiment was not successful. I've borrowed books from the library and got pamphlets from the Alcoholics Anonymous group and scattered them around the house, but Hollis hasn't even glanced at the material.

"I've had no previous experience in dealing with anybody who drinks too much. In my girlhood daddy used to serve wine on very special occasions, but hard liquor was unheard of in our family. Hollis' mother and father—they are divorced and both are now married to other people—take an occasional cocktail, but they aren't heavy drinkers. They would be shocked to learn how much Hollis drinks, I'm sure.

"I'm taking college courses in the evening to get teaching credentials. My major subject is psychology. From my studies I have gathered the impression that as Hollis' wife I may be partly to blame for his drinking problem. Frankly, I can't see where I have failed as a wife. I'm a good cook and housekeeper, without being a perfectionist. We live in a house that Hollis chose in a neighborhood that is really too expensive for us. I balance our budget by saving on my own clothes, making the children's clothes, doing all the laundry, including Hollis' shirts. I don't scrimp on his food—I feed him meat every evening—but I serve cheap, nourishing dishes to the girls and myself. Fortunately, we enjoy pancakes and casseroles. Two mornings a week I teach in the neighborhood nursery school. I earn seven dollars a session, enough to meet our insurance payments.

When a man succeeds, he does so by climbing a ladder steadied by a woman who believes in him.

"Hollis works for his father and stepmother in their printing shop. His prospects are bright. He has been promised sole ownership of the business eventually—but at the moment he is paid less than he is worth. His folks would be obliged to pay anybody else a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week for work Hollis does for ninety dollars. Never once have I complained of this injustice. On the contrary, when Hollis complains about his job and criticizes his parents I defend them and try to sweeten his sour feelings. My sisters are married to professional men with upper-bracket incomes, but I show and feel no envy of their possessions. It is Hollis who is envious. We ate Thanksgiving dinner with my youngest sister and her husband casually mentioned that he was in the market for a boat and Hollis left the table in the middle of the meal and drove home without the girls and me. His childishness was embarrassing to everybody.

"He reacts so poorly to my people that I have cut our meetings to a minimum. We see far more of his parents than we see of mine. I keep in touch with my father by telephone and I do my telephoning when Hollis is at work.

"Every Sunday we entertain his father and stepmother either at lunch or at dinner. Since Hollis is scheduled to inherit the business, I feel I should do my part in maintaining a close association. Once a week I write a long newsy letter to Hollis' mother, who lives in Northern California. By waging an active campaign I'm sometimes able to persuade him to add a skimpy postscript. Last year Hollis borrowed his mother's expensive foreign car for our vacation—she is married to a prosperous lawyer—but it was September before I could induce him to send her a thank-you note. It's hard for me to understand a son who won't write to his mother.

"Hollis is hard to understand in many ways. Our daughters are beautifully well behaved and he is proud of them, I know. Yet he nags them all the time. Yesterday Elise jumped off the back-yard fence, a distance of five feet at the most, and Hollis carried on as though she had risked her neck. It was all I could do to prevent him from lugging her to the doctor for an X ray of her spine. He won't concede that climbing and jumping, bumps and bruises are a necessary part of childhood. Not long ago six-year-old Nancy, our youngest child, skinned her knee skating and he confiscated the skates. Last week he made a mortal enemy of my next-door neighbor by denouncing *her* son for climbing up on *their* roof. Hollis is a nut on safety—his peculiar version of safety.

"One Sunday some years ago, shortly before Nancy was born, we were taking a drive in the country. A speed maniac cut around us on a curve, nearly caused an accident, and then raced on. Instead of swearing and then simmering down, Hollis instantly decided it was up to him personally to apprehend the speeder. He lit out in pursuit at sixty miles an hour, regardless of pregnant me and our two youngsters, the danger to us and to the general public. I protested and he put us out beside the road and then on he went. An hour later he came back and picked us up. In the meantime he had overtaken the speeder and, acting under his rights as a citizen, rights I hadn't known existed, put the surprised man under arrest. He had escorted him to a police station and there had been interviewed by the newspapers for doing something so unusual. Hollis was pleased as Punch at seeming so important. I considered his course of action silly and irresponsible. And with all his fine talk of safety, I notice he doesn't hesitate nowadays to drive a car when he is under the influence of alcohol.

"I was only twenty when I married Hollis, and deeply in love with him. He was warm and affectionate and my whole family is on the undemonstrative side. Also, I mistakenly believed Hollis was solid and dependable like my father. I am the oldest girl in our family and my mother has always been in delicate health. When I was growing up daddy and I were more or less obliged to operate as a team in holding the home together. I was planning menus and doing most of the family cooking at ten. By the age of twelve I took charge of daddy's bookkeeping. He owned an independent grocery store and was gradually crowded into bankruptcy by the chains. When dad lost his store he got a job with a big chain, training their employees. My first two years at college I attended classes in the morning and worked beside him in the afternoon in the personnel offices of the chain. I was working there when I met Hollis.

"In those days he seemed protective and considerate and glamorous too. He was playing college football and couldn't smoke, but he carried cigarettes for the girls he dated. He learned my brand the night we met and never forgot it. I was extra thrilled by his thoughtfulness. I didn't smoke at home. Daddy disapproved. And, as a matter of fact, both he and mother disapproved of Hollis. They objected to the divorce in his background.

"Two days before Hollis joined the Army Air Corps I brushed aside their objections and daddy and mother became reconciled to my decision. We had a nice home wedding. When Elise was born Hollis was overseas and daddy drove me to the hospital. Both sets of my in-laws were also on hand; indeed, Hollis' father attempted to pay all my confinement bills. No doubt my father-in-law's generosity was well meant, but I declined the gift. I had saved the money to pay for my own baby—I worked throughout my pregnancy—and I didn't need to touch the Army allotment.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 168

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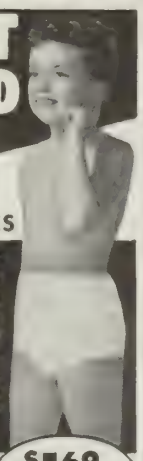


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 166

"When Hollis received his discharge we had our baby paid for and I had made the down payment on our first home with the money he sent. I have always managed our finances and tried to keep our credit rating high, although Hollis hasn't been exactly co-operative. My choice of a residence was too modest to suit him. We soon sold and acquired our present place. For a while Hollis had grandiose ideas of buying up surplus warplanes from the Government and operating his own airline. But he lacked capital.

"When Hollis went to work for his father and stepmother we were floundering along on the last of his savings and the little I could earn, and were sinking rapidly into debt. His father's offer of the job seemed like a godsend to me, even though I knew he didn't particularly enjoy the printing business. Perhaps when I qualify to teach he can find a job elsewhere for a while. Or perhaps by then his people will retire and he will be put in charge of the business.

"If Hollis would stop drinking and would treat our daughters with more sympathy and understanding, our marriage would be fine."

Hollis Tells His Side:

"My drinking is more of a problem to Ruth than it is to me," said Hollis, a curly-haired man of thirty-eight with a charming smile but defensive, evasive eyes. "I'm by no means a lush. Ruth rarely comes out and tells me what she honestly thinks, but in her own way she has made plain that she thinks I'm a drunkard, a financial washout, a flop as a husband.

"She strews uplift books around the house for me to read and looks crushed and sad when I ignore them. She drags references to psychiatrists into the conversation and suggests I would benefit from psychoanalysis. My character may be dubious and my ability second rate, but there is nothing wrong with my mind. Several months ago she maneuvered me into an interview with a fire-eating evangelist in a downtown mission church; this bird practically read me out of the human race and sent me buckety-buckety to the nearest bar when I got away from him.

"I'll admit that at times I pack away a few too many. However, my drinking doesn't seem to interfere with my work. I produce more on my job than I am paid to produce and work under conditions nobody else would tolerate. My father's printing shop is located in a cheap-rental area and occupies a warehouse basement which is stifling in summer, freezing in winter. I have to drive thirty-five miles to reach it—which means a seventy-mile round trip—and then spend a nine- or ten-hour day taking my stepmother's orders and ignoring her unfunny wisecracks. The other morning I was five minutes late and she greeted me with a cheery 'Good afternoon.' When I got up for a coffee break she ostentatiously inquired the time and then wound her watch. On my return she sent me back to the drugstore to get her a sandwich; she simply wanted to show the other employees, presumably my subordinates, who had the whip hand. My job in the plant is to plan and supervise their work, but I have no authority.

"After a long day with my stepmother—my father spends his time calling on the customers—I am in the mood for a little fun and relaxation. I can be sure it won't be waiting for me at home. Under ideal traffic conditions I barely make it to our house by seven P.M. Ruth and the girls have their supper at five o'clock. I'm supposed to enjoy eating from a solitary tray pulled up before the TV set. No companionship, no attention. As a general rule Ruth is either helping the girls with their homework, studying her own lessons, or rushing off to one of her college classes. Sometimes she tosses me a perfunctory question about my day, but if I start to describe my latest brush with my stepmother she subtly lets me understand I was probably to blame in the matter. I seldom discuss my work at home.

"A couple of weeks ago I had the temerity to kiss her as she was steaming out the door. She went ramrod stiff. At first I got mad but then, deciding to make a joke of the touch-me-not bit, I asked why she didn't scream for a policeman. Believe it or not, she did not realize I was joking. Ruth is a bright girl, but she is prim, and she has no sense of humor at all.

"Last year at her sorority convention I kissed one of the sisters in plain view of the president and a dozen other sisters and Ruth reacted as though I had shattered the seventh commandment. Another time, a long while ago, she and I were in a Las Vegas night club which had one of those undressed chorus lines; a bouquet of paper flowers was thrown in my direction and I fielded it. Ruth went pale with shocked disapproval and commanded me to throw the bouquet straight back, which I declined to do. I said kidding that the gals in the chorus line served a valid social function and I hoped our daughters would be as useful to society someday and add as much to the gaiety of life. I doubt Ruth has ever forgotten or forgiven me that particular remark. She interpreted it as a slam at her and her ideals as an insult to our children.



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"I'm not presenting myself as the perfect father; I am sure I am not. However, I love our kids as much as Ruth does. Indeed, in some ways, I believe I am more seriously concerned for their welfare. She is much too lax in laying down the law and enforcing sensible rules and regulations. Ruth doesn't understand the perils of living as I do. I was taught to value safety and anticipate emergencies during my years in the Air Corps. I have been in—or over—most of the major countries in the world. I have crossed the oceans eight times—I have flown the Pacific, the North Atlantic, the South Atlantic—and I ought to know something, even if Ruth thinks I'm just a delinquent. I've had some hard lessons, some close calls. One time flying the South Pacific I risked the lives of seven men by forgetting to check the gasoline supply. Another time I shot the tips off the fingers of my left hand horsing around with a forty-mm. shell. I don't take chances now, but I didn't know any better as a new recruit.

"I had no safety training when I was a kid, that's for sure. My kids should be grateful for my guidance; not one of them has ever had a broken bone or been badly hurt. The first thing I can remember is being kicked by a horse—why was I allowed in the stable by myself?—and my second recollection is of falling out of a haymow and breaking my leg. My father and mother were living together then, but I guess they were too absorbed with their own internal warfare to worry about me. They were divorced when I was seven and my father gave mother the custody. But when I was twelve she got married again and handed my custody back to him. Ruth is always after me to write letters to my mother and I am awfully tired of it. I should think Ruth might recall that mother ducked out of attending our wedding because she couldn't be the slightest of it. And I would like to know why Ruth insists upon constantly entertaining my stepmother, who detests me as much as I detest her.

"Ruth and I just don't feel the same about parents and kinfolk. She and I have had to fight for everything we own—we are still using the secondhand, beat-up furniture we started out with—and there is no doubt I'm the less

CONTINUED ON PAGE 170



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 168

man financially in both families. It bores me to sit around with her sisters and listen to their husbands talk about their stupid boats and stupid swimming pools and late-model automobiles. These days even my father-in-law earns more than I do. Ruth's father means the world to her—I often think he counts more with her than I do—and she telephones him every day. She considers his advice more important than mine. Perhaps it is.

"To tell the truth, I have no idea exactly where I stand with Ruth, with my children, my father, my mother, my in-laws, any of my relatives. My hunch is that all of them think of me as a negligible quantity. Strictly unimportant.

"The only time in my life I ever *felt* important was during my Air Corps years. There I had the assurance of knowing I was a valuable member of a team, that all of us were working for our common good. I'm crazy about flying. After the war my big dream was to make a career in flying, but Ruth couldn't buy my dream. You can't blame her. Experienced pilots were a dime a dozen; we already had one child and a house to pay for. I had no choice except to follow her advice and grab my father's offer of a job. I disliked it, but it paid a living wage.

"I don't intend to sell Ruth short. She is a wonderful housekeeper, a wonderful manager. In these inflationary days it's a miracle, but she feeds the five of us on twenty dollars a week, whereas another guy of my acquaintance boasts that his wife feeds four on twenty-five dollars. I suspect Ruth gives me better food than she gives herself and the girls, which is something I dislike but can't control. I have very little control over Ruth and next year when she gets her credentials and lands a teaching job I'll have none. I wish Ruth didn't consider it necessary for her to work regularly. And I wish she wouldn't use her nursery-school earnings paying insurance premiums. What she ought to do is buy some pretty things for herself. If there is any clothes money in our budget, she gets something sensible for the girls. She hasn't bought a dress for herself in years.

"In acting as our purchasing agent, Ruth doesn't think in terms of what she wants but in terms of what will do. She was that way long before our marriage. Her sisters teased their father for ski clothes and party dresses and wound up with fancy wardrobes, but Ruth scrimped along with sweaters and skirts. Her conception of money is entirely different from mine. On payday I want to splurge and celebrate—I always bring her and the children some little thing, if only a bag of peanuts or malted milks—but she wants to pay the bills and debate endlessly the wise way to dispense the chicken feed left over. Since she is the smarter manager, it's sensible for her to handle our finances.

"Still and all, I get bored with turning over my entire pay check to her and drawing up a bill of particulars if I need a little more than my puny allowance for lunches and gas and oil. Six months ago there was an Air Force dinner and I told her I would like to go. She didn't ask how much I needed or the amount I wanted. She asked me the price of the dinner ticket and when I said two seventy-five she counted out that exact sum. What I wanted was at least five dollars. My empty pockets spoiled the dinner for me.

"Last month my car needed expensive repairs, and rather than explain the repairs in detail and have each item O.K.'d by her, I got an advance and used my vacation money to pay the garage. I haven't told her yet what I did with the money. I would like to float a loan from mother so Ruth and the kids could have their trip, but I know she wouldn't hear of it. She would rather suffer along without a vacation.

"Three years ago I received an unexpected Christmas bonus and before she heard the news I bought dandy gifts for the girls. But I got my real big boot in buying everything for Ruth, every single thing I had ever heard her admire: a white negligee with a fluffy collar, a black lace nightgown, a steam iron, a nest of tables, a whistling teakettle, and I don't know what all.

"She returned most of the stuff to the store, but I had the pleasure of the giving. Probably she didn't realize I was trying to win back some of the affection and tenderness we used to share. In the early days of our marriage Ruth was affectionate and warm, but for a long while she has been cool and distant. In the evenings she is too busy and preoccupied, too tired from the burdens of the housework, the children and her studies, to be interested in love-making. In the mornings I have to gulp breakfast and leave by six-thirty at the latest. Occasionally I tell myself that my hunger for affection and approval may explain my drinking. Alcohol seems not only to release me from the pressures built up on my job but to dull my interest in sex.

"I stay bone-dry over the weekends without difficulty. I keep busy working on our place and fooling around with the girls. On the weekday evenings, as I start the thirty-five-mile drive from the plant, it seems I just can't face the dullness and deadness of the evening awaiting me at home. So I buy a pint, or maybe I'm satisfied with a half pint, and I turn into a parking lot and sit there playing the radio and thinking my own thoughts until the pint is gone.

"I know that kind of drinking is foolish and not much fun and maybe it's wrong. I've run up quite a sizable debt the last six months buying liquor which I don't really enjoy."

If man is "woman's work," as he is said to be, then it is high time that both men and women look more deeply into women's activities. If his being her work means that she supports and tends him, indulges and reflects him, until she is alone with the truth she never voices, except when her tongue ejects poison, then the recklessness of man is past belief. His being "her work" can mean many regrettable things, but it can also mean that his soul is greatly in her keeping, his insight and his honesty and many of his possibilities are held in her hands, so that her "work" is not safe for either unless she has great qualities, and man would do well to know that he needs the best in woman.

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The Marriage Counselor Says:

"Ruth and Hollis were intellectually above average, but were below average in emotional maturity. Marriage must be a co-operative enterprise; instead of pulling together as partners, these two were pulling farther and farther apart. Ruth awarded herself high marks as a wife because she refrained from making scenes, but the long periods of cool silence to which she subjected Hollis were probably harder on a man of his temperament than open conflict would have been.

"She knew practically nothing about Hollis as a person, was ignorant of his desires and needs. He knew as little about her. They didn't trust each other. She hid her purse, he hid the evidence of his drinking. The lines of communication between them had completely broken down. Unless they were quarreling they spoke only of trivialities.

"During my early interviews with Hollis I focused our discussions upon the possibility of his finding a more satisfactory way to earn a livelihood. I don't pretend to be an authority on alcoholism, but it seemed obvious his drinking stemmed from his bitter discontent with his job. He simply couldn't face the prison Ruth had made of his home after spending the day in the prison his stepmother had made of his job. Also, it seemed possible he might be hitting the bottle with the subconscious idea of defying his stepmother and attracting Ruth's attention to himself, as a naughty child will misbehave to win the rebuke of a busy, aloof mother.

"Many people who persuade themselves they can solve their problems by finding a new occupation or moving to another part of the country are merely running away. Hollis' case was different in that his job was a good big chunk of his problem. In addition to disliking his stepmother, he disliked the printing business. All his major interests were bound up in the air industry. In the beginning he was afraid to risk a change. At my suggestion he talked the matter over with Ruth—the first genuine conversation that had taken place between them for a long while—and to his surprise and relief she urged him to make the break. By that time she herself had changed enough to understand that nobody can succeed at work he hates.

"She confessed to Hollis that she, too, disliked his stepmother and had only been doing her duty, as she saw it, in the Sunday entertaining. Ruth had a rigid, conventional, overconscientious outlook. Her personality had been formed back in her childhood when, the eldest in the family, she had tried to fill her ailing mother's shoes. She lived her life by rote—in many ways she was more hidebound than her parents—and felt guilty and uncomfortable whenever she spent money or time on herself or her personal pleasure. This dutiful, humorless type of person can be very tiresome to others, as Ruth finally perceived after we had had numerous interviews.

"With deliberate effort, she endeavored to become more relaxed and easygoing in her attitude. She didn't rush out and buy an elaborate wardrobe that she couldn't afford, but she did visit a beauty parlor, a novelty with her, and got a new, becoming haircut. And she bought a couple of pretty fluffy blouses, in colors Hollis admired, to wear in the evening.

"She agreed it wasn't up to her to straighten out Hollis' relationship with his parents, annoy and hurt him by defending them, prod him to write his mother, respect his father. After she realized that Hollis' treatment of his parents and his feelings about them weren't her responsibility, she was able to give her conscience a rest. She also became able to clarify her thinking about her own parents and to perceive that insecure, supersensitive Hollis had some basis for his jealousy of her people. She had let him believe that she placed more value on their opinions than on his opinions. And it was clear she was overly dependent on her father. During the course of our consultations she smoked a cigarette in her father's presence for the first time in her life; her father accepted this trivial declaration of independence without demur and Hollis was deeply gratified.

"With the assistance of friends in the Air Force he undertook an exhaustive search for a different job. Before he found the job, affairs between him and his stepmother came to a crisis. An acquaintance to whom he owed a small sum of money appeared at the plant to collect. When Hollis' stepmother denounced him for his thriftlessness in front of the other employees, he quit on the spot. By the time he arrived home his stepmother, undoubtedly bethinking herself of his value to the firm, had telephoned to apologize and to request that he return to his desk. In the old days it is possible Hollis might have gone back to the scene of his humiliation. But Ruth, who had financial courage and who had acquired some knowledge and understanding of her husband, insisted he stick by his guns. The resignation held.

"For nearly a month Hollis was unemployed and he and Ruth stewed and sweated over every bill, but they did their worrying together. They used the opportunity to become acquainted again. They talked about themselves and their daughters, their ideas and ideals, their hopes for the future. They hadn't talked to each other that way, Ruth reported to me, since their honeymoon. At the end of three weeks Hollis found employment, not in an aircraft plant but in a plant that manufactures missiles.

"At present his earnings most weeks are slightly less than he earned in the printing business, but there are red-star weeks when his overtime pay more than makes up the difference, and his future looks promising. If he ever does inherit his father's shop—the possibility still exists—he intends to sell it. Hollis isn't in the line of business he once dreamed of and he is obliged to drive nearly seventy miles a day to and from the missiles factory, but the tension and pressures he used to feel have almost disappeared. These days he doesn't stop on the long drive home to consume a pint of whisky. His liquor problem, which I doubt was ever as grave as some of his other problems, is gone.

"When he arrives home in the evening he sometimes drinks a bottle or so of beer. He then sits down to share dinner with Ruth. She feeds the children earlier, but defers her own meal so she and Hollis can talk over the events of the day. Right now they have to figure their money very closely, but they do their figuring together. If Ruth eats pancakes, she serves Hollis pancakes. He shoulders his part of the load in the budgeting.

"Ruth didn't grab control of the family purse strings by her own wish; the couple fell into the habit of letting her manage all their financial arrangements during Hollis' wartime absence and afterward clung to the practice for no particular reason. Hollis now cashes his weekly check instead of turning it over intact to Ruth. He pays some of the bills and holds back whatever amount he wants for his personal needs. He hands the major portion of his earnings to Ruth, knowing she will spend the money wisely. His bitterness at being forced to account to her for every penny he spent is a thing of the past. This problem was easily solved. It was only necessary for him to express to Ruth his desire to handle his own pay check. She simply didn't know how her questions humiliated him.

"Ruth and Hollis had more difficulty in ironing out their differences in the rearing of the children. Human nature isn't all of a piece. Ruth, inflexible and rigid in so many ways, was considerably more relaxed and successful as a mother than was Hollis as a father. Eventually, however, he came to understand that his fearfulness of his youngsters' active play, his excessive concern for their physical safety, were carried over from his Air Corps days—a period of danger but of satisfaction to him. In his childhood Hollis felt neglected and believed his parents were indifferent to his welfare. He grew up with the instinctive belief that keeping his children 'safe' was a measure of his love for them. Once he grasped the background for his immoderate concern, he gradually became less fussy and nagging with his daughters.

"Gradually, too, he and Ruth established a satisfactory sexual relationship. Ruth's family, as she herself recognized, was undemonstrative. During the years she and Hollis were getting along so poorly she lost her interest in his need for affection. In their courtship days his warm nature had attracted her; but married to him, she decided when he embraced her that he didn't want to kiss *her* but merely wanted to kiss somebody. She had some grounds for the belief.

"Before he settled down to discuss and think about Ruth as a person, Hollis gave scant attention to her need of fulfilling herself. Personally insecure, he was jealous of her college studies and opposed to her wish to teach. Ruth was ambitious and more energetic than many women. Her children were all in school. It was important to her to have interests outside her home and she had always wanted to be a teacher. Moreover, the family could use the second income.

"When Hollis became more secure in himself and his ego became stronger, he realized that his jealousy was illogical and silly. He began telling Ruth he was proud of her ambition, and meaning what he said. It wasn't too long before their sexual relationship was markedly improved.

"This year Ruth will qualify and she expects to take a teaching job. In a few more years, if Hollis' earnings increase as seems very likely, she will probably leave the labor market. She and Hollis still disagree and argue occasionally, but most of the time they feel, act and pull together as partners."

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by
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Pizza Crust

2 cups biscuit mix
2 tbsps. French's Mustard
½ cup milk

Measure mix into a bowl. Stir mustard into milk; blend into mix. Knead 1 minute on board dusted with biscuit mix. Roll to fit 12-inch pizza pan. Prick surface with fork. Bake in hot oven (425°F) 5-7 min. or until set; remove from oven. Reduce heat to moderate (375°F). Prepare filling.

Pizza Filling

2 cans (8-oz.) tomato sauce
1 tbsp. sugar
1 tbsp. French's Minced Onion
2 tbsps. French's Mustard
¼ tsp. French's Oregano
1 lb. bulk pork sausage meat, well cooked and well drained
1 cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese
2 tbsps. grated Parmesan cheese

Combine tomato sauce, sugar, onion, mustard, and oregano; bring to a boil; simmer 10 min. Pour into partially baked crust. Sprinkle with half of Cheddar, then sausage, then remaining Cheddar, top with Parmesan. Return to oven; bake 12-15 min. or until cheese melts and crust is deep golden brown. Yield: 6 servings.
Friendly Warning: Because French's Mustard has a special flavor, texture and color all its own, don't expect best results from this recipe with any other mustard.



DI PIETRO

OFFICIAL MARINE CORPS PHOTOGRAPH

For the "worthless":
a chance to be a man—
and a proud Marine.

THE MAKING OF A MARINE

Or What Every Mother Should Know About Turning Boys Into Men

By ROBERT JOSEPH ALLEN

Civilian society has no corner on our troubling minority of "worthless" teen-agers; the Marine Corps gets them, too, but it is doing some very effective things about it. It is giving them the most vigorous and thorough making-over of their young lives, and managing to turn most of them into men.

When a contingent of new recruits steps off the buses at Parris Island, South Carolina, for their first training, there in the awkward, touchingly unmilitant line of boys is a fair proportion of the weak faces, pasty coloring, insolent expressions, dudish clothes, spindly shoulders and gross overweight that spell trouble. Most of this minority are already familiar with failure, and not so long ago the tough Marines would have sent them home as rejects, adding yet another failure to their lives. Now a definite effort is being made to salvage this discouraging human material. Placed in a special company, under the guidance of some of the best instructors on the staff, the fat grow lean, the weak strong, the stoop-shouldered stiffen their spines. The pampered become unspoiled, the neglected find themselves belonging, the savages of the city jungle discover teamwork and *esprit de corps*. There is an old Corps dictum that every marine walks with the slight swagger of the proudest man on earth. The Special Training Company also tries to give problem boys back their pride.

Success has been startling. The Special Training Company is now feeding some 1500 boys a year into the regular training program, accounting for 5 per cent of the total graduated from Parris Island (or PI, as this venerated "boot" training depot is known throughout the Corps). Capt. John L. Coffman, commanding officer of the Special Training Company, says, "We no longer tell the Recruit Training Command what we do, we *boast*. We say, 'Send us your toughest characters, your most spoiled mamma's boys, the fat, the weak, and the boneheads who have been too lazy to learn to read—we'll take 'em all.'"

The Special Training Company, dubbed "Beachhead Lost Sheep," was begun in 1956 as an experiment, although it quickly lost its experimental status. Marine Corps doctors were finding 42 per cent of the boys arriving at PI in poor or very poor physical condition; 65 per cent could not pass the physical-strength test the Marines consider a minimum for a healthy young man. A place was needed to put boys not yet ready for the hard program of regular training but who, examining doctors and psychiatrists felt, might be made ready with a minimum of preliminary handling. The Marines landed on Beachhead Lost Sheep with typical resourcefulness and courage. The Special Training Company has now grown into a tremendous reclaiming project, an alternative to a tragic, wasteful loss of manpower—and manhood. The company is divided into three platoons, the *Motivation Platoon*, the *Conditioning Platoon* and the *Education Platoon*, one for each of the three basic problems to be handled. Those who emerge successfully (and most of them do) move on to the twelve-week course of regular boot training with a feeling of having at last passed something with flying colors. They themselves didn't know it was in them, and the result is that first, fierce pride in themselves and their outfit that is part of being a marine.

The boy who lands in the Motivation Platoon has been shown by test to be strong enough and bright enough to become a marine, but his good qualities are barely visible. He is sullen or lazy or both. He is rarely appetizing looking, never reliable, for it has been his policy for years that smart boys beat the rap. Yet his veneer is pitifully thin. He may break down and weep when the boot-camp barber shears his long sideburns and elaborate coiffure, and the drill instructors in the Motivation Platoon find that his hunger to be a man among men is as deep as a normal boy's. He has been going at it all wrong, but once he discovers that, with help, he can go at it right, he may respond with a burst of relief. He has not been much happier behind that veneer than those who had to live with him.

His training begins with a hard half-mile run on waking up in the morning, and he is kept on the run until lights out at 9:30 at night. Even when he sits down in a classroom his mind is being raced. His schedule includes physical training of the most rigorous sort, classwork and drill, all at a carefully graduated pace that demands more of him than he ever thought he was capable of putting forth. As he keeps pace better, his DI (drill instructor) increases the pace, and it seems to him as though he can never keep a step ahead of pure, physical fatigue, never find a moment in which he can lie down and give up.

All the time he is learning. During his first week he is taught a special skill, as is each boy in the platoon, and is made responsible for teaching other boys how to do it. His sense of importance swells. He is taught more intensively than regular recruits to become expert at the small housekeeping chores he probably once considered beneath him. He washes dishes, does his own laundry, must keep his person, room and area immaculate.

He is told in no uncertain terms that filthy language is *not* countenanced by the Marine Corps. He is advised that it will drastically harm, and in most cases kill, his chances of promotion throughout his Marine Corps career. He is taken to meet some of the Corps' most highly decorated men, heroes of World

CONTINUED ON PAGE 174





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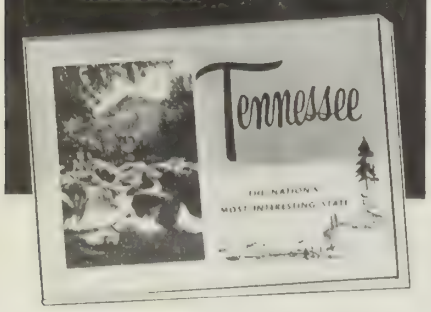
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War II and Korea, who are part of the regular PI staff. Captain Coffman says, "These men help open our boys' eyes to the fact that a Medal of Honor can go with a decent-spoken, modest manner. We're out to spike from the first the rumor that rip-roaring toughness goes with bravery. Our experience is that, except in extremely rare cases, exactly the reverse is true, and that's the point we drive home."

One early day while he and the other members of his squad are still a ragged bunch of un-co-ordinated boys, they are assigned by their DI to lift a formidable-looking 450-pound steel pipe. They tug and heave vainly while their DI watches, and then he suggests that they count cadence and lift together on the count of three. It takes some practice for them all to find the rhythm, but suddenly up comes the pipe. After more practice, the squad is astonished to find it can lift the pipe easily as a cadence-counting team. A feeling of being part of something larger than themselves begins to take hold.

There is purpose in the intense pace that never allows a recruit to stand still and start brooding. He almost literally doesn't have time to be self-centered. He is wholly taken up with the problems of keeping on the jump, pushing at the boundaries of his endurance, soaking up a drastically new way of living. When he drops into bed at night he is too dog-tired to think.

It is a well-earned weariness, however, and in a matter of weeks a kind of threshold is passed. To the recruit, the runs seem shorter, the marching suddenly has snap. He can take everything handed to him in the way of drilling, jumping and hustling on the double, and have energy left over to laugh and horseplay during the breaks. He knows the fellow members of his squad by now, and has had plenty of occasion to find that immature behavior, whether his own or another's, is intolerable in a group of peers who are stuck with one another. The boys themselves are the last to put up with it, and rudely and realistically cure one another. Their shared ordeal has knit them together, but as individuals they have been taken clean out of themselves, too busy to notice what they are leaving behind. The sullenness has long since left their faces, and a brightness has taken its place. Old defeats are forgotten in the zest of making the grade.

Most of them do make the grade, for the Motivation Platoon graduates three out of every four boys sent to it on to regular training platoons, often with a keener spirit and a higher boyish resolve than their more normal fellows. Their transformation shows outwardly in improved physical appearance, manner, posture and language—and usually amazes their parents when they go home on first leave. The parents see so many *little* changes that their breath is taken away. Headquarters at Parris Island has on file a letter from a father, a man of considerable prominence, that expresses this first rush of gratitude: "We didn't realize at the time how bad our son's manners were, or if we did we never admitted it even to ourselves, but since he's been home on leave we are so pleased with the good deportment you taught him that now we realize we sent you a boy who sometimes was an inconsiderate boor—a bit of a slob really. We tell you this because my wife and I feel we have a deep obligation to encourage you in what you are doing about manners."

Hardly a recruit can go through the course of boot training at PI, even in the regular platoons of healthily normal boys, without some conspicuous outward improvement taking place. When it takes place among members of the Motivation Platoon, however, PI staff members feel strongly that a deep improvement within is resoundingly indicated. Most of these boys have had basic emotional needs which their military handling has met, in many cases for the first time.

Members of the Special Training Company are interviewed during their training with special thoroughness, and the records of thousands of such interviews indicate something of what these needs are. Two patterns of home life recur. One is of overindulgence, accompanied by a highly protective attitude on the part of the parents which has shielded their son from ever paying the penalty, at school or among his fellows, for his brattishness. In such families, the mother is usually the dominant person. The father may be absent or ineffective or uncaring, but at any rate he has failed to give his son the image of a strong man standing on his own two feet.

Ironically enough, such spoiled boys talk about their homes in fretful, unhappy tones. In spite of the indulgence given them, they have *felt* like lost sheep. They know something has been wrong, even if they cannot define it as a lack of self-discipline, and they know that the self-reliance called forth by their training is exhilaratingly right. "These are the boys," says Captain Coffman, "who form strong attachments for their DI's. They sound off at every opportunity about how *they* have the best DI there is; he can walk farther, jump higher and carry more than any man alive. And smart! He not only knows the score about literally everything, he can see around corners. They are sure he is the toughest man in the Corps. And the harder he trains them and the sterner he is, the more they admire him."

The second pattern is the reverse of the first—of thorough parental neglect at home. These are the boys who have been harrying teachers, probation officers and other symbols of authority for years, yet these are the boys who, the Marine Corps finds, respond most buoyantly to the vigorous military authority now surrounding them.

Child psychologists have often pointed out that all youngsters, particularly those who seem to reject authority, actually want, deep down, firm limits of authority set around them, and these recruits bear them out. There aren't many similarities between the Marine Corps and a mother hen, but both give their chicks the kind of constant, scolding, this-is-for-your-own-good supervision that a badly neglected boy has long craved. He feels guarded and cared for. In interviews he readily admits resentment toward the family that left him so painfully on his own. Like all the recruits at PI, he is invited twice during his boot period to sound off in an anonymous questionnaire against his DI and the vigorous discipline of his training. He rarely does so. He is too relieved that at last someone with sufficient authority is *making* him be good, from the time he gets up in the morning until he goes to bed at night.

The staff of the Motivation Platoon finds that his spirit often rises thrillingly from the ashes of neglect. It is this group of neglected boys that has produced squad and platoon leaders in later marine training. Their over-all records as marines are as good as or better than the average, their loyalty tends to be extra fierce. Something of what these boys feel is summed up by Staff Sergeant Arthur J. McGowan, one of the most respected DI's at Parris Island: "In civilian life it is the boys from broken homes who create more problems than the sheltered ones, but at PI it is my experience that these neglected youngsters fairly revel in the training and discipline and sense of belonging they find in their platoon. Socially, they know that as marines they are the equal of anyone—something they have longed for all their lives. Their rifle is theirs, their clothes are theirs, their bunk is theirs, and they know that the Marine Corps is partly theirs. They look forward eagerly to the day when they can return home on leave this time feeling ten feet tall in their proud marine uniforms, and bolstered from within by the knowledge that they are trained and fit and a member of an organization that commands respect from everyone in the world."

An alumnus of the Conditioning Platoon who weighed 255 pounds when he came aboard at PI, says of the program that slimmed him down to 175 pounds and beautiful lightheavyweight proportions, "I enjoyed every minute of it, because it was so good to see the fat come off."

The boys placed in the Conditioning Platoon are more than merely out of training. They are buried in fat, or else so seriously underdeveloped physically that they cannot hope to keep up with the program of a regular platoon. At their first assembly they are addressed by Captain Coffman, who tells them forcefully what is in store.

He tells the *fat* ones that they will be put on a well-balanced diet that has one advantage over all home diets—it can't be broken. It will be coupled with rigorous physical training and the chances are that their chief problem will be not the difficulty of losing weight, but the ease of losing it too fast. Medical officers will give them physical examinations once a week and hold down their weight loss to one pound a day, but most of them will be in shape to leave the Conditioning Platoon and join a regular platoon in three weeks. Past experience has shown that they will be so proud of their new physiques and off to such a good

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"Got home from my skiing trip without a scratch, walked in the door, and guess where my kid had scattered his marbles?"

Is one reducing product any better than another? Do they all contain drugs? How safe are they? Here is what medical research at a famous Chicago university revealed.

What's the truth about reducing products?

By Walter Brooks

THERE are probably more reducing products available to the overweight public these days than there are calories in a cream puff. But the trouble is, some are much less effective than others. And trying to discover which one works best is what's so confusing and maddening to the 35 million adults who are looking for a safe, easy way to lose weight.

Recently, at a famous Chicago university, medical researchers conducted a series of tests to find out as much as possible about the safety and effectiveness of today's most widely used reducing substances.

The findings of this study are not only revealing —but quite astonishing. In fact, for the millions of people who have tried without success to lose as little as five pounds or as much as fifty, this news will probably be the most important and encouraging they have ever read.

To Begin With . . .

For the test, seven leading weight reducing products (cellulose wafers, vitamin and mineral pills, low-calorie candy, skimmed milk tablets and drugs —including phenylpropanolamine hydrochloride and dextro-amphetamine) were selected.

Chosen as "human guinea pigs" was a group of men and women from all walks of life: students, housewives, nurses, teachers, dentists, salesmen, switchboard and punch press operators—even a priest and a nun. All were physically sound but for one thing: they *needed* to lose weight (the men weighed 185 pounds or more; the women 160 or more). Equally important, they all *wanted* to reduce, so readily agreed to co-operate for a full 8 weeks' program.

During the screening of these subjects, it was noted that their past experiences followed well-established patterns for overweight persons. Some overate as an escape, others for pleasure, still others in search of security. As one woman put it: "I just don't have any will power when it comes to eating. So, I keep trying electric vibrators, diets and drugs to reduce. But so far all this has reduced is my husband's pocketbook."

The test subjects were assigned their particular reducing products by a system of random selection. One woman rebelled, however, when she learned she was to take candy. "Can't I take something else?" she pleaded. "I really want to lose weight. And it seems to me candy's the last thing I ought to eat." Reminded that she had agreed to co-operate, she finally acquiesced and took her "medicine," as she called it—only, in this case, it was a special candy for reducing.

"Please Don't Count The Calories"

According to the doctor in charge, no attempt was made to control the diet of the individuals. "We were attempting to evaluate these preparations under normal conditions of use," he said. "It is our experience, that asking subjects to keep a record of caloric intake can be downright misleading."

To prove this, a few participants who were students were asked to keep daily records of caloric intake. These subjects ate at a fraternity house where, unknown to them, the amount of food given and returned to the kitchen was carefully measured.

One subject, when asked about caloric intake at the end of a day, said, "Golly, I feel so stuffed, I must have had at least 3,200 calories." The truth is he had only 2,628. Still others believed they'd consumed less than they had.

Consequently, participants were given their test substances in the original packages and simply told to follow directions. However, those on dextro-amphetamine, a prescription drug, were given typed instructions for safety's sake.

Weighing The Results

Over the 8-week period, participants were weighed weekly. At the end of the program, those on dextro-amphetamine had lost an average of only 3.8 lbs. Those on the second best product lost 4.6 lbs. Patients on one widely sold tablet lost at first, then ended up *gaining* weight. But those who ate the candy (Ayds, made by Campana, Batavia, Ill.) lost 11.5 lbs., the highest average loss of all. Some taking Ayds even lost up to 21 lbs. Interesting sidelight: The candy plan turned out to be the least expensive method.

The results of this university study corroborated what was learned in earlier tests made at a famous Boston Medical Center. There, too, this same candy proved safer and more effective. Test subjects taking the candy lost the most weight—with none of these distressing pressures: hunger pangs, sleeplessness, fatigue or jitteriness.

At the conclusion of the tests, one enigma remained as far as the participants were concerned. Just how did this low-calorie candy work?

Directions in the box state that taken before a meal as directed, it curbs the appetite, so you automatically eat less and lose weight.

The age-old truism: "Eat a sweet before a meal—spoil the appetite" was not unfamiliar to the participants. But what puzzled them, as one man put it, was this: "You say Ayds candy contains no reducing drugs. Then why won't ordinary candy work as well?"

It's The Way It's Made

"The answer is simple," said the director. "When you eat—say a chocolate cream, you're adding 125 calories to your intake. But with Ayds, you're taking a specially made candy of only 25 calories. What's more, it's enriched with important vitamins and minerals to maintain your health while eating less."

The director then explained that the action of this low-calorie candy is based on the theory of blood sugar levels. For instance, when a person's blood sugar is low, his craving for food is high. But when an individual's blood sugar is elevated, his desire to eat is next to nil.

In a separate study made at the university to determine the effect of the reducing products on blood sugar levels, it was found that the low-calorie candy caused the greatest elevation. This, in turn, curbed "hunger waves" among test subjects an average of 33% longer than the next best product.

For all who are encouraged by this report to try, once again, to lose weight they never could before, this fact should be kept in mind. There is no *magic* way to reduce! Layers of fat are not built up in a day. They cannot be shed overnight.

Underscoring this fact are the innumerable cases where government agencies have taken action against firms that claimed their products would produce a specific weight loss in a few days. Or that said their products were safe for fat persons when, in fact, they contained drugs that could be dangerous. Many such products have been barred from the mails.

A Case for Candy

On the other hand, the reliability of the Ayds Plan has been confirmed in a U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals. Here, three learned judges held, with respect to Ayds, that "one eating the candy will, according to well recognized medical principles, have less desire for food and, therefore, eat less." And doctors agree: to lose weight, eat less.

Thus, Ayds has not only been clinically proved, but the Ayds Plan has been legally recognized as one that works safely and effectively in helping people lose weight. Before reducing with this "Candy that makes you thin," see your doctor. Have him write for the Medical Journal report on Ayds.

Ayds Reducing Plan Vitamin-Mineral Candy of which there are two kinds, a regular vanilla caramel and a chocolate fudge-type, may be purchased at drug and department stores.

© 1959, Campana Co.

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start that they will have no trouble keeping right on until they weigh exactly what they want to weigh and, as an extra bonus, are magnificently muscular as well.

He tells the *thin* ones that they are in for such a spell of physical training that they will feel every muscle they own. On the other hand, they will be so ravenously hungry that the rich diet they will be given will seem like heaven. He tells both groups that the human body is a remarkably elastic instrument that would much rather be healthy than not, and that in only a few weeks their flabby muscles will strengthen, their bellies flatten, their shoulders broaden and their chests deepen. It is safe to guess that every single boy who hears him has suffered the anguish of inadequacy, and by the time he has finished the faces look transported with hope.

Except for differing meals, fat and thin share the same program of physical training over the next three weeks, beginning with the same half-mile run before breakfast that reminds them, before they have barely opened their eyes, that civilian life was never like this. The pace is carefully set, with the most strenuous workout in the mornings and a tapering off in the afternoons, but it is pushed upward daily, and as soon as his DI feels a recruit can handle the program of a regular platoon, he is transferred into one.

His program includes three sessions of physical training every day, except Saturdays and Sundays, which go to such comparatively restful team sports as soccer and softball. He drills at push-ups, pull-ups, squat jumps, sit-ups and 300-yard runs until his arms and legs ache, and he can pass the physical-readiness test that scores him in all these feats. Once he has passed, he drills some more in order to better his score (passing for push-ups, for example, is 20, but "perfect" is 50). He exercises in the gym with chest weights, bar bells and an array of other body-building devices. He engages in relay races, leapfrog and pushball. He learns how to swim. He is introduced to judo, not so much to become proficient at it as to accustom him to body blows and heavy falls. After judo come "pugil sticks," unique Marine devices that are simply padded sticks with a sixteen-ounce boxing glove on each end, and about the length and weight of the M-1 rifle with bayonet. Wearing football helmet, boxing gloves and groin protector, and armed with his pugil stick, the recruit engages in hand-to-hand combat with a similarly armored opponent for fifteen-minute bouts daily until he has had a total of four hours. Pugil sticks are a rough go. Blows land thuddingly, heads



reel and bodies stagger, and the recruit learns something about body punishment and the brutal realities of combat.

His finer training as a fighting man will come later, but the staff of the Conditioning Platoon finds that one of its most necessary jobs is to introduce too many of these young males to plain physical contact. Capt. Robert C. Rice, physical-training officer at PI, says, "A disheartening number of recruits come to us with physical deficiencies, and an even more disheartening number have never been exposed to vigorous muscle-building activity at all. It seems hard to believe, but it is true that some of these boys have never walked more than half a block since they were old enough to drive a car. They have never learned to swim. They cannot chin themselves even three times. They not only are unused to bodily-contact sports such as football, wrestling, boxing, they are positively afraid of them."

Captain Rice expresses his conclusions about this state of affairs with vigor. "To us it's incredible that families are raising sons in such a soft environment that the sons have no notion of manly sport whatever. Unless the situation is recognized and corrective steps taken, it could become a national danger. Some compulsory calisthenics should be included in all the early grades in our schools, and this should branch out into regular athletics in the later grades. Participation in at least one bodily-contact sport should be required of every boy in high school, unless he has an excuse from his doctor. He should pass a moderate strength test in order to graduate. I would say this was necessary not only for his health and his effective contribution to his country but for his self-confidence as a man."

The boys who graduate from the Conditioning Platoon are almost jubilant in their newfound self-confidence. As one says, "Who wouldn't rather have muscle? I didn't mind working for it. I was so hungry all the time the food tasted marvelous, and I was so tired at night I slept like a baby. When I was a kid I was a real picked-on type. I was the boy who watched. Now I can hardly wait to go home and show myself. It'll be a real pleasure to take on anybody, at any game they want."

The third group of problem boys, those put in the Education Platoon, are the type who, when handed the thick Guidebook for Marines, might color a little, turn over the pages uneasily and put it aside. The bramble of print is too much for them.

They may have gone through eighth grade, and a few of them may even have high-school diplomas, but the fact remains that they have just flunked a fifth-grade reading test. The Marine Corps gives all new recruits a general classification test, for it can afford to take no chances; the paper work of war—directives, schedules, instructions and official orders in volume—is too serious.

A recruit who can't manage better than a 70 on the general-classification test is further tested to evaluate his capacity to learn. If the potential isn't there, he is dismissed; but if it seems to be there, he is placed in the Education Platoon and there expected to buckle down and master in four weeks what he has not bothered to master in eight to twelve years under civilian schoolmarms. The chances are two out of three that he will succeed.

Col. Warren P. Baker, former White House aide and now a member of the PI staff, says, "We get a few real hillbilly types who have never had proper schooling, and these we almost break our necks to help. We also watch out for boys who have serious emotional blocks that have held them back. But most of them have just been lifelong artists at avoiding work at school, and these are the ones whose habits must change fast. It's an all-out crash program we operate, and that's the mood we sustain from beginning to end. We make it clear we'll put up with no nonsense. We pace those rusty brains at the double, and keep them there. One wrong shrug of his shoulders, one slip back to an 'I-don't-care' face, and the recruit knows he'll be booted out, whether it's fifteen minutes after the program starts or fifteen minutes short of the full four weeks.

"We give them a thorough grounding in phonics, consonant and vowel blends and rules of grammar. Spelling and writing drills are a necessary part of it, but our main stress is on reading comprehension. We teach them to look for the *meaning* of what they read, and I haven't a doubt that by the time we're through with them even their comic books seem more interesting.

"We've graduated 63 per cent of our boys. That's not a bad record when you consider that four weeks is our *maximum* time spent on a recruit. Boys are transferred to regular platoons the minute they become qualified readers, and many of them make it in less. Most of the one third that fail come from the hard core of emotional problems whom we just haven't the time or the program to help, or from those who didn't have the capacity after all. Most of the 'wise guys' come through, and I'm happy to say that they are an embarrassed, red-faced lot as they struggle



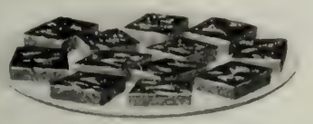


The Kraft Kitchens suggest new ways to enjoy the *light touch*



FRIED CHICKEN

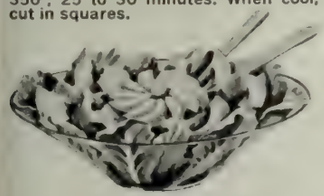
Place a cut-up frying chicken (2½ to 3 pounds) in a bag containing ½ cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt and dash of pepper. Shake well. Pour Kraft Oil to depth of 1 inch in a skillet. Heat. Put in meaty pieces of chicken, and as they brown, add remaining chicken, turning to brown evenly. Reduce heat, cover tightly and cook slowly 40 to 60 minutes, or until tender.



BROWNIES

1 cup sugar ⅓ cup Kraft Oil
2 eggs, well beaten 1 teaspoon vanilla
2 1-oz. squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
⅔ cup flour
½ teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup chopped pecans

Combine sugar, oil, eggs and vanilla; beat until very well blended. Stir in chocolate. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt; add to the chocolate mixture and mix thoroughly. Fold in the nuts. Pour into a greased 8-inch square pan. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°, 25 to 30 minutes. When cool, cut in squares.



FRUIT FRENCH DRESSING

1 cup Kraft Oil ¼ cup lemon juice
½ cup orange juice
¼ cup pineapple juice
1 teaspoon salt 2 teaspoons sugar

Combine all ingredients and shake until thoroughly blended. Chill. Shake well before serving. Yield: 2 cups.

TIPS ON USING KRAFT OIL

Use Kraft Oil for all your baking needs. It is ready to use and easy to measure—the magic touch for light and tender baked goods.

No cutting in, creaming or melting is necessary when you use Kraft Oil.

Create your own salad dressing with Kraft Oil. Use 3 parts oil to 1 part vinegar—or the proportion that pleases you. Mild-flavored Kraft Oil is an ideal carrier for your favorite herbs and spices.

Use Kraft Oil in any recipe that calls for melted shortening.

with their 'cat' and 'dog' primers. Once started, they find they *do* care, after all."

It is an impressive fact that the transformation worked by the three platoons of the Special Training Company is accomplished without any resort at any time to slaps, cuffs or casual physical mauling of any sort. What the top brass calls "acts of personal humiliation and indignity," and what old-time DI's and veterans call "thumping," was never intended to be part of Marine training, and Gen. Randolph McCall Pate, Marine Corps commandant, reaffirmed in 1956 that it has "no place in a system intended to produce a proud and self-respecting marine."

The Special Training Company was only part of a general evolution that took place at Parris Island in the year 1956. A new staff was selected for the Recruit Training Command, headed by Brig. Gen. G.R.E. Shell, under the personal orders of General Pate to overhaul a venerated training system wherever necessary, and the total and absolute elimination of thumping was one of the things that seemed to be necessary. Although the Special Training Company was established primarily as an answer to the steady increase in numbers of recruits needing extra help, it also, incidentally, took out of the regular platoons the severest problem boys whom exasperated DI's had to drag along by their own methods. The regular training period was extended from ten to twelve weeks, which decreased the pressure on DI's still further. Finally, each recruit fills out in his third and tenth weeks an anonymous questionnaire about his instructors and training. This bold step was taken by the Marine command as a sure route to a comprehensive picture of the training program and, incidentally, as an infallible way of spotting unfit DI's. Anxious mothers of recruits are not only welcome but urged to come to Parris Island, watch their sons' vigorous but orderly daily program, visit freely every part of the island, from quarters to mess hall to chapel, and register their complaints if they have any. As Col. Richard M. Huizenga, a member of the headquarters staff, says, "Ninety per cent of the boys are good boys, and ninety per cent of them have good mothers who ask no special favors for their sons. Visiting parents are usually astonished at the size of our physical plant, the good appearance of their sons, and the hundred-and-one things the boys have learned. What most of them come in here to give us is awed thanks."

Today, if a recruit gives continuous trouble, and if even the custom-tailored handling of the Special Training Company fails to change his basic attitude, the Marines have one other resource to fall back on, and it is about as diametrically opposite thumping as it is possible to be: a visit to the chaplains' office.

The chaplains' office at PI has the largest staff of chaplains of any post in the Marine Corps, twelve. One of them explains how they handle one of their hardest jobs: "A boy who has reached the stage where he has been sent to us usually walks in here cocky and defiant. He expects us to read him a lecture. But we don't, not even when it's richly deserved. We know it simply wouldn't do any good. He has had too much of that sort of thing already; he has built up his defenses in depth.

"Instead, we try to get him to talk about himself, but only about *pleasant* things, starting back at the very first things he can remember. By taking a boy back to the delightful experiences of his childhood, and then leading his memory step by step to the present, we find that he gains a better outlook almost immediately. His earliest memory is of his mother taking care of him. His face and voice soften when he describes her.

"Next we ask him about his toddling age, when his father was the greatest man in the world to him. Without realizing it, he forgets the resentments that have been piling up during adolescence, and soon your erstwhile bad boy is telling you this or that good memory of things his father did with him, and how really great he is. As he talks you can see that, for perhaps the first time in his life, he is considering what his mother and father mean to him.

"This wandering in childhood memories, when his consciousness of being loved and cared for was brightest, is the best possible mental therapy for him. When he has been thoroughly softened, we begin very gently to work his thoughts around to how nice it would be if he could give his parents the greatest present any child can ever give: reason to be proud. While he is thinking this over we remind him of what it means to be rejected by the Marines because he deliberately chose not to behave himself. Once you get a problem boy admitting the positive values in his life, and seeing hope for himself, it is often astonishing even to us what a change it makes in his ways."

Discipline is certainly the heart and soul of the Marine Corps training program, even if thumping is not, but perhaps the phrase "positive discipline" helps explain the almost magical way in which lost sheep are heartened and helped by it instead of further defeated. The Marine Corps has several aces not held by schools, social workers, probation officers and most parents, whose discipline may have been feebly and intermittently invoked in a boy's past. It can set right before his eyes a positive image of a marine—for most boys a glorious and respected goal. This image becomes huge in an exclusively Marine atmosphere, where every grown man on the post walks as a representative of a tradition, and thousands of other boys around him are working to the same end. The Corps' discipline is twenty-four hours a day, and choices of disobedience or laziness are all but eliminated. He is compelled to hew the line, and kept too busy to protest. It may take him weeks to recover his equilibrium, but by that time he is astonished to discover all he has done: he has worked harder, stood more, become healthier than he ever thought was possible. He has almost finished his boot training. In the exciting thought, "I've made it!" his pride is born.

Pride is faith in the idea that God had when He made us. A proud man is conscious of the idea, and aspires to realize it. He does not strive toward a happiness, or comfort, which may be irrelevant to God's idea of him. His success is the idea of God successfully carried through, and he is in love with his destiny.

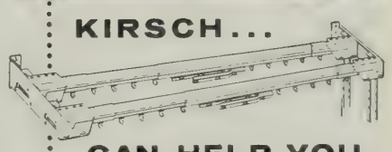
ISAK DINESEN
Out of Africa
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When the Special Training Company was first formed, its officers tried to keep it as inconspicuous as possible, on the theory that its members would be sensitive about their status. The boys themselves soon finished *that* theory. As the graduates of the Motivation and Conditioning platoons passed the thousand mark, they designed special guidons to carry at the heads of their marching columns. The former "unmotivated" now flaunt with considerable pleasure the emblem of the "Slipped Haloers" and the "unconditioned" now march proudly behind their "Ponderous Pachyderms" guidon. Motivation Platoon graduates talk of forming a fraternity to hold them together in civilian life. By the time a recruit in a regular platoon nears graduation day, he already walks with the slight swagger of pride that General Shell insists be taught as part of being a marine. He knows what *he's* been through. How much more, then, has a graduate of the Special Training Company been through to arrive at the same place, and how much greater his swagger. For many it has been a journey up from a small, inglorious hell to the discovery of self-respect.

Luigi, a city boy and jazz cat, made his name at PI by being almost thrown out of the Motivation Platoon, doing a reverse march after a talk with a chaplain, and ending with a promotion to pfc. As he put it, "I'm off the nowhere kicks for life. I got plans now, and even if they don't come out the craziest I like to reach under my pillow and feel 'em. I tell you—it's not like being nowhere." END



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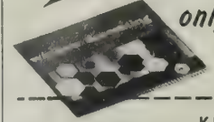
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DEATH FROM THE HOSPITAL NURSERY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

December, 1956. During a thirty-six-hour period, rounds were made through all the wards in the University Hospital. Though this was done just before Christmas and the hospital population was unusually low, 64 patients were found who had lesions containing staphylococci. Six other patients had apparent staphylococcic infection, though the bacteria did not show up in their cultures. This brought the total to 70, or 11.1 per cent of the patients then in the hospital.

"It may be argued that the vast majority of these lesions might be benign," wrote Doctors Mary E. Godfrey and Ian MacLean Smith, who conducted the survey, in their report which was published in the Journal of the American Medical Association. "However, three weeks after the survey, it was found that 6 of the 64 patients had died. Reference to the autopsy records showed that staphylococci were at least a contributory cause of death in four."

Next the Iowa doctors studied the autopsy records for the 534 patients who had died in the University Hospital during 1956. "Twenty patients were diagnosed by the pathologists as having died from staphylococci disease. In a further 69 cases there had been severe staphylococci disease, which the pathologists considered had contributed to death." This is only one hospital out of many.

"Here indeed we have an alarming situation," wrote Doctors Godfrey and Smith. "We are not alone in our troubles, as reports have appeared from all over the world documenting situations very similar to this. Staphylococci problems are present in any hospital where people take the trouble to identify them. . . . The rules of prevention have been known for a long time, but they are obviously not being followed."

Medical authorities accept the central nursery as a reservoir in which hospital staph breeds, and from which it spreads to other parts of the hospital. This fact was definitely established by two scientific teams from the Washington State Department of Health. They reported their findings in the August 15, 1957, issue of the New England Medical Journal.

After six Seattle babies died in a single month in 1956, presumably from staphylococcus infections acquired in hospital nurseries, the Washington State teams conducted a thorough investigation. In one large Seattle hospital, 174 babies were born alive between November 16, 1955, and February 5, 1956. Twenty-two per cent suffered early complications as the result of staphylococcus infection. One of the babies died. "During the course of this study," reported the team which concentrated on the nursery, "117 live births occurred. . . . Fifty-four of the infants, or 46 per cent of the total, manifested clinical staphylococcal infections during the first six weeks of life." The staphylococcus responsible was found to be aureus, type 80/81.

Yet there had been no slip-up in aseptic routines in this nursery. The germs had not been brought in from outside. Two attendants were found to be carriers, but they did not come into close enough contact with the babies to be responsible for the epidemic. Nor could the mothers be held responsible: all had been free of this staphylococcic strain when they entered the hospital. No other person had had any contact with the infants.

On the other hand, *49 babies who did not become ill were found to be carriers.* Nurses, changing the bedding of a carrier's crib, were observed to shake the blankets—sometimes over the infant in an adjoining crib. Air in the nursery contained many colonies of the hospital staph. When the carrier's bedding was being changed, air contamination was intensified by five times.

A direct connection was established between infection rate and the number of babies in the nursery at a given time. When the room was crowded, up to 92 per cent were found to be colonized by the staphylococcus. When there were very few babies in the nursery, only 22 per cent became infected. "It appears from these observations that the infants who were subclinically affected [without visible signs of disease] in the nursery with the epidemic strain of staphylococci acted as an important reservoir of this strain," was the conclusion of the nursery-research team. "Newly admitted infants were probably rapidly infected from older infants. With a large nursery census, a continuing reservoir of infection was maintained. . . .

"**A**n important factor responsible for this epidemic seemed to be the presence in a single room of infants who varied in age from one to five or more days. As long as the census in such a room was maintained at the usual level it was evident that a strain of staphylococci might persist in the nursery indefinitely by passing from infant to infant through the air. It would be reasonable to assume that the nursery which was observed in this study was not unique, and that any nursery where infants of varying ages are congregated in a single room is a potential hazard. This generalization may apply to other outbreaks with infants, especially to outbreaks of diarrhea."

The babies, the Washington State team decided, passed on the bacteria to nursery personnel, rather than the other way round. Infected personnel would transmit the germs to personnel in other parts of the hospital. Recent investigations have shown that in various hospitals anywhere from 10 per cent to 80 per cent of the staff carry the bacteria in their nostrils, or show signs of staphylococcic disease. The percentage depends upon the length of time personnel have worked in the hospital.

The new plague, then, is caused by the very infants who are most vulnerable to its ravages. Innocent culprits, to be sure, just as those who succumb to the disease are innocent victims, but nonetheless the source of hospital staph.

Medical journals describe innumerable ways in which the staph, once loose in a hospital, may be transmitted to other victims. Carriers among hospital personnel, unaware that they harbor infection, may pass it on to the patients they minister to. It may be spread through bed linen dropped carelessly down a laundry chute; through discarded bandages placed on a cart and contaminating other articles on the cart; through any article, in fact, that is not thoroughly disinfected after each use. Germ colonies collect in the air, settle on high cornices and beams. When the air is set in motion, they may drop into surgical wounds no matter how carefully the surgeon and his assistants have observed rules of antisepsis. The surgical patient, placed in a ward, may pass on staphylococci to other patients.

Mothers may get it directly from their babies. A second Washington State team investigated the cases of breast abscess, or mastitis, among the mothers in the maternity ward of the Seattle hospital. This team also reported its findings in the August 15, 1957, issue of the New England Journal of Medicine. "Breast infections occurred only in mothers who nursed their infants, and whose infants were colonized by staphylococci of an epidemic strain." In a group of 23 mothers who were breast-feeding their babies while the study was being made, 9, or 39 per cent, incurred breast infections.

Hospital staph may spread still farther. Babies and mothers frequently do not develop symptoms of disease until they have been at home for several days or even weeks. (The Washington State study found that the average interval between birth and the first appearance of symptoms was 8½ days. But some

WHITE HANDS OF GUINEVERE

By THOMAS BURNETT SWANN

They said that Guinevere had
hands like foam.
"Chill hands," they whispered
when their dreamful queen
Lifted the crimson damask of a
sleeve
Or gemmed her finger with a
tourmaline.

"Chill hands," they said, though
ignorant of her touch,
And even Arthur, harassed
through the land,
Had only time for tournaments
and toil.
"Was ever a queen," they said,
"so chill of hand?"

Till Lancelot, who rode from
Avalon,
Beheld her dreaming and
forgot to roam;
And when his footstep shook
the pillared hall,
They said, "Her hands are
roses under foam."



nfants showed signs of the disease earlier, and 50 per cent did not develop symptoms until after they were discharged from the hospital.) Meanwhile the baby's clothing and bedding become heavily infected; anyone handling the baby, or any object with which it has been in contact, may pick up the germs.

A team from the Ohio State Department of Health studied fourteen different nursery epidemics in that state, and the families of many babies who had been in the nurseries during the epidemics. About three fourths of the mothers and one third of the fathers and siblings of infected infants developed symptoms three to six months after the baby's return home. The disease usually showed itself among family members as boils or carbuncles or subcutaneous abscesses. A number of babies, too, developed these afflictions long after they had left the hospital. Other infants developed breast abscesses or staphylococcic pneumonia.

Fifteen months after the babies had come home from the hospital, staph was still persisting and still causing disease manifestations in some family members. In one family, three of the five members were carrying the epidemic strain two and one half years after the baby's birth! Lesions were still occurring in these three from time to time.

How many mothers and babies carry staph home from the hospital? The Ohio team did a follow-up study after an outbreak of pyoderma that began in a Cincinnati hospital in May, 1956, reached its peak in June, and was brought under control in August. Five months later, families of 1287 babies born in the hospital during this period were examined. In 277 families, pustular skin diseases or subcutaneous abscesses had appeared in one or more family members. "Whether or not they have lesions while in the hospital, infected infants act as foci of infection for the family. These infections tend to spread and persist for long periods within the family group," the Ohio team reported, in the March, 1958, Journal of Public Health.

The Journal of the American Medical Association points out that when staphylococcus enters through a skin break made by a splinter, or a bruise into which dirt is ground, it may cause blood poisoning—even in a healthy person. When it enters through nose and lungs, people with low resistance may develop staphylococcic pneumonia, or heart-valve infection. Germs may linger for years in the blood stream. Thus serious illness, even death, may occur in family members long after the baby has left the hospital nursery.

How the staph first found its way into carefully guarded nurseries is not yet known. Several studies indicate that infants' unhealed navels may offer a point of entry. Staphylococci are always present in the air, to some degree. It is speculated that babies became infected with the new strain, which is immune to the antibiotics most commonly used. This strain flourished and persisted as newborn babies came into the nursery, became infected, and passed it on in their turn.

Eerily, this antibiotic-resistant staphylococcus appeared almost simultaneously in hospitals all over the world. Aureus, type 80/81, has been found the most important cause of staphylococcic diseases suffered by infants and nursing mothers wherever hospital deliveries are customary. It was responsible for the staphylococcus pneumonia that complicated influenza in Australia. In a British hospital, 33 babies examined recently were found to be carrying hospital staph in their nostrils by the tenth day of life. And all over the United States, in the last two to four years, there have been outbreaks of hospital staph. A writer in the Journal of the American Medical Association states: "The evidence suggests that nearly every hospital has experienced increased numbers of staphylococcal infections acquired in the hospital and resistant to antibiotics."

There are exceptions. Presbyterian Hospital, of Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York City, has always prided itself on its high standard of aseptic and "housekeeping" routines. When staphylococci appeared as a problem six or seven years ago, defenses were strengthened. In the surgical bacteriological laboratory, bacterial resistance to penicillin and other antibiotics has been carefully recorded ever since the first use of each drug. Microbiological teams regularly check bacteria present in the air of all wards. Special precautions are used in nurseries for the newborn, and cultures are taken frequently from the babies' umbilical cords. Any baby showing the slightest departure from a healthy condition is placed in an observation nursery; those with a condition likely to prove contagious are promptly isolated. It may be significant that Presbyterian has several nurseries, none containing more than twelve babies at a time.

It is interesting to note that there has been no rise in infectious complications among mothers who attend the clinic of the Maternity Center of New York City. These mothers are delivered at home, if the birth is expected to be normal, and often neighbors as well as husbands are present during labor. Similarly, rooming-in units in hospitals have been comparatively free of the hospital staph, as of other types of nursery epidemics. Under this system, the baby stays with its mother in her separate room, does not come in contact with the other babies. (Though the Journal of Public Health points out that in some hospitals, rooming-in babies are placed in the central nursery for the first twenty-four hours of life, that where this is done they, too, may become colonized by the staph.) A few hospitals have virtually abolished the hospital staph from the obstetrical floor by doing away with the central nursery, turning the entire maternity ward into rooming-in units.

The Washington State research team which traced the hospital staph to the central nursery called special attention to the safety factor afforded by rooming in. The team also offered a simple solution for hospitals where it is not practicable to turn the entire maternity ward into rooming-in units.

"A large nursery could be divided by glass partitions into separate rooms," these scientists proposed in the New England Journal of Medicine. "Each room should be independently ventilated and provided with suitable washing facilities, and each preferably should accommodate only a few infants of the same age. These rooms would necessarily be filled in rotation, and would be completely emptied after use by each group of infants (for example, after every five days) with no transfer from room to room. The chain of cross-infection would thus be continually interrupted."

There have been many suggestions of a return to home deliveries for childbirths which are expected to be normal, at least until the hospital staph is brought under control. Doctors have computed that in about 10 per cent of childbirths, conditions are present which indicate possible difficulties, for either mother or infant. These are usually indicated in advance. Where this is the case, it is conceded, the mother should have the benefit of hospital facilities. But permitting home deliveries for normal, healthy women who prefer to have their babies at home would, it is felt by many, not only prevent infection of these mothers and infants by the hospital staph. It would also lower the possibility of infection for babies who need hospital care.

To guard against difficulties that can arise suddenly even in births expected to be normal, mobile units, or automotive wagons, are suggested. These automotive wagons, employed widely in England, are equipped with Pulmotor, blood for transfusion, oxygen, and other delivery-room apparatus. Stationed outside the home from the time labor begins, the unit would be on hand in case of emergency, or could take a mother to the hospital if the doctor deemed this desirable.

Doctors in general, however, oppose the idea of taking childbirth out of hospitals, staph aureus or no staph aureus. They point to the lack of adequately trained helpers for home deliveries. Seldom voiced, but looming large in the situation, is the call on a physician's time posed by a home delivery, as compared with delivery in a hospital.

It cannot be disputed that there are hardly enough nurses and doctors, in many places, to give mothers adequate care in hospitals; that a mass return to home deliveries would vastly complicate the problem. Dr. Nicholson J.



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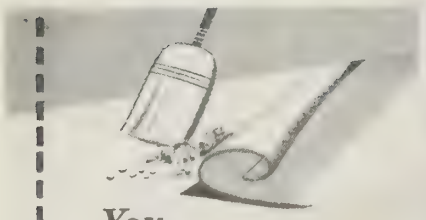
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Eastman, head of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology at Johns Hopkins, foretold this situation in the early 1950's. By 1959, he stated, it was expected that there would be a shortage in the United States of some 30,000 physicians, along with a sharp increase in the birth rate. "Who is going to deliver all these babies," he asked, "and provide the desired teaching and emotional support to the mothers during pregnancy, labor and the puerperium? If maternity care is to march ahead, this question deserves an answer right now."

A solution proposed by Doctor Eastman was a sharp stepping up in the training of nurse-midwives—graduate nurses who take a further course in prenatal care and obstetrics. They are trained, as many registered nurses are not, to detect early signs of distress in the unborn baby, so that the doctor may be called at once and start measures to save the baby. Nurse-midwives are qualified to take entire charge of labor, either in a hospital or home. They are qualified to officiate in a normal delivery, if it becomes necessary for them to do so. In the great balance of home deliveries conducted for years under the auspices of the Maternity Center Association of New York City, nurse-midwives have delivered the babies. In Great Britain, 96 per cent of the total births are attended by nurse-midwives, whether in hospitals or in homes, according to the British College of Midwives. Britain's maternal death rate in 1957 was .5 per 1000 registered births—an enviable record.

Since Doctor Eastman called attention to the need for much more well-trained obstetrical personnel, training centers for nurse-midwives have been set up at Johns Hopkins, Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center and Yale University. This is in addition to the schools operated for some years by the Maternity Center Association in New York City, the Frontier Nursing Society in Kentucky, and the Catholic Maternity Center in New Mexico. Nevertheless, Dr. John Whitridge, Jr., also of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology at Johns Hopkins, stated recently that only forty graduates are being turned out annually by the six schools. These graduates are snatched up quickly for underprivileged areas, in this country and abroad. According to Doctor Whitridge, the program has been held up by opposition to nurse-midwives on the part of obstetricians; and by inability of official nursing organizations to agree on the kind of prior training and degree on graduating the nurse-midwives should receive.

Here and there, doctors may be found who yield to the plea of an expectant mother that her baby be born at home. The great majority of mothers must still go to hospitals, if they are to receive medical care.

The central nurseries of many hospitals remain filled to overflowing, even though it has been established that overcrowding greatly increases the danger of infection for the babies. The Journal of Public Health states that rules governing the amount of space between baby beds are frequently disregarded. It prints pictures of nurseries where baby beds are jammed up against one another; of a number of babies in one communal bed, separated from one another only by low partitions. All over the country overburdened hospitals are sending mothers home thirty-six to forty-eight hours after childbirth—a stay just long enough to permit the baby or its mother to pick up the infection. The staph, usually not showing up for six or seven days or more, will not appear on the hospital statistics.

The medical profession is pinning its faith on rigid antisepsis rules in the hospitals as a preventive of infection; and on a variety of medications should it appear. Under the leadership of the United States Public Health Service, hospitals are being rallied for a massive attack on the virulent staph. The Journal of the American Medical Association prints new asepsis rules, setting forth the proper way to sterilize all items used with patients. The rules call for daily cleaning of all ceilings and walls, even cover techniques for dusting and vacuuming. Doctors are urged to give antibiotics for only serious ailments—for it is believed that employment of these medications for trivial complaints has contributed to the development of antibiotic-resistant bacteria. Leading doctors have been warning against improper use of antibiotics for some time, but not all doctors have heeded the warning. Now it becomes imperative to do so.

The American Academy of Pediatrics has issued a corresponding set of rules for hospital nurseries. Citing the "special jeopardy" of infants in central nurseries, it asks each hospital to establish "forthwith" a committee on the control of cross-infections, with power to make and enforce recommendations for the prevention, investigation and control of infection within the hospital. The Academy of Pediatricians asks physicians to report to the committee all cases of infection in babies and mothers after they have left the hospital.

Aureus 80/81. it is pointed out, has built up resistance to the three antibiotics that have been used most commonly. But there are many other antibiotics. Bacitracin has proved effective in many cases of staph infection. A new one, kanamycin, recently announced as an antituberculosis drug, was tried with the hospital staph in the Houston hospital where sixteen babies died. Out of thirty-eight babies and small children to whom it was given, there were eight deaths. However, six babies survived who had been considered fatally ill when kanamycin was started. Doctors have been advised to try novobiocin, chloramphenicol, ristocetin, erythromycin or oleandomycin in mild to moderately severe cases; for severe infections kanamycin, vancomycin or bacitracin.

The Washington State team which investigated the outbreak in the Seattle hospital has expressed doubt, however, that such measures will be effective so long as babies of different ages in days are kept together in one large nursery. They noted, in the New England Journal of Medicine, that staphylococci develop resistance to any given antibiotic very quickly. "Already erythromycin-resistant strains have been isolated from infants in a nursery in this area and from the infections of mothers and infants." As for tightening up of asepsis routines, they found that there had been no failure of asepsis procedures in the Seattle nursery they studied. The epidemic developed just the same. (Though the team admits that it would conceivably have been worse if the nurses had not observed the rules of antisepsis so scrupulously.) No matter how careful nurses may be, the germs can still be transmitted from carrier babies to newborns through the air, this team believes. "Changes in nursery design, or the practice of rooming in for infants, appear to be indicated to effect permanent control," they stated in the July, 1957, issue of the New England Journal of Medicine.

Doctors Godfrey and Smith, of the State University of Iowa, speculated gloomily, in the Journal of the American Medical Association, that when or if staph aureus 80/81 is brought under control, some equally virulent organism may arise to take its place. Experience of many years' standing indicates that this possibility does indeed exist, so long as the overcrowded central nursery remains in existence. EN

NEXT MONTH

TEN DANGER SIGNALS TO LOOK FOR IN YOUR CHILD, NOW

Parents of teen-agers who have committed crimes are often quoted in the newspapers as saying, "But he was always such a *good* boy! How could we tell he would get into trouble?" Dr. Fredric Wertham, eminent psychiatrist specializing in the problems of adolescents, lists ten signposts pointing to trouble ahead. He also describes some things young people do that alarm their parents needlessly.

UNWED MOTHER

"My daughter has a job now and to all outward appearances is just another twenty-year-old girl. She has a sweet baby 'brother' whom she is crazy about. Everyone thinks the baby is mine, as I am only thirty-nine. I failed my daughter once as a mother, and God has given me another chance. So I will give my girl another chance." Thus one mother responded to her unwed daughter's crisis. Neal Gilkyson Stuart describes how other parents reacted to the same shocking, heartbreaking blow in "How America Lives."

NOW YOU CAN WATCH AN "OPEN HEART" OPERATION

When heart specialists operated on six-and-a-half-year-old Ramona Smith at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York City, a LADIES' HOME JOURNAL editor was permitted to observe. If you think the public ought to know what this "miracle" operation is really like, look for Gladys Denny Shultz's minute-by-minute description in "A Whole Heart for Ramona."

IT'S YOU! IT'S REALLY YOU!

Or anyhow, it *could* be. A new face for spring can be yours in less than a day. JOURNAL Beauty Editor Dawn Crowell Norman describes how easy it all is, with before-and-after pictures of magic at work.

HAM IN THREE ACTS

There's nothing like a superb ham to take the stage at almost any kind of party—big buffet, small evening supper or a large bridge luncheon. So adaptable! So easy to carve! Of course you need a repertoire of dramatic glazes and sauces (cherry ginger, sour-cream mustard), along with recipes for such accompanying temptations as jellied red-caviar mold with dill in the sauce, or a wicked casserole of creole oysters. *Got* 'em!

Also, "Tell Me, Doctor," the popular feature brought back by reader request; "Can This Marriage be Saved?"; Dr. Spock's kindly advice for mothers; eight pages of fashion news; a new work by the extraordinary tale spinner, Isak Dinesen; decorating tips; and much, much more

IN THE MARCH JOURNAL



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IS THIS AMERICAN

If you find it difficult to imagine high-school students who have not learned to read or wri

Reproduced on these pages are examples of written work of high-school students. I have hundreds of similar papers that I have collected in high schools in which I have taught and from teachers in other high schools. When I show them to my neighbors, they are amazed. But another teacher is likely to say, "Why, I have worse on my desk right now!"

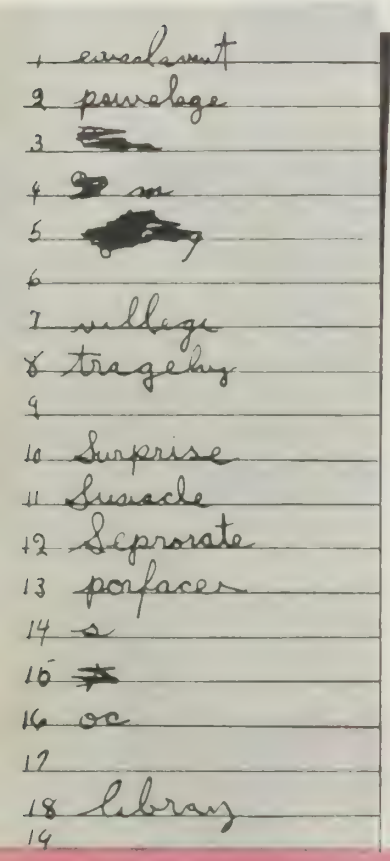
My purpose in publishing these is to pinpoint the fact that not all children are born intellectually equal, and that no teacher can be expected to bring the twenty or forty pupils in a classroom to an equal degree of accomplishment. The attempt to create this intellectual make-believe has relegated the American educational system to its present backwater.

You, the parent reading this, may feel removed from the situation because your child is doing well in school—or getting high marks, at any rate. Don't let those high marks influence you unduly, especially if you hope to send your boy or girl to college. Your child may be doing well only by comparison. To excel in some schools requires only mediocre work. Imagine the confusion of a young student of the sciences, or any college-level subject, if he comprehends the printed word only vaguely and cannot write simple sentences.

In many instances the education of our most able boys an girls is sacrificed because high schools provide courses watere down to suit the least able. Those who might be good students finding the work too easy, fall into the habit of daydreaming in stead of studying. They become the class cutups, or, more com monly, they pass desultorily through school with barely passin marks and become members of that not-so-select group—th gifted who give up learning, who do not go to college or develo their talents in any way. Their usefulness to themselves, and t all of us, is impaired or wholly lost.

Most teachers are equally sympathetic to all the childre they teach, but the slow learners almost surely make greate demands on their time. A teacher of the basic skills cannot ge the progress of an entire class to the advancement of th brighter students. He can and must spend extra time with th slow learners to bring them to a point of comprehension tha will enable the class to move on to more advanced material.

The brighter students are left to their own devices or give extra work. This serves well enough if the student is self-moti vated and comes equipped with a built-in urge for educatio But it is an exceptional youth who can drive himself to mak



One example, among many, of a spelling quiz given to a senior in high school. This pupil was graduated and is now employed in a store owned by his father.

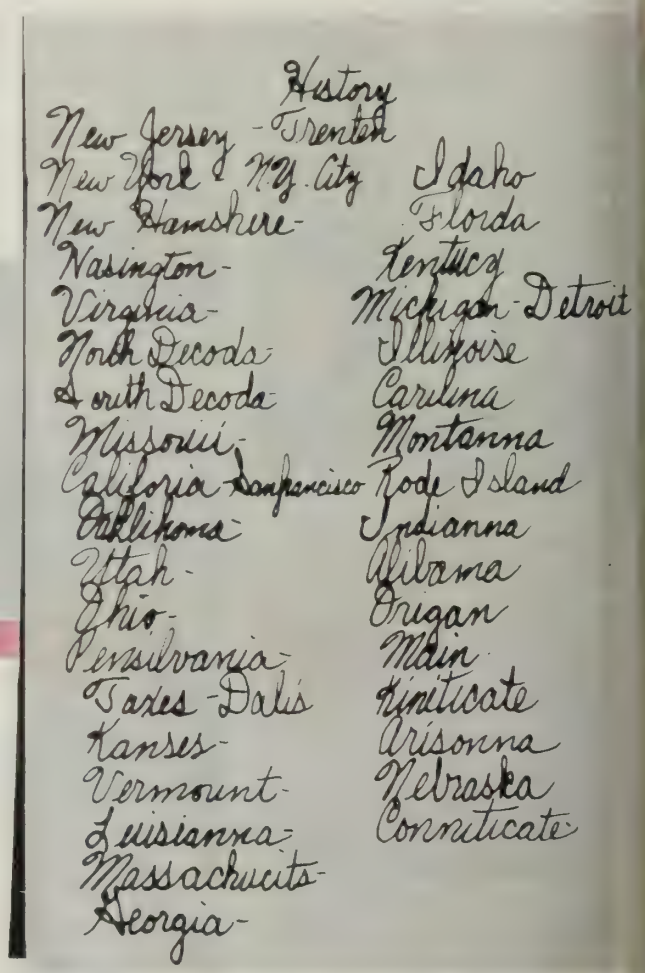
The lettering below was done in a class in mechanical drawing. The boy was copying directly from his workbook. He dropped out of high school in his junior year.

DRAI N GIIS A METHOd OFI OR G A MI ZIM G/ @R/
AMALATIYZING ASeT OF ReLATIONS BY PUTTING
THEM IN G GRA PHIC FORM DRAWING MAY BE
PEFINED AS A FIELOOF REPRESENTA TION IN WHICH
GRAPHIC SYMBOLS USUALLY LIAVING SOME
SYMBOLIC SIMIL ARITY OF PATTERNSS HOWN IN THE
SOPPLIMENT TO CHART ONE WESEET HAT THEY CAN BE
CIASS FIED IN THREE GRAPHS EACH WITH A DISTINCT
PUR POSE

This paper was produced in a high-school class studying grammar. The assignment was to copy sentences from a textbook, filling in the proper form of the relative pronoun *who* or *which*.

English

1. Boys who like to ske were happy to see the snow
2. Belle who has never came to School today on crutches
3. Lake which has big enough to go motorboat roosing and fishing are my favorite vaction spots
4. Rose stirred on the sofa



Can you find your state on this list? Learning to spell the nam of the states correctly was an assignment in a senior history clas This pupil was graduated from high school in 195 He is now in college preparing to become a teache

EDUCATION?

ese examples will help you. By THEODORE GUERIN

5 Washington farewell agress
was a speech which said what will
go on, and what will be needed to
begun like stay away from Europe.

6. Francis, Scott, and Key
Please tell me

Above is a portion from a junior history test. The pupil is now a senior and working part time. The teacher did explain again about Francis Scott Key.

his effort without the competition and support of other keen oung minds. One reason often given for teaching children of idely varying abilities in the same classroom is that separat-g the slow learners from the fast would damage their person-ities. Surely it is just as damaging, if not more so, to be one f the slow in a class of mixed abilities. With a group of children ore nearly equal in ability, the class is able to move steadily ead. Neither the slow nor the fast learner is so prominently arked—and hampered or hurt.

The boys and girls who produced these papers will be re-aced in the classrooms by more just like them—bewildered, ept children, uneasy in a school situation that is as cruel as ysical torture. Though some make little effort to help them-lves, others try vainly to keep up with their classmates. Reluc-nt to place the stigma of failure on such children, unhappy achers will pass them on to graduation. This is a distortion the idea of "democracy in education." Truly democratic ducation would not expose all students to the same subject atter but would allow each to develop as much as he is able.

Many of these students have the basic intelligence, but they ve not developed the specific skills. This is one of the reasons that about 45 per cent of those who enroll in college do not graduate. The percentage of drop-outs is very nearly as great in high schools. To bring this fact graphically into the open may be the first step in correcting some of the misconceptions that have made a bedlam of intellectual training in the United States.

Part of the solution to the present dilemma in education is the establishment of higher standards for able students, more honors and awards for academic excellence and realistic grouping of pupils according to their abilities. Probably most important in assisting teachers to eliminate schoolwork as bad as that shown here is the willingness of parents to recognize the degree of their own child's ability.

I PLEDG OF ALLE GIANCE FLAG UNITD STATE
OF THE UNITED OF AMERICA, AND TO THE REPUBLIC FOR WHICH IT STAND, ONE NATION INDIVISIBLE, WITH LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL

This lettering of the Pledge of Allegiance was copied from a workbook by a sophomore in mechanical-drawing class. Still a sophomore, he quit high school in his third year.

1 Definition of first aid - First aid is help some one to a doctor can come.

5. Definition of Shock - Some who is shick, died

2. List the 6 Digital pressure points
1- M. retgran
2- Just Loond the arm.
3- On the first up the ark
4- Pentuse
5-
6-

7. Name 5 symptoms of shock:
1- died
2- ill
3- heat
4- shock
5-

10. Name three (3) places where;
1- arem 2-

This is one pupil's reply to part of a test covering a unit on first aid given in a class studying health. The confused youngster quit high school at the beginning of the junior year.

The example below is part of a history test covering the Bill of Rights. The writer is a high-school junior majoring in home economics.

History

1 The Bill of rights is the first ten Amendements down -
2 The 13-14-15 Amendement. 13 is know slaieven in the U.S. 14. is that colered people are secyden of the U.S. and is they have the right to vost.
3 3/5 Compromise that is if the house has 3/5 and senut has 3/5 and Congres has 3/5 that the bill can passed.
4. 2 amendment is that Layede have the right to vocie.
5 82. Amendent. is that beer can not be sold or made or like that anything
6.- () Bill of rights was the freeden of Relgin and the freden of the

The writing below was copied from a book as "punishment work" in 1956 by a high-school sophomore enrolled in a college-preparatory course. He was graduated in 1958.

① Eall students who participate in act. are expedal to attend meeting and schools regularly. Homeroom teachers will legiver roster of students required to report to varion act. The students will go direcdly from there & th pravid to ther repedtive activities.

MEANING FOR US ALL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

which, up to that time, no representatives of the press or writers for periodicals were granted private interviews. In accordance with this new dispensation I, too, was permitted to have my hour with the Pope. I had lately come from Germany and was full of what I had seen, strange remnants of the woe of war. The orphanages in particular, so overworked, understaffed and ill-supplied, had twisted my heart, and I told him about them. At one point it is not to be denied that I succumbed to emotion and pounded the table between us with a clenched fist.

The Pope smiled at me sadly and said, "I know, my child, I know."

Here I was quite carried away and said, "Well, Your Holiness, if you do know, why don't you do something about it?"

He lifted his hand gently. "Now I know that you are a Protestant," he said.

"How, Your Holiness?" I asked. "Is it because of my rudeness?"

"No," he said. "It is because only a Protestant could so greatly overrate the powers of the Roman Catholic Church."

The entire time that I spent with him was charged with feeling. The Central European countries, lately our enemies, had made me deeply sad, and it is true that I wept while I was telling him about some of the misfortunes of the poor and innocent, the very young and very old, as I had seen them in the wake of catastrophe. Pius XII was well acquainted with Germany and had spent some formative middle years there, in Munich and Berlin, as representative of his predecessor. He bore with me; he was kind; he received my appeal.

As I was going away he said to me, "I want to give you a very special blessing, my daughter, for your tears."

I am not ashamed to say that I knelt to that man, as one of his own faithful, to receive his blessing.

This is perhaps the central and supreme reflection imposed upon us by the transmission of the Keys of Saint Peter: that the church endures and represents. Its power derives from our own hearts in which Christendom does not flag or fail, in which Christendom subsists all the more when everything else betrays us. It is quite natural for me to say "Christendom" and "Christianity" when, perhaps, what I mean is simply religion, the worship of God. In other climes I might say otherwise. But to me these thoughts are bound up with the idea of Christianity and the teachings of its Founder, which I learned in childhood from my father, a minister of His gospel. Never was the Christianity of Pius XII more evident than in his attitude toward the persecuted Jews of Europe in the decade of horror and shame: all were welcome to become citizens of the Vatican State, all were welcome in monasteries and convents of every country, and all could avail themselves, if they could reach the right persons, of the underground escape systems maintained by the Catholic clergy under the inspiration of the Pope. These were Christian doings, in the way that I have understood the word, and as my father did.

If I were asked to state the essence of Christianity I could only fall back upon the one and saving word, love. Love is the meaning, the intention. Where this prevails, no distinction can be drawn between the Church of Rome and the entire Christian Church. It may also be true for other communities which I have not so intimately experienced. We are to know God, if we ever do, through love. Pius XII and John XXIII are servants of mankind through the heart, by mercy and by compassion.

SEX—SIN OR SALVATION?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

The most striking fact about our age in regard to sex is not, so to speak, what we do about it, but our dawning recognition that *what we do about it now is up to us in a way that has never been true before.*

For the individual there are fewer restraints of a formal type. More people live in cities where sex can be more anonymous. Contraceptives guard against pregnancy. Automobiles may be conveniences for passion. Perhaps above all, the carefully restricted behavior that used to be specified for "nice girls" and was symbolized by the chaperon, is out of fashion. Young people who remain chaste to day prior to marriage do so out of conviction and constraint directed from within, not from inhibition by formal rules and arrangements of a previous generation. Decision rests much more clearly in the hands of the persons concerned than ever before.

We went through a period in the twenties when there was much talk and some action about "emancipating" sex. Sex, it was alleged in contrast to previous assertions, was to become a "private affair." From this protest movement have come some permanent gains, especially in terms of the growing spontaneity about sex within marriage on the part of women. But we are seeing now that although some aspects of sex may and should be private affairs, our society must still have mores and regulations and ideals about sex even if it establishes them in silence or without reflection.

Ultimately, the best social protections in regard to sex emerge from responsible decisions by individual persons. But it is a harder social task to help individuals make responsible decisions than it was, in former ages, to regulate behavior by rules and formal procedures. Society still has the job, but the job is much difficult and subtle.

One of the most striking facts of American life in the past fifteen to eighteen years has been the sharp increase in the birth rate. Through the late thirties social analysts predicted a declining rate, often implying that



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that best-
dressed look!

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er people would get married and would e fewer children if they did marry. The s prove otherwise. When it became possi- for more people to support families (a situ- n caused first by World War II), the more ilies there were. Despite the divorce rate, h control and a hundred other facets of dern life that are not without disquieting ects, apparently more people will enter ponsible marital unions and have children ey are given a chance to do so. And, as the ch earlier age of marriage suggests, they do so early if it is economically possible. he hold-the-line alarmists on sex ethics , therefore, talking straight against the reau of the Census. Our young people are ling their basic sex ethic in the family, be- d any previous numbers or proportion. e divorce rate seems to be declining slightly. o me the fact that is most disturbing about dern American marriages is the extent to ich they are based on "romantic" expecta- ns. There is, of course, a positive side to nance. It involves a wholly personal choice a mate. It advocates "being in love," and s potentially the merger of love and respect h spontaneous sexual desire. It is in favor 'forsaking all others," and this can mean a gle-minded commitment to spouse and ne.

Such meanings of romance are good. it may also, without so intending, demand re of a partner than he or she can fulfill. It y imply that, as soon as the particular sub- ive feeling ("being in love") disappears, marriage may be justifiably terminated. It expect sexual activity to be idyllic, wholly rlooking not only the differences between and women but also the inevitable dif- nces between any two individuals. We

He who swells in prosperity will shrink in adversity.

ENGLISH PROVERB

to retain the positive achievements of ance and get rid of the unrealism and su- ciality that sometimes accompany it.

ntil now, the principal corrective to the nance" view of marriage has been the npanionship" view. More and more ples conceive their marriage and family as involving companionship over the e range of life's experiences. Husbands e in the work of the home, and wives at keep abreast of what goes on in the hus- 's business. Social contacts usually in- the couple together. The rearing of ren is regarded as a mutual affair. All is to the good, even though it does put strains on many marriages where one er develops in a way the other cannot.

t even this is not enough. Marriage is also venant," to use the Biblical phrase. It is a nsible contract made to society as well each other. Even more important, it is amental"—in the sense that "God and ompany" have a stake in every marriage. the best marriages will have low periods. , especially, something deeper than ro- e and companionship is necessary.

ere is one more striking fact about con- orary life that has significant implications ex. The average life expectancy is about y. Almost until this century it was only more than half that figure. An average and wife, in bygone days, could ex- hey would die about the time their child- l left home, or about the time the mother ed the menopause. This is certainly not se today.

e sex life may and should go on into years, many of the old-type arguments sex behavior become irrelevant for n who have passed the childbearing age, have fulfilled their social responsibility ring a family, and to whom the old saw ex life ends with the menopause is no credible. Here is a whole realm of sex which the fact of freedom is obvious as r was in past ages. What we do with it e terrible, since it is real freedom. On her hand, sex may be part of fulfillment for the middle-aged and even beyond as it never could have been before. But unless this freedom is used to expand personal related- ness, its human value will be gone in an even more obvious sense than would be true for young people.

If we are to help the sacramental, as well as the romantic and the companionable, dimen- sions of sex to merge into an ethic of full and responsible freedom—and thereby to make sex an aspect of salvation—does this mean that we must disassociate it entirely from sin?

The answer is no. In a hundred subtle as well as crude ways, sex is still being misused, is failing to perform its true human personal and social functions, and is consequently against the will of God. But we can stop identifying sex as such with sin, and recognize that it is the distortions of sex that are sinful rather than sex as God intends it to be used.

We can also become less hesitant in assert- ing the place that sex should occupy in human fulfillment or in man's salvation. This can help sex in marriage. It can also help us to hold out a sustaining therapeutic hand, for example, to the unhappy homosexual if we are clear that homosexuality is, at best, a distorted way of achieving companionship or romance through sex, entirely eliminating the sacramental. We can unreservedly stand against a sadistic or masochistic way of sex life, while providing therapeutic help for those whose emotional tangles have distorted their perspectives.

Because of the fact of human freedom, sex can be and is being misused, and therefore will continue to be an aspect of the doctrine of sin. But sex itself is not sinful. The presence of the romantic and the companionship elements in much sex life today already takes us some distance in a positive direction. If to these we can add the sacramental, the will of God for this dimension of our existence, and produce a real union of the three—then sex may be a vital aspect of the doctrine of salvation.

END

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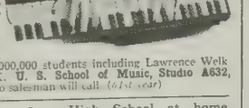
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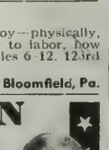
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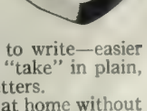
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JOURNAL

MARCH
1959
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Ladies' Home Journal

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VOL. LXXVI NO. 3

March, 1959

JOURNALITIES



Bill Fink

WILLIAM FINK, our art director, and his wife, Marion, enjoy foreign travel and they have spent many days in museums and art galleries in most of the major European cities. During a visit with the director of Spain's famous Prado museum, F. J. Sanchez Canton, Bill remarked that he was sorry the museum would be closed the next day, as it was his last in Madrid. "Then I shall keep it open in your honor," Señor Canton said. He did. "I wish I could spend more time here," our art director said when the museum was about to close late the next day. "When you retire from the JOURNAL," said the Prado's director, "you come back and I'll give you a position on our staff." Bill doesn't expect to wait that long before visiting Spain again. The immediate gleam in his eye, however, is to rent an automobile trailer and paint his way through the United States and South America. "This is an especially good dream," he says, "for the chances are it won't come true."



Arthur Hailey

What happens when both the pilot and the copilot of a large passenger plane are incapacitated during a flight? ARTHUR HAILEY and JOHN CASTLE, coauthors of *Flight Into Danger* (page 60), answer that question with almost unbearable, and completely believable, suspense. Hailey is an Englishman now a Canadian citizen living in a suburb of Toronto with his wife, Sheila, and three small children. He was an R.A.F. pilot during World War II and says he "had an unspectacular war but came out with a great love for airplanes." Londoner John Castle, not pictured, says he spends most of his time selling "everything from spray guns to magazines" and that he writes books only when he has to, and then principally to avoid gardening. He likes Dickens and Mozart; abhors TV panel games and "all forms of exercise, even vicarious exercise."



Kaatje Hurlbut

KAATJE HURLBUT (*The Visitation*, page 64) reports: "I was born in Manhattan in 1921 and thereafter advanced to the middle one of five children. I was brought up on an ample library and my parents' attitudes: my mother found everything perfectly fascinating, while my father found most things painfully amusing; it was a stimulation under which I found it impossible not to write. My undistinguished schooling has been supplemented by an inclination to work and I have spent a dozen or so years trying to learn to write (four hours a day, six days a week, God willing). My husband is a newspaperman. My children are two boys and a small girl. We live in Connecticut. My family, the people I meet and my work are my life." A find of our Discovery Dept., she sold us three stories in five weeks.

Printed in U.S.A.

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Advertisement

The Picture of Health for March



by MAXINE DAVIS

Fatigue bleaches the zest out of life for everyone occasionally. Not the pleasant weariness that follows physical exercise or the understandable fatigue of convalescence but the sort that makes you wake up thinking, "Another day to live through!" Mole-hills seem mountains, nothing's exhilarating. Why?

It could come from some physical or emotional ailment. To be on the safe side one should ask the doctor. Chances are it's nervous fatigue.

This is the season for it. For countless years past, people have had that "let-down" feeling at this time of the year. Winter's pressures have become monotonous. The family has suffered the usual colds and other ills. Bitter weather's made the daily routine a hateful drudgery. Meetings, social obligations, minor household disasters become oppressive.
Result: one sleeps fitfully, nightmarishly; appetite fails; nerves are jangled; and one becomes irritable, depressed, forgetful, butter-fingered—feels constantly tired. Menstrual periods make one tense and low. No one can go on like that very long. If she does she'll get worse, much worse, for nervous fatigue does not go away by itself.

But Spring is almost here. Every woman naturally wants her usual vitality and bounce. There's so much to do—housecleaning to begin, children's clothes to ready for milder days, early garden chores to get under way. How is she going to cope when it's an effort even to put on a little lipstick?

The answer used to be, "Take a tonic." Today, however, it is "Take BEXEL SPECIAL FORMULA." You see, people have long tended to sustain vague disabilities at the end of winter which can be the result of vitamin deficiency. In the days when fresh fruits and vegetables were scarce doctors called this condition "spring sickness," and prescribed "tonics."

Modern woman can have the same trouble —inadequate daily supply of essential vitamins and minerals over a prolonged period; then the complaint, "I'm just too tired to eat." As indeed she is! It takes energy to eat, and proper nutrition is the only fuel that generates energy. To re-charge her system, to regain her normal vim she needs a proper diet and tonic-type BEXEL SPECIAL FORMULA.

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BEXEL SPECIAL FORMULA also contains many other vitamins and minerals which may be in inadequate supply in the average woman's diet. Together they constitute a power-house of regenerative factors. If you need vitamins, one capsule a day makes all the difference in the world in health and well-being.

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all the meat is beef

OUR READERS WRITE US

"I Can't Wait to be an Old Lady"

Sacramento, California

Dear Editors: The world is an old lady's oyster. She has it made.

This profound conviction came to me more than twenty years ago right from a genuine and practicing old lady. This dear soul was in her late eighties, had the keenest zest for living I ever saw, ate like a horse, belonged to everything in town, never had a free weekend and attributed it all to the fact that she made a career of being an old lady. "Honey," she said, "you can do all the things you never had the nerve to do before. You can speak to anyone, you can say anything that comes into your head—and if you do something that is really *too* naughty, all you have to do is look kind of vague and everyone will say, 'Well, she's old, she doesn't really realize ——'" She winked wickedly. "Of course there are a few things you can do to get ready for it. Take care of your health, for one. For another, look forward to it."

You might say that I have since become a student of old ladyism, and I have learned a lot. Most old ladies seem to like being old ladies. When you find one who is a whining, miserable pain in the neck, ten to one she did not like being a middle-aged lady, or a young lady or a child. Don't count her. She's out to give the whole organization a black eye.

You don't even have to take my word for it. How many times have you described someone as a "sweet little old lady"? Dozens. If she is not a complete heller, *every* old lady is automatically a "sweet little old lady." Just think back to some TV programs you've seen. Sweet little old thing up there with the master of ceremonies! The audience is for her even before she has opened her mouth.

(Before some plaintive little voice asks, "But what about the old men? Isn't everything the same for them?" I want to answer. No. It's a man's world, perhaps, but not in the world of old age. Oh, he can be an Old Codger. Or a Nice Old Guy, or even a Fine Old Gentleman. But let *him* cut up on a TV program or flirt and the reaction is usually, "Look at the old fool. Who does he think he is?" It doesn't seem a bit fair, but that's the way it is, and I only mention it in passing.)

The nice thing about the old-lady business is the latitude. You can even choose your own type. You don't *have* to be the Spring Byington or the Billie Burke type. The old lady who first gave me the idea was definitely the Edna May Oliver type right down to the black umbrella. If you happen to be plump, the Dear Old White-Aproned Grandmother with the cooky jar may be for you. Or if you have always been two-fisted, you can still come into your own by being the Gruff, Crusty but with Heart of Gold type. If you are tired of doing things for yourself, you can be the Sweet, Helpless type. In fact, you can even let go completely and be the Absent-Minded Sloppy type. Who else can get on a bus, clad in an old wool skirt, pajama top, feather boa, sneakers, battered straw hat, and carrying a shopping bag, bunch of grapes and a roll of chicken wire, and be treated like Queen Victoria? An Old Lady—that's who!

Esthetically, of course, the Billie Burke and Spring Byington types are the acme of perfection. But almost in the same class is the Gentlewoman of the Old School. The Dowager Queen comes along in this category too. Or maybe you don't fit into any of these pictures. For myself, I have come to no conclusion except that I'm going to be waiting for it with a complete supply of ammunition.

Every day thousands of dollars are spent by women who are trying to hang onto youth. Thousands of articles and books are written on the fascinating subject of staying young. I wish someone would honestly tell me why. There is such joy at every age that I cannot imagine wanting to hold onto one phase of life at the cost of another. A person may want to stay young in *heart* and in *mind*, but why must she also stay young in face? There is real beauty in age if we will allow such a thing in our lives. I know. I've seen it. I am aiming to have it too.

Stay young if *you* want to. I'm going to get out my laces and lavender in a few years and have a ball.

Yours,
MOLLY CROWDIS

Letter From a Woman Doctor

3:30 A.M.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: I write to ask your help, in the name of all your readers, because we believe in you.

I am a young medical doctor, female, finishing my last year in a metropolitan hospital, and tonight I have watched a thirty-three-year-old mother die a totally wasteful death, of a disease which could have been arrested easily if it had been diagnosed early. The scandal is that she has been under the care of a very reputable doctor, and has had a "checkup" *every six months for the last ten years*. Only when she was very ill, and came to the hospital in desperation, was her illness diagnosed, and easily, by a *thorough* routine exam.

This young woman is only one of the many cases which come to us through similar circumstances. *A check on the heart and blood pressure, coupled with a nice chat about the children's health, does not constitute an adequate medical examination.* The women of America should know this, and they should be armed with an understanding of all the procedures vital to a routine checkup if they are to benefit from early diagnosis.

Perhaps we have the age of specialization to blame for this, but every doctor's case load will lighten, and every family will be blessed with better health, if we practice what we preach, that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

A heartsick and horrified woman

▶ ***Any medical checkup should include a chest X ray, urinalysis, blood count, and examination of the breasts and reproductory organs. For a reprint of our Self-Examination for Cancer of the Breast, write us. ED.***

Hot Stuff

Maplewood, Rhode Island

Dear Lovely People: With the dishes waiting to be washed, I sit down to write you. The reason? Completely at a loss as to what to feed my family for supper, I sat leafing through a JOURNAL, and to my joy, which is abounding (I am beside myself actually!), I found the words "red-pepper relish." At long last my marriage will be complete. For years I have heard of this fabulous delicacy. I hunted and asked people—even the historical society—while my husband just sat at the table and gazed into space and said, "I'd like some red-pepper relish."

If you ever get out here to Rhode Island, come in and see what your relish will do for my marriage.

Good-by now, and thank you!
SHIRLEY M. GREENE

"We 'Adopted' a Korean Orphan"

Palos Verdes Estates, California

Dear Editors: Six years ago, a letter, "Knit for a Korean Child?" by William J. Sneider, appeared in the JOURNAL.

Although knitting baffled me, I sent in for the directions, as I needed worth-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 55

From this very moment...

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I have enclosed two Zest bar wrappers (any size) and 25¢ to help defray expenses. Please send me a Hazel Bishop lipstick. My hair color is: Blond_ Brunette_ Brownette_ Redhead_ Grey_.
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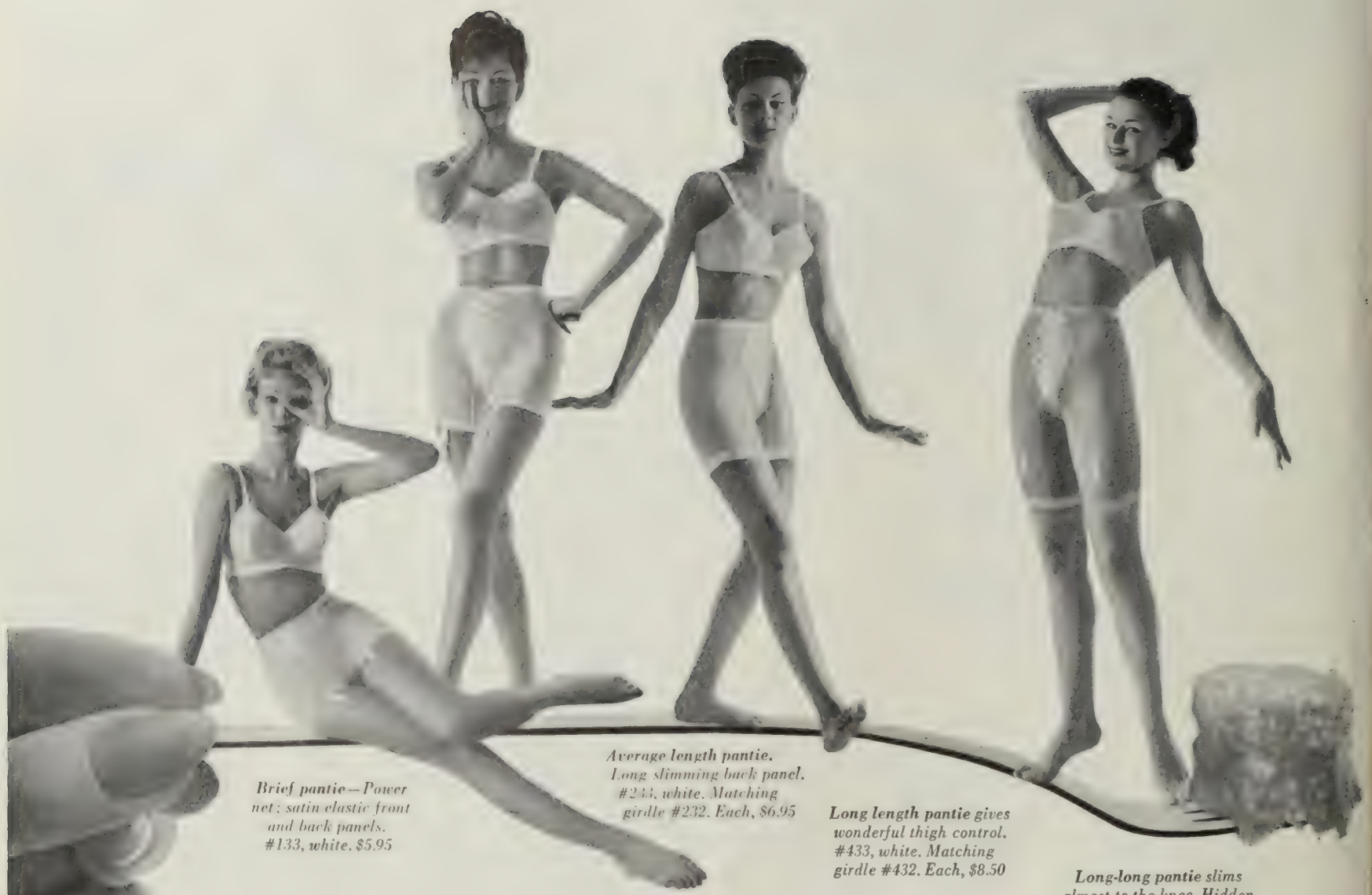
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County of New York } : SS.:

Miles A. Wallach, President of M. A. Wallach Research, Inc., an independent research company, being duly sworn, hereby deposes and says: that I have read all the dentists' postcards from which the quotations on this page were taken; that the quotations are true and authentic; and that the cards were all postmarked in the cities named.

Miles A. Wallach

Sworn to before me this
15th day of December, 1958.

Richard B. Jablow

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
BRUCE GOULD
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SAMUEL CHAMBERLAIN

King's Chapel, in Boston, built in 1749, is both this country's first Unitarian church and the first Episcopal church in New England. The imposing pulpit and the suavity of the over-all proportions make this probably the finest colonial church interior in America.

THE RUSSIAN POET-PROPHETS

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

If I had not been ill and confined to bed I doubt whether I should have read, as it should be read, the Nobel-prize-winning Russian novel by Boris Pasternak, Doctor Zhivago.

In the hospital I was isolated from all except brief visits by my immediate family, and Pasternak's novel was the only book I had taken with me. I was able, therefore, to read it slowly, uninterrupted except by hospital routines, and to lay it aside only to think about it.

Before I read it I knew of the international commotion it had stirred: that the Russian state publishing house and a leading literary journal, Novy Mir, had rejected it; that Pasternak had been forbidden to accept the Nobel prize, with its large monetary award; that the manuscript had been brought out of Russia by a woman unconnected with the publishing business; that it had first come into print in Italian, British and American translations; and that despite the skepticism of numerous publishers who doubted its commercial appeal, its sales were mounting in this country to half a million and the Italian and English versions were selling in Europe as fast as they appeared.

In the land of its origin, where its author had long been accepted as an outstanding writer-poet, it was unknown to readers.

Especially in this country the book's appearance and the circumstances attending it were being hailed as a trump in the Cold War. It may have been partly such political emphases that postponed my reading it. For if it was a great book, as some thought, and the work of a true artist, it would not be a piece of propaganda.

Now, I am writing this to record that though Doctor Zhivago, by the fates of its characters and by open comment in the mouths of the most sympathetic of them, rejects Communism in its past and existent manifestations, it rejects a great deal more that is symptomatic to greater or less degree of all nations and civilizations in the world today.

Doctor Zhivago is a rejection of the wholesale sociopolitical organization of man, including his very soul; of the mechanization and direction of every function of his life, whether by the state or by organizations outside it; of the subjection of his mind and spirit to the organized group, and of the disruption (amounting to schizophrenia) that thereby occurs between his inner being and his outward behavior. And not only his inner being as an individual but the inherited inner being, formed, largely unconsciously, by memory, religion, tradition, art and conscience.

It is a rejection of the concept that man and society can be creatively transformed by *any* "ideology"; by the application of *any* sociopolitical formula; by "Marxism," or "Democratic Socialism," "social engineering," "social adjustment," "social capitalism," the idealization of the nation or by any means except man's inner transformation, through faith, friendship, mutual aid and love, in a true and organic community imbued with grace. Without that inner transformation, that reawakening of the individual and collective soul, which no state or powerful apparatus outside the state can ever, of itself, bring to pass, man will be at war with himself, at war with his neighbors, and nations at war with one another.

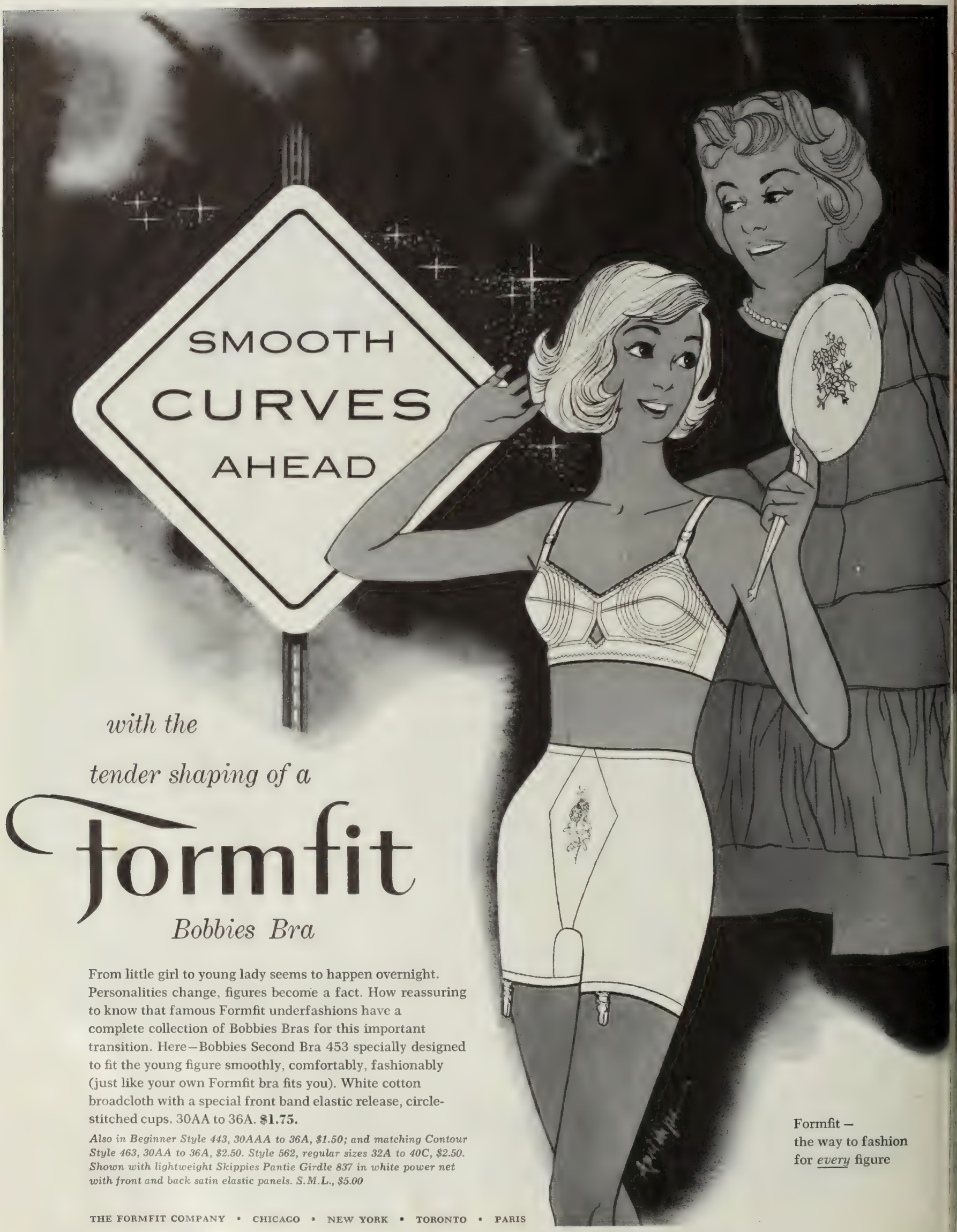
The universal interest awakened by this book is that it deals, against a Russian background, with a universal malaise, of which Communism is the apotheosis without being wholly unique. Yet this book is also a declaration of faith, not expressed as a preachment, but largely by implication, through the characters and behavior of the people the author creates. Pasternak believes that men and women, and perhaps Russians especially, want to be good; that the transformation *will* take place, as though by natural law, until a society evolves far beyond the limits of Russia, in which men and women are able to exercise their deepest instincts for goodness, without disharmony between themselves and the state and society in which they live.

This is pure faith, but it is the faith of the artist, who in all times and places has been the truest recorder of what is, and the prophetic harbinger of what is to come.

Pasternak's Communist heresy is to assert, through the medium of powerful poetry and fiction, that the Russia created by the revolution is not the *summa* of all the ages, and that it has not fulfilled the greatest need of man's soul, which is to love and be loved, to trust and be trusted, and to live in a society where

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

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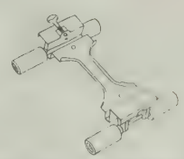
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

his best and noblest instincts are not perpetually suppressed and betrayed.

Thus Pasternak, *like all the greatest Russian writers*, comes by way of doubt and intellectual skepticism to what T. S. Eliot has called "the idea of a Christian society"—not a Christian society measured by church memberships and adherence to formal dogma and ritual. "Salvation lies not in loyalty to forms but in throwing them off." It is loyalty to the spirit which redeems. The greatest transformer of man and society, acknowledged by Pasternak, was born in Galilee and brought to the world the most liberating concept ever enunciated, that man, though sinful, can through penitence win forgiveness and redemption, and through love achieve harmony and peace. It is not a complicated gospel, but a simple one.

Pasternak is not a counterrevolutionist nostalgic for the past. He believes that what started in Russia four decades ago is not half fulfilled. Looking through the eyes of his characters at Russia, it is less the terrors and sufferings caused by Communism and its way openers, war and civil war, that seem to Pasternak, speaking through Doctor Zhivago and many other characters, the source of mental and even physical breakdown. It is, among other things, the corruption and banalization of the word. "What is it that prevents me from being a doctor and a writer!" Zhivago exclaims. "I think it is not our privations or our wanderings or our unsettled lives, but the prevalent spirit of high-flown rhetoric, which has spread everywhere—phrases such as 'the dawn of the future,' 'the building of a new world,' 'the torchbearers of mankind' . . . it's so pompous just because it's so unimaginative and second-rate."

One doesn't have to be a Russian to have become fed up with such rhetoric and false patriotism from the mouths of politicians or their ghost writers. And if Zhivago attacks Commissar-man, the criticism is applicable within measure to all bureaucracies, governmental and extra-governmental, everywhere waxing more monstrous, impersonal and arrogant, and everywhere "selling" themselves by slogans.

Reading this novel brought with it a related experience. For the first time since the Russian revolution I felt myself back in the main stream of great Russian literature, realizing with gratitude what a transforming influence it has had on my own life.

Although I had begun to read the English classics almost as soon as I could read at all, and had added to these translations from the most famous West European writers, Russian literature was *terra incognita* to me until my twenties. Then I began to read Tolstoi, Turgenev, Gogol, Gorki and—above all—Fyodor Dostoevsky*—and, for a long time, was tempted to read nothing else in the field of literature.

I had never set foot in Russia nor expected to do so. I encountered the same difficulties that the reader will find in Pasternak: inadequate and awkward translations, and characters who wander in and out without apparent motivation or adequate identification. They are called in one paragraph by Christian and surname, in the next by a diminutive, and sometimes in the next by another. The American edition of Doctor Zhivago does identify the principal characters by their various nomenclatures, but there are many not so identified. But this is all secondary.

What I found in Russian literature, and above all in Dostoevsky, was an insight into human motives and relations, more profound than any I had hitherto discovered; a scope and understanding of human beings from criminal depths of depravity to breath-taking sainthood—and sometimes in the same person—and a love of humanity as boundless as their vast country; an unshakable faith in human redemption; and a prophetic gift incomparable in modern secular literature.

Afterward I was to read Freud and oth modern psychologists, but it always seemed me that although they contributed much way of explanation they added little if an thing to the insights of the greatest Russian

Because of this, it has never been possib for me to decry or despise the Russians as semibarbaric people. Despite widespread ill eracy and backwardness, Russia, since h emergence as a unified nation, has always pr duced men of towering genius, in the science in engineering, in music, drama and literatur The Russian capacity to absorb the best (a the worst) from Western culture is w known. But Russia has always given h own unique and original stamp to everythin

Such is the evocative power of great liter ture that when I finally reached Russia I four it familiar rather than strange. The landsca was as I knew it from the Russian writers whose novels it plays such a role—and n where more so than in Pasternak. For t passionate and protean soul had as his fi interest the natural sciences and especia botany. He adds to the artist's eye the discer ment that distinguishes every fern fro conifer and berry. Sometimes the landsca the desolate *taiga*, the deep-frozen waters a winters, the ebullient springs ever recurring a miracle of resurrection seem like the ch protagonists of the novel. Above all, the sil snow, blanketing with its purity rubble, r and blood, and frustrating invaders, revo tionaries and counterrevolutionaries alike.

Despotism can no more exist in a nation until the liberty of the press be destroyed than the night can happen before the sun is set.

CHARLES CALEB COLTON

This is a recurrent the of Russian poets. And theme there is little unic to Russian literature Pasternak's Doctor Zhiva or other smaller works t I have read.

Pasternak records, no vel form and thus throu human characters and fat the latter part of the ca clysm that began shak that vast country in early nineteenth centu with the Napoleonic invasion and reached apogee in this age.

But although Pasternak does not draw characters from previous writers, in Doc Zhivago one finds archetypes recurrent Russian literature. There is Antipov, dedicated lover of humanity with the instit and capacity to wield power, conscien ridden by the wrongs he commits in its ex cise, finally stripped of power by its shifts dilemma that could end only in conversi or, as it did in Antipov's case, suicide. We h met such problematic characters before.

Here one sees again, in the person Zhivago's half brother Evgvaf, the saintl almost mystical-mythical character who pears (apparently from nowhere!) in the da est hours, bringing healing. He, too, is a p totype. One finds even the crime recurren Russian literature—in Dostoevsky in b The Possessed and The Brothers Karamazo and always appearing as the most abhorr of evils: the seduction of a child or young by an older man whom she trusts, the betra of innocence, the corruption of life at source. It is the crime of the only real vill in the book, the cynical Komarovsky.

But I cannot imagine that in any novel b contemporary Westerner Komarovsky wo be presented as an embodiment of evil! At outbreak of the revolution he is an able, s cessful, sophisticated lawyer, the kind of m who, when the revolution comes, is able establish "contacts," to be tipped off in vance of coming turns of events. He has an bred self-importance and an inborn sens self-preservation. He does not rape the a lescent Lara; he does it with flowers. She over it—so what? Isn't he just like everyb else who is smart? He is not actively wick He is only morally *indifferent*. But that, Russian literature, is recurrently the branc the damned.

And here again are those Russian wome 100 per cent women—who, in love, give ev thing; ready to sacrifice their very lives

CONTINUED ON PAGE 159

* For those who would like to refresh their memories of Dostoevsky, or perhaps be tempted to read him for the first time, see "Fyodor Dostoevsky, Insight, Faith, and Prophecy," by René Fülöep-Miller, Chas. Scribner and Sons, New York, 1950.

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BY DOROTHY GRAY





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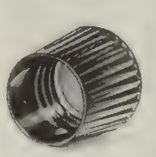
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DR. SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHERS

Children's fears—their meaning and how parents can help

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

"The evidence that we have suggests that it is not possible to explain the facts of life to a three-year-old in such a way that it prevents all worry."



ABBOT MILLS

The main thing to avoid is giving a child the feeling that his behavior might make the parent reject him altogether.

Last month, in response to several letters I about fears in young children, I described some of the tensions that develop—underneath the surface—in the age period between three and six years. Because of a boy's sexual nature and his identification with his father, his love of his mother takes on an increasingly romantic and possessive quality. Girls feel that way about their fathers. But since these children are also becoming more aware of the fact that their parents belong primarily to each other, this leads to feelings of jealousy and resentment. At moments the child has the wish to banish or harm the parent of the same sex. In his childish thinking he imagines that the parent is equally rivalrous with him, and this frightens him.

The sexual side of the normal child's nature at three and four and five also shows up in his curiosity about the genitals of others, his tendency to become involved in sex play—with others and with himself.

Several factors combine to make little boys and girls anxious about their genitals. They start out by assuming that others are made like themselves. When they see that this isn't so, they usually imagine that a girl was meant to have a penis, too, but that something must have happened to it. They then assume that something might happen to the boy's too. Parents' warnings about possible harm from masturbation may reinforce such fears. We have learned from the study of child-guidance cases and the observation of normal children that when a little boy is most jealous of his father he feels like harming his penis. He takes it for granted that his father knows this and might want to do the same thing to him, as punishment. A little girl, trying to explain to herself why she isn't made like a boy, is apt to blame her mother for not having made her right or for having done something to her, as punishment.

I emphasized that the rivalrous feelings and the fears about genital injury do not remain on the surface. They get quickly repressed into the child's unconscious mind because they are too frightening, and because the child, at the same time, loves the parent of the same sex and is dependent on his approval. So the anxieties show up only indirectly—in nightmares, in senseless worries about broken things around the house, in phobias about animals and giants and witches and cripples. Now, as I promised, I'd like to discuss some of the practical aspects of this stage of development.

First is the question of what should be done to help children who develop nightmares or fear of the dark, or phobias about animals or cripples, or other symptoms, in the three-to-six-year-old period. Do they need professional help? It is impossible to give an arbitrary answer. It depends on at least three more questions: How severe is the symptom? How long is it lasting? How is the child getting along in other respects?

A fair proportion of children develop occasional nightmares or mild phobias at this age, which last for a few weeks or months and then gradually disappear. If a child with a temporary symptom of this slight degree also has a good relationship with both his parents, is not tied to their apron strings, is not too difficult for them to manage, if he seeks the company of other children and is able to hold his own with them, then I think there would be no cause for the parent to worry or to try to get professional help.

On the other hand, if the nightmares occur regularly for months, or the child worries a lot about injuries or diseases or bogeymen or animals; if he is overdependent on one parent, or overawed by or defiant of the other parent; if he constantly handles his genitals (aside from the times when he has a full bladder) or is anxiously obsessed with getting other children undressed; if, as occasionally happens, a boy is so afraid of being a boy that he consistently pretends that he is a girl, or if a girl has such a resentment of being her sex that she *always* insists on acting as if she were a boy, then the evidence is strong that the child is not coping adequately with the strains of this "Oedipal" period and needs some help from a child-guidance clinic or private psychiatrist. In communities where no child guidance is available there may be a family social agency to help the mother cope with the child's problem.

More important for most parents is to know how to guide their child through such a stage of development so that he doesn't get too mixed up.

What course should they take in regard to the occasional genital play which occurs in most normal, wholesome children around three and four years (in contrast to the constant handling of the anxious child)? At first the child may be so unaware of any possible disapproval that he makes no effort to hide it and even tells his parent that he does it because it feels good. I think the answer will vary somewhat, depending on the parents' beliefs. On the one hand are parents who are well aware of the medical view that no physical or emotional harm results from genital play itself in a well-adjusted child, who have no strong moral or religious objections to it, and who are not particularly bothered by it. They can matter-of-factly say something to the effect that this is not considered polite in public, just as urinating in public is not considered polite. A few parents might ask why it is necessary to go even this far. It perhaps would not be in one of the lands where childhood masturbation is not disapproved of by anyone. But in our country many people consider genital play in childhood wrong, and almost everybody objects to seeing it in public. This is why most child psychiatrists, I think, would advise parents to inhibit it this far. It doesn't help a child to bring him up thinking it's all right to offend the sensibilities of the community.

The same advice applies to sex play between different children, which is likely to be disapproved of by the majority of parents in any neighborhood and which will give a bad reputation to the child who persists in it.

Many parents whose religion definitely disapproves of genital play, or whose upbringing makes them distinctly uncomfortable when they see it in their children, despite what they have heard about medical opinion, will naturally want to discourage it, not only in public but in private too. (Lots of parents who thought they had got over any disapproval are

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

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BABY FOODS

FREMONT, MICHIGAN

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quite surprised to find how anxiously they react when they unexpectedly find their child involved in it.) I think that parents who disapprove of or are bothered by genital play should discourage it—in a considerate way. They can't be good parents in other respects if they are uncomfortable with their children in one respect. Children always sense what their parents' feelings are. They prefer—most of the time—to be helped to conform. They aren't comfortable with parents who disapprove but who are trying to suppress their disapproval. The main things to avoid are giving the child the feeling that he (or she) will injure himself, or be injured, and giving him the feeling that this behavior is *much* worse than other kinds of misbehavior and might even make the parent reject him altogether.

Genital play can usually be discouraged, just the way other disapproved behavior can be discouraged, by the parent's simply saying, "Mother doesn't want you to do it," or "It isn't polite," in a firm but trusting tone which implies, "I know that you'll do your best." When parents prohibit running into the street, it's usually done in a manner which clearly shows that it is the act which is disapproved. But sometimes when parents are disturbed by an act which has moral implication (stealing is another example), their anxiety may prompt them to land on the child with such a vigorous condemnation of *him*—as a person—that he doubts his own goodness and fears his parents will stop loving him altogether.

Another reason for not using threats of injury or of withdrawal of love for genital play is that we believe that even very obedient small children will yield to the temptation again on a few occasions (just as almost all adolescents do) with the inevitable increase in the sense of dread or unworthiness.

Circumcision is particularly inadvisable at this age, as you can imagine, because of the likelihood that the child will misinterpret it.

Another field for the practical application of our knowledge about the Oedipal stage of development is in answering young children's questions about the physical differences between boys and girls. To be realistic about it from the start, the evidence that we have suggests that it is not possible to explain the facts of life to a three-year-old in such a way that it prevents all worry about genital injury. But what is desirable is to keep the fear within reasonable bounds.

If parents realize how likely small children are to conclude that a girl was meant to have a penis and that a boy might easily lose his, they will be somewhat prepared to understand the meaning behind some of their children's questions, and to answer in a way that will be as reassuring as possible.

One trouble is that little children's questions so often pop out unexpectedly, not in the privacy of the home but in public. I've heard many stories about the discovery of sex differences at the beach. When a three-year-old girl points in amazement at the first boy she sees undressed and asks, "What's that?" or a boy says loudly, "Where's her wee-wee?" a polite mother's instinct is to say "Hush!" or "Don't point!" or to change the subject quickly. These responses aren't reassuring to a child who's just beginning to worry that there skulduggery going on.

In the home it's less embarrassing. But mo parents are surprised to see how they tense u when the first question comes, how they a swer in an unfamiliar tone of voice, how th tend to give an evasive reply or even preter not to have heard.

When a new baby of the opposite sex com home from the hospital, a child between tw and six who has not seen nudity before is a to ask questions the first time there is a diap change or bath. If he is too startled to ask, t parent can usually see the concern written his face.

More uncertain still is the situation in whi an only child is approaching five or six yea of age and has presumably not seen oth children or his parents undressed. I think th degree of innocence is actually much ra than is usually assumed. There are few fan lies which have so much space and priva that a child sometime won't blunder into bathroom or bedroom at a moment of u dress, especially in these days of small hom and less modesty. Outside the home there a the unexpected glimpses in the neighbo bathroom, at beaches, behind bushes in par in public toilets. There are the episodes wh children deliberately undress, out of mutu curiosity, which are apt to happen occasio ally unless they are constantly supervis There are statues in museums and pho graphs of statues in books. On the farm and zoos there are the animals, and everywh there are dogs.

But whether a small child has seen much little, we should assume that his nature ma him curious and sensitive. We can be on lookout for direct questions, for veiled qu tions and for unspoken questions.

When the question comes, we need to plain, of course, that boys are made differ from girls, and to give examples from amo the child's friends and relatives. But psych trists have learned that when a child is up by a question that's hard for him to face, not so effective to rush in with a hurried re surance as it is to take a little time to get worry out in the open first, so that the reass ance can hit the target. When the mot senses anxiety in her daughter's questions, may be able to take time to explain: "Tha the way a boy does wee-wee. It is calle penis. Sometimes when a girl sees that a has a penis, she wonders why she doesn't h one. She thinks she was meant to have too. She thinks maybe she isn't made righ maybe she had a penis once but someth happened to it. But that's not right. G aren't meant to have penises. All girls ladies are meant to be made different fr boys and men," and so on.

It's well to remember that such start news as this cannot be understood in one ting, nor will it remain understood for lon this stage of rapid psychological growth. If child has grasped it at all, and if he has that his mother is willing to explain, he mull it over and then reopen the questio day, a month, a year later. It's even more portant then for the parent to listen attenti to his later questions to see where he is stra and where he is mixed up still.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

A mother who has been too surprised by the first question to give a satisfactory answer needn't worry that the opportunity has been lost forever. If the child doesn't ask more in the next day or two, she can open up the subject again at a convenient time by saying, "I was thinking about that question you asked me the other day."

What about the child who asks no questions—at three or four or at five? We believe, from all professional experiences in the past quarter century, that there is no such thing as no awareness, no curiosity about such matters. We think that the child who has raised no question has either become too anxious to ask, or has picked up some clue—from the parent's manner when he did try an earlier question—which told him this was a rather embarrassing subject. Then the parent needs to be a bit more attentive to the indirect questions: "Is a cow a mommy or a daddy?" "How does a doll go wee-wee?" My favorite example is a little girl who gazed thoughtfully at her plate and asked, "Is a frankfurter a boy or a girl?" Then there are all the actions which speak louder than words. A girl may be discovered trying to urinate standing up like a boy. Almost all little girls and boys, when they pick up a doll or a toy animal, instinctively turn it upside down for a quick glance at the genital area. Any such episode gives a mother the chance to observe, "I guess you have been

The longing for love that both men and women feel, the clamor and grasping for love obviously does not come from full hearts that must give; full hearts usually overflow quite simply and with little fuss. . . . We thirst for love's denial that we are small, we want its reversal of truth, its enhancement of value, its turning of aloneness into uniqueness.

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wondering lately about why girls are made different from boys."

One other matter belongs in this discussion, even if it has to be summarized briefly: the question of parental modesty or nudity, about which I wrote more fully a couple of years ago. There has been a vigorous reaction in this century away from the extreme modesty and prudishness of the Victorian age. A great many parents today are fairly casual about letting their children in the room when they are dressing or bathing. Child psychiatrists have raised doubts whether the effect of this on children is as wholesome as was originally hoped. They have evidence that, in certain cases at least, a mother's nudity may be too exciting for her small son, the father's nudity too stimulating to his daughter. It accentuates the child's possessive wish for one parent and his rivalry with the other. Furthermore, in the case of the boy, the sight of his father undressed can exaggerate his enviousness and antagonism. I have heard a number of times from fathers how their small sons made grabbing motions, half joking, half resentful.

It's easy to see that the small child's relationship to his parents, which is so much more intense than to anyone else, makes their nudity a special situation.

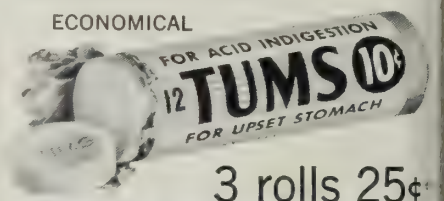
I don't think we have enough knowledge today to say surely whether parental nudity is inadvisable in all families. The psychiatrists have secured their evidence from the study of children who have problems. Obviously a lot of children have grown up quite normal, as far as anyone can see, with parents who were more or less nudists at home. But this doesn't prove that the nudity was no strain at all on them. My own feeling is that, until we know more, it is sensible to advise parents to lean in the direction of reasonable modesty.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—Ed.

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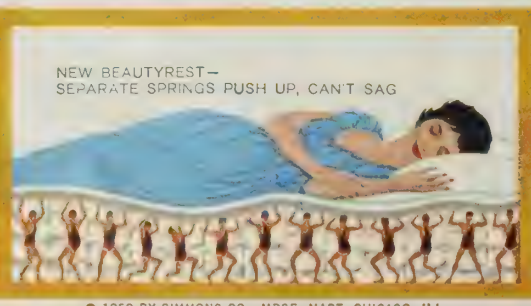
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HOW TO FIND TIME FOR LIVING AND HOUSEWORK

By JUNE MacLIESH

When June MacLiesh followed her heart to the West and started to keep house on a ranch, she was strictly an amateur. She grew up at a time and in circumstances where housewifely accomplishments were unimportant—indeed unnecessary. June has a right to pride in meeting the challenge—and pleasure in the resulting rewards. None of us faces the same demands; some of us have more interruptions but all of us do well to search out what is important and concentrate there. Each workable plan will be different as it helps to accomplish individual aims for finding time for living and housework. —ED.

The other night I found my two-year-old son on the doorstep, huffing and puffing energetically into the brilliant darkness. Gathering him in from the cold, I asked:

"Darling, what *are* you doing?"

"Trying to blow out the moon, mummie," he replied, with a smile that brought bewitching dimples to his long upper lip.

An absurd and delightful notion. Yet to a great number of mothers today, the feeling that we must, at times, exert ourselves, if not beyond our strength, at any rate beyond our inclinations, is probably a familiar one.

Many of us now rearing families have discovered how alarmingly little we were taught while growing up about the mechanics of homemaking. Those of us that married men who, possibly for the same reason, have exaggerated ideas of what one woman can reasonably accomplish in a day have a double problem. This might help explain why marriage counselors are finding that *poor housekeeping has become a major factor in marriage disturbances today.*

I married at the age of thirty-three, had my first baby eleven months later, and thirteen months after that a second child arrived. A year spent working on a ranch had given me some idea of how to cook, wash and iron. Up to that time I had prepared only the simplest dishes, had never used either a pressure cooker or washing machine, and it took me twenty minutes to iron a man's shirt.

The memory of the first time I prepared a meal for ten people still gives me cold shivers. I arose at 6 A.M. to give myself plenty of time for the task and labored mightily all day. Once I was blown clear across the room when I finally remembered to put a match to the gas oven (it had been turned on, but not lit, for quite a while). When somebody came into the kitchen shortly before supper for a drink of water, I was so unnerved I burst into tears.

By the end of the year, what I had learned seemed a great store of knowledge. But I was soon to discover that "some idea" is a poor substitute for the several years of experience it takes to acquire the *unshakable* confidence and efficiency a mother needs to carry her through her day. With experience comes a kind of sixth sense that reminds us to turn off the faucet before hurrying to investigate a crash followed by anguished howls; brings to our attention the barely audible whisper of rice starting to stick; tells, without unnecessary peeks, just about when a cake is ready to come out of the oven; gives us a timely nudge when we are about to wax ourselves into a corner. Experience and the sixth sense (or more accurately a sharpening of certain senses) help us avoid needless and foolish mistakes that lead to muddle, tension and delay.

In my case everything went fairly well until the second child was walking. We were by then living on our own ranch, and what with the care of the children (both at that time under three), extra men to cook for during the summer, housework, washing and ironing; a large lawn to mow, the care of the vegetable garden, bookkeeping—all the extra jobs a ranch woman takes on to help her invariably overworked husband—I was beginning to feel like a ship about to sink with all hands.

I looked around, and what I saw was more encouraging than flattering to my pride. Other mothers, many with more children and fewer conveniences than I, appeared to be managing considerably better. The one whose circumstances most closely matched mine was a young woman I shall call Josie. She and her husband and their two little boys, then aged two and three, have their own ranch. I have a dishwasher, an electric scrubber-polisher. Josie has neither of these. I have a gas furnace and cookstove. Josie cooks on a wood range, and her house is heated by wood-burning stoves and a large open fireplace. Though her husband saws the wood, Josie usually brings it into the house. She does the twice-daily milking. I have to milk only when my husband is away. Both of us have conventional washing machines of ancient vintage, for which about thirty gallons of water have to be carried from kitchen to washhouse by bucket. When I was making heavy weather of this, it was puzzling to find her taking it in her stride. I could call on her as early as ten o'clock in the morning and find a tidy house, bread baked, delicious pies made for dinner, and Josie perhaps sitting serenely at the sewing machine making something for one of the boys. She is never too busy to stop and visit over a cup of coffee. "How does she do it?" I used to wonder. I was gnawed by envy, admiration—a great curiosity.

As we got to know each other better, I discovered that as early as she could remember she had been cooking, cleaning house, helping with the washing and ironing—working right along with her mother at whatever had to be done. When she married, everything about the day-to-day busyness of her life was familiar, and her only adjustment was to marriage itself, and later on to motherhood. She'd absorbed in a pleasantly gradual way experience that many of us had to acquire in much less time, and when we were also making major adjustments to marriage, maybe a change

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of environment, and having children of our own.

The only person I know who admits to being a poor housekeeper told me, "Mother never would let me help her. She always said it was easier to do everything herself. Now my thirteen-year-old daughter can run rings around me in the house."

If these thoughts and the questions they evoked gave no clue to solving my problems, they made me see the importance of giving children, especially girls, training in skills they will find invaluable when they marry and have homes of their own. Even if the help situation were ever to change for the better, such knowledge would always be useful.

We would not expect a daughter to earn her living as a secretary without previous training in shorthand and typewriting. (And the solution would scarcely be for mother to fly to the rescue, notebook and pencil at the ready.) Although we think of marriage as *a* career, modern marriage often combines the elements of several careers and professions—children's nurse, cook, typist, bookkeeper, laundress, *chauffeuse*, and so on—to say nothing of the less easily defined roles of wife and mother.

Realizing that, unless I could somehow extricate myself from my own difficulties, I would be a sorry example for the children, I sat down with a notebook and pencil, and listed my problems under several headings. I was heartened to find that, considered separately, they seemed rather less formidable.

These were the problems I hoped to solve:

Housework and cooking take up the whole morning and a good part of the afternoon. Yet gardening and outside work will somehow have to be fitted in during the summer as well.

Only choose in marriage a woman whom you would choose as a friend if she were a man. JOSEPH JOUBERT

How to do the big weekly wash and still get the noon meal by 12:30. (One day I washed intermittently from 9 A.M. until 5 P.M., at which point black smoke began pouring out of the machine.)

How can I make the children feel welcome as I work around the house when I'm always in a rush? How can I find time to play with them when I'm always tired?

If experienced people can do these things, so can I. I shall find a substitute for experience.

During four months of experimenting, many solutions were tried, and either discarded or written down for further trial. Gradually a plan began to emerge. Making it work was at times as absorbing as fitting together the pieces in a complicated puzzle. If it has not done *quite* everything I had hoped—washing and waxing still sometimes overlap into the afternoon—even so the results it *has* produced are a tremendous improvement over the plight in which I had become involved. My outlook on life is brighter. I find myself searching eagerly for solutions. I now expect to cope with household problems, instead of trying to adapt to them.

As soon as I took time out to think about it, it became clear that I would have to cut down on housework. If appliances are overloaded, however much work there is for them to do, they not only give poor service, but wear out faster than they should. The difference is that *they* can be replaced.

To find out how to cut down—just where to begin—was not easy. Two things helped to make it possible.

Making a definite plan for the week, rather than trying in a haphazard fashion to do as much as possible each day, was the first step. The reassuring knowledge that every job has its day helps remove the feeling that floors must be scrubbed the moment they no longer look perfect.

For psychological reasons I wrote down and timed every household task done each

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

How old is she?



Mrs. Herbold of Hollywood looks much younger than she is because she avoids gray hair with Herbold Pomade. Is she 30-40-60? What's your guess?

Amazing *Herbold* Pomade

Tones Down Grayness Hair Looks Young Again

If the years have stolen the natural color and oils from your hair, leaving streaks of dry lifeless gray, making you look older than you really are, simply use Herbold Pomade instead of your regular hair dressing. Massage it in with fingertips. That's all there is to it!

This clean, easy-to-use hair cream adds color to gray, streaked, faded or mousey hair, so gradually, and blends it so perfectly with your own natural color, that your hair will look young and alive again . . . with the color it had before it became old and gray.

If you are completely gray, or have only a few gray hairs – if you were once blonde, brunette, or even if your hair is dyed – this one and only Herbold Pomade will add just the right touch of lasting color for your hair. The improvement is so real, so gradual, that no one—not even yourself—can tell you are using anything but a fine hair dressing—because the special oils in Herbold Pomade groom, condition and restore that silky, alive, neat young look.

Not a coal tar dye, tint or rinse. That's why hair never looks artificial or dyed. No sudden change. No grayness at the scalp. No shades to confuse you.

Start using Herbold Pomade today. In 1 to 3 weeks you will feel the excitement of looking younger, with the assurance of no more gray hair for you.

FOR MEN AND WOMEN
Cream or Liquid

Use Creamy Pomade to condition dry hair, Liquid Pomade for thinning, oily or normal hair. Both tone down Gray Hair.



$1.25 & $3 plus tax — $2

At Drug and Cosmetic Counters

Look younger with amazing Herbold Pomade

Herbold Laboratory, Dept. L, 8008 West 3rd St., Hollywood 48, California, offers you a Free Booklet "Does Gray Hair and Aging Skin Betray You?" Write for your free copy. Mail orders for Herbold Pomade filled promptly.



1. Only 14½ pounds. **2.** Hangs up like a broom. **3.** Goes under lowest furniture. **4.** Cleans both rugs and floors.

look what General Electric has done with the upright!



m rug to bare floor instantly. Motor-driven neral Electric "Elevator" brush floats up and vn . . . automatically adjusts itself to different es of rugs and to bare floors.

y 4½ inches high! So light and compact it neuvers with fingertip ease. Wafer-thin clean- unit goes under the lowest furniture. Handle ers right to the floor for long-reach cleaning. yl bumper protects furniture.

Unbeatable "upright" power in new Twin Power Cleaner.

For years women have looked upon the upright as the most powerful, most efficient rug cleaner made. But few women bought them.

Why? Because the average upright was old-fashioned, bulky, hard to handle. What's more, it wasn't much good on bare floors.

But now the upright has come of age. General Electric's new "Twin Power" unit packs big upright power into an incredibly small space. And with the "Elevator" brush, you get efficient bare floor cleaning for the first time.

And more: Hangs flat against the wall like a broom . . . New Saran bag wipes clean, has built-in cord pocket . . . Disposable dust bags zip in and out.

Now . . . at your dealer's! Products for *complete* floor care . . . canister cleaner, upright cleaner, floor polisher. Vacuum Cleaner Dept., General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Does Big "CAR Money" Mean Little "HOUSE Money"?

"Millions of women with budget problems are finding the family car is the culprit"
***says* GEORGE ROMNEY**
President, American Motors Corporation

Today, even women who have reputations as "good managers" are finding it difficult to balance the family budget. Every woman knows the cost of food, clothing, housing and transportation has risen sharply. But not everyone realizes how much needless expense a big car can add to the budget. Yet, the average family spends 10% of income after taxes for automotive transportation. Some spend as much as 50%!



The Answer to Big Car Costs

Tens of thousands of smart car buyers have found that Rambler is the answer. Rambler costs much less to buy (other leading car prices are way up). Rambler costs much less to operate (gives even more miles per gallon for 1959, with new gas-saving carburetion). Rambler has top trade-in value of all low-price cars. Many families cut their overall car expenses in half when they buy a Rambler.



Savings Without Sacrifice

Best of all, Rambler offers savings without sacrifice. Because Rambler is a new kind of car, a compact quality car, it offers full hat-room, shoulder room and legroom for six big 6-footers, with plenty of legroom for the middleman, front and rear. Yet Rambler is so compact, it is easiest to turn, park and handle in traffic.



New Personalized Comfort

Rambler offers sectional sofa front seats, which glide back and forth individually. Airliner reclining seatbacks offer individual, adjustable headrests.



If "car money" is stealing from your "house money", why not see a Rambler? You get so much *more* for your money.

George Romney

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

day. A dull job, like mopping the bathroom floor, which seemed to take hours, bothered me less when I realized that it could be done in fifteen minutes. The most surprising discovery was my bad habit of "flitting." When making the bed, I might notice stockings that needed washing. Into the kitchen to get soap powder, a glimpse of the freezer would remind me I must get bread out for the next meal. A child calling would take me out of doors for a moment; and back again, the bread forgotten, I would take up something else. It is easy to see how time could pass in this way with a great feeling of bustle—but accomplishing absolutely nothing. Bed not made, stockings not washed, no bread for dinner. Timing myself, besides pulling me up sharply when I started to stray from the job on hand, also showed me how to make the best possible use of working hours, and prevented me from attempting to do more than can be comfortably accomplished in the space of a morning.

In plannning the week, one day was earmarked for washing. At our house this is a big job, and a tiring one, and if filling the machine were less of a chore it would be better to spread it over two days.

Two "demon" days were chosen for detailed cleaning—one before washday, and a second on Saturday, so that the house is clean for the weekend. The remaining days—three, not counting Sunday—the briefest possible "slicking up" has proved all that is necessary.

Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays are easy "slicking-up" days, and forty-five minutes with mop, broom and duster take care of the two bedrooms, bathroom, dining room and kitchen. Fifteen or twenty minutes are then spent on advance preparations for the noon meal. Perhaps a vegetable from the garden is washed and put in the refrigerator, a casserole dish made ready for the oven. By 10:15 or 10:45—before this during the summer because we breakfast earlier—all housework and most cooking are done for the day, and there is still at least an hour and a quarter before it's time to set the table, cook last-minute things and get the children ready for dinner. I usually sit down for a cup of coffee before cooking breakfast and think of next day's meals, noting down any needed supplies.

Morning "bonus" time that would have been spent washing before the second baby was trained now can be used for ironing, mending, tidying closets, washing hair. It will come in handy for mowing the lawn or gardening during the summer. Besides being good for morale, the "bonus" days—three each week, not counting Sunday—give flexibility to the plan. If the usual washday is stormy, or a trip to town or unexpected guests get me off schedule, it is easy to get back to routine by borrowing or stealing from one or more of these easier bonus days.

On "demon" days, an imaginary line divides the house into two areas. On Wednesdays, after following the usual routine—making beds, clearing the breakfast table, and so on—until 9:15 (or 9:45), the two bedrooms and the bathroom are thoroughly cleaned. Most weeks it is sufficient to dust furniture, damp-mop the linoleum in the children's bedroom and the bathroom, and oil the wood floor of the other bedroom, all of which takes forty-five minutes. The kitchen and dining room are given careful treatment each Saturday, and one hour takes care of this.

Waxing is done when necessary—about once a month in winter, probably less often during the summer, and never more than one floor in a morning. If the work is carefully arranged, and light cleaning of other rooms is fitted in while wax is drying, the entire job can, as a rule, be finished by noon.

Different methods for scrubbing and waxing are used in the various rooms. The kitchen, which has two doors opposite each other, one opening onto the yard, the other leading to the dining room, is first scrubbed, then waxed, leaving a wide strip down the center, on which I can stand to move furniture and work, and people can cross the room, without having to step on wet tile. The center strip is done last.

The big weekly wash, done on Fridays, no longer drags on most of the day. As soon as the beds are made and the kitchen tidied, dinner is started. Beans and ham hocks, a favorite dish with the whole family, take exactly five minutes to fix, and after the pressure cooker has come up to three rings and the heat been reduced, needs no watching. The bedrooms and bathroom were thoroughly cleaned on Wednesday, the kitchen and dining room will be done tomorrow, so apart from two minutes' work on bath and basin, no cleaning is necessary. Changing bed linen on Thursday saves a little time, and can serve as a reminder to put beans on to soak last thing in the evening. So I won't forget I put the beans out, or write myself a note. With luck I can begin washing by about 9:30. Sheets have to be washed singly, and after the minute each takes to be hung on the line, there is one snippet of time to tidy up the dining room, and later a second in which to set the table, after which washing can continue until it is time to get the children ready, and dinner on the table.

This accounts for every day except Sunday. Sunday school is at 9 o'clock, and after this nothing is planned. Between 10:30, when we get back, and 12:30 there is time to fix dinner in a pleasantly leisurely way, and I usually mix up a week's supply of bread—about half a dozen loaves, all but one of which go into the freezer. This is almost the only day we have dessert at noon, though we have fresh or canned fruit, with whipped cream or ice cream, two or three times a week for supper, to help brighten up a meal of leftovers. As a rule I bake two pies, one for dessert and one for the freezer.

No plan is complete without some kind of provision for emergencies. Perhaps the most difficult problem in the life of a mother is getting sick herself. Nothing seems to upset children more thoroughly than to find her in anything so extraordinary as a supine position during daylight hours. Requests for pottie, tissues, crackers and drinks of water treble themselves, perhaps because the children want to make trebly sure that the poor creature on the bed is still in some kind of working order. The *best* way to cope with the situation is to get help immediately and retire instantly to bed, pausing only to barricade the door. But help is not always available, and the grimmest specter to haunt the ailing mother is probably The Meals. With a little forethought the crisis can be made just slightly more bearable. Several casserole dishes can be stored in the freezer, dated and marked in large letters EMERGENCY. (These also come in very handy for unexpected guests).

Working to a plan has removed the worst of the worry, hurry and consequent tension from my working hours, and improved my disposition, with a very marked change in my little girl. In the grueling days when I was scurrying around ineffectually with mop and broom, she used to share my dust cloud for a while. But I must have been a disagreeable companion (producing quite unconscious heaven knows what effect on her future attitude toward housekeeping), because she never stayed long, and I would later find her in the workshop or saddle room with her father and brother.

Now she helps me to make the bed, smoothing blankets and plumping up pillows; scrubs with a small brush while I wet-mop, and buffs floors with the electric polisher, of which she was once terrified. We collect eggs together and it is her job to put them v-e-r-y carefully in the cartons, little end down. We both sort laundry, and she likes to be in the wash house with me guiding the clothes from wringer to basket, handing them up to me to hang on the line, and later helping to empty the washing machine with her own small bucket. I did not realize until I was *able* to slow down how unfair my daily "demonizing" was to all the family—but most of all to her.

Both children have longed to help, from early age (once even going to the length of draining the washing machine for me when there were still ten loads of laundry to be done). But if they often hinder, there are also many ways in which they can be happily useful. The small boy, too, has his special jobs emptying ash trays and paper baskets, arranging matches in a small container for the dining table (under careful supervision) and watering the plants.

Before the plan began to operate smoothly it was an almost unbearable nerve strain to try to get a meal with the children in the kitchen. Now, although there are still rushed mornings, there is a great difference between straining toward a last-minute rush to get dinner and hurrying so that the afternoon is free from housework and cooking.

On fine mornings the children play outside, usually making "puddings" of mud and water at a table and bench in a sheltered spot beneath the kitchen window. Many days, even in winter, it is so brilliantly sunny and warm that this favorite form of play is quite possible. Special "get-them-as-dirty-as-you-like" clothes are kept for the purpose.

But if we are all in the kitchen together (and to my utter amazement, this is actually fun) they stand on chairs when I make rolls or biscuits, and as I cut or shape them they put them in the pans. They take it in turns to skim cream, churn butter, stir batter, sift flour, "spank" bread dough. With earnest expressions, and suitably blunt knives, they peel potatoes, and both are efficient at removing every trace of batter—especially chocolate—from rubber scrapers, bowls and spoons.

The first time they begged to be allowed to wait at table I watched with fearful misgivings as they carried dessert from kitchen to dining room, plates askew, slices of pie barely clinging, whipped cream toppling. But they made it. As I watched them, I thought of the mother bird teaching her young to fly. To give the fledglings their initial boost off the branch may call for confidence in them that she does not truly feel. But unless she encourages them to be bold, how will they ever learn to trust their wings?

I would like my son to grow up with some appreciation of the effort (however pleasurable) involved in running a comfortable home, so that when he marries, knowing the score, he will lend a helping hand. And I hope that by the time my daughter is married, household skills come more easily to her than they did to me. Then "the weariness, the fever and the fret" that led to the plan will not have been in vain. And perhaps in the years to come there will be vacancies in the appointment books of the marriage counselors that might otherwise have been filled.

MOMENT TOWARD SPRING

By JAMES HEARST

This is the day when on the hills of noon
The winter's towers burn, the torchman sun
Makes virtue of destruction as he strikes
Flame to the drifts and melts them one by one.

And everywhere the winter death is over,
The shining fields appear, the poplars stand
Ready to publish leaves, messenger pigeons
Wing from the barn and circle over the land.

I stare from my door amazed at the resurrection,
At rising life where the snowbanks burned; I note
A fire more strange and fierce than ever I set
Under a kettle to pulse in the chimney's throat.

NEW WASHING DISCOVERY!

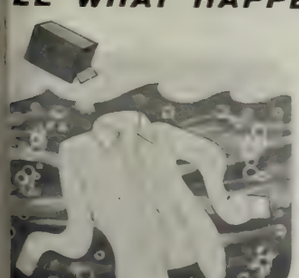
TODAY'S

CLOROX®

gets out dirt

suds leave in!

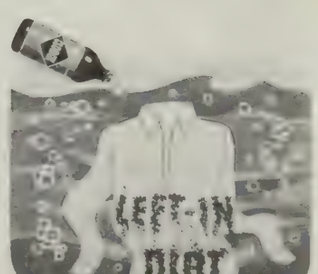
EE WHAT HAPPENS...



matter which leading deter-
nt you use in your family wash



...there's a left-in dirt that suds alone simply cannot get out.



But Clorox today, added to your laundry suds, dissolves this dirt.



Suds, plus today's Clorox bleach, give today's cleanest washes!



©1959, The Clorox Company

New idea from Betty Crocker

"Lot o' Little Cakes"

from Betty Crocker White Cake Mix!





LOT O' LITTLE CAKES

HERE'S YOUR VERY SECRET SECRET—Use Betty Crocker White Cake Mix (or any of our layer cake mixes). Each package makes about 50 little cakes.

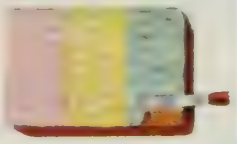
How to bake

Heat oven to 350°. Make batter as directed. Spread in greased and floured jelly roll pan, 15½ x 10½ x 1". Bake about 25 minutes. Cool in pan.

Frost and cut your cake as shown in the diagrams at right. Then let your imagination take over for the prettiest teacakes in town!

How to frost

Make up Betty Crocker Fluffy White Frosting Mix. Divide into small bowls; tint. Frost cake sections with different colors.



How to cut

How to trim

A variety of pretty decorations give your little cakes a personal touch. Use

- make your own or buy ready-made rosettes
- chopped nuts
- silver shot
- gumdrops
- candy sprinkles
- chocolate bits
- maraschino cherries



. . . and of course you know

"We guarantee a perfect* cake—homemade-perfect

cake . . . after cake . . . after cake!"

Betty Crocker General Mills

The Frosting makes the cake and a Betty Crocker Frosting Mix makes a perfect frosting every time!

*PERFECT! Yes, every mix we make for you is guaranteed to come out perfect or send the box top with a letter describing your baking to Betty Crocker, Box 200, Minneapolis 40, Minn., and General Mills will send your money back.

HELP FOR HOMES IN DISTRESS ...from Chicago's Homemakers



An ill mother, an absent father—and a child's world can fall apart. But with 24-hour affection and care from homemaker Mrs. Morrow, this child and his three brothers have regular meals, a clean home and plenty of laughter and love.

Strengthening Families

By MARGARET HICKEY

Few mothers deliberately neglect their children. More often, the neglectful mother is burdened with problems—ill health, too many children, too little income. When we are quicker to punish than prevent, we compound her difficulties by *our* neglect—until they grow to the point of great cost to the community.

In England, early sympathetic efforts are helping many such women to get a fresh slant on their job of motherhood and to understand and cope with their everyday responsibilities. In a pleasant village in hilly country near Manchester, where flowers, trees, birds and animals abound, is a spacious home called Brentwood Recuperative Center for Mothers and Children. It is run by a voluntary organization, the Community Council of Lancashire. Since 1946 some 1188 mothers and 3015 children have come for an average stay of seven weeks of "learning by living together." (At any one time there are 11 or 12 mothers and 30 to 33 children under 7 years of age.) The mothers, recommended by public-health departments, are usually anemic, tired out, discouraged, apprehensive. The children are ragged, dirty, fretful, untrained and out of control. But in the restful atmosphere of Brentwood, and through the friendly help and encouragement of the staff, remarkable changes take place.

Not only are mothers helped to gain back health, courage and self-respect, but they are given the opportunity to learn informally something about household management so that when they return home they can work in an orderly routine instead of a muddle. While staff members care for their children—teaching them table manners, good toilet habits, cleanliness—the mothers attend classes in mending, sewing, cookery, child care and health. Each mother shares a bedroom with her children, has full responsibility for washing, dressing and feeding them and also for tidying her room and doing personal laundry. Part of each day is set aside for social and recreational activity—and fathers are urged to visit whenever they can and also to improve the homes during the wives' absence.

Similar but longer (usually four months) programs of constructive help to families in difficulties are offered at two other homes—Mayflower in Plymouth, conducted by the Salvation Army, and Spofforth Hall, near Harrogate, conducted by the Society of Friends. The majority of mothers at these homes have been convicted of child neglect and sent as a condition of a probation order. Some come voluntarily on the recommendation of their health department.

In many instances this training for motherhood has prevented breakup of homes; in some, by "rejuvenating" the mother, it has strengthened marriage bonds; and best of all, many children who might otherwise have become problems to society have been set on the pathway to useful and constructive lives. A letter from a once "hopeless" mother to Spofforth Hall shows what a training home can mean: "My thoughts are always with you at prayer time. One time I didn't believe in prayers, but mine have certainly been answered." END

"Breakfast is served," sixteen-year-old Betty called out proudly to her ten brothers and sisters clustered around the kitchen table. For a moment no one moved. All eyes were on the fresh tablecloth set with napkins, bowls and plates, steel spoons and knives. "Breakfast," Betty repeated, enjoying the word, for she, like the others, had never before had three meals a day, nor in fact had ever sat down at the table to eat with her family.

Until recently nobody had wanted the Albers as neighbors. Mrs. Alber, reared on a run-down tenant farm in the South, knew nothing about city apartment living. She threw garbage out the window; allowed her children to run wild and scrounge for food whenever they ran out of money. Deserted by her husband and weak and spent from her many pregnancies, she sent the older children to school dirty and unironed, neglected to toilet-train the younger ones and even to do her housework. The Chicago, Illinois, Housing Authority, besieged by complaints from angry tenants, finally served an eviction notice.

At the moment when everything seemed darkest, the future of the children at stake, Mrs. Smith, a homemaker from the Cook County Department of Welfare (which includes Chicago), came into their lives. A large, motherly-looking woman of fifty-six with a warm laugh that magically draws children to her side, Mrs. Smith had faced many similar situations in her ten years on the job. Trained to work with little or nothing, she knew exactly what to do to help a family facing a severe crisis.

Finding the Albers eating from one platter and one pan, with the help of their fingers, she requested a special allowance from the Department of Welfare. Then she and Mrs. Alber went shopping at a salvage depot for a chest of drawers, several chairs, some linens, dishes and cleaning equipment. She helped Mrs. Alber and Betty, the eldest daughter, who had dropped out of school, make out a schedule containing menus for three meals a day. This was to cover a two-week period, since Mrs. Alber received two Aid to Dependent Children checks a month. Then Mrs. Smith showed Mrs. Alber how to make out her shopping list, allowing for both staples and fresh vegetables, meat and milk. Gradually, through Mrs. Smith's patient prodding, the children began to learn table manners and soon were setting the table themselves and helping their mother prepare the meals.

Mrs. Smith is typical of the thirty-four homemakers who work for the Department of Welfare, helping mothers struggling on their own, fathers trying to manage during a wife's illness, or supervising a home during a mother's confinement for childbirth. Kindly, mature, adaptable, with grown children of her own, Mrs. Smith is a woman who has had to work all her life. Her qualifications for the job are best described by the *way* in which she happened to become a homemaker. At one time employed as a maid in a big downtown hotel, she came home late one night to discover her neighbor had suddenly been taken ill to the hospital, her four small children bundled off to juvenile detention home. Indignant, Mrs. Smith hurried off to the hospital instead of to her job the next day, then to the detention home, taking away with her the four children. When a welfare worker came to check on the youngsters, she found them happy and cared for as though in their own home. She ended her visit by offering Mrs. Smith a job as a homemaker.

"A lot of people just don't get off to a good start in life and need a little help in the right direction is all," is Mrs. Smith's simple philosophy.

Within three months Mrs. Smith reported that Mrs. Alber was able to take over altogether. The youngsters, now disciplined and no longer destructive, were following a strict curfew set by their mother. Betty, with encouragement from Mrs. Smith—and a lunch packed daily by her mother—was back in school attending classes regularly. Mrs. Alber herself was learning to use the public library, bringing home books for the children. Best of all, the



Housing Authority agreed to readmit the family. Although Mrs. Alber finds it difficult to put into words what has happened, there is a new glow in her eyes as she moves about the roomy apartment, sparsely furnished but neat as a pin.

On the surface, the homemaker program may look like "maid service to reliefers," as it has been called by people who don't understand what it is trying to accomplish. But statistics prove that it is saving the community money by holding families together whenever possible—families whose allowance checks are too small to cover homemaker services in time of emergency. The alternative would be to send children out to foster homes or institutions for which there is usually a waiting list.

A homemaker, for example, earns only $192 to $213 a month for an eight-hour day, five-day week; up to $224 a month for twenty-four-hour live-in service. Foster-home care, on the other hand, costs an average of $60 a month for each child. In the case of the eleven Alber children, this would total $660 a month. Instead, Mrs. Alber has learned to be a better mother and housekeeper, her children are happier and healthier and show promise of becoming good citizens.

Spending money in this way can help other women be better mothers. Take the young mother of two illegitimate children. Why should she receive Aid to Dependent Children grants? some will ask. In Cook County "Our first concern is the children," Department of Welfare officials tell you. This mother had three strikes against her to begin with—deserted first by her father, then by her mother,

Hate is a prolonged form of suicide.
SCHILLER

shunted from one foster home to another, until the lack of love and security in her life finally drove her to run away with a neighbor boy at the age of fourteen.

Could this girl, now nineteen and with two children, be rehabilitated socially? It's surprising, Mrs. Violette Anderson, supervisor of homemaker service, says, how girls listen and respond to someone who shows a little interest in them, who makes suggestions and sets limitations. In this case the Department of Welfare decided it was worth a try. A counselor was assigned to see the girl once a week, to help her talk out her problems and feelings. But for day-to-day help a warm, motherly homemaker was selected.

Mrs. Edmonds, the homemaker, first decided the girl needed a change of scene. Together she and the young mother scoured nearby neighborhoods until finally they found three and a half rooms partially furnished—a pleasant contrast to the dirty rodent-ridden former dwelling. During the next months Mrs. Edmonds helped the mother learn how to manage her money, pay her bills on time, take the children to the clinic regularly. "But we mustn't be *too* efficient," she emphasized. "When that little baby needs cuddling, you just sit right down and cuddle him, even if there's a sinkful of dishes waiting."

As the weeks passed, the girl gradually began to acquire a feeling of dignity and responsibility. Her attention to the children and to her housekeeping showed that she was determined to give her children the kind of life she had never had.

Every year the homemakers employed by the Department of Welfare, and supervised by professional staff members, help about 250 to 275 different families from every cultural and ethnic background. Chosen for their personality and experience with family life, the homemakers all have taken a special course including nutrition, budgeting and child care given by the department. Mainly, their task is to "tide over" a family until a mother who is ill is able to take over again. But with many hundreds of families pouring into the Chicago area each month—many from rural areas, of deprived background (large numbers are Puerto

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

Dirtiest Ovens Sparkle Like New

this quick EASY-OFF way

End oven-cleaning drudgery! No more scraping and scouring. EASY-OFF Oven Cleaner cuts black, encrusted grease like magic. Simply apply . . . let set . . . wipe off.

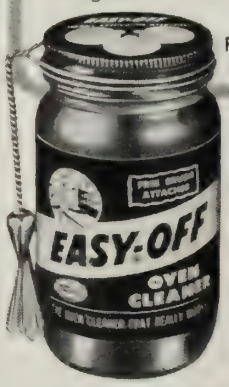


. . . and a clean oven
bakes better, roasts better, makes you a better cook!

Yes, a clean oven gives even, efficient heat—more heat at less cost. So don't put good food in a dirty oven.



AVOID FIRE DANGER from accumulated oven grease! Use EASY-OFF Oven Cleaner regularly. Apply to burners, grills, sidewalls. Off comes grease and grime!



FREE BRUSH ATTACHED

No steel wool!
No ammonia!
No razor blades!

Let EASY-OFF do the work

MORE PEOPLE USE
Sugarine
SWEETER THAN SUGAR
YET NO FOOD VALUE



Doctors recommend Sugarine for diabetics, overweights, lo-calorie diets. Pure, Harmless, Economical

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nd you'll get real pleasure from owning nd using these handsome Steak Knives . . . especially when you can now get them for $1.00...less than half the regular retail value.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

Ricans, Mexicans, American Indians), and unable to cope with city ways—the homemakers usually have their hands full.

They find mothers in desperate need of medical care, having postponed it because there was no one to look after the children. They go into unlighted, unventilated dwellings—the word "home" hardly fits some of the places where many of the families are forced to live. They make do with the barest equipment, sometimes using even newspapers for scrubbing. For in many dwellings there is a continuous battle against lice and filth. Said one welfare supervisor, "There isn't enough money in the world to pay me to do what these women do."

Yet they are about the most stable employee group in the Chicago area. Some have been on the job since the beginning of this program in 1942. When you ask *why* they do it, they find it hard to put into words. Many of them have had little more than a grade-school education, none have gone beyond high school. But they are wise in the ways of the heart and the home, and their simple explanation usually is, "Why, I just love children, and I feel I'm doing some good."

Even though the service is limited by the funds available in the Department of Welfare budget, the homemakers are "doing some good" in a way no one else could. Take the Rodriguez family, from Puerto Rico, for instance. Oswaldo Rodriguez, slender and fair, had been preparing breakfast every morning for his wife, ill since the birth of her seventh child; doing a load of washing and seeing to it that the children were washed and dressed. His responsibilities in the home, however, required so many absences from his job that one day he was told he was no longer needed. Seeing the plight of the family, the welfare worker decided that this was a case for a homemaker.

Now with Mrs. Evans coming in five days a week, helping prepare nutritious meals for the family and giving Mrs. Rodriguez the rest she so badly needs, Mr. Rodriguez goes out confidently each day to look for a job and also to take the children to clinic appointments when necessary. Even though Mrs. Rodriguez speaks no English and Mrs. Evans speaks no Spanish, they get along quite amiably through a sign language of their own invention. Mrs. Evans is especially helpful with the new baby, for through Red Cross demonstrations she has learned how to take temperature and pulse, to recognize illness and to help mother bathe and dress the baby. She will remain in the home until Mrs. Rodriguez has completely recovered and is able to resume her household duties.

Occasionally the courts turn to the homemaker service in time of family trouble. Often forced to preside over the breakup of families and to take children out of their own homes, family-court judges are ready and willing to hear any other plan that offers hope of holding youngsters and parents together. One such case was that of Milly Jackson, a teen-ager who lived with her mother and seven brothers and sisters on Aid to Dependent Children grants in a tiny unkempt three-room apartment in a run-down neighborhood offering plenty of opportunity to make friends—of the wrong kind. One night Milly was arrested for helping burglarize a candy store.

The judge listened attentively to the report, then turned to the welfare worker who had visited the Jackson home, talked with neighbors and teachers about the family. "You know all about this girl. What do you think we should do?"

"Two things—get the family moved into a decent neighborhood and assign a homemaker to work with her mother," he answered. "Mrs. Jackson is a good woman, but she's overworked and needs help managing the children."

The court agreed to his suggestions and today is following closely the family's continuing progress in a new neighborhood and under the steadying influence of a mature woman who cares—the homemaker.

Sometimes there are situations which no one can help, as when the mother is discovered to be an alcoholic or too mentally ill to continue living in the home. If the mother's illness leads to death, as it has in a number of families, then the homemaker holds the home together during this difficult period until responsible relatives or foster homes can be found.

Infinite patience and tolerance of others' failings are required of the homemaker almost daily—as in the case of an emotionally disturbed young mother, not ill enough to be committed to a state hospital, but depressed to the point of neglecting her children. The homemaker, a calm, easygoing woman, takes her on long walks. Sometimes they sit on a park bench and talk, sometimes they window-shop. Often they neglect the housework, but the apartment is so tiny they can catch up on chores very quickly. What really matters is that the mother is gaining in confidence every day. Her two children, bright-eyed and alert, now come racing home regularly with report cards covered with E's—for excellent.

Officials say it would never be possible to calculate the amount saved in law-enforcement and health bills the community might have to shoulder were not the needs of these families "in trouble" ministered to in time. In human terms, the actual visible results are better parents; happier, healthier children; stronger family life. This is what every homemaker works and hopes for. END



"O.K. if I take the car tonight, dad? Mary Ellen's father is doing a little redecorating, too, and I thought I'd give him a hand."

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UNDER COVER

By Bernardine Kielty



"Not *the* William Shakespeare."

Essex, her favorite, had flouted her. Loving him above all others, she had yet ordered his execution and refused a reprieve. On the morning of February 25, 1601, she was sitting in her Privy Chamber playing on a small harpsichord—Elizabeth, the Queen—with her men, including Oxford and Raleigh, beside her. A breathless messenger begged admission and on his knee before her announced that the sentence on the Earl of Essex had that minute been carried out. A deathly silence filled the room. Then the twanging, plangent notes struck the air as the queen began to play again.

ELIZABETH THE GREAT, by ***Elizabeth Jenkins*** (Coward-McCann), is a striking portrait of this intense, astute and yet very feminine queen who has been written about more than all other queens, but never more interestingly than here. Roger Ascham, famous scholar, had a hand in her education. He recognized the girl's precociousness and saw to it that her brilliant promise was fulfilled, but without overstrain. "The younger, the more tender, the quicker, the easier to break," he warned. She learned Greek and Latin and law and mathematics—an interesting side light on progress when we recall the unbelievable lack of real education in "The Two Little Princesses" of modern days!

●

Robin White, *no stranger to* JOURNAL *readers, has been awarded the $10,000 Harper prize for 1959, for his novel* ELEPHANT HILL. *Mr. White is the son of medical missionaries and was born in South India, so that it is not unexpected that his novel should be set in India and include missionaries, neither of which facts diminishes its lightheartedness, its vigor and its humor. A delightful choice!*

●

The wives of great men are only too often neglected. *Who smooths the ruffled feathers? Who keeps the home ready to welcome the great man when he chooses to return? Who pulls strings, arranges meetings, steps on pride to get help when it is needed?*

In MADAME DE LAFAYETTE (Holt) ***Constance Wright*** establishes the fact (with this reader at least) that Adrienne, the wife, was more of a person than Gilbert, our well-known Marquis de Lafayette. Besides being an expert biography, this is a rare inside view of the French Revolution, from an aristocrat who remained in Paris and—literally—kept her head.

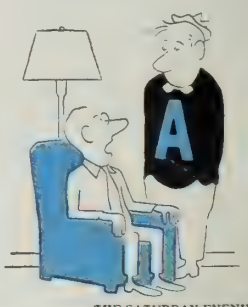
●

Aubrey Menen appeals to a gourmet taste in literature (*The Prevalence of Witches*), a taste that is sure to be satisfied in his new novel, THE FIG TREE (Scribner), a tale of sophisticated humor, set on a mountainside overlooking the Bay of Salerno.

Incidentally, the perfect number for a dinner party, his expatriate American tells us, is "less than the Muses and more than the Graces."

●

At the other end of the spectrum, but lovely, is THE SPRING DANCE, by ***Paul Tembler*** (Viking)—about a fifteen-year-old schoolboy, "Boots," who is not neurotic or delinquent or self-pitying. He is true, and what happens



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

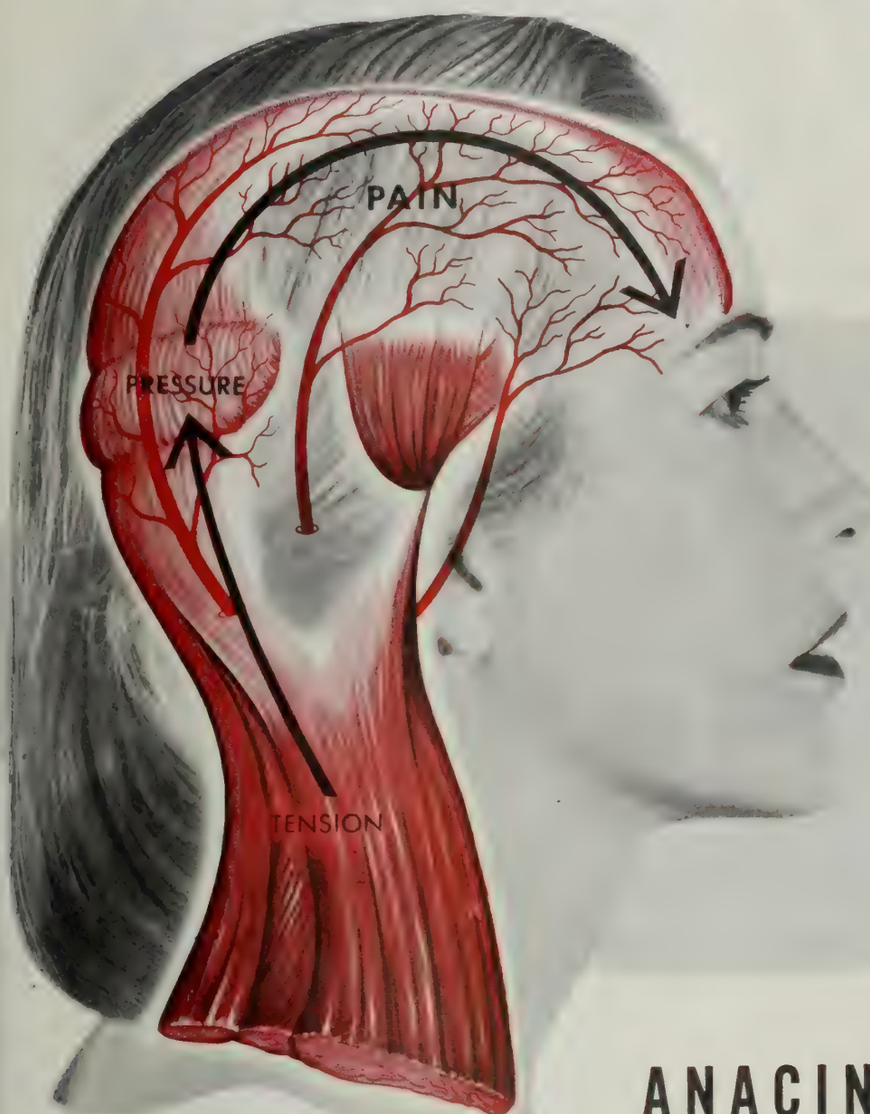
"Someday, I'd like to see one of those on your report card."

to him, in the way of friends and track meet and his girl and sex, is dramatic and funny and truly endearing. What a relief, in these days, to have a normal unsentimentalized boy within the pages of a novel!

●

Last of all we have two thrillers: THE ACHILLES AFFAIR, spy story with dramatic Yugoslav and Cyprus background, by ***Berkeley Mather*** (Scribner); and THE CASE AGAINST PAUL RAIBURN, by ***John Creasey*** (Harper)—Scotland Yard, "Handsome" Wes and a busy plot.

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The special medication in Anacin — which you *do not get* in aspirin or buffered aspirin — relaxes the tension, releases the pressure and promptly relieves your headache. Anacin stops the vicious pain cycle fast. Anacin Tablets are safer, too. They do not upset your stomach. Buy Anacin today.

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CHILDPROOF because there's **VINYL** in it!

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ABBOT MILLS



Tell me, Doctor...

There are many questions which women would like to ask a trusted physician, but there is not always the opportunity. In this series, Tell Me Doctor, Doctor Schauffler will discuss some of the problems which have been sent to him by readers. The situations are all real, but all the names are fictitious.

By GOODRICH C. SCHAUFFLER, M.D.

M boy friend says it isn't wrong for us play house,' because we're going to get ried as soon as I'm old enough. He mises he won't let anything happen. n't know what to think. Frankly, or, I'm terrified!"

od morning, young lady!" The doctor poke cordially to the pretty teen-ager ntered his consulting room somewhat ntly. He glanced at the slip of paper on sk. "Don't I know you, Dorothy?"

rothy smiled faintly as she sat down in air the doctor indicated. "You ought octor. Mother says you delivered me n years ago."

f course! I thought you looked familiar you came in. You've changed some I last saw you, it's true." This elicited a iggle. "But you look a lot like your r. Does everyone tell you that?"

rothy nodded. "Lots of people do." ntinued breathlessly, "I don't suppose ften have patients as young as I am. I you specialize in women's diseases. other seemed pleased when I asked if I come to see you, instead of going to diatrician. Now that I'm here, I feel a scared. Are all girls scared when they to see a doctor for grownups?"

doctor wondered why this lovely glowing with health, should be so nerv- His first task was to make her feel at ith him.

"ope not," he replied. "There's cer- no reason to be. As a matter of fact, I uite a lot of patients your age or even er. And nowadays, maybe two or three a week, I have the privilege of seeing gers like you who have been my own at delivery. That makes it kind of spe- on't you think? Here's something I'd u to know, Dorothy: you can relax tely when you are in here. What you alk about is *our* business and nobody And here's something else I'd like you w: to us doctors it doesn't make much nce what the problem is, whether it's al, or just some question that's bother- u. It helps us if you tell us anything u think might be wrong, or that other ight not understand."

othy settled back more comfortably chair. "I just have to get a physical ation, for basketball. But I heard you talk at the Hi-Y not long ago, and I thought I'd like to come to you if I ever did have a problem. There is one question. It wasn't brought up at the meeting, and I don't dare talk about such things to my mother. She would absolutely go up in smoke! But some of the kids were talking things over. They said that nowadays there is no reason why anyone should get pregnant who doesn't want to. They say there are ways—things you can do—that are absolutely safe. But I couldn't help wondering. One of the girls in my own class had to quit school. Everybody knew it was because she was going to have a baby. So I just—well, I just wondered. I thought you would know about it." As Dorothy talked, color crept up her neck and suffused her face.

The doctor did not answer immediately. When he did, it was in a particularly easy, friendly manner. "You know, Dorothy, I was the very first person to see the top of your head. Well, in the course of the years I've had an opportunity to learn a good deal that goes on inside the heads of kids like you. One thing I've learned is that often they'll say a friend of theirs has a problem—or maybe it's a question they've heard kicked around in a crowd—when it's really their *own* problem they're concerned about. I wonder if that isn't what you're doing now. You needn't be afraid to tell me. I won't be shocked."

"You won't say anything to mother or daddy?"

"Not unless it's something I feel they need to know. In that case, I'll ask your permission first to tell them."

"It's funny, Doctor, somehow I'm not as scared any more. I'd really like to tell you about it. Actually, here's what has been worrying me. George is my boy friend. I've been going with him for about six months, and oh, Doctor, he's wonderful! He's twenty-one, and we've had a really adult relationship. I'm wildly in love with him!"

"And is he in love with you?"

"Madly! He takes me to the nicest places. He spends money on me as if it's water. He says he'd marry me in a minute, only he thinks it wouldn't be fair to me. I have a year more in high school after this one, and I've always planned to go to college. He's been awfully honest with me, Doctor. He says it would be selfish to cheat me out of college."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

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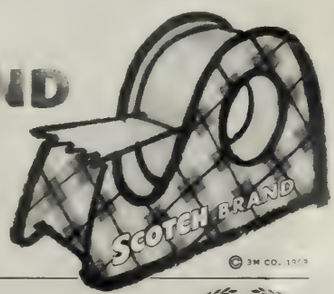


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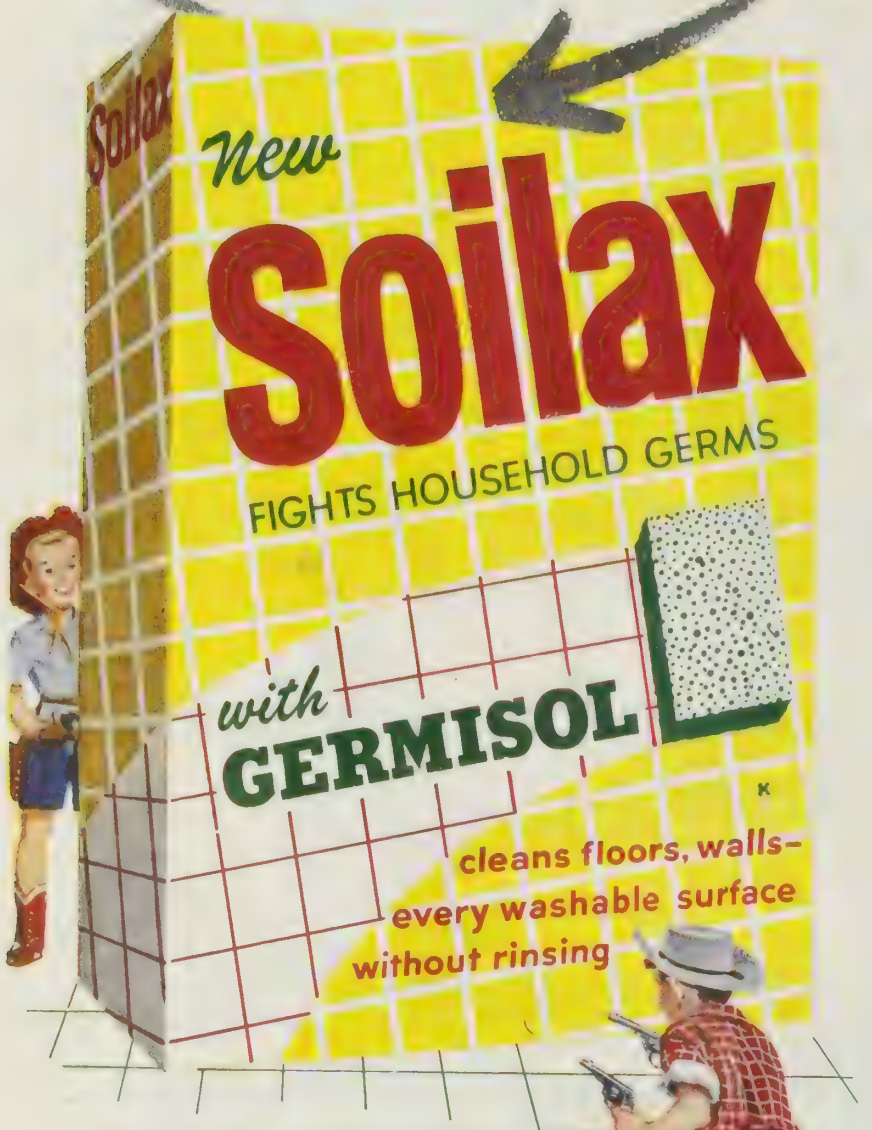
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"George is right about that, I'd say. Do your parents like him too?"

"Oh, they're just as unfair as they can be! Daddy thinks George isn't any account because he doesn't have a job. But George hasn't been out of the service so very long. He wants to look around. He can make lots of money any time he wants to, but he doesn't have to. His father and mother are divorced and he lives with his mother. She gets big alimony, and has a good job. And besides, George's father gives him all the money he wants. There isn't any reason why George should take just any old job.

"Mother is even worse than daddy. She keeps wanting me to date the high-school boys. She can't understand how kiddish they seem to me since I've been going with George. I just can't talk to either one of them any more about George."

"Have they forbidden you to see George?"

"We-ell, not exactly. George says they're trying to play it cool. They know if they did that, I'd be crazier about him than ever. But whenever George comes around, they act like, 'Oh, you here again?' And if I say I'm going out with George, mother asks all kinds of questions, and stays up till I get home. George doesn't go for that stuff, and I don't either. I can always get away by saying I'm going out with the gang, or doing something with a girl friend. I don't *like* to do that. I've never lied to them before. But they make me, by being so horrid to George!"

"M-m. And now suppose you tell me the big problem. The one that's worrying you."

"Well," Dorothy said in such a small voice the doctor could barely hear her, "George wants us to pretend we're married. 'Play house,' he calls it. I've had a terrible time for the last month. He keeps saying it wouldn't be wrong, because we know we're going to be married just as soon as I've finished college. He promises me on his word of honor that he won't let anything—well, you know, happen to me. I've held him off so far, but it has taken all the physical and moral strength I have to hold my own. That's why I'm here, really Frankly, I'm terrified!"

If I wanted to punish an enemy, it should be by fastening on him the trouble of constantly hating somebody. HANNAH MOORE

"I should think you would be! Has George told you how he proposes to keep anything from happening?"

"He started to once, but I made him stop. I wouldn't know the difference anyway, and it made me feel—oh, sort of dirty. Besides, I had the feeling that if we got to talking about *that*, it would be the absolute end. I've had a hard enough time as it is."

"I think your instinct was very sound, Dorothy. Intimate discussion of that sort can become dynamite in seconds—especially when the young man has the kind of ideas George seems to have."

"But George does keep saying that any couple can protect themselves absolutely nowadays. And George has been around, you know. He knows just about everything."

"If he knows how to do that, Dorothy," the doctor said gravely "he knows more than I do, and I am a gynecologist. I'm afraid George doesn't know how many married people who have been carefully examined and taught still have babies they didn't plan to have. But it doesn't matter so much when they are married. In fact, many times I have seen these babies turn out to be their parents' greatest joy. But when the father and mother aren't married, I want to assure you, Dorothy, that it's just about the worst business there is."

"Oh, I know that! Do you mean there isn't a sure method of prevention?"

"For married women—perhaps I had better say, for *mature* couples—there are some pretty adequate measures, though actually these are not as hundred per cent as lots of doctors claim But the most reliable measures

CONTINUED ON PAGE 43

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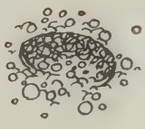
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Below: 1½-qt. oval casserole with clear lid, **$2.95**

Right: Pyrex Cinderella Divided Serving Dish with divided cover holds two vegetables, relishes, party snacks, **$2.95**

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

known to date still have a seven per cent rec-ord of failure. They are a lot less reliable when couples don't have the benefit of expert in-struction and things have to be on the sly. Be-sides, it is unethical for doctors to teach these methods to unmarried people, and especially to kids like you."

"But George *said*——"

"My dear, that is something a great many boys and young men have said to a great many girls and young women. I couldn't tell you how many times I have heard it from unmar-ried girls who came to me because they were pregnant. Maybe George honestly believes it. How would you like it if I were to have a talk with him? Maybe I could help him to see things a little straighter."

"He'd never do it, Doctor—come to see you, I mean. It isn't anything against you. He doesn't like *any* doctors. He had a horrid ex-perience with doctors when he was in the serv-ice. He caught an infection, and was over it in no time; but the doctors wanted him to keep coming back for special treatments, long after he was cured. Finally he got mad and said he wouldn't take any more treatments. Then they made him stay in the service for months after his term was up, just to punish him. George swears he'll never go to a doctor again, *for any-thing.*"

Oh-oh! thought the doctor. "Did George say what kind of infection it was?" he asked Dor-othy.

"Something to do with glands. That's all I know."

The doctor had main-tained a carefully casual demeanor up to now, so that Dorothy would not be afraid to talk freely. He decided the time had come to be direct. Rather abruptly he asked her, "Dorothy, what do you know about venereal dis-ease?"

Dorothy looked blank. "Well, I know it's some-thing that used to be awfully bad. Men would get it from prostitutes, and I've read that they could go insane some-times. But aren't there medicines now to cure it right away? George said something about it once. In the service, he said, the chaplain told folks like that made a big bogey out of it just to scare the boys. But he said it's really not anything to worry about any more."

"That's what a great many people think: that V.D. is on the run—that we have it licked. But it isn't so at all. One of the sad things is that during the last twelve years the age group which shows the greatest increase is precisely our own. *It's the teen-agers who lead in new cases of venereal disease.* That may sound fan-tastic, but it is true.

"One reason is that there's more promis-cuity among young teen-agers than there used to be. More indulgence in sex, that is. The in-crease is especially true among boys and girls from supposedly good homes. And youngsters are usually more careless. Or else they don't know enough to protect themselves.

"Another reason is the very fact that vene-real disease can be treated more simply—more quickly and effectively—than used to be the case. The danger is that these easy treatments stop the *symptoms* almost at once. Young fel-lows, particularly, are inclined to stop the treatments as soon as their symptoms go away, often long before they are really cured. Quite frequently these chaps become carriers, capable of passing on whatever type of vene-real disease they have—there are different kinds, you know. Thinking they are cured, they have sex relations with girls or women; often be not prostitutes at all, but girls they can get into 'playing house,' to use George's phrase. So they spread the disease, without knowing they have it."

Dorothy lifted a hand impulsively, as if to interrupt, but the doctor continued firmly: "It's a rather dreadful situation, Dorothy. I'm telling you about it only because I'm afraid it may possibly have a part in this prob-lem of yours. I couldn't be sure without having George examined, you understand. But it sounds very much as though what George picked up in the service could have been a venereal disease. It's a reason why his doctors could have insisted on continuing the treat-ments after George thought he was cured. And it's a reason why they would have kept him on in the service after his term was up, until they were *sure* he was cured. The service doctors don't do that to a man just to punish him, Dorothy.

"Now I am sorry to say that chaps who resent the treatment they are forced to take, and think V.D. is a big joke, are precisely the ones who are very likely to pick up another case of it. It's a way that sweet, nice kids like you are getting V.D. today. Just last week I had a girl in here who is seventeen—a year older than you are. She was wildly in love, too, thought the boy friend was wonderful. He had *promised* he wouldn't let anything happen. Well, this poor girl is not only pregnant, she has a venereal dis-ease besides."

Dorothy's face was drained of all color, her eyes were full of shock and hurt. The doctor felt he had given her enough to think about for the moment. He said, with a brisk change of tone, "Now suppose I give you that physical examination."

The examination was long and thorough. The doctor appeared to have forgotten the painful session they had just had. Dorothy had little to say, obeyed the doc-tor's directions mechanically, as though her mind were far away.

"Well, Dorothy," the doctor said cheerfully, after he had finished, "I have to report that you are so completely nor-mal that from a scien-tific standpoint you're almost uninteresting! Not a thing wrong with you anywhere! You are as fine a specimen at sixteen as when you were a newborn baby, and I couldn't say any-thing better than that.

"A sampling of your blood has to go to the laboratory for what is called a Wassermann test—that is to determine whether or not or-ganisms of syphilis are present. We won't get the report until tomorrow, but in your case there is absolutely no cause for concern. You would have certain very definite symptoms if there were any infection of that kind. Perhaps you noticed that the nurse was examining a slide through the microscope. That was a test for gonorrhea. The slide had a smear from the vagina. I stained it with something that would make the organisms of gonorrhea show up if they were present. For a legal test, that would not stand up in a court of law—we would have to go through a more complicated process. But you have no symptoms and the stain was negative, so there is no reason to do that."

Once more the blood rushed up over Dor-othy's neck and face. "Didn't you believe me, Doctor," she asked, "when I said that I had never let George *do* anything? I couldn't pos-sibly have any of those diseases, could I, un-less he had?"

"From the honest way you talked to me, I did believe you. Also, the entry to the vagina—a bit of tissue called the hymen—is virginal. But it is the doctor's job to make sure. That's for your sake, Dorothy, and the sake of the babies you will have someday. You will have to have a Wassermann test before you will be allowed to get married. That's how important the law considers it to keep infected persons from spreading it to the innocent. Now you

CHINESE BABY ASLEEP

By DOROTHY DONNELLY

She has the immaculate look of the new,
like the bud of the rose just showing through
its shell of separating sepals.

That seal with the sheen of silk, her skin,
encircles a seedling sun within
as rinds go round the stars in apples.

Eyelid and lip are luminous, lit
by the glow of life, by her breath as it
flows in and out like light through opals.



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This "fluid" skin softener, which is used by millions of men and women, is known as Campana Italian Balm®. Ask for it...at toilet goods counters everywhere.

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and I both know that you have suffered no kind of harm—as yet."

"I guess you must think that I've been pretty silly, Doctor," Dorothy said in a shaky voice.

"I think you were very wise," the doctor told her. "You came to someone who knows the correct answers *before* you took a rash step. You've brightened my whole day! I just wish there were a lot more girls with as much sense as that.

"But I don't want to be unjust to your friend George. After all, I was making a guess about the venereal disease. Why don't you tell him about our conversation? Ask him if he wouldn't like to come in and give me his side of the case?"

Dorothy shook her head. "No," she said, in a very small voice indeed. "I don't think that would do any good. I realized he was spoiled. I excused him because his parents have always fought over him, and both of them have given him anything he wanted. But lately I've had a pretty good idea that if *I* didn't do everything he wanted, I'd lose him. I think that's what terrified me most."

The doctor said sympathetically, "I suspect you are right about that. The fact is, a chap as knowledgeable as George would know that if it isn't fair for him to marry a girl as young as you are, it's still less fair to try to get sex privileges without marrying her. The great thing is that you have learned this without being seriously hurt. Oh, I know it's going to hurt for a while. But I'll confess now that at first I was afraid you were going to tell me you had fallen for George's line, that you feared you were pregnant. That's a hurt I never want *you* to have.

"Here you are, Dorothy, a practically perfect female, with all that promises. You have a fine world to live in. You have everything necessary for the fine, full life someday of marriage and wonderful children. That's worth waiting for, and you are far too sensible a girl to mess it up."

By this time Dorothy was dabbing at her eyes and nose with her handkerchief, but she managed a smile. "You don't have to worry about me, Doctor. It's funny, but I feel better now. I mean, I feel stronger. I'm really terribly glad I came."

"Well, you come back, Dorothy, any time you have anything on your mind," the doctor told her warmly. "We doctors aren't censors, you know. We're just here to help."

Next month Dr. Schauffler discusses little-known aspects of the menopause, and some effects this critical time may have on other members of the family. —Ed.

VENEREAL DISEASES RISING

In the United States as a whole, 135,542 new syphilis cases were reported in 1957, as against 126,219 in 1956 and 102,275 in 1955. In New York, nearly 3000 persons are in state hospitals today because of paresis—syphilis in the form of paralysis. During the fiscal year 1958, Massachusetts had an increase of 9 per cent over 1957 in syphilis cases reported; of 15 per cent in infectious cases.

Particularly disturbing to health authorities is the marked increase in the reporting of secondary forms of syphilis. This indicates that many cases are being missed in the early stages, when the disease is most easily spread.

Most disturbing of all: the greatest rise in syphilis has been among teen-agers. And by 1955, one out of every 200 high-schoolers had contracted gonorrhea. A steady increase in high-school and college illegitimate pregnancies, together with the above statistics, causes authorities to wonder whether our young people are getting the facts about illicit sex.

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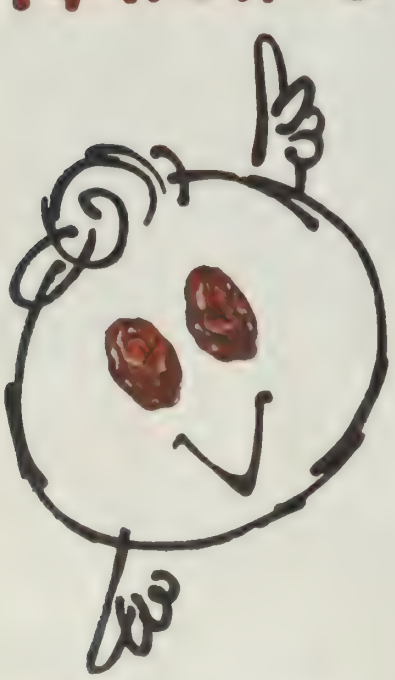
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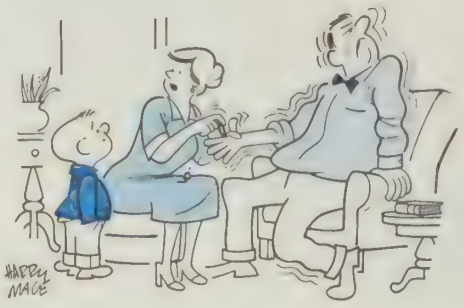


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THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER



"No, daddy isn't sick . . . he has a little splinter."

No matter how many "prompts" a bridge player has in the credit book, other players suspect skulduggery and signals if the bid's uttered "I bid a spade" or any other variation of the regulation "One spade."

To my dwindling vocabulary I've added the useful word "nincompoopery." Before my early coffee it seems to describe a vast segment of man's activity.

I've solved a problem: how to let my Lady Love wake to the aroma of crisping bacon. On special days I put some in an electric skillet just outside her bedroom door.

"Since my trip around the world," confides the Autocrat of our Lunch Table, "I've changed my mind; we need urgently enough world government to prevent hunger and war."

"Just like a man!" my Dream Girl sums it up. "You wanted to leave the Junior League's charity ball at one A.M. At three A.M. you were so peeved you weren't speaking. But at four-thirty you were so gay you wouldn't let me or our house guests go to bed."

Our teen-age son has vowed to learn at least two new words a day. As his most recent acquisitions I contributed "verve" and "gusto," which may be better than tranquilizer pills in this neurotic brave new world.

Our town's most pensive doctor thinks ignorance about sex isn't charming. "To get married without some sex knowledge," he tells me, "is like going to sea without navigation charts."

Until I've mastered a few fancy new steps, I've decided not to inflict my dancing on the five or six glamour girls I yearn to whirl around the ballroom floor. Too fragile for my gyrations.

One zany young driver, with a heavy "heroic" toe on the accelerator, clouds the behavior of ninety-nine other sensible teen-agers. Maybe a yellow sticker on his windshield, maybe a spanking, might convince him speed isn't heroic.

Our town's No. 1 egghead tells me there might well be 100,000 other worlds populated with beings just as clever as we are. Probably they're watching Cape Canaveral with more nervousness than we showed when we blinked at their "flying saucers."

In his explorations of American hotels and motels, our local wanderluster always carries an extension cord and a 100-watt bulb. "The natives try to blind you," he says, "with forty-watt bulbs."

To help her run after Harlan III, my blond daughter-in-law has had a series of six Japanese helpers in his twenty-one months on an air base: Kaneko, Ayako, Taeko, Umiko, Chiyoko, and now Eiko. I hope these three-month exposures don't leave him disillusioned about women's steadfastness.

"Who is spokesman for the customer?" demands our low-boiling-point Patrick Henry. "Everybody has a defender but the family buyer, and he's so browbeaten he scarcely dares ask what he's buying."

Our librarian whispers the average American doesn't read a book a year. "Even in fifteen minutes a day," he calculates, "you can read each year twenty books." I spend fifteen minutes a day removing shoes from the living room.

If your husband's a hunter, remember what Grover Cleveland said: "If a boss imposed the discomforts of the hunt on his factory help, they'd go on strike." So treat him gently even if he brings home no meat.

Why do some women inspire so many parties? Other gals fully as attractive come and go, in the same circles, without parties. Is it a gift? Or a career?

Gossip recently spread that a girl had asked in a shop for a "maternity bridal gown" and our matrons were agog. Till her uncle explained: the girl's in-laws had disinherited her husband until he and his wife consented (after she was pregnant) to be married a second time, in a church.

Fewer of our young bloods wore white tie and tails to the charity ball this year; a whiff of the gay nineties, they think. One or two daring experimenters attempted white tie with tuxes. No casualties.

I've encountered raw "steak tartar" at several parties this winter—chopped raw sirloin. (It's no more formidable than your first oyster.) Only a few cautious souls murmur something about risks of tapeworm.

Our town's young grandfather who buys each of his grandchildren a $25 U.S. bond each month is beginning to worry about inflation. He thinks of hedging by buying 'em $25 worth of common stocks in alternate months, if he could do it without red tape.

I'm puzzled why everybody brags so about the wonderful thirty-cent lunches in the high schools, while the college boys grouse bitterly about their dormitory chow. I've tasted the thirty-centers; they're worth seventy-five cents, and I recommend 'em to college dietitians.

After the appetizers at our town's winter cocktail parties rose to ten or eleven, one bold hostess lapped the field by serving (along with steak tartar) both oysters Lucullus *and* oysters Rockefeller. General opinion: low blow.

That gourmet in the solid-glass apartment house wants to organize four epicurean dinners a year—only one apéritif to drink before the soup. "But are there more than five or six people in town who truly appreciate excellent food?" he asks.

I've now had my name and address engraved in gold on my shell-rimmed eyeglasses. But this doesn't help much when I leave 'em where I usually do—in the pocket of an old coat I rarely wear.

Our town boasts one whimsical club man who has joined the Royal and Ancient golf club at St. Andrews, in Scotland. In ten years he has played there only four times, but he claims it helps settle his game, even at home.

. . . When my daughter-in-law charmingly and humorously describes military life in Japan in a scintillating letter,

. . . Or our youngest offers brashly to conduct his freshman philosophy discussion when his professor ails.

. . . And my son-in-law opens up a Chinese newspaper in an airplane and pretends to read it as if he knew how,

. . . Or my Dream Girl proves she can prepare breakfast within nine minutes after her radio clock wakes her to music.

Then I preen myself as if I'd planned all that way, and try to conceal that I'm a lucky bloke.



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Joseph Fletcher has worked in a West Virginia coal mine and a New England rope factory. He has been a company auditor's assistant, a resident worker in a New York City settlement house, and research director for the National Council of the Episcopal Church. He was a curate in a big London slum parish in England, chaplain in a women's college in the South, and a dean of a Midwest cathedral. He has been a preacher and visiting lecturer in many universities in the United States, as well as at Cambridge and Oxford in England, and the Jan Hus faculty at Charles University in Prague. He now occupies the Robert Treat Paine chair in social ethics at the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

FOURTH OF A SERIES

SEX and RELIGION

A TWENTIETH-CENTURY PHILOSOPHY OF SEX

By JOSEPH FLETCHER

The Christian churches must shoulder much of the blame for the confusion, ignorance and unhealthy guilt associations which surround sex in Western culture. In the Old Testament and in Judaism generally, sexuality has been honored as a part of the divinely ordered nature of human beings. Although the Law and the prophets and rabbis steadily held to the view that sex is a means to procreation rather than an end in itself, scorning sex for its own sake, it was never denied its proper place in life. But the Christian church from its earliest, primitive beginnings has been swayed by many puritanical people, both Catholic and Protestant, who have treated sexuality as inherently evil.

St. Paul advised against marrying and procreating unless an urgent sexual appetite simply could not be denied (a kind of race-suicide teaching). St. Augustine reversed the apostle by advising against any sexual intercourse unless procreation is intended. Methodius ranked virginity high above marriage, and St. Jerome could praise marriage only because it produced more virgins! St. Augustine went so far as to argue that coitus is sinful even within wedlock unless the specific purpose is conception in every embrace. We may be grateful that a wiser view prevailed in the classical tradition of moral theology, where it was allowed that "married love" is a proper part of marriage, even though secondary to procreation.

The general assumption has been that only by suppressing instinctual demands can "goodness" or "virtue" be achieved. It is actually only since the turn of the twentieth century that we have seen a wholesome and mature rebellion against this repressive pattern and its false dualism of "flesh" and "spirit." On the whole, it has been psychological insight which has turned the trick. We have been able to get deeper and better light on what makes people "tick," not only the sinners and their undisciplined conscious sexuality, but also the saints and their often quite undisciplined *un*conscious sexuality. We have learned enough about ourselves to stop admiring merely fear-driven rectitude, or—what is worse—the kind of "virginity" that is *technical* only and not in the mind or heart.

People are commonly inclined to make sex Evil No. 1, ignoring or minimizing equally or even more important ethical issues. They have confused morality with sex questions, virtue with obedience to the sexual taboos. Such evils as the lack of love, ego aggrandizement, emotional isolation, envy, lust for power—these are often treated as less important than failing to respect the sexual conventions. It is a faulty value scale.

The most evil and destructive traits are not those of the sexual appetite, which is biologically given and morally neutral in itself, but the irrational emotional passions such as hate, fear, greed, ulcerous striving for status. The Victorian patterns of hiding and hush-hushing sex failed miserably to put first things first. They "strained out the gnat and swallowed the camel." And none of this, in any case, actually reduced our interest in sex; it only activated it at a sly and prurient level of secrecy, behind-the-scenes humor, if such it can be called, and erotic advertising.

Our twentieth-century revolt against hole-in-corner sex was, therefore, a healthy and wholesome thing, but unfortunately it soon went in its reaction to the opposite extreme. It fell into the equally absurd idea that sexual behavior lies outside any kind of ethical code or philosophical meaning whatever. It became a thing in itself without relation to or qualification by anything else, whether it might be God, society, beauty, family, partnership or self-discipline. Yet it is obvious that if our attitude toward others is the concern of ethics and philosophy and theology, then sexual behavior—one of the most vital and powerful expressions of our relationship with others—is decisively important in morals and faith and world view.

Character is formed through social experience. It is not sexual behavior that determines character; it is character that determines sexual behavior. Sex does not determine what kind of person we will be. The kind of person we are determines our sexual manners and standards. This is important to get straight, for it puts first things first.

A person with the type of "character" that is a drive to dominate and manipulate others will very likely meet his sexual partner in a pattern of "I" to "it" rather than to "thee." He will enter readily into fitful relations with prostitutes and casual "pick-ups" along the way. If he is highly aggressive, hungry for power and success, he will disregard his sexual partner's needs and pleasures, perhaps even engaging in sadistic practices of inflicting pain. If he is emotionally mature, capable of giving as well as accepting love (the key to the art of loving), he will behave accordingly. Character, the system of values and philosophy by which we live, is what determines the particular ways in which we handle and satisfy the sexual drive.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

Easy to make the "busy-day" way—

Pudding Cheesecake



No cooking!



the tang of cheese—
the crunchiness of
graham cracker crust—
the tart-sweet smoothness
of Jell-O Lemon
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"BUSY-DAY" LEMON CHEESECAKE

1 large package (8 oz.) cream cheese • 2 cups milk
1 package Jell-O Lemon Instant Pudding
1 cooled 8- or 9-inch Graham Cracker Crust

Place cream cheese in a bowl and stir with a fork until *well softened.* Add ½ cup of the milk, a little at a time, blending until mixture is very smooth. Add remaining 1½ cups milk and pudding mix. Beat with egg beater just until well mixed, about 1 minute. Pour into crust. Chill about one hour. Serve to 8 delighted people—a real party dessert that you can make so easily—thanks to Jell-O *Instant* Pudding.

P.S. It takes the special qualities of *Jell-O Instant* Pudding to make this luscious cheesecake. Cooked pudding will *not* give satisfactory results with this recipe.

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*True of all finely-strained processed juices.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

We often hear it charged by "oldsters" that sex standards are lower today than they used to be. This in spite of the fact that the younger generation accused of "going to the dogs" has had its growth security smashed by the oldsters' wars and preparation for new wars! I do not believe this charge, not for a moment. What is true, I am sure, is that sexual promiscuity for both sexes, especially before marriage, is more common than it used to be. This is the kind of statement for which it is hard to find proof, but I believe I can show that it is *probably* true by explaining why I do not think that sex ideals are any lower. (If this sounds like a paradox, just have the patience to see how it clears itself up.)

There is no convincing evidence that young people today are any less conscientious than their parents were, or less successful at maturing emotionally. There is no reason to think that today's youth have less moral stamina and fiber than their elders. The very excesses of juvenile delinquency that have us all perturbed and uneasy are signs of anger, not of timidity, of misguided purpose rather than softness.

But we must remember that morality in practice is more than a matter of ideals. The *inducements* or *motivations* or *incentives* of morality are geared to "sanctions" as well as to ideals. We walk in the paths of virtue because there is an expectation of rewards and punishments in the background. Rarely if ever do people actually live and act by the maxim "Virtue is its own reward." The tendency to calculate the cost of righteousness is a trait of some people all of the time, and of all people some of the time. Our ideals of love and of sexual expression, therefore, are just as high as they ever were. What has changed are the sanctions behind our loyalty to the ideals. In the past people stayed "in line" as far as sex goes because they feared the consequences if they got out of line.

There is plenty of evidence that the religious sanctions have less effect than formerly—especially threats such as "hell-fire" have lost the cultural standing they had in times past. I want to emphasize that the *prudential* sanctions have changed also. The technology of sex, the means of prophylaxis and contraception have partially removed the triple terrors of conception, infection and detection. Sex is becoming more nearly "safe." There are also added privacy and protection in the anonymous stranger patterns created by the automobile, the apartment house and "the lonely crowd."

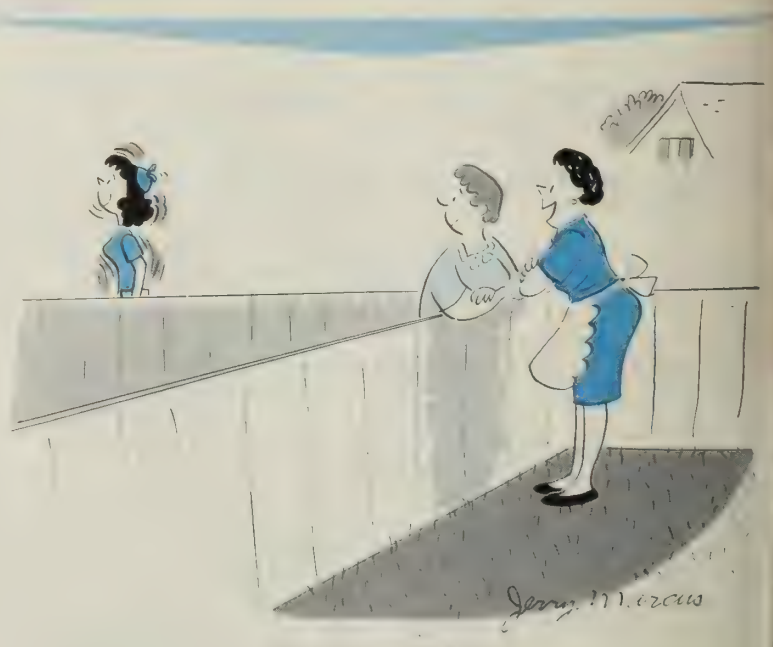
Medicine and science are making it safer and easier to break the traditional rules of the sex code. Science gives us control over nature's ways of working, but this control is morally neutral—it can be a power for either good or evil. Science, by its successes in sex and reproduction (for example, overcoming sterility), as well as in other areas of life, increases our moral stature and responsibility by increasing our freedom for good and for evil alike.

Our sex standards will have to find a foundation in loyalty and devotion to some loved one, because many of the old self-centered fears are being eliminated. Our loyalty to sex standards must become a matter of high-commitment relationship, whether the person loved be human or divine. The humanist's loyalty (love and loyalty go together, like the song's "horse and carriage") will be offered to a human person; the theist will offer his loyalty to a divine person, to God, as well as to a human lover. Regardless, the rock-bottom truth is that our sex standards, in an era of medical technology and urban anonymity, depend for their sanctions upon devotion rather than dread. The question is whether we can be loyal to the positive sanction of love as we were once held down by the negative sanction of fear.

Humanists will put all their eggs in the basket of personal integrity and loyalty to the common good—social conscience. This is part of the answer, no doubt, but I do not believe it can succeed by itself. It must also have the sanction of some "ultimate" (religious) conviction. The loyalty needed to keep modern people hewing to the line of the old ideals must, therefore, be born out of grace, out of the spiritual power of religious conviction and commitment. Religious faith is not needed to tell us what is good, but it is needed to make us want it enough to work for it.

I am assuming without question that the true and best sex ideal is, as it was in the prescientific Christian era, a marital monopoly—that ideal sexuality lies within the marriage bond. Yet what I have said about the effect of changed "techniques" on ethics would be valid even if the old code were rejected in whole or altered in some of its parts. In either case, as things are now we have to act out of love, not out of fear. It requires very grown-up people.

Sex is dynamite. Unchanneled by high character, it leads to chaos and destruction. Sex is our strongest "hidden persuader." It can be the fiercest cement of relationship, but it can also be the lever that breaks people apart. Conceived broadly as "libido," infusing all our life and thought, not just a matter of genital activity, sex is the most dynamic of our assets as a means to good ends, including both interpersonal joy and procreation. The danger we face is that though technology (medical and industrial) makes intercourse easier, our moral ability to serve our ideals has not kept pace. The ideal no longer finds support in the "facts of life" as it once did. This is what is called the moral lag, and it is a religious and moral, not a scientific problem. It is much like the new atomic energy: Science gives us the new power, but to what end will we use it? For better living, or for self-destruction? Are we to be "by love possessed" or "by lust obsessed"?

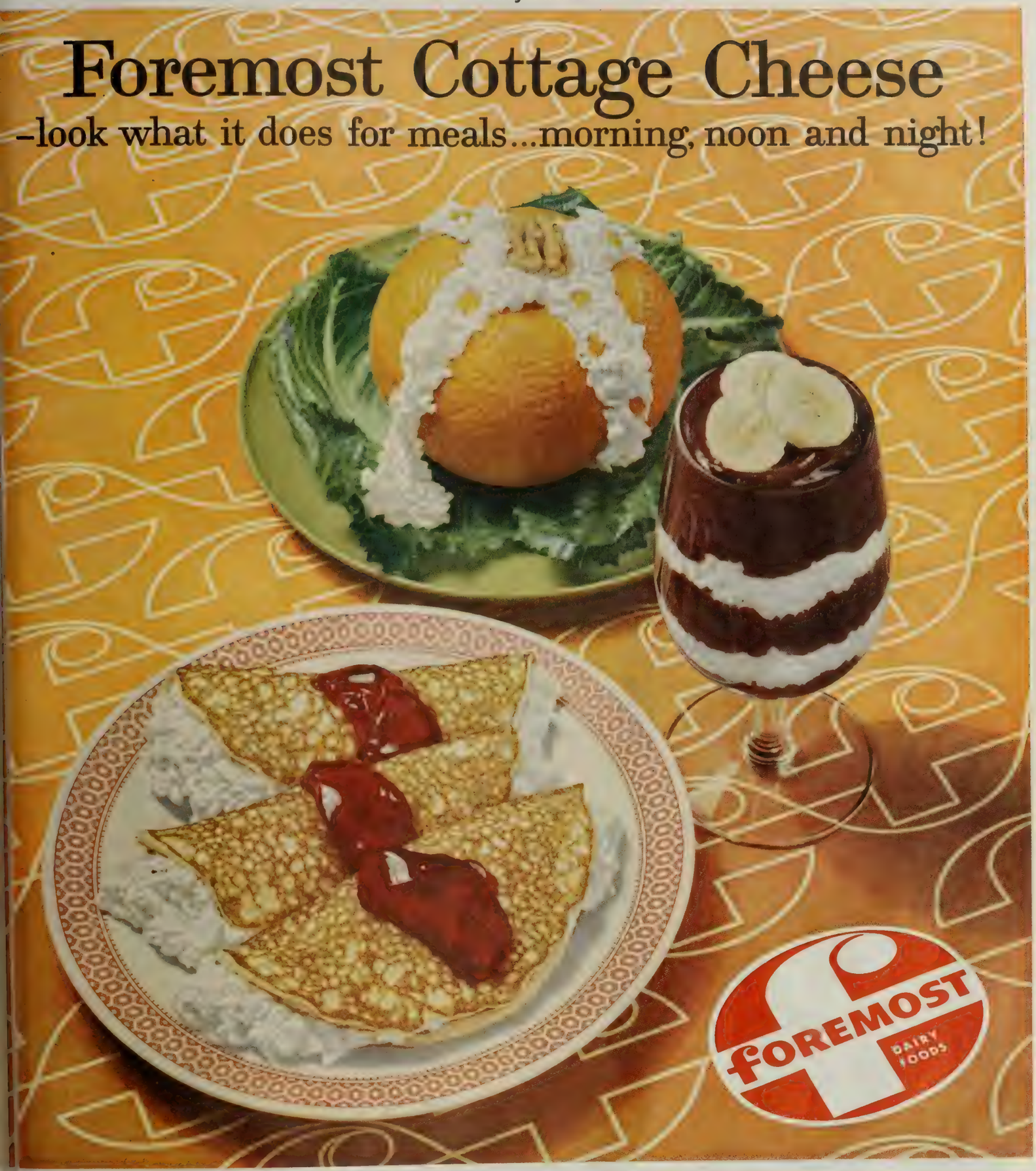


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Is there something wrong when a wife is habitually more ardent than her husband?

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

SOME HUSBANDS ARE COLD

"Why don't you ever write an article about husbands who are sexually cool? Often, when I read an article about sex problems in marriage, I think that if the words 'husband' and 'wife' were reversed, the symptoms would be ours. We are both in our late twenties and have been married seven years. For every time my husband initiates love-making, I approach him three or four times. Even then, he sometimes makes me feel he is doing me a favor. I don't feel I am too demanding, for if I left it to him, once a month would be the limit.

"I don't disgust him, for he tells people I am better looking now than when we were married, and he says he enjoys sex, but I can't believe it. It isn't that he's effeminate or a weakling. He's quite strong, active in several sports, never sick, and he says there is nothing wrong with him physically. When we've talked about the problem, he says it's because he doesn't get enough sleep. But I can't get him to go to bed at a decent hour. He also takes great interest in his job. It just seems that his work, sports and hobbies take up all his energy and enthusiasm with nothing left over for sex.

"I hope you'll discuss this problem soon, for other wives' comments make me feel we're not unique. There must be many reasons for it, and one of them might offer some hope."

As this wife suggests, her problem is not uncommon. In fact, about one wife in six reports a similar situation. Significantly, the difficulty is most often encountered among wives in their late twenties and early thirties. This is the age span when the sex drive is at its highest level in most women, in sharp contrast to the situation among men. The average male reaches the peak of sexual capacity before twenty; drive from that time on slowly but steadily declines.

Another difference between husbands and wives is frequently overlooked. What has happened during the day or even the previous week is much more likely to predispose a wife toward or against intercourse than is true of her husband. Again, few husbands use sex either as a reward or a punishment, but many wives do.

Though it is husbands rather than wives who largely determine the pattern of sexual behavior in marriage, this pattern is greatly influenced by the wife's reaction, especially during the early months of marriage. When a wife has shown little interest in sex, or has frequently rejected her husband's overtures during the early years of marriage, her attraction for him will steadily diminish. If his sex drive is intense, he may seek other sexual partners. If it is relatively weak, advancing age will reduce it even more. Then, as the wife reaches the stage where her sexual powers are at their height, the earlier situation may be reversed; she becomes the eager one, while he is indifferent.

In no other area of human behavior are individual differences as great as in sexual activities. Typically, married couples between age twenty-five and thirty-five engage in intercourse two or three times a week, but some couples average only once a month while others may seek the experience almost daily. There is no "right" or "wrong" about the matter. The goal should be the satisfaction and contentment of both husband and wife. If either partner is made to feel cheated, deprived and rejected, as in the case of this wife, or on the other hand badgered, put upon and exhausted, the situation is unwholesome and a threat to the marriage.

Usually several factors are involved in a problem of this kind. Here are some questions that may help wives similarly troubled to analyze and improve their relationship with their husbands:

Is he in good health? Neither his appearance nor his own report can be fully trusted. A thorough medical examination provides the only reliable answer. If the wife explains the situation to the physician (the husband is not likely to), he will be particularly alert to conditions that might explain it. For example, pronounced overweight or excessive drinking always brings reduction in sex drive.

Is his job too exhausting? With today's forty-hour week, mental stress is more likely to be a factor than physical fatigue. Any wife knows from her own experience that too heavy a work load reduces interest in sex.

Is he worried? Anxiety over money, family matters or anything else can be a contributing factor. By discussing the difficulty sympathetically, a wife can help relieve his tension, even if she cannot solve the problem.

Is he getting enough rest? Sheer lack of sleep may be largely to blame.

Is sex rewarding for him? To answer this question, a wife must evaluate all aspects of her marriage. Has she gladly met his sex needs from the beginning? Has she refrained from using sex as a reward or punishment? Has she been quickly responsive without undue emphasis on ritual? Has she corrected dissatisfaction in other areas of the marriage?

Is he free from inhibitions? If so, he probably discusses sex without embarrassment, is outgoing, warm and friendly. Any negative change in these respects since marriage probably reflects his wife's failure to appreciate these qualities.

Is he sexually maladjusted? A man may have strong feelings of guilt about sex that go back to childhood. Overcleanliness or extreme neglect, prudishness or preoccupation with filthy sex jokes, undesirable mannerisms often suggest maladjustment. Professional counsel is usually needed to treat such difficulties.

Are her own motives sound? The wife who is insecure, who doubts her husband's love, who is bored, who doesn't enjoy other aspects of life often overemphasizes sex and expects it to play the major role in marriage. She may make excessive demands, and he may deny her out of unconscious resentment.

Some decline in a husband's sexual interest and capacity is to be expected with advancing years, especially after forty-five or fifty. But if a husband at marriage and for several months after evinced normal or strong desire, any marked decrease usually means something is wrong. Though it may be a combination of physical and psychological factors, in the majority of cases there is nothing wrong physically. When psychological factors are the cause, a wife should not forget that her own attitudes and actions may be primarily responsible. Once physical factors have been corrected or ruled out, the sensible wife will discuss the situation with her husband. If co-operative effort does not solve the problem, marriage counseling should be sought without delay.

LOVE IS NOURISHED BY COMMON INTERESTS

"John and I were married five years ago. He was twenty-three, I was twenty-two. No couple could have been happier than we were the first year. Hardly a day went by that we didn't do something together. It was lunch or dinner in town, a movie or show, social visits or entertaining. I met all his friends, he knew mine. We played bridge, occasionally went to a dance, and there was always so much to do and talk about. We were so happy.

"I became pregnant shortly after our first anniversary. I think our trouble began then. I wasn't feeling too well, and he somehow didn't seem sympathetic and understanding. His work came first. At last the baby came and my only thought was that it was like being let out of prison. Our third year, what with bottles and colic, wasn't much of a reprieve, but I thought the worst was over.

"When Jack began to walk, I felt free to leave him with a baby sitter and I started to spend a lot of time at the country club playing bridge and golf. John was occasionally out of town on business, and when he wasn't he was working very hard. He usually didn't get home before seven o'clock (it takes an hour to commute) and he got his own breakfast in the morning because he left before the baby was bathed and dressed. I hated not to stay home when he was too tired to go out, but I thought it did give him a good chance to be with his son, and one of us had to keep up social appearances. I lived for the weekends, for we played bridge on Friday night, golfed the next day and partied with friends that night.

"Then we bought a home and John started to garden and to make all kinds of improvements inside and out. First it was a rock wall, then he dug out a swimming pool, and there was a patio and outdoor fireplace. It was hard physical labor and he didn't expect me to help with it. But it left him too tired to go out, since the weekends were the only times he could work outdoors.

"We now go practically nowhere together unless it rains or snows. I pray for bad weather, but we get less than our share. John is doing well in his job and we have no financial worries, but we have no fun. We have practically nothing to talk about any more. He seems so old and dull and maybe I am dull to him. But I don't want it to be like this. Tell me how we can communicate and gain back all we have lost."

This is a big order. Though this wife may want to go back to the old whirl, it is extremely probable that John prefers the way of life he has carved out for himself. On the surface, she appears to be a shallow person and unable to derive any enjoyment from life unless she is in the midst of social activities.

Her letter is more revealing for what it doesn't say than for what it does. Her happiness the first year seems to have come from the stream of dancing, dining and social activity. She never says she loved her husband, she doesn't even identify the work he does. She never prepared her husband's breakfast, and thought nothing of leaving him alone at home to baby-sit while she was out. At no point does she suggest that she has one single constructive interest, nor even any interest in her husband's efforts to beautify the home and to make it more livable. There is no mention of her offering to lend a hand in the improvements that have absorbed him. In fact, there is nothing said to indicate that home as such carried any real meaning to her. It is no wonder that they have nothing to talk about.

Most wives would be delighted to have a homebody for a husband. But she thinks he is dull and old. What she wants is not better communication with her husband, but more association with him in respect to her friends and diversions. She has made the mistaken assumption that companionship and diversion are the same thing. If this wife sincerely wants to improve the situation, she must develop greater insight into the true meaning of marriage. Otherwise, there isn't much hope, since her point of view is primarily shaped by what she wants from life rather than by what she wants from marriage and is willing to give it.

DO YOU AGREE?

I can't argue my wife's coldness out of her. Why not?

It wasn't reasoned into her and it can't be reasoned out of her.

ASK YOURSELF:
Are We Training Our Children?

Because a mother spends much more time with her children in their formative years, she has a much greater opportunity to shape their attitudes and to influence their personality than does their father. But he must help her develop a philosophy and program for their welfare and give her his moral support in carrying it out. These questions may help you gauge the success of your efforts.

Where Your Children are Concerned, Do You and Your Husband:

1. **Agree on how they should be trained?**
2. **Settle your differences privately?**
3. **Give them ample love and affection?**
4. **Assign regular duties appropriate to age?**
5. **Relate privileges to responsibilities?**
6. **Discipline them firmly and fairly?**
7. **Listen understandingly to their problems?**

With Your Children, Do You:

8. **Consistently punish disobedience?**
9. **Refuse to pick up after them?**
10. **Guide their choices in TV and reading?**
11. **Encourage Sunday-school attendance?**
12. **Respect their privacy and confidences?**
13. **Show real interest in their school progress?**
14. **Change decisions only for sound reasons?**

Love, guidance and control are essential to the wholesome development of your growing children. Token companionship, unearned privileges and freedom to do as they please usually lead to selfishness and maladjustment if not to actual delinquency. If the number of your "Yes" answers is no more than ten, there is real possibility that you are not accepting the responsibilities inherent in parenthood.

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Ordinary bulb has burning hot spot in center that causes glare and harsh shadows.



New Eye Saving Bulb gives even, all-over brightness that's much easier on your eyes.

Westinghouse announces the first major advance in light bulbs since 1925. It's the all-n
Westinghouse Eye Saving White bulb . . . the best bulb for seeing ever developed. It's so
completely new it makes ordinary bulbs old-fashioned. You'll notice the difference im
diately — in the look and feel of its entirely new shape . . . in the new glare-free light it gi
This is light for living. Ask for it at your neighborhood store . . . now!

WATCH "WESTINGHOUSE LUCILLE BALL—DESI ARNAZ SHOWS" CBS-TV MONDAYS

YOU CAN BE SURE . . . IF IT'S Westinghouse

Westinghouse Lamp Division, Bloomfield, New

OUR READERS WRITE US

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

while projects for a young mothers' club at our church. With the simple instructions, we knitted dozens of sweaters—that is, the other girls did while I scoured the city for sales on yarn, begged scraps, packed and shipped.

We didn't dream that all this knitting would lead us into "unplanned parenthood!" But our tiny mothers' club soon



Woon Choo.

adopted and cared for ten Korean orphans, as well as three widowed mothers. My husband and I were so fascinated with these children that we "adopted" one of our own, Woon Choo, described as the youngest and best-loved child in the orphanage.

Since there are hundreds of other Korean children awaiting "adoption," I thought this letter might help!

Yours very sincerely,
BEULAH M. MEASE

Doctors Want to Learn

New York City

Dear Editors: I was talking to my wonderful obstetrician the other day about your recent "Cruelty in Maternity Wards" (December, 1958), and I thought you would be interested in his reaction. He told me that he was waiting in a hospital to deliver a baby and talking to a group of interns. They kept saying, "Why don't you go along, you've got a family waiting for you? We'll deliver this lady."

So he lectured them awhile about how important it is to establish rapport with a patient and to stay with her during labor, and so on, then asked if any of them had read the articles in the JOURNAL. They had not and rather derided the idea, so he rushed out and bought five copies of the then just out December issue.

His main point to them was that even if women only *thought* these terrible things happened to them, or exaggerated them tremendously, then they had already been subjected to more than they could or should stand. And his point for the JOURNAL is that these young fledgling doctors *want* to learn, to understand and to be good doctors.

His idea is that they are the people who should see these articles, and wouldn't it be possible to send reprints out to all the training hospitals? Would it? J. A.

How I Met My Man

Kerhonkson, New York

Dear Editors: There I was, secretary-receptionist for a large feed concern, solely dedicated to farmers, when in walked my future husband.

What ambled nonchalantly past my desk was a big bronzed man, naked to the waist, complete with a two-day beard, an old cap, a pair of faded Levis, and a cigarette precariously dangling from the lips. He walked into the boss' office unannounced. A large mongrel dog pattered in after him.

"For Pete's sake!" I gasped. "What was that?"

The senior bookkeeper sh-hed me loudly; the accountant smiled mysteriously, and the junior bookkeeper sighed, "That's Sam."

"Sam who?" I asked.

"The boss' bachelor brother," the accountant explained patiently.

"He's the catch of his town," declared the junior bookkeeper.

"Well, nobody better throw him my way," I answered smugly.

But farmers don't always look as if they've just come out of the old red barn, and we began dating. However, it was only after our fourth date that he kissed me. Previously, I had taken to staring into the mirror wondering what was wrong with me. He positively ignored my batting eyelashes, new perfume and Veronica Lake hairdo!

I proposed to him in November in his father's kitchen. I said, "Sam, will you marry me?" and Sam answered, "No, but I'll always admire your choice." So I went home and cried. I vowed at our next date I would end our seeing each other once and for all. But at 3:30 A.M. on my porch, he ordered me to get a measurement for an engagement ring.

"I'm going to marry you to put you out of your misery," he said. I awakened my parents to tell them the news. My father rolled over and went back to sleep; my mother began to cry; and 267 people attended the wedding.

Sincerely,
SUZANNE COHEN

P.S. You won't believe this, but I spent my honeymoon with 13 fellows. All Sam's friends flew down to Miami to join us!

▶ *Our thanks to all who have sent us their courtship stories since we asked for them in the July* JOURNAL. *We'll be publishing others among our favorites in the months to come. ED.*

From a New Mother

St. Louis, Missouri

Dear Sirs: My woeful tale concerns the brand-new, first-time mother and how to treat her when she and baby return from the hospital.

DON'T, unless you are a member of her *immediate* family, come barreling over to visit the newcomer for *at least* one week—better two. Don't telephone during that first week. The mother has sufficient noise with the perplexing crying of her infant.

DO, when you visit, limit your number to no more than two people. Don't stay very long.

There! With *my* next baby, I'm going to rip out the phone, close the blinds and padlock all doors. MRS. B.

All for $50

Charleston, West Virginia

Dear Editor of L.H.J.: I just had to let you know how grateful we are for a JOURNAL idea which saved us close to $400. We badly needed cupboard space in our dining room, and the only thing we had hit upon was twin corner cupboards which cost close to $200 each. Then we decided to tackle this idea of yours, changing it to suit our needs. The materials cost us between $40 and $50.



"Journal" room.

Behind the louvered doors on the right side is (guess what!) my husband's "ham" rig, and the drawer below opens into his desk. The louvered doors and desk on the left are mine, and the cabinets hold all my china, silver and glassware. The wood is pine, with Early American stain. It is almost a perfect match for our cherry table and chairs and we are very happy about the whole thing!

Sincerely,
MARY JANE KRAFT

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New Life to Your Complexion Safely...Gently!

PALMOLIVE'S RICH LATHER CONTAINS—

No drying detergents! No greasy cold creams! No irritating deodorants!



You can give your complexion New Life—leave it softer, fresher—with New Palmolive care. New Palmolive's mildness lets you cleanse far more thoroughly than you'd dare to do with harsher soaps. No drying detergents! No greasy cold creams! No irritating deodorants!

New! lather fragrance color wrapper



Peas Indienne . . . inspired by the Orient for adventurous tastes, and so easy with Del Monte Peas

Whether you try them in an exotic dish like this, or just hot, buttered and delicious, there's nothing ordinary about DEL MONTE *Early Garden* Peas!

They're better peas, better grown. They're all selected for flavor and tenderness. And you get the smaller, sweeter peas combined with the richer-tasting, larger ones—in a happy natural flavor blend that's characteristic of a batch of fresh peas you'd shell and cook yourself.

This kind of flavor and tenderness makes the convenience of canned peas a complete joy. Taste DEL MONTE *Early Garden* Peas—you'll see!

PEAS INDIENNE

- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- ¼ to ¾ teaspoon curry powder, according to taste
- ⅓ to ½ cup salted peanuts, chopped
- 1 can (17 oz.) DEL MONTE Brand *Early Garden* Peas

Melt butter or margarine. Mix in curry powder, add peanuts; sauté 2 min. Add well-drained DEL MONTE Peas and mix carefully with a fork till peas are hot. (Be sure to use a light hand—remember, **all** these peas are tender!) Serves 4. Here we've shown Peas Indienne served in individual covered lacquered wooden bowls to keep them hot—with tiny roasted chickens and rice garnished with DEL MONTE Spiced Peaches. Also delicious to serve with fried chicken, meats or fish.

Del Monte® Peas



JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN

EDITED BY EILEEN SHARPE

WHAT WE DO
WHERE WE GO
WHOM WE MEET



ABBOT MILLS

Peter Briggs gets the low-down on love from Kim Novak.

50 years ago in the Journal

In March, 1909, Emmeline Pankhurst and her daughter Christabel were kicking up a rumpus for women's rights in England, but most American women showed little interest in having the vote. I've Got Rings on My Fingers was a hit, and so were the new electric vacuum cleaners and clothes washers. Not one woman in ten thousand in the U.S. wore silk stockings. They wore cotton or wool, in only two colors, white or black, and high-laced shoes.

In the March, 1909,* JOURNAL, *a mother tells how she handled a ten-year-old son who was insolent to her. "I speak to you as I would to any gentleman of my acquaintance," she told him, "and I expect you to address me with the courtesy due to a woman."

"Charming is a new color called prune," remarks Mrs. Ralston. "Coats are hip length and the new, slimmer skirts have sharp little tails in the back which lie not more than two inches on the ground, a really practical length to wear and to lift easily."

"Martha: The high stiff pompadour is no longer fashionable. The hair should be parted at the center and drawn back softly in classical, Grecian style, with a puff over the ears and a Psyche knot in back."

Manners: "It is not customary to remove one's gloves when eating unless seated at a table. With a fork one can eat salad or cake without soiling one's gloves in the slightest."

"Only intimate friends are privileged to call in the morning, except on business, to ask for information about a servant, for charity, or to inquire for a friend's health."

"Pretty Girl Questions: The daily tub bath has been called the distinguishing mark between a thoroughbred girl and one of the middle class."

Millions of beautiful women, we're told, long to be as beautiful as Audrey Hepburn, Loretta Young, Debbie Reynolds or Claudette Colbert; as Dinah Shore, Kim Novak or Judy Holliday; as Jane Powell, Marlene Dietrich or Elizabeth Taylor. But oh my! wait till they hear what we learned at lunch the other day with ***Dawn Norman*** and a group of beauty experts who shall be nameless. For it came out in the proceedings that not one of the ladies named above and renowned for her looks but has been acutely conscious on occasion of some beauty flaw in herself. Even though it might have taken an expert to tell.

For instance, Audrey used to fret about the smallness of her head; Loretta thinks Loretta's too thin, and Judy worries about Judy's weight. Debbie's deep-set eyes prey on her (quite differently from the way they do on us); Claudette's close-ups were always taken from the left, which she believed was better than her right; and Dinah has to let her hair fall softly full behind her ears to camouflage a determined jawline. Directors and dressers, impossible to please, it is said, try to narrow Kim's apparent width below the waist; Marlene likes to make her hands look smaller; Jane would love to look taller, while lovely Liz, so easy to look at, keeps wishing she were longer-waisted. "Who doesn't have problems?" sighed Dawn.

Back at the Workshop we bumped into ***Peter Briggs***, who couldn't wait to show us a picture of himself sitting on a sofa with one of our problem beauties, ***Kim Novak*** no less. "I was interviewing her on the subject of love," Peter explained. "She said she thought it was a very interesting subject. She told me why her hair wasn't lavender." "Listen, Peter, didn't she say anything about her hips?" "No; she said she used to be a model, and got in the movies more or less by accident. Just happened to go along to the studio with a friend who was looking for a job." "Now, Peter, pay attention. Would you say Kim's hips are too wide?" "Well, maybe for a model," Peter ventured, "but definitely not for a *woman!*"



"Wordy" Churchill.

There are close onto a million words in the English language, of which ***Winston Churchill*** has a working vocabulary of about 50,000, probably the biggest of any human being, and exceeded only by that new I.B.M. thinking machine in Boston with 10,000 more, but which can't write anywhere near as well as Sir Winston—or nearly so well, as our copy editor here, ***Jack Werner***, would prefer us to say. Jack not only reads, twice, every word that goes into the JOURNAL, once in manuscript and once in proof, including the words we're writing now about him, but reads them with the concentration of a watchmaker, for spelling, syntax and factuality. He has to know all the answers. "Jack, how many words does the average person use?" we asked him. "Fifteen thousand." "How many does he understand?" "Twice that many." "Who is your favorite word user at the moment?" "***John Marquand.*** He makes the most ordinary words express the most extraordinary thoughts. He wouldn't think of going in for sesquipedalianism. That's a word for your I.B.M. machine."

"It all started with a letter from the *Goulds* in Hong Kong, where they had just read the article I'd been working on with them in India, and Mrs. Gould said it ought to make a book. Well, it finally did," *Margaret Parton* told us, "and I've called it The Leaf and the Flame. It's all about the spell-binding world of peacocks and elephants, teak houseboats, partition riots, Gandhi, Nehru, saffron-robed holy men, and a lot about my baby that was being born." "Is this the leaf in your title?" we asked, looking at a leaf-thin wafer of silver that lay on the pilau of rice with almonds that Margaret had prepared for lunch. "No, that is silver-leaf from Delhi. I just use it to decorate the dish. But in India they eat it. They say it's good for the liver." The Leaf and the Flame (Knopf) will be out any day now. You'll find it very good for the soul.

Margaret Parton working (under difficulties) on The Leaf and the Flame.



The magnificent Lasker art collection is literally priceless. The famed paintings the JOURNAL has been bringing you (page 94 in this issue) are valued at something like a million dollars—but art that transfixes has no fixed price. Interviewing lovely ***Mrs. Lasker*** in her home, ***Jean Freeman*** asked if she ever takes for granted being surrounded by such breathtaking masterpieces. She doesn't consciously stare at them, she said, but when she lends one to a museum, she misses it terribly. "And if too many are out at once, I just leave home—the whole house seems empty." She recalled that she and her late husband disagreed about art only once in their twenty-five years of collecting. He liked a painting she disliked; she was anxious to buy one he couldn't stand. What happened? "We bought both."



ABBOT MILLS

Jean Freeman and Mrs. Lasker.

*"Can you send me a pattern for knickers?" asked a reader. "My husband needs plus fours and blazer—impossible to find," wrote another. "How would you sew a bustle?" asked a third. Pattern Editor **Nora O'Leary** fought panic by asking us what year it was. Time had not turned backward. Antique-car owners had leaped forward on hearing she had 989 old* JOURNAL *patterns. "We match costumes to our cars for parades and parties," members of the Antique Automobile Club Association finally told our relieved pattern editor. We are baffled with her still over a reader question none of us can answer: "Why don't men save old wedding clothes in attics the way women do?"*



MINIATURE FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

Henry VIII was in the prime of youth, in his thirties, seeking to divorce Katherine of Aragon.

Beginning a love story which was really lived,
in the midst of England's most flamboyant court . . .
the story of a girl whose hazel eyes were flecked with gold.
"They disturbed men"—and history.

The Queen's Grace

By Jan Westcott



CULVER

They teased Katryn Parr: "She won't do her needlework because a fortuneteller told her she would be queen, that her hands were ordained for scepters."

Katryn Parr sat demurely on the bench in the garden at Burlingame, her slippers resting on the grass at her feet, peeking out from under the brilliant green skirt. The skirt was girdled with bright red, and a red shawl was over her shoulders, for even though the sun felt warm the September day held a chill in its air.

Regardless of the chill, at her feet sprawled the two middle sons of the Burlingames; seventeen and eighteen they were, long and lean and tanned. They sprawled a good six feet, each of them, booted legs thrust out, for they were always dressed for riding. They lay on the grass, and patted their dogs and gave themselves to the old, old game of egging each other on to win favor from Katryn Parr.

Their eyes lingered on the familiar and rapturous sight of her red curls, caught back under her cap and spilling over her collar as she tossed her head. Against her white skin, her dark straight brows were startling, and when they said something she particularly approved they would get the full force of her eyes. They were hazel, flecked with gold, and as one of the boys said, "They disturbed a man."

Katryn was sewing. Occasionally she would glance up and flash one of them a long look, either merry or reproving, depending on what they had said to cause her to glance at them instead of her needle. But today they did not get many glances from those golden eyes.

"What are you making that you cannot even give me a laugh, or a sigh, or a glance?" Richard was eighteen, and considered himself by far the elder.

"A New Year's present," she said absently. She did glance up now, not at the boys at her feet but across the lawn toward the big manor house, from which there were coming all kinds of sounds, and all kinds of voices, but none of them the one she wanted to hear. She moved a little restlessly on the bench. Certainly he would come; he had said he could come. Her heart beat fast as she thought of it, and she wet her lips, and lowered her eyes so as to conceal from the boys the quick flash of triumph in them.

For this was triumph indeed. A year ago—nay, six months ago—he wouldn't have noticed her at all. Many had been the time he'd passed her by when she came to visit Joan, her best friend. It had only been last week that he had said, in a surprised tone, "Why, by the Mass, ye've grown up!" And, looking down, his blond head on one side, he had suddenly smiled.

She had lowered her eyes to let him see the thick bristly lashes, and she had thought, *Marry, Hugo is a man; he is twenty. For six months I've been dreaming about him and now suddenly, the knave, he thinks all he has to do is notice me.*

"Marry, sir," she said haughtily, "thou'rt a very dolt not to have discovered it afore. I'm almost sixteen, the same as your sister Joan." She tossed her head and made a move to pass by him, for they were in a narrow passage between the scullery and the door to the garden.

"Hold on," he said, taking a step back. "I didn't mean to offend thee."

"Fie on you, Hugo," she said. "Pray let me pass."

He did so, and she went out into the garden.

He spoke to the back of her head: "May I come, too, mistress?"

She stopped and they faced each other. "Hugo," she said softly, "I am not a child, and I mislike being treated like one." She ran her red tongue over her lips, for she was a bit nervous about talking with him thus.

Then she saw that he was looking at her with a strange look in his

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96



KENDAL CASTLE,

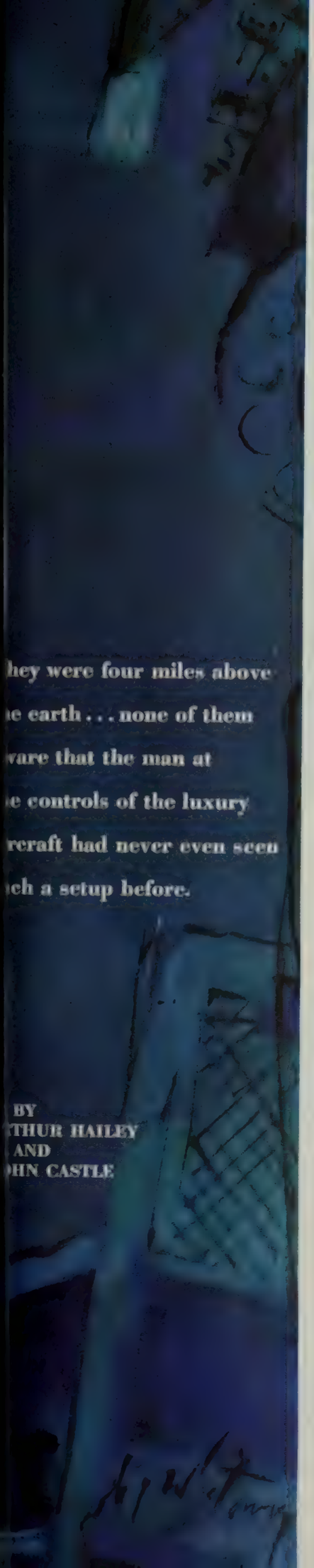
Here Katryn was born. Her father, an official in the king's court, died when she was five, the castle, plus her dowry money, going to her brother. She could not see staying at Kendal while youth ran out. She dreamed of London and the life at court.

"One must learn to fit oneself to a world at which one is sometimes at odds," he said. "You shouldn't be here."

© 1959 by Jan Westcott




Spencer shut his eyes for an instant in an effort to clear the dancing of the illuminated dials. "I'm sorry," Janet said.
FLIGHT INTO DANGER



Steady rain slanting through the harsh glare of its headlights, the taxicab swung into the approach to Winnipeg Airport, screeched protestingly and came to a stop outside the reception building. Its passenger seized an overnight bag and hurried to the swing doors.

Inside, the warmth and lights halted him. He turned down the collar of his damp topcoat, glanced at the wall clock, then strode to the departure desk of Cross-Canada Airlines, deserted now except for the passenger agent checking through a manifest.

"Look," said the man in the topcoat urgently, "have you got a seat on Flight 98 for Vancouver?"

The passenger agent shook his head. "Sorry, sir. Not one. With the big game in Vancouver tomorrow, things are chock-full. All our flights are completely booked—I doubt if you'll be able to get out of here before tomorrow afternoon."

The man swore softly. "I've got to be in Vancouver by tomorrow noon."

"There's a charter flight in from Toronto. They're going out to the coast for this game. I believe they were a few seats light. Perhaps you could grab one of those."

"Where do I ask?"

The agent waved across the hall. "Right over there. The Maple Leaf Air Charter."

"Thanks a lot," said the man. He walked briskly over to a smaller desk, behind which another agent sat busily writing. He looked up as the man arrived.

"I wonder, can you help me? Have you a seat left on a flight to Vancouver?"

"Vancouver. I'll see." The pencil checked rapidly down a passenger list. Then: "Just one. Flight's leaving straightway."

"That's fine. Can I have that seat, please?"

The agent reached for a ticket stub. "Name, sir?"

"George Spencer." It was entered quickly, with the flight details.

In a moment the bag was weighed and labeled.

"Here you are, sir. Go to gate three and ask for Flight 714. The plane's about to leave."

Spencer nodded, and hurried to the departure gate. Outside, the chill night air pulsated with the whine of aero engines. A commissionaire directed him across the floodlit apron, gleaming in the rain, to a waiting aircraft whose four propellers were shining silver disks in the light of the overhead arc lamps. Already men were preparing to disengage the passenger ramp. Bounding across the intervening puddles, Spencer reached them and ran up the steps. He ducked into the aircraft and was joined shortly by a stewardess, who smiled and made fast the door.

"There's a seat for'ard," said the girl.

Spencer slipped out of his coat, took off his hat, and walked to the vacant seat. He bundled his coat with some difficulty into the luggage rack, remarking, "They never seem to make these things big enough," to the neighboring passenger, and then sank down onto the soft cushions.

"Good evening," came the stewardess' sprightly voice over the public-address system. "The Maple Leaf Air Charter Company welcomes aboard its new passengers to Flight 714. We hope you will enjoy your flight. Please fasten your safety belts. We shall be taking off in a few moments."

As Spencer fumbled with his catch, the man next to him grunted, "That's a pretty sobering sentence. Don't often see it," and nodded to a small notice on the back of the seat in front reading *Your life belt is under the seat.*

Spencer laughed. "*I'd* certainly have been sunk if I hadn't caught this bus," he said.

"Oh? Pretty keen fan, eh?"

"Fan?" Spencer remembered that this was a charter flight for a ball game. "Er—no," he said hastily. "I'm rushing off to Vancouver to keep a business appointment. I'd like to see that game, but it's out of the question, I'm afraid."

His companion lowered his voice. "I shouldn't say that too loudly, if I were you. This plane is crammed with squareheads who are going to Vancouver with one purpose only—and that's to root for their boys and to roar damnation and defiance at the enemy."

Spencer chuckled again and leaned out from his seat to look round the crowded cabin. There was evidence of a typical, noisy, roistering but good-natured party of sports fans. To Spencer's immediate right sat a man and his wife, their noses buried in the pages of sports magazines. Behind them, four supporters were pouring Rye into paper tumblers. Behind the slightly alcoholic foursome were other obvious team supporters, mostly big, red-faced men intent on playing the game that lay ahead in Vancouver before it took place.

Spencer turned to the man beside him. He noted the quiet suit, of good cut originally but now well crumpled, the tie that didn't match, the lined face and graying hair. A face of character, Spencer decided. Behind it the red lights of the perimeter track had begun to slide past as the aircraft rolled forward.

"I sound like a heretic," said Spencer conversationally, "but I must confess that I'm on my way to the coast on a sales trip."

His companion showed a polite interest. "What do you sell?" he inquired.

"Trucks. Lots of trucks."

"I thought they were sold by dealers."

"So they are. I get called for when a deal is cooking that involves maybe thirty to a hundred trucks. The local salesmen don't like me too well because they say I'm the sharpshooter from the head office who turns up with the special prices and clinches a deal that perhaps they've spent weeks nursing. I get a wire telling me to drop everything and be in Vancouver by lunchtime tomorrow. A big contract is going off the rails there, and fast." Spencer sighed, then sat upright in mock earnestness. "Hey, if you want forty or fifty trucks I can give you a good discount. Feel like running a fleet?"

The man beside him laughed. "I'm a doctor. I couldn't afford to buy one, let alone forty. Football is the only extravagance I allow myself."

Leaning back on the headrest Spencer said, "Glad to have you around, doctor. If I can't sleep you can prescribe a sedative."

As he spoke the engines thundered to full power, the whole aircraft vibrating as it strained against the wheel brakes.

The doctor bellowed, "A sedative would be no good in this racket. I never could understand why they have to make all this noise."

Spencer nodded; when the roar subsided he said, "It's the usual run-up of the engines. It's always done before the plane actually starts its take-off. Each engine has two magnetos, in case one packs in during flight, and in the run-up each engine in turn is opened to full throttle and each of the mags tested separately. When the CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

THE JOURNAL'S
COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL

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FLIGHT INTO DANGER
is soon to be published by Doubleday & Co., Inc.,
under the title
RUNWAY ZERO-EIGHT
and in Canada by Ryerson Press, Toronto, under the title
FLIGHT INTO DANGER



10 Ways a child may tell you he is headed for a Troubled Teen Age

By FREDRIC WERTHAM, M.D.

A psychiatrist often called on to examine young people charged with crimes, Dr. Wertham wrote Seduction of the Innocent, *a study of comic books.*

Are you rightly, or foolishly, alarmed by your child's

Lying
•
Stealing
•
Unhappiness
•
Preoccupation With Sex
•
Restlessness
•
Temper Tantrums
•
Thumb Sucking and Nail Biting
•
Reading Difficulty
•
Violence
•
Bed Wetting?

Parents of teen-agers who have committed crimes are often quoted in the newspapers as saying, "But he was always such a *good* boy! So well behaved. How could we tell he would get into trouble?" The same kind of abashed amazement is often shown by parents of young people who, though they avoid lawbreaking, "suddenly" reveal that they are seriously unhappy, confused or ineffectual.

Since teen-agers belong to the human race, their actions are not always fully predictable and probably some have turned out badly without having given any previous indication whatever of their inclination to do so.

Far oftener, a child gives ample advance warning of the kind of teen-ager he will become, but his parents must be able and willing to read the signs.

To put it another way, the teen-ager who commits an offense or fails at some important task is not "*suddenly*" in trouble: he has been in it for some time, and now he has brought others into it with him—his parents, perhaps a victim, the victim's parents; the whole community, to a degree.

It is an oversimplification to say that the adolescent who causes trouble is unconsciously "trying to tell us something"—and yet there is truth in this.

Many times he will have tried to tell his parents before. If they had listened and understood earlier "messages," serious trouble might have been avoided.

It is not easy for us to tell each other how we feel. Language is a useful means of communication, but not a perfect one. Even when a young person knows what he wants to say he may be incapable of saying it, especially to an adult. And much of the time he simply doesn't know what is bothering him. But his body has a wisdom of its own and ways of describing its general state, and we need to learn to understand this "sign language."

What are some of the ways in which a young person's whole nature says "I need help"? (By "help" I mean the counseling of someone outside the family: pediatrician, in the case of a young child; doctor, clergyman, psychiatrist, in the case of an older child.) What are the signs that spell really serious trouble ahead; that tell us, as the drama has it, "attention must be paid"—now?

Before listing ten "danger signals" which I consider significant—and several that I do not consider significant—let me remind the reader that what I say is based upon wide experience with other children, not with *your child.* Much has been learned about troubled young people and some of this I shall try to pass along to you, but let us both realize that what I have to say should supplement, not replace, your own common sense.

It is possible that a young person who has shown none of these symptoms will get into serious trouble, but it is unlikely.

Taking them not in any "order of importance," here are ten indications of possible trouble ahead, their significance depending always on circumstances and the child's age.

About 4 per cent of all American children between six and fourteen have something seriously wrong with them and will cause trouble.

Others alarm parents with troubles of no real significance for the future.

UNHAPPINESS

One disorder of childhood frequently overlooked just because it seems so simple is unhappiness. Often the unhappy child does not cause any trouble at home or in school, but unhappiness in childhood, however characterized, is something that should not be. It may become a habit, and even if it leads to nothing more serious it may develop into a chronic attitude of depression to plague the adult. One of the greatest responsibilities of parents is to find out the causes of a child's unhappiness—and of course to recognize the unhappiness in the first place.

Charles Wertenbaker put this into words when he wrote "The capacity for happiness is the most valuable trait parents should nurture in their children." Unhappy children become isolated from other children. As one little girl told me, "Nobody wants to be friends with a person who is sad."

Some parents fail to recognize unhappiness in their children because they do not realize that children *can* be genuinely and deeply unhappy.

Parents sometimes ask, "How can I tell if my child is really unhappy?" It isn't really so difficult. What is happiness? I like Alexander Pope's definition: "The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy."

If a child is cranky or preoccupied or irritable or doesn't play well, he may be unhappy. If this condition persists, outside help or advice is needed. Incidentally, children are not automatically made happy by indulging all their desires. Sometimes what they lack and wish for is direction: someone to make decisions for them; outside discipline to help them find security; good reliable parental authority.

READING DIFFICULTY

It would be ridiculous to say that a child who has difficulty learning to read is headed for a life of crime. On the other hand, it can be said that a definite disorder of reading is always a grave matter.

Nowadays reading is so essential to a healthy mental development and adjustment that parents should not let themselves be talked out of their concern about any reading difficulty, even when told by school officials that the child will "grow out of it" or "snap out of it"—or that "there are more essential things to worry about than reading."

As soon as a child shows that he is having trouble with reading, attention should be paid. Many children do not respond well to the sight-word method of teaching being used in most schools today. For them, special instruction involving the phonetic approach is advisable as early as the first or second grade. Some bright children in the early grades are really guessing and memorizing words when they seem to be "reading." Later on, as the reading load increases, they require remedial teaching.

Otherwise-gifted children may become discouraged when, despite their efforts, they cannot acquire knowledge that to good readers comes easily. Since discouragement, frustration and insecurity are the foundation of many childhood troubles, including delinquency, the child who cannot read well has a serious problem. How this will later manifest itself depends on circumstances. Certainly a harmonious, mature, happy development and complete utilization of inherent intellectual gifts are interfered with.

Reading disorders sometimes grow out of emotional conditions; and a reading disorder may help to cause an emotional condition. So remedial-reading instruction alone may not always be enough. It may need to be combined with special guidance and psychotherapy.

Nine-year-old Victor was sent to me with a lot of complaints. He was nervous, restless, twitched his face muscles, was overactive, impulsive, aggressive, domineering, hostile and very dependent. I found that he was of superior intelligence, but had a severe reading disorder. Victor himself said he was unhappy and discouraged and that all he wanted in the world was "to be another little boy instead of myself." It was hard to convince his parents that his most serious trouble was his inability to read. For a year he was given intensive remedial-reading training supplemented by psychotherapeutic sessions. As he learned to read well, so that he enjoyed it, his attitude and behavior changed remarkably. Symptoms which previously had seemed persistent simply disappeared.

Unfortunately, in most areas, facilities for effective remedial-reading teaching are either woefully inadequate or very expensive.

(There is evidence to support a belief that excessive "pseudo-reading" of comic books interferes with a child's learning to read well. Some children who get the comic-book habit have trouble getting meaning from words unaccompanied by pictures.)

BED WETTING

Children who, after about the age of three, are persistent or very frequent bed wetters need professional help. The cause is nearly always psychological or emotional, rarely physical.

Sally was ten. Her bed wetting was persistent. She lived in a stormy family setting. I advised her parents to send her to a camp for the whole summer. There the bed wetting stopped immediately—to return only when her parents (against advice) visited her there.

Bed wetting needs attention for two reasons: 1—It indicates an underlying disturbance with which a child cannot cope; 2—It may have an unsettling and even shattering effect on the child's morale and peace of mind. At best it is a very humiliating experience, the importance of which some parents are apt to underestimate. Specific psychotherapy that makes use of analytic educational and hygienic principles can be very successful.

Children of any age who suffer from bed wetting should *never* be punished for it. It is unjust because they can't control it consciously, and it is ineffective. But there is no reason why children should not get some reward if they succeed in counteracting the bed-wetting accidents. For example, if they stop drinking at three in the afternoon and thereby help the condition.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 194

The Visitatio

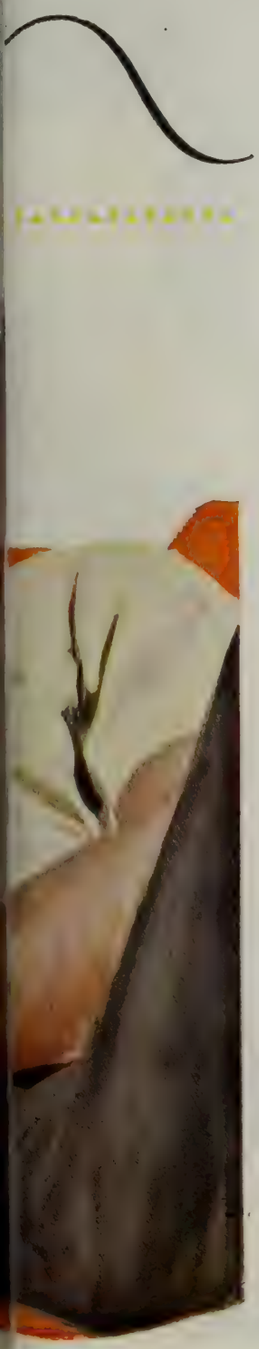


"You know, George," she murmured reflectively, "if I had the strength, I'd throw this at you."

Was Cousin Dolly really off her trolley?

Would we ever get the monstrosity up from t

Who would pull the weeds off Uncle Shad?



E HURLBUT

llar?

SANDERSON

Before I reached the kitchen door I heard Flo humming to herself. It was a low brooding chant. Uneasiness stole over me.

Flo was gigantic, purple-black, and moved like a monstrous cat. She worked in silence except when she was "feeling something," and then she hummed. Through all my childhood that dark humming heralded anything from a thunderstorm to a family row. She stood before the coal range laying strips of bacon in the skillet and pretended not to see me as I stood in the doorway. I looked steadily at her, hoping she would tell me what she was feeling. Her eyes met mine in an obstinate flicker and slipped away. She reached for a bowl of eggs.

"Tell Miss Gracie breakfast about ready, sugar," she said and began to break eggs on the side of the skillet.

I found mother in the hall yanking Anne's straight black hair into pigtails, telling her that a little girl of thirteen had no business trying to look like Cleopatra. Anne was grinning impudently. The sound of Flo's humming vibrated through the hall.

"Listen!" Anne hissed. "I wonder what's going to happen. Maybe we'll all be struck by lightning!"

"Oh, hush up, Anne," mother said and turned to me, vaguely curious.

I shook my head. "She just said tell you breakfast is ready."

Mother called to daddy and Tommy and we went into the dining room. We had almost finished breakfast when we heard the mailman arrive at the front gate. At a nod from daddy, Tommy bolted from the table and ran to get the mail. He came back with several letters and irritated mother by handing them all to daddy, who shuffled through them and laid them one by one beside his plate. But when he came to the last one, he gave a little start, tightened his mouth and glanced apprehensively at mother; and then, with a pathetically transparent attempt at nonchalance, he laid that one on top of the others.

"They're all for me," he said lightly. But mother regarded him levelly and he fidgeted.

"From Dolly, I presume," she stated evenly and held out her hand. Daddy's pretense collapsed.

"I'm afraid so." He sighed and passed the letter to her. "It was addressed to me, however," he added weakly.

"They always are, George," she murmured and slit the envelope with a knife. Her face was set and the dark hair rested above her brow like a thundercloud.

Flo appeared at the dining-room door and peered at mother, who was scanning the pages of the letter with deepening concern.

"Miss Dolly coming, ain't she," she stated grimly, and mother gave her an ominous nod without looking up. Flo moaned softly, "Moses and Aaron!" and retired to the kitchen.

Anne made a face at me and I looked away. It was no time to snicker. Mother read in silence while daddy watched her face and gulped his coffee. He lit a cigarette and placed it carefully on the ash tray and was about to light another, but Tommy poked him.

The letter was the annual ten-page announcement of Cousin Dolly's intention to visit us. It was a custom of fourteen years' standing, having begun when I was a year old. I had always taken the visits more or less for granted, but that morning I speculated on how long they might continue. Cousin Dolly's father, Uncle Shad, had lived forever and the next day; and since Cousin Dolly was only about sixty, I figured she was good for another quarter of a century. I shuddered.

She *did*, the letters always said, *so* want to see us and the *deah* old place *did* seem like home, especially with *deah* papa resting there (Uncle Shad was buried in the family cemetery in the corner of the yard) and we were *all* the family she had and on and on and on.

As mother reached the end of the letter she began to look somewhat frantic. Clutching the last page, she read aloud:

"I may arrive on that ten-thirty train although there is another that arrives at Portertown at a quarter to. But that's a bad time to arrive at a country place so what I'll probably do is stop over at Irma Tellefero's on the way down and then take that bus which arrives just before dinnertime. Or is that a train? Well, maybe I won't stop at Irma's because I can't bear those smelly dogs of hers. Did I tell you that my darling old tabby passed away just after Christmas? I'm positive she was poisoned. She would have been fifteen this spring. So anyway, dears, that's what I'll do. I think."

"What does she *mean*, George?" Mother handed the letter to daddy. He took it gingerly between two fingers and pretended he couldn't read the writing. He passed it on to me, indicating that as the eldest daughter I must share family responsibilities. I couldn't make out any of it and gave it to Anne. She scowled at it for several minutes while we waited numbly.

"That part about trains, Anne. What does she mean?" mother asked again.

"She doesn't say," Anne replied dryly and passed the letter to Tommy, who was four and a half. Tommy studied it soberly for a minute.

"It says a lot of writing here," he reported darkly. "A lot of esses and ems."

"That's about the size of it," daddy murmured as he got up from the table and buttoned his coat. After gazing at mother for a moment with restrained compassion, he kissed the top of her head and went out.

There was no point in untangling the letter. For these letters of Cousin Dolly's were always followed by telegrams, phone calls and special deliveries, all contradicting one another. We knew the worst: Cousin Dolly was coming. And that was sufficient unto the day.

Cousin Dolly, as mother pointed out so clearly on occasions, was not her cousin, but daddy's. Cousin Dolly's father, Uncle Shad, had inherited the family money and had passed it on to his daughter. And daddy's father had come by the "deah old place" which was now daddy's. So Cousin Dolly envied daddy the deah old place and daddy envied Cousin Dolly the deah old pots of money, to use Anne's phrase. And we suffered the yearly summer visit—or visitation, as mother called it—to compensate, in a delicate way, for daddy's supposedly secret aim to outlive Cousin Dolly.

Mother had wounded daddy's feelings, both moral and sentimental, by saying that if the visitations were not brought under control Cousin Dolly would outlive *her*, and she hoped that daddy's second wife would enjoy the wealth which she, mother, had endured so much to secure. And she had crucified him by adding that, when he came into his fortune, he would very probably present his second wife with her (mother's) Meissen soup tureen!

The Meissen soup tureen wasn't really mother's at all. An immense, beautiful thing of the blue-and-white onion pattern, it had reposed on a shelf in Mrs. Prince's antique shop for years. Mrs. Prince sold certain objects only to certain people: mother was, in her estimation, "right" for the Meissen tureen. (Oh, how she longed for it; she was tender about it and silly and very constant.) But Mrs. Prince, regardless of her instincts about the "right" person, was exceedingly hard-boiled about the "right" price. And the price was outrageous! Mrs. Prince suggested that mother save the money out of her household allowance. But mother said no; a beautiful thing like that was something you wanted to ask for and be given, and not have to buy for yourself. And she had asked daddy. But daddy had said, "Well, I can't afford it just at present. Someday, however ——" There had been no question in anybody's mind of what he meant by "someday." Mother had never asked for it again and I knew that she never would.

Mother, however, was not the only person whom the visitations oppressed. Daddy lived through those days in a state of excruciating apprehension on account of the things he knew sizzled on the tip of mother's tongue, especially when Cousin Dolly blandly referred to "George's home" and "George's children" and "George's lovely silver" (which, incidentally, mother had inherited from her own family). He would break out in a cold sweat as he listened to mother agree, cool and sweet and dangerous, to all Cousin Dolly's pompous nonsense. And Flo, whose casual magic in the kitchen was unsurpassed, was brought to the seething point by Cousin Dolly's acid criticism of her pastry and her continuous scolding about flies in the pantry. (It was true that at least once during each visit Cousin Dolly would discover, with triumphant disgust, a dead fly in her salad. But since none of the rest of us

CONTINUED ON PAGE 200

OBSTRUCTION

The afternoon before the operation, Ramona is unafraid and happy. When she is well again, she can ride on the school bus with the other children.



Donors who give blood to prime the pump-oxygenator arrive at the hospital at 7 A.M.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ESTHER BUBLEY



Already, at 6:30 A.M., Ramona's special nurse has gently wakened her. No breakfast today! But they joke about this.



After a hypodermic injection, Ramona is taken to an anteroo the operating theater. Tracheal anesthesia is given, by m

A Whole Heart For Ramona

By GLADYS DENNY SHULTZ

A few years ago, one of the most dramatic and awe-inspiring developments in all medical history was announced: a machine to take over for a time the heart's task of circulating blood through the body, the lungs' task of oxygenating the blood. The human body's "last closed frontier," the heart, can now be breached.

"It is true that today we can mend heart defects about which we were helpless to do anything before," the eminent chest surgeon said. "I think it possible that in time we may be able to repair nearly every heart defect with which children come into the world. But I believe the public has been given a misleading impression about the ease with which an open-heart operation is performed.

"Far more is involved than a surgeon's skill. Planning must start weeks, sometimes months, in advance. Anywhere from fifteen to thirty pints of blood of the patient's blood type must be procured. The blood must be matched with more than ordinary care, to insure there are no minor factors present antagonistic to minor factors in the blood of the patient, or of one of the other donors.

"The operation itself requires a number of teams, made up of highly trained medical and technical personnel. Among the teams and team members, there must be the highest degree of co-ordination. All manner of contingencies must be anticipated, arrangements made for meeting them.

"There have been too many 'miracle' heart-operation stories. But I think the public is entitled to know what an open-heart operation is really like. If the JOURNAL is interested in a story of that kind, we will be glad to co-operate."

That was the way it came about that a representative of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL was present when six-and-a-half-year-old Ramona Smith, of East Northport, Long Island, was operated on by the open-heart technique. The operation took place at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York City. The medical and technical teams came from Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center. By request of the chief surgeon, no names of professional or technical personnel are used.

Your baby was pronounced perfect at birth. You have planned and dreamed, as loving parents are bound to do. And then you learn that there *is* an imperfection. Through some accident occurring early in the pregnancy, your child's heart did not form in the way it should have. The flaw is so deep within the heart that it cannot be remedied. It will mean invalidism so long as your otherwise normal child shall live; it may mean early death, the doctor tells you. The very unexpectedness of the blow makes it the harder to bear.

How many parents have had this sorrowful experience in the past, it is impossible to say. Until very recently scant attention was paid to congenital defects in the heart itself, since most were inoperable. But now it is recognized that a rather astonishing number of persons are born with heart defects ranging from very minor to major ones; a considerable number with malformations that will prove fatal if they are not corrected. These major malformations may not always be detected in a baby's early months.

When Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Smith were told that their year-old daughter, Ramona, had been born with a defective heart, it was a long time before they could accept the verdict. Ramona had been such a strikingly beautiful baby, with her luxuriant dark hair, huge dark eyes and apple-red cheeks. Surely there could be nothing seriously wrong with her! But red cheeks are not always a sign of health, and Ramona was not growing and developing physically as she should. As months went on, she fell farther and farther behind her contemporaries in size and strength. Although advanced mentally, she was two years old before she began to walk.

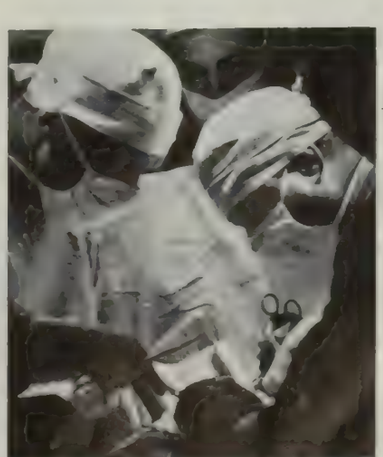
There followed many visits to clinics, anxious consultations with specialists. Finally the heart defect was diagnosed as a *patent ductus*. The doctor making the diagnosis deduced that the channel which runs from the pulmonary artery to the aorta in the fetus had failed to close in Ramona's case, as it does normally by the time a baby is ready to be born. Surgeons have been correcting this condition for twenty years. When Ramona was three, she was brought to a chest surgeon to be operated on.

But the surgeon had bad news for Mr. and Mrs. Smith after he had made his own examination. Ramona's handicap was not a *patent ductus*. The defect was deep within Ramona's heart. He drew a diagram to show them. The heart is divided into four chambers, the two upper ones being called the atria, the two lower ones the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 187



mask is needed. Ramona sleeps while four sur-ns open her chest, cut into her heart, mend it.



For a brief period, eight rubber-gloved hands work on her heart, preparing it for the pump.



In the recovery room, she whimpers as a mattress is put under her. A good sign.



Report to her anxious parents: Operation a success, Ramona so far doing beautifully.

SPRING



PAINTINGS BY CARL HOLTY — GRAHAM GALLERY

The fashion of the flower-color coat gives freshness to any wardrobe. This hollyhock-pink wool-and-mohair, lined with chiffon and worn with a chiffon scarf, is one of the prettiest. The weight, a matter of ounces. By Nathan Bader.





Gray jersey suit with capelik
jacket by Phillipe Tournay

Lily-of-the-valley printed-si
costume, Nettie Rosenstei



Pink tweed handbag, treme
dous fun, tremendous fashi
Leather-lined. By Joan Mor

TILL-LIFE DRAWINGS BY RICHARD H

S THE FASHION



Shades of lilac and violet, crocus yellow and leaf green, silhouettes that are feminine and supple with a return (we repeat) to more normal waistlines and skirt lengths. Coats are in beautiful colors, in fabrics that are virtually weightless. Spring gray is a basic color again and goes with all the flower shades. The surah-silk shirtwaist dress makes a comeback, and pleats and fullness in silk dresses—so pretty to move in—are here to stay for summer. Accessories illustrate the charming things you can do with color. A pink tweed handbag goes with beige and gray wools, flower-printed silk purses and rose-patterned tapestries are beautiful with black silks. Slippers in pale violet, cornflower-blue, hollyhock-pink kidskin are gay and feminine with afternoon prints. Newest pin is a gilded carnation; the newest beads, frosted chunks of quartz. By WILHELA CUSHMAN

Fashion Editor

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



checked coat, collarless style, in
and-white wool. By Arthur Jablow.



Pleated black silk—distinguished fashion without a date line. By Ben Reig.

kirts returning: green printed surah silk with a sash waistline, a low neckline
n organdy rose, worn with rough-straw hat. Both by Christian Dior, New York.

PAINTINGS BY IPPOLITO AND HOLMAN—BERTHA SCHAEFER GALLERY



SPRING
IS THE FASHION



Lilac silk purse in a flower print, with a springtime look, charming way to add color. By Joan Morse.



The scarf coat: double-breasted diagonal wool by Arthur Jablow, crushed turban of straw cloth by John Frederics.



Parma-violet tweed suit with a flower-printed taffeta blouse and jacket lining in blending shades by Ben Zuckerman, worn with fresh Parma violets. Left—pale blue kidskin pump trimmed with beige, for spring and summer prints

The fashions on all these pages are presented to you because they show you the trends of the seas and serve as a guide as you shop. You will fi many of them in stores throughout the nation. How ever, if you do not find identical styles in your loc shops, we believe similar ones will be availab



Pale lemon-yellow soufflé-wool bolero suit by Monte-Sano and Pruzan, matching ballibuntl cloche with white ribbon by Adolfo of Emme. Corals, Robert De Mario.



The navy-blue silk afternoon dress, beautiful any time of year, by Tarquin. Earrings by Hattie Carnegie.



DRAWINGS BY RICHARD HANLEY

Cornflower-blue and pale violet slippers for prints or afternoon wools of the same shade. New quartz beads are in flower colors, by Nettie Rosenstein.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELM CUSHMAN



Gray tweed suit with crocus-yellow polka-dot tie-silk blouse by Frechtel. Yellow flower hat by Irene of New York.



Nasturtium color in a silk jacket dress by Ben Zuckerman. All accessories are in very pale beige.



Jacket dress in black-and-white silk. Christian Dior, N.Y.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN ENGSTEAD

Mrs. Henry Ford II

photographed at home in Detroit in a pale ivory satin ball gown with a full-length stole of pink satin and cloth of gold. The great simplicity and undated character of this dress enhance her fragile beauty. The multistone necklace adds color.

Blue roses warp-printed on faille, a late-day dress with a pretty off-the-shoulder neckline is the becoming, essentially feminine fashion Mrs. Ford so often chooses.



There's something about her



Morning or night, Mrs. Ford loves the comfort and color of her plaid wool slacks, silk shirt, low-heeled monogrammed slippers.



Shopping in New York, Mrs. Ford wears a green coat over a Paisley-top dress, with a back-of-the-head beret.

Mrs. Henry Ford II, of Detroit, New York and Southampton, has such variety and so much gaiety in her clothes that she never thinks of limiting herself to a particular style. She dislikes the idea of being stamped as a type—"I'm willing to try any fashion"—prefers to buy on impulse. She adores every color "as long as it's becoming." invariably has a coat in color—red, blue, and now a lovely green for spring. She likes suits, always travels in them—tweed and wool for winter, cotton or linen for summer—has one special favorite in blue tweed which she has worn for years. She would rather wear a long evening dress than a short one, loves to get into slacks at home, cultivates the finished look of beautiful accessories, especially likes shoes—always pumps, day or night. Mrs. Ford has two daughters—Charlotte, a debutante this year, Anne, 16—and a 10-year-old son, Edsel. Her great civic interest is in the Detroit Institute of Arts, in which she is vice president of the Founders Society. Currently she is working on the benefit performance in Detroit of the Metropolitan Opera for the Art Instiute.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor



A brilliant red mohair coat with a big wing collar is lined with black satin, worn with a black satin dress.

Mrs. Ford's versatile beige tweed jacket dress. Photographed at the Detroit Institute of Arts.



A rose-pink lace evening dress with a silk-faille empire top and matching rose-pink slippers.





Black silk ottoman makes this basic little suit over a white crepe blouse. The bolero-length jacket is closed with braid frogs. White flowered snood.

Raspberry-red silk linen, this time as a short-sleeve one-piece dress topped with a printed woolen hip-length jacket banded in matching silk. John Frederics hat.

Six Looks for

And, believe it or not, they are all made from the same pattern. Fabric, color and imagination all contribute to the various effects; happily, you can go on and do other combinations. This is one of our "be your own designer" patterns, and your choice of fabric will give your version a personality of its own. This costume can be made as a one-piece dress and a jacket or as a skirt, blouse and jacket. The ones shown are all made from Vogue Design No. 4973, 10 to 20.

By NORA O'LEARY *Pattern Editor*

Nothing takes the place of a gay print in the spring. This one (right), warp-printed in shades of blue and turquoise on surah silk. The dress is in one piece with short sleeves. The blue silk-linen jacket is lined in print. (See special yardage, page 99.) Hat by Janet Sloane.

Other Views, Sizes and Price of Vogue Pattern on Page 99. Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10c additional for each pattern ordered. ©Vogue



Light gray worsted flannel combined with yellow silk shantung has the look of springtime. The jacket front is edged with an inch of matching stitching. *(See special yardage, page 99.)* *Sally Victor yellow organdy hat.*

Spring

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS BY HELEN COLE





Blue-and-white checked woolen with a fringed jacket has a country flair. The blouse is blue silk linen with white pearl buttons. The hat, a natural breton with yellow binding by Elizabeth Marks.



This all-beige silk tweed is highlighted with black braid and closes with a braid frog. The buttons are jet and the belt shiny patent. *(See special yardage, page 99.)* *John Frederics green straw hat.*

She could not go to the ball,
and there was no fairy godmother to wave a magic wand.
Nor was Robert a Prince...
just the young man next door
who could make wishes come true.

The Ball



Of all the trees in the garden, the medlar was our favorite. Its branches were always rustling with pirate chiefs or Red Indians, and mamma was continually scolding us for torn hems or breeches. Sometimes our dear, vague papa noticed the darns, and sighed. Then mamma would say briskly that she would rather see her children healthy, and bursting out of their clothes, than thin and pale in tucks and lace as London children often were. Papa would smile and say, indeed yes, we were rosy and round enough to be the apples of his eye.

I was old enough to notice what I looked like, and I thought I looked just plain, plain as a sparrow. To me, my older sister Louise's dark hair and white skin were very beautiful. I loved her fiercely. She was everything that I was not, and wished passionately to be: gentle instead of tomboy, soft-spoken and serene when I was shaken with storms of rage and hurt and shame.

In just such a storm, one summer day I raced to the medlar tree to weep my heart out, hidden from a hateful world of children who couldn't understand, and grown-ups who wouldn't.

The tree leaned against the brick wall at the edge of the garden, and from it we could see the lawn of the neighboring house: smooth, deep, green—and quite unused. For as long as we could remember it had been that way. Papa sometimes visited the owner of the house, a very old man who was convinced that his health was poor, and so never went outdoors in the day for fear of sunstroke, or at night for fear of a chill. We had always imagined him to be a kind of ogre who would turn us all to stone if he saw us up the tree, and we worked ourselves into a delicious state of terror over him. On this particular day, between choking and hiccuping, I was trying to pluck up courage enough to dash across his lawn, and so run away from home without having to walk conspicuously out the front gates, when I heard Louise calling me. I didn't want to answer, but I did want Louise to find me, so I gave a louder hiccup. She came across, and stood looking up through the branches.

"Aren't you coming in to lunch, Henrietta?" she asked.

"Don't want any."

"Oh, Henry, you know how upset mother'll be if you don't come in, and papa is sure to ask awkward questions if you're not there when he counts heads for carving."

"Everyone'll see I'm all blotchy, and the boys'll laugh."

"No, they won't. If you come in now, I'll lend you some of my lavender water to bathe your forehead."

I was just making up my mind to leave the tree, when over the wall I saw one of the French windows in the ogre's house opening. I forgot my hiccups, and the lavender water, and beckoned frantically for Louise.

"What is it, Henry?"

"Sh-h-h; the ogre's coming out! Oh, Louie, do come up and see."

She hesitated. At that instant two figures appeared: one obviously a tradesman, with a bowler hat he turned between his hands; the other . . . the other was not very tall, slim, with a neat dark head. He looked like a young man, and talked in a quick excited way to his companion. After a moment they started walking across the lawn toward us.

"Henry—Henry, do help me up!"

Reluctantly I looked away long enough to reach down for Louise, standing at the foot of the tree, with her dress bunched up in one hand so that her button boots showed, and a strip of stocking above them. Her face was quite pink with eagerness, and I felt no years at all between us. With her up on the easiest branch, together we peered breathlessly through the leaves.

They were nearer now. He *was* a young man. And good-looking, too, with a boyish, eager face, and a deep voice we could just hear as he stood in the middle of the lawn, talking earnestly to the man with him, who kept giving little understanding bows and nods.

"That can't be the ogre!" I whispered, turning to Louise. She didn't hear me. There was a strange look on her face, as though she were feeling afraid and bold at the same time. Something told me to keep mousy quiet, but I watched her face. I saw the color rise, and she spoke in a voice I could hardly hear.

"Henrietta, he's coming this way."

I leaned forward quickly to see—and found myself staring straight down into his face. He looked startled, and took a step back. And then he grinned rather slowly, and said "H-hullo."

I said "Good morning," still hanging there.

There was a short pause and then he said, "I saw the branches move, and thought there might be a bird's nest up there. I didn't mean to disturb you. I do beg your pardon, Miss ——"

I knew I shouldn't speak to a strange man, but I thought it was so nice of him to apologize, when after all Louise and I had been peeking, that I said, "My name is Henrietta Wickham. My father is vicar of Saint Saviour's, in the village."

Louise sat without stirring, but I didn't see why I should have to do all the talking, so I said, "And this is my sister, Miss Louise Wickham. We live over here."

He smiled easily then, and said, "I didn't see you had someone with you. Is she your baby sister? Is she shy?" and he stepped forward to see. Louie had her back against the tree trunk, one foot vainly reaching for a lower branch, trying to escape. But they looked at each other then, and she stayed still. After a second, the young

CONTINUED ON PAGE 160

Paul C. Burns



"I—I say,"
said Mr. Shaldon,
"let me take those for you—
hey're much too much
for you to carry."



The picture of Laurie Scherer on this page was taken at 11:00 A.M. Her "after" picture, on the opposite page, was taken at 3:00 P.M. the same afternoon. In four hours, this is what we did to bring our potentially pretty JOURNAL fan into her real beauty: First and most exciting—a more sophisticated yet infinitely more youthful and becoming hairdo to give her an immediate lift. The new halo of fullness was purposely cut and styled to soften her entire appearance as well as prettily reveal her fine facial bone structure. See what a contrast the new hairdo is to the old shapeless arrangement that falls limply across her high forehead and drags her down. Next, make-up—more than the lipstick and powder she was accustomed to wearing, but so delicately applied that the final effect is subtly flattering. For her naturally fair skin we used an ivory-beige cream foundation to smooth lightly and evenly over her face and neck, and then blended in a touch of pinky-red cream rouge to bring warmth to her coloring, and to highlight her lovely cheekbones. Over this, a sheer dusting of rosy-beige powder. To widen her blue eyes and intensify their color, deep blue mascara is brushed on the underneath side of her upper eyelashes. Eye shadow, in palest blue, gives a shining satin touch to her eyelids. The new lipstick, a rosy-red, is more flattering for Laurie's fair coloring than the deep red she wears "before." See how her lip line is improved with a little added fullness. To do this, we applied her lipstick with a brush, following the natural line of her lips, but extending them, ever so slightly, for a prettier curve. The grand finale of Laurie's new look: a dramatic switch in clothes colors—from the browny-beige which does nothing for her to the rich "delicious" shade of blue which immediately picks up the blue of her eyes, emphasizes the delicacy of her skin tones and completes the lovely-lady look you see at the right.

"My hair is hopeless,"

complains Journal reader Laurie Scherer; "and make-up—

I don't know where to begin. I'm frustrated!"

New Faces in less than a day

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN *Beauty Editor*

One morning not long ago Mrs. Robert Scherer, a JOURNAL reader completely unknown to us, telephoned and blurted out, in a voice mixed with tears and desperation, that she couldn't do a thing with her appearance. "I have tried and tried, but it's hopeless," she said. "Please, can you help me?"

Touched by the sincerity of her plea, and convinced that no woman need feel hopeless about the way she looks, we invited Mrs. Scherer to come in to see us. Her photograph at the top of this page was taken on the morning she arrived. On the opposite page, you see her as she looked four hours later.

The quick changes were based on this simple and fundamental principle of beauty: the most becoming hair style, make-up and clothes colors are those which give you a lift, beguilingly bring out your good features, and cleverly camouflage your shortcomings. The changes speak for themselves.

In Laurie Scherer's case, everything was working in reverse. The old hanging hairdo hid her naturally fine facial bone structure. And its excessive length made her look top-heavy—she's only 5′ 2″ tall. The heavy-handed lipstick in a dark color, unflatteringly applied, added a harsh note. Her suit, too broad-shouldered and in a difficult shade to wear, did nothing to emphasize the delicacy of her figure or to enhance her fair coloring. By simply undoing these mistakes and letting a lovely new shape (for her hair) and colors (for make-up and clothes) take their place, Laurie Scherer emerged a real beauty.

A step-by-step account of what went into Mrs. Scherer's transformation appears at the left of her "before" picture. In addition, on the following pages you will find four more examples of how imaginative attention to make-up and hair can bring an average-looking girl into new beauty.

In order to *maintain* their new looks, these girls are having to practice with their own hands, in front of their own mirrors. For one, it means frequent rehearsals on how to apply make-up properly and prettily; for another, patience and persistence while she learns exactly how to wind the pin curls for her new hairdo; for still another, the building up of the ability to be more discerning about which colors do the most for her. It takes experimentation and practice. But we believe that if they can accomplish it, you can too!

"Mommie, you look delicious!" Laurie's seven-year-old son exclaimed.
"And I feel delicious, too," adds Laurie. "That's part of the prettiness."

OTOGRAPHS BY ROGER PRIGENT





"My husband loves
my new hairdo and make-up—so do I!
I'll have to get up earlier each morning to do it myself—
but obviously that will be time well spent."



Here is a striking example of how a combination of *little* changes in make-up and hairdo can create an enchantingly feminine look. JOURNAL associate editor Nancy Wood starts off (lucky girl) with classic good looks. But with too little attention to make-up, and an overly casual hairdo, Nancy's appearance lacked the prettily pulled-together effect you see in her "after" picture. To achieve it, we suggested: A hairdo with a lift in front to give an illusion of length to her round face; feather-light bangs to soften her high forehead. For her fair skin which dries easily, a creamy make-up foundation which will act as an emollient against drying as well as provide a pretty complexion glow. (Until now, Nancy has settled for "just powder.") Her unusually good eyebrow line remains the same—the pretty difference is in the warm brown eyebrow pencil we used, versus the gray lead pencil Nancy had been using! A touch of misty-green eye shadow and navy-blue mascara for the upper eyelashes brighten her eyes and make them seem much larger. For her lips—a lively, flattering coral red. The last act of Nancy's short-order do-over: a dress with a deep V neckline which is exceptionally becoming to all women with appealingly round proportions.

New Faces in less than a day





"People I ride with on the bus every day
didn't recognize me. They started past me,
then twirled around in their tracks and said,
'Suzanne! You look marvelous—whatever happened?'"

A "before" glance at Suzanne Gillespie shows a potentially pretty girl lost in a wrong choice of hairdo, make-up and clothes. Her long, narrow face seems solemn with the flat-top, hanging hairdo. Lovely eyes go unnoticed without make-up and under too severe eyebrows. The long pearl necklace (nice for a round face) and the black dress (dramatic for a blonde) look somber and drab on olive-skinned Suzanne. See how Suzanne's picture changes with: a short, full-blown hairdo to add soft roundness and an airy-light look to her face; delicately arched eyebrows (the hairs were plucked from underneath) penciled lightly to form an upward curve at the outer corners; a warm-beige creamy make-up foundation, sparingly applied, and topped off with a touch of rouge and a dusting of pearly-beige powder to put a glow in her skin; coral-pink lipstick (lighter and brighter than before), applied with a brush so that the outer corners of Suzanne's mouth turn up ever so slightly, for a more pleasant expression. Final touch: golden-yellow dress (same style as "before," the difference is *color*) and pearls worn short and close to the throat.



"I've never had so many compliments. Even my seventeen-year-old cousin declared with a boyish blush, 'All girls should wear ribbons in their hair.'"

The changes in Pat Smith's appearance that pack the beauty wallop: A young and beguiling hairdo to take the place of the severe, unflattering "before" style. See how the pixy bangs, soft side waves and bright ribbon prettily improve the shape of her face, and add a whole new look of liveliness. Next, and equally helpful, those heavy, heavy eyebrows (take a close look) have been plucked away from underneath to create a lovely arch, and brown eyebrow pencil has been used for color enrichment. (Just the pleasant *curve* of eyebrow softens Pat's face, makes it seem less square in shape.) Most natural blondes share Pat's problem of having eyelashes so light in color they seem almost nonexistent without make-up. Here, a greeny-blue mascara for the upper eyelashes and a touch of pale green eye shadow for her eyelids not only emphasize long lashes, but enhance the whole eye area. The raspberry-red dress (with lipstick to match) is a color just made for any monotone blonde who dreams of bringing herself out.



"A man I have known for many years studied the 'after' me, and announced solemnly, 'I liked you with gray hair and glasses.' Then with a beaming smile of approval he promptly added, 'But why didn't you do this years ago?'"





"I used to be a natural redhead," says Alice Kastberg, the JOURNAL's assistant Decorating Editor, "but I started graying in my teens, and was completely gray by the time I was twenty-five." Unfortunately, Alice's hair didn't turn a soft, silvery shade which can be flattering to even a young person. Instead, it gradually became a mousy mixture which added years to her age. "I couldn't even count on bright clothes colors to perk up my appearance," says Alice, "because for some reason they always made me look dowdy—as though I were trying too hard to look young! So I settled for brown, black and navy. Combined with gray hair and spectacles, the effect was anything but glamorous!"

Encouraged by family and friends and her own desire to look as young as she is, Alice finally took two big steps: she became a redhead again and traded in her specs for contact lenses.

Despite the dramatic change in her appearance, Alice's pink-and-fair complexion and green eyes make the soft shade of red hair seem perfectly natural for her. (In contrast to such successful hair coloring are the artificial colors which are gaudy in themselves and/or clash with skin tones, producing an unconvincing and unattractive result.)

Because of the varying shades in Alice's gray hair, it had to be bleached to an all-over evenness before the red could be applied. The cost in time: 3 hours; and in money (at a Fifth Avenue salon in New York City): $35.00. In order consistently to maintain her flattering new shade, Alice will need "touch-ups" at the roots of her hair every four or five weeks—an additional cost of approximately 2 hours plus $12.00 each time.

"That's a lot of money; is it worth it?" we asked Alice. "Decidedly yes!" is her answer. "Naturally I'll have to budget elsewhere in order to afford such elaborate attention to my hair—but for the first time in years I feel and look young! I'm thrilled at being able to wear youthful and becoming clothes colors: yellows, mauves, pale pinks, bright clear blues—all the shades I love. Even my basic dresses and suits look fresh and new now. And most important, my family and friends are unanimously and enthusiastically in favor of the change!" CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

HOUSE
VE ALL WANTED

Architectural Editor.
Architect . . . JOHN BRENNEMAN
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Photographer . . . EZRA STOLLER



Come for a Visit in

THE

Entry is protected by 16-foot extension of roof—fluted, etched glass gives privacy, bathes entry court in soft luminous light at night.

lass window walls and doors make terraces on three sides feel like part of the house.



Meet Evelyn, Jay, Jon (with cat), Ted, John.

HOUSE WE ALL WANTED

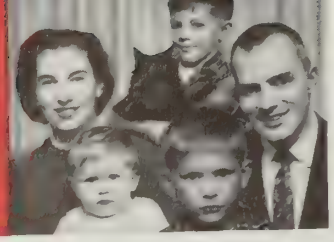
This is our fourth new house. Our needs have grown, but we think this has all the features eded by our growing family, along with the individ- ality and architectural character which have become must in our environment. We built as large a house possible, for family and home are important to , and this is our most important investment.

We wanted the front of our house to be straight- rward and unassuming with a wide, spreading roof d sheltering overhangs. The garden wall suggests pleasures beyond. Fluted glass etched in a new geometric pattern and color-keyed modular panel construction are highlights of modern design.

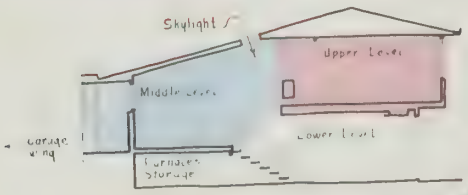
Its every mood is more evident from the back—the raised apartness of its bedrooms, the calm, nature-seeking quiet of living spaces below and the organized activities of the level between where play, eating and poolside relaxation flow together. We fenced the entire back yard, so we can "be ourselves" all over this little 100-by-160-foot hilltop retreat in the middle of town.

*When an architect and client meet, they first get well acquainted. Then they list all the things the client's entire family wants. Portfolio houses are designed for a "collective" client—*JOURNAL *readers. But this one is a little different, for it is the home of your new architectural editor and his family. It might cost* JOURNAL *readers anywhere from $28,000 to $44,000.* *See our Highlight page for more details.*

The Journal's
HOUSE
WE ALL WANTED
Portfolio #9



Three Levels give Drama to our House



Cross section of three levels with a storage bonus below.

PLANT MATERIALS:

A. Flowering crab apple
B. Forsythia
C. Dwarf blue spruce
D. Japanese holly
E. Ginkgo
F. Myrtle
G. Dogwood
H. Cherry laurel
I. Carolina rhododendron
J. Dwarf pine
K. Columnar pine



The split levels of this house conform to the sloping lot. Swimming pool was built aboveground and earth was filled around it.

Floor Plans:
Upper Level
Middle Level
Lower Level

Separate dining room is planned for buffets, and is formal enough for dinner parties.



EVELYN: *I want a separate dining room; an inviting entry hall; play space for the children away from the kitchen; all kinds of storage.*

JOHN: *I'd like varied ceiling heights; good diffused lighting; indoor-outdoor flow of spaces; storage enough to keep things uncluttered; sheltered front door.*

JON AND TED: *Separate rooms; a workshop; a place to put models and toys; TV; apartness.*

ALL: *A pool; space; air conditioning; a pool!*



All three levels show from the middle-level entry hall—bedrooms above, living rooms below, dining and kitchen to the left.

The middle level of the house includes the entry hall (our camera location), the dining room and kitchen beyond, and the family room and garage stretching off to our left. On the lower level to our right is the living room, and the study is in the far corner below the master bedroom. Stairways at both ends of the house make it work efficiently.

With this arrangement our living areas are well out of the way, so no traffic is forced through them. Our living room can remain tidy, always ready for use.

When we entertain, we can usher our guests directly to the living room. Setting and clearing the dining table or a buffet can proceed without disturbing people in the living room. And we can use all these freely intermixing areas to entertain really large groups without crowding anyone.

Usually most of our living takes place in the left side of the house. The kitchen, via the back stairway, is very close to the study, laundry, bedrooms, and the family room and garage. From the garage, a convenient vinyl-floored entry to the family room takes the brunt of the tracking in that children always seem to do and provides a place for wraps and overshoes, saving the rest of the house from wear and tear. Unloading groceries and parcels is easy here.

The picture above shows all three levels of our house, along with its most unusual feature, the light well that provides an extra aesthetic dimension by opening up the interior into an arrangement of overlooking balconies. Space here is flowing and sculptured, and we are greeted by unexpected vistas like the trees and sky seen through the high kitchen windows and the lawn below outside the living room. Light pours into the house's open center through leaf-embedded plastic skylights to flood all three levels with rich, glarefree brightness.

On the upper level are the bedrooms, baths and laundry. Through the textured-aluminum sliding screens to our right we can glimpse the children's playroom, which also opens to all three children's rooms with wide, angled, vertical wood louver doors.

We move down the corridor to the left past slim steel columns and a long row of space-dividing storage cabinets to the master bedroom in the far corner of the house. There is our mahogany-paneled and carpeted "apartment" with books and TV, built-in chests and walls of storage in its adjoining luminous-ceilinged dressing room, and a private bath next to that.



We Entertain Here

Simple furnishings blend well with subtle, flowing spaces. Dividing wall behind sofa is a handsome walnut plywood.

EVELYN: *How about a study to double as a guest room away from bedrooms—an adult living room relatively children-free, carpeted—a fireplace?*

JOHN: *Let's have carpets all over—no trick space combinations like "family-dining areas"—built-in bookshelves in the study—wood paneling—and a quiet place to work.*

JON AND TED: *We want TV in the living room (overruled!).*

Our living room is just seven steps down from the entry hall. It is big, and plate-glass walls, openness to the entry and dining room, and height on the stairway side make it feel larger. Its 7′ 6″ ceiling gives it a nestling, pavilionlike character emphasized by the close views of grass and terraces. At one end of the room, a sliding door takes us to the terrace behind the perforated curved entry wall. This friendly spot, roofed by the children's bedrooms, is wrapped in big pines and an intimate, rock-sculptured Japanese garden.

Nearby inside, the sleek, contemporary, ebony-finished grand piano is out of paths of circulation, and gets daylight from two sides.

The other end of the room is a conversational area where we can sit by the fire and look at the lawn flanked by the curved brick wall around the mid-level swimmi pool and framed by the French woven-wood fence.

For wall-to-wall comfort we chose a flecked blue ca peting, nylon-wool-rayon blend, that stands up well u der all foot traffic. Both sofas and ottomans are cover in hardy cotton-rayon mix, gold in one case, coral in t other. Draperies are of the same fabric mix, in off-wh with a woven effect. The big wing chair is linen-covere A few strategic tables fill out the room without int fering with its spacious lines and open views.

Cove lighting, recessed lamps and the slim, tall gl cylinders under the skylights allow us to vary the roon night mood as we please.

The dining room can be seen beyond the walr dividing wall. A foil-backed grass-cloth wall and col

and ...



l, translucent roll shades carry on the color harmony at prevails through the house, indoors and out. The ning table extends to seat ten. China, linens and other pplies are stored in the 14′-long glamorous white-astic-topped, built-in buffet which separates the dining om from the living room.

In the study a muted wallpaper was used to pick up e yellow of the versatile stools. Other color notes are ues, on sofa bed and chairs. This intimate room, with st one huge window to the back lawn, doubles as guest room and is relatively small; its white-brick alls, high running line of bookshelves and simplicity color make it restful. TV and hi-fi controls are built ; a clothes closet and adjoining bath make this a actical guest room.



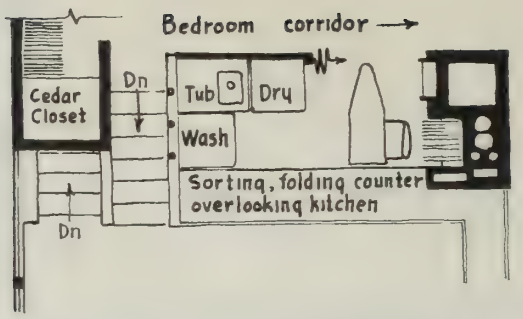
L-*shaped sectional sofas and sitting-height hearth encourage conversation, open to fire and view. The dining room is separate but adds to spaciousness.*

...Relax Here

Small-scale, warm colors make the study cheery. Books and a writing place are handy. TV (camera position) is in half of the closet. Other half is for guest clothing.

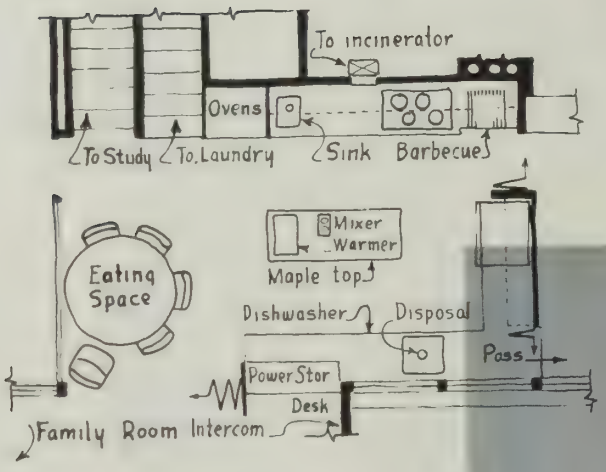






We Have a Sociable Kitchen

...and an



EVELYN: *I want the kitchen to be convenient for myself, but with divided preparation areas for occasions when I have help; a center island which can double as a buffet table; open planning, but with folding screens for privacy; a laundry not in the kitchen, but nearby on the bedroom level.*

JOHN: *I want a dishwasher!*

Closeness to eating space, family room, play terrace shows here. Lacy glass-fiber curtains, made in sections for easy washing, need no ironing.



Our kitchen is our day-to-day-living center. We wanted it to be an interesting room with a view and openness to other areas, and efficient too. For example, its slim satin-aluminum-legged wood cabinets are full of space-making features and are designed to have a light "furniture" look. (Cabinets through the entire house—kitchen, laundry, all bedrooms, dining room, even the entry hall—are all the same kind in varying natural and painted finishes.) At night fluorescent-lighted plastic skylights duplicate the daylight effect in the high, airy laundry, and similar fluorescent lights over the wall cabinets brighten each kitchen counter.

There are two marked work centers in the kitchen linked by the center island. On one side is the cooking-baking center with twin built-in ovens, electric cooking top, charcoal grill and a small stepsaving sink. In the smooth and simple hood are two exhaust fans that make short work of smoke and odors.

On the other side the salad, cold-preparation, dish-handling area includes a refrigerator with freezer below, a disposer, and an exciting new kind of powered-elevator storage system: cupboard that moves up and down at the push of a button, eliminating reaching and stooping. Dishes go here so the other wall cabinets are then freed for food stocks and utensils.

The family room is an easy-to-care-for place where Jay can be easily supervised and Evelyn can drop in for a quick moment at her planning desk. At the intercom she can answer the door, check on the children in the pool, or listen in on the nursery and playroom. My drafting desk is here, and it is an ideal place for such widely varied activities as gift wrapping and birthday parties.

e laundry is a marvel of efficiency in a small space with room for an auto-tic washer, electric dryer, sink and a large sorting counter. An ironing ard can be left up for last-minute press jobs, so easy with an iron that rays and steams, and there is a place near at hand to hang freshly ned clothes. Louvers quickly shut off the whole area from the corridor. s fun to work here because of the sweeping view from front door to family om and play terrace. Corner arrangement of the automatic washer, ver and sink reduces handling of clothes to a minimum and saves space.



lpstairs Laundry

low: Kitchen is sleek, colorful, with a hospitable look. "Nerve-center" ation shows here; note view through door to living-room terrace and yroom, stairs up to laundry and down to study. The laundry-sorting coun- is directly above kitchen wall cabinets and ovens. The vinyl-floor pat- n is made of stock feature strips and standard-size tile in a color to har- nize with dining-room carpet. Kitchen appliances all have trim square es, are color-keyed to cabinets. Plastic counters are white with little wn markings and flecks of gold. Features like two full-size ovens one unit and a 30"-wide dishwasher make this a real family kitchen.







The kitchen power storage unit (left, above) is a preview of one of the most striking advances in many years: shelves equivalent to eight feet of wall storage go up or down at the touch of a button to put everything at Evelyn's finger tips.

Further Highlights

SPECIAL CONVENIENCES GIVE US HIGH-POWERED HELP.

- Cooking-top controls in kitchen are in the wall away from Jay's hands. Near them a door receives wastepaper to drop into incinerator room.
- Gas incinerator is completely smokeless, odorless, holds two bushels of anything except glass and metal.
- Two horizontal gas furnaces and two thermostats provide zone-controlled heating to keep all three levels toasty, bedrooms cooler if desired. Remote air conditioner feeds cooling coils with each furnace, works one or the other or both as necessary.
- TV antennas are wired into study, family room, master bedroom, dining terrace.
- Colored telephones are in den, master bedroom, family room, have illuminated dials for wee-hour use.
- Besides closets and cabinets, there is a storage room in garage, another 4′ high, 12′ wide, 30′ long under entry, dining room and kitchen.
- There is a small heated workshop off the garage for simple carpentry and repair work.
- A new preservative pigment gives our house paint extra years of increased durability and cleanliness.
- Each child has a pegboard wall for his prizes on display, a ceiling-recessed reading light over his bed.
- And it can be built in stages.



The charcoal grill is adjustable, has a motorized spit above and fuel-storage space below.



The center island has a cutting-board top, knee space for sitting, a recessed power mixer, and a temperature-controlled glass panel for keeping foods and serving dishes hot.

Basic house, A, contains living, dining, kitchen, laundry, entry, three bedrooms, three baths, study and incinerator/storage room. The lower-level bath and incinerator room could be eliminated to make the study bigger. It could then be a family room if desired. 2400 square feet. This basic house, at average prices, would cost $28,000–$35,000.

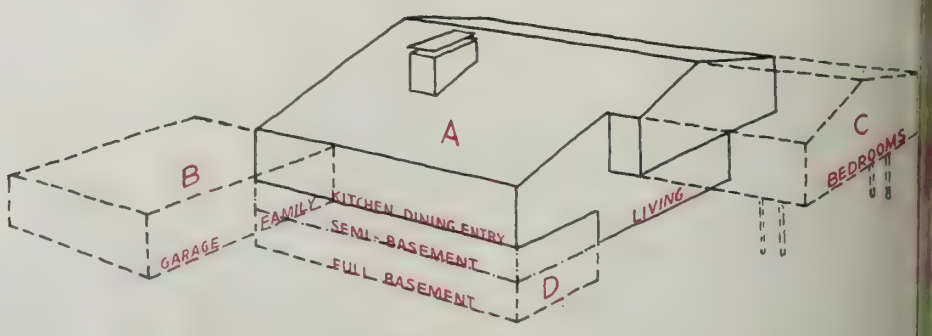
Addition B includes family room, storage, garage for one or two cars as desired. 384 square feet plus garage. Addition B would cost $3000–$5000.

Addition C could be two small bedrooms or one big one. 240 square feet or as much as desired. This addition would cost about $3000.

The semibasement could be easily built as a full basement when soil conditions allow it. Stairs would go down under the kitchen/laundry stairs. Cost: an extra $1000.



Wood louver doors to children's bedrooms can be angled for ventilation or shut tight like door on left.



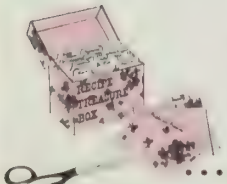
Ham
IN 3 ACTS

Hot ruby-glazed baked ham costars with creole oysters.
Golden biscuits and a subtly seasoned
green-bean salad are the supporting cast.



Ham IN 3 ACTS

There's nothing like a richly glazed baked ham for a party dinner. It is adaptable to your party moods—whether you want to give a big buffet, a small evening supper in the living room, or a large bridge luncheon. Now that you can buy superb boned hams, it's perfect for entertaining. So easy to carve. For the buffet we like to serve the ham hot, with a really hot mustard sauce, along with green beans, and a big casserole of potatoes and whole onions baked in a snappy cheese sauce. A jellied red-caviar mold with sour-cream dill sauce is just right as a beginner to serve in the living room before dinner. Our dessert is ambrosial: cold-as-can-be fresh strawberries, pineapple and sliced bananas with lemon sherbet served with a hot rum sauce. This unusual combination of flavors will enrapture your guests. For the luncheon we skip the first course. Serve the ham cold with an adaptation of the mustard sauce, using the same casserole and treating the green beans, this time, as a salad. The same dessert tops off this menu combination. Our informal supper features the sliced ham hot with a chafing dish of heavenly creole oysters to pour over it. Hot biscuits and the green-bean salad, redolent of herbs and chopped anchovies, make another very happy combination. For this small gathering you may not want to serve dessert. To us, coffee and chocolates or bonbons seem just right for a sweet ending. But you have a choice—a happy one either way.



Clip these recipes and add them to the 50 treasures you'll find in the new Journal Recipe Treasure Box. To order the Recipe Treasure Box, send $1.35 (Pennsylvania residents add 3% Pennsylvania sales tax) to LADIES' HOME JOURNAL RECIPES, *Dept. 12, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Offer good in U.S.A. only.*

BAKED BONED HAM WITH CHERRY-GINGER GLAZE

You can now buy excellent boneless cooked hams. They do take some baking—even though they are tagged "cooked." Follow directions for baking that come with your particular ham, up to the point of glazing. Directions vary according to brand. Cut maraschino cherries in half. Fasten to ham with the pointed end of whole cloves. Glaze with our cherry glaze.

CHERRY-GINGER GLAZE

In a small saucepan heat an 8-ounce jar red cherry jelly with ¼ cup vinegar, ¾ cup sugar and 1 tablespoon butter. Stir in 1 tablespoon powdered ginger. Bring mixture to a boil. Lower heat and simmer for 20 minutes, until mixture is syrupy. During last half hour of cooking for the ham, baste frequently with sauce.

STUART-FOWLER





Cold sliced ham with a zesty mustard sauce is the star of our party luncheon. Serve the potatoes au gratin in individual casseroles—green-bean salad in marinated artichoke bottoms.

MUSTARD SAUCE

Heat, in the top of a double boiler, 1 cup brown sugar with 1 cup vinegar. Bea 4 eggs lightly and add. Mix 3 tablespoons dry mustard with 1 tablespoon flour Moisten with a little of the liquid and add to the other ingredients. Stir in 12-ounce jar currant jelly. Cook the sauce until thickened, stirring constantly Serve with baked ham. Makes 1 quart sauce.

CRANBERRY-MUSTARD SAUCE

Chill 1 cup of the above mustard sauce. Add ½ cup jellied canned cranberry sauce ¼ cup applesauce, ¼ cup prepared horse-radish, 1 tablespoon minced parsle and 1 cup commercial sour cream. Beat smooth. Serve with cold baked ham Makes 3 cups sauce.

CAVIAR RING—SOUR-CREAM DILL SAUCE

Soften 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin in ½ cup consommé madrilène. Heat 3½ cups madrilène and add softened gelatin. Stir until dissolved. Add ⅔ cup lemo juice. Cool until thick and syrupy. Add ¼ cup finely chopped parsley, ½ cu finely chopped onion and 1⅓ cups red caviar (four 4-ounce jars). Pour into a 1½ quart ring mold. Chill overnight or until set. Turn out. Serve with commercia sour cream flavored with fresh or dried dill. Don't add salt. It must be bland be cause of the saltiness of the roe. Makes 8 servings.



Regal, boneless baked ham with hot mustard sauce takes the lead in our Easter buffet. Jellied red caviar with sour-cream dill sauce is the curtain raiser.

TATOES AND ONIONS AU GRATIN

Cook 5–6 pounds potatoes in their jackets the day before you plan to serve them. The next day, peel and dice them into ½″ cubes. You will need about 9 cups. Peel 2 pounds small white onions. Cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain. Now make the sauce: Melt ½ cup butter in a large skillet. Blend in ½ cup flour. When smooth, add 3 cups milk, 3 cups light cream and 1 cup chicken broth. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Add 1 pound really good sharp Cheddar cheese, coarsely grated, and 1 cup finely grated Parmesan cheese. Stir and cook gently until cheese melts. Season with ½ teaspoon pepper, 1¾ teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon seasoned salt and 1 clove garlic, crushed or minced. Mix with cooked potatoes and onions and pour into one large shallow casserole or individual ramekins, depending on the menu you plan to serve. Bake the casseroles in a moderate oven, 350° F., until bubbly and lightly patched with brown. The large casserole will take about 45 minutes, so consider this in your timing. Makes 8 servings.

EOLE OYSTERS

Mince very, *very* fine, or put through grinder, 2 carrots, 3 stalks celery, 2 medium onions, and sauté in ½ cup butter. Add 3 cups oyster liquor (fill out with chicken stock or water if you don't have enough oyster liquor). Cook over high heat until most of liquor evaporates. Add 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon paprika, ½ teaspoon each dried thyme and marjoram, ½ bay leaf, 1 teaspoon salt, and simmer until vegetables are tender. Then add 60 (about 2 quarts) oysters. Simmer until they are plump and the edges curl. Add 1 pint light cream and 2 tablespoons tomato paste. Blend ¾ cup flour with enough cold water to make a thin paste. Stir into oysters and cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Season with 1 more teaspoon salt and a few shakes hot pepper sauce, and if you like, 2 tablespoons cognac. Serve with ham. Makes 8 servings.

GREEN-BEAN SALAD

Mix together 1 cup French dressing, ½ cup finely chopped onion, 16 pitted ripe olives, sliced, 12 anchovy fillets, drained and cut fine, 10 small raw mushrooms, sliced, and 1 tablespoon each finely chopped fresh basil, tarragon and chervil. Use ¾ teaspoon each dried herbs if you can't get the fresh ones. Let stand for at least 1 hour. Cook 1 pound green beans, cut French style or into 1″ pieces, in a little salted water until tender, but not limp. Drain and cool slightly. Toss warm beans with dressing and cool, then chill. Serve in bowls lined with lettuce cups. For individual salads, use the 1″ cut beans and serve the salad heaped in artichoke bottoms that have been marinated in French dressing. Makes 8 servings.

FRUIT SUPREME

For 8, peel, core and cut into thin slivers 2 small or 1 larger fresh pineapple. Sugar *very* lightly. It is important to have the fruit not too sweet, as the sauce is sweet. Wash and stem 2 quarts strawberries. Leave whole. Near serving time slice 4–6 bananas and sprinkle with lemon juice; this keeps them from darkening. Toast 1 cup slivered almonds in a slow oven, 300° F.—don't let them get too brown. Have ready 2 quarts lemon sherbet or vanilla ice cream in the freezer.

For the sauce: Melt ½ cup butter in a skillet. Add 3 cups brown sugar—let this cook and bubble over moderate heat 2 or 3 minutes, but watch that sugar doesn't burn. Add ⅔ cup pineapple juice and ⅔ cup orange juice. Cook until sugar dissolves and sauce is of syrupy texture but not too thick. Add ⅓ cup more orange juice and rum extract to taste—or, if you like, light rum.

To serve: Arrange sherbet in center of large shallow bowl with the three fruits in groups around it. Or you could mix them just before serving. Sprinkle fruit with toasted slivered almonds. Heat the sauce and pass hot at the table after fruit and sherbet have been served.

COURTESY MRS. ALBERT D. LASKER



YOUNG GIRL IN A BOAT

PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR, 1841–1919

Renoir, apprenticed at thirteen to a manufacturer of glazed porcelain, reached the Academician Gleyre's art classes in 1862. At Gleyre's he met Monet, Sisley, Bazille, Pissarro; here was the nucleus of the Impressionist movement. By the middle of the 1870's Renoir had not only mastered his own brand of Impressionism, but was searching for more exciting material.

People, crowds, parties and women were his chief interest; after painting the influential *Mme. Charpentier and Her Children*, he made something of a living as a portrait painter. In his last years arthritis so crippled him that he had to have a light brush strapped to his wrist, but amid his tortures the joy of painting never deserted him. When he was dying, he asked for a pencil; there was a vase of flowers in the room, and apparently his last conscious desire was to paint it.

Young Girl in a Boat shows how dissimilar Renoir and Monet were: while the latter drenched his subjects in varicolored light and blurred the forms, Renoir often used a pervasive color to give his paintings a formal unity. Distance imparts vagueness to the background, but the girl in the foreground is vivid and solid. She dominates the picture with the sureness of one who has just asked to have her portrait done, and her flag billows out triumphantly behind her. The water is a shimmering delight.

From a commentary by Wallace Brockway in "The Albert D. Lasker Collection," published by Simon and Schuster, Inc.

NEW BUDGET BEATERS

Hearty meatless dishes made delicious with Campbell's Soups!



Budget Beater—No. 5

TOMATO MACARONI BAKE!

Lightly brown — in a saucepan — ¼ cup chopped onion in 2 tbsp. butter or margarine.

Stir in 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup, ½ cup water, ¾ cup shredded Cheddar cheese. Heat until cheese melts.

Blend with 2 cups cooked macaroni; pour into a buttered 1½-qt. casserole.

Sprinkle ¼ cup shredded Cheddar cheese and 2 tbsp. buttered bread crumbs on top.

Bake at 350° F. about 30 min. or until nicely browned and bubbling. 4 servings.



Budget Beater—No. 6

CHEESE FISH BAKE!

Arrange 1 lb. fish fillets (thaw if using frozen) in single layer in greased shallow baking dish (10x6x2").

Season with a dash of black pepper.

Stir 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup; pour over layer of fish.

Sprinkle on ½ cup shredded Cheddar cheese and a dash of paprika for extra color and flavor.

Bake at 375°F. about 45 min. or until lightly browned. 4 servings to tempt the family.



Good n' thrifty cooks cook with *Campbell's Soups*

For other Budget Beaters write to Campbell Soup Company, P. O. Box 888, Dept. LH-3, Camden 1, N. J.



Why every family should have a family doctor...

EVERY family should select and become acquainted with a doctor before illness strikes. Yet, many families wait until sickness or emergency requires a hasty decision about the doctor they will call.

A family doctor, usually a general practitioner or an internist, can care for about 85 percent of the illnesses your family is likely to have. Further, if you should need specialized care, you can depend on the family doctor to arrange it.

Perhaps the best way to select your doctor is through your local medical society or community hospital. They will give you the names of several physicians—and you may choose one of them with assurance that you will be in good hands.

Then, call the doctor and see him for a friendly talk—about fees, night calls, the hospitals he's associated with, and whatever else is on your mind.

Then ask yourself these questions: did you like him . . . feel at ease with him . . . would you trust him during critical situations which illness often creates? These questions are important. For mutual friendship and understanding are essential to a warm doctor-patient relationship.

What are the advantages of having a regular doctor? For one thing, he will get to know you and your family intimately—your "medical history," your response to drugs, your normal blood pressure, your emotional reaction to illness, and other facts which may be helpful whether your trouble is minor or serious.

He can also give you the benefits of preventive medicine. For example, if you have young children, he will want to see them at intervals to check their growth—and to keep their protection against communicable diseases up to date.

For others in your family, he can be a health counselor. For instance, if you're bothered at times by seemingly trivial complaints—indigestion, headache, nervousness, or fatigue—you might hesitate to go to a doctor whom you do not know. But with a family doctor, you'd feel free to talk over any condition that upsets you now and then.

Select and become acquainted with a doctor now. Keep his name, address, telephone number and office hours posted in a spot known to everyone in your family. His continuing supervision can help your children grow up strong and well—and help you live a long and healthy life.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

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THE QUEEN'S GRACE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

eyes, a sort of misty tenderness and longing. "I swear I never will again," he said, low.

"Marry," she said under her breath, and looked quickly at the ground at her feet. In silence they walked together to the bench. That had been a week ago, and the seven days had passed in a sort of dreamy delirium. The sun had never shone so bright; the colors of the fall had never been so glorious; even the taste of an apple was different, and common ale as heady as imported wine.

He is such a gentleman, she told herself a thousand times a day. *So gallant*. He was so handsome, so tall, so strong; he lifted her onto her horse just as if she were weightless, and yet the touch of his hands lingered on her waist, and she thought she could even feel them that night, in bed with Joan, making Joan hush talking so she could dream about Hugo, and repeat in her mind all he had said, and what she had said. Now, waiting in the garden, it seemed as though he would never come. "Marry," she said under her breath, and then drew it in sharply. She would take five stitches and then, if she raised her eyes, she would see him coming.

At her feet the two others continued to talk and laugh and she continued automatically to answer them, smile at them, pretend she was offended. So when Hugo did arrive, he stood right over her, and she made an exclamation of surprise.

"I didn't see thee coming, Hugo," she said demurely.

He frowned. He didn't answer immediately; he seemed to be hesitating, and she said, "Is aught amiss?" She laid down her sewing and their eyes met for a long moment.

He said then, "Will you walk with me?" He extended his hand and she rose, laying her sewing down.

"One of the boys will take it into the house," he said, in the commanding manner of an older brother, and the two younger ones grumbled a bit, and argued about who should take it in. When they were finished with their pretend fight, Katryn and Hugo were fifty feet away.

Suiting her pace to his, she walked fast. Hugo was leading her along a path through the orchards. Presently they would skirt the top of the hill, and she knew he would walk her down by a small lake, nestling into the hilltops like a toy mirror. It was a half after two. Hugo must have been riding hard, she thought. He was a typical north-county man, rugged and sturdy; his calloused hands were deft on a horse or a sick animal; kind, he was able enough with the long dagger he wore and she would need feel no fear of life as his wife. She would take her place in the manor house as John's wife had, even though John was the eldest Burlingame and would inherit all these acres.

They had come to the top of the hill; on one side stretched the common lands, on the other the Burlingames' park lands, thick with game, the colors of the trees russet and gold, and the lake sparkling blue. Hugo came to a stop.

"Look," he said, "look. For I shan't see this again for a long, long time!"

Katryn said not a word, but her whole high pile of dreams fell suddenly about her feet, and her eyes were wide and incredulous. Gone was everything but hurt and amazement.

"You are going away?" She drew the words out slowly, as though afraid to say them.

But he was not slow in replying. "Aye, I am," he said curtly. "'Tis my father's wish, and I cannot gainsay him!" He struck his hand in his palm, and turned to face her, taking her hands in his. "Katryn!" he s desperately.

He held her close. Enfolded in his ar after a long, long minute, she felt some me ure of security return. He did love her; must. He transferred his hands to her sho ders and then said, "Come."

Silently she followed him to the edge of lake, where a bit of grass grew, and there t sat. "I'll tell you about it," he began.

She sat dumbly, listening. He was go away into service with Sir Francis Bryan had been suggested by Sir John Seymou distant kin of his mother's, whose son T was in the same man's service.

"I am a younger son," Hugo said, "and father thinks I should see the rest of Engla even mayhap the rest of the world." He t her hand again in his warm one. "I'll be g to London and I'll send you something." brightened. She sent him a sparkling gla Hugo took courage. "I shall if you pro that you will wait for me."

It was the first real declaration from h aye, the first she had had from aught but b She drew in a long shivering breath.

"Mayhap, Hugo." She withdrew her h and folded it under her other one, in her

"I know I've no right to ask you to w he said. His voice even, but his eyes trayed his eagerne love you, Katryn. told her. "I love very much. Please p ise to wed me!"

She turned her eye him. "You love me?" asked, low, as th trying to judge the t of his statement.

"I adore you," said fervently. "You much too beautiful lovely for me. I k that well enough! I d deserve you, but I' my best to, and make my fortune winter, and bring back all of it!" C sily he took a ring his finger. "Will accept it, sweethe he asked.

"It is very pretty," she said. She hesit The face and figure of her mother fl before her eyes. What would Lady Par if she could see her daughter, sitting o grass with Hugo Burlingame, and conten ing a precontract of marriage? She shove thought aside. The ring was heavy gold could wear it around her neck on a chain. She would be betrothed, and h man in love with her. She tried it o finger; it was much too big. She looked Hugo, and his heart was in his eyes thought. She tucked the ring inside her b and was unprepared for Hugo's reactio seized her hungrily, taking her action f ceptance of his suit; he folded her in his and kissed her cheek, and the tip of her muttering all the time how much he love

"Hugo, Hugo," she tried to remons In the back of her mind was the c knowledge that a precontract could n broken; that now she was committed, how she had affianced herself, without her mo knowing, and for a moment fear we more heavy than excitement or joy or l

Hugo was squeezing her hard; his were crushing her ribs, and his lips we hers. Of a sudden she realized how pl this was, how strong the arms aroun how demanding the lips on hers. She p arms around his neck.

"Hugo," she whispered.

"I love you," he said.

"I love you too," she whispered "But ——"

"I know." He looked down at her fa was smiling, and she caught her teeth

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

TEACHER

By THOMAS JOHN CARLISLE

He was a gardener of words,
Planting preposterous absurds,
Mixing my mind with his keen harrow,
Widening my rows where they were narrow,
Tossing my clods on his wheelbarrow,
Uprooting weeds, evicting rocks,
And leaving space for paradox.

ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING WOMEN IN THE WORLD: ROME



LSA MARTINELLI is a glamorous and gifted actress, wife of a handsome oung Roman Count, and mother of a lively one-year-old. In her teens she was top-flight fashion model in Paris and New York. Recently she won the top acting award at the Berlin Film Festival. "I often feel tense," she says, "but I must never look it." She uses Pond's Cold Cream to deep-cleanse and moisturize . . . to ease away tension lines . . . "My skin stays soft and smooth all day."

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WITH POND'S COLD CREAM YOU NEED NEVER BE TOO BUSY TO BE BEAUTIFUL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

lower lip, and was thinking that this, then, was what she had been warned against—not that Hugo meant ill to her. But at least she understood now what her mother had meant, and she had been right.

She said, "Let me go, Hugo."

"I wouldn't fright you for the world, Katryn," he said solemnly.

She shivered. The sun had gone in. She grasped Hugo's hand and struggled to her feet. It must be late, near suppertime. She caught her red shawl close.

Of a sudden she wished she were back home at Kendal, safe within its gray encircling ancient walls. She wished she were in the huge hall with the fire blazing; she wished she were not the female she was, but the firstborn son her father had wanted. Then she'd have no problems; Kendal would be hers, she its master and its lord. Instead she was a poor silly wench, with no dowry, not quite sixteen years old, and she had done something she shouldn't. She bit her lip.

"We should go back, Hugo," she said, low.

Katryn sat on the edge of the bed in the bedroom she shared with Joan and her sister and was thankful that neither one was there, and that she could be alone for a few minutes. She had excused herself to come up and comb her hair before supper, while Joan helped downstairs and threw glances at the man, Tom Seymour, who had arrived to take Hugo to London. He was a distant kin, as Hugo had said, and when Katryn came in he had been standing with his back to the room, facing the open fire. She had caught just a glimpse of him, and hurried past, clutching her sewing bag, gaining the stairs and the safety of the bedroom upstairs. She drew out the ring Hugo had given her, and held it in her palm. She tried to evaluate what she had done, and to arrange her thoughts before she would have to go down and face Hugo and his family.

For some unaccountable reason she found her thoughts drifting to Kendal and to the father she had known so briefly. Her eyes filled with tears and she wished passionately she were back at Kendal and five years old, and her square, sturdy father were coming in the wide doors. *I remember as if it were yesterday*, she thought, *even to the feel of his rough beard as he kissed me. I wish he were here. He would help me. If he were here now I'd be finely betrothed—aye, and have mayhap a new length of dress goods for winter, and mayhap even be going to London.*

"A lass," she said slowly and aloud to the empty room, "needs a father till she gets a husband." The truth of this statement was so obvious to her that she wondered why it had not been so evident before. She sighed deeply.

Her father had been dead for ten years, almost. He had died as quickly and with as much gusto as he had lived, ignoring a violent winter cold until it had caught at his lungs. Katryn had been five, her sister Anne three, and little Will four. Maud Parr and his family could hardly believe their lord was gone, even when he was laid in the black marble tomb in Kendal Church.

It was borne in on his household slowly. Maud Parr sent for a distant kin, a poorer member of her large family. Walter Pickering came, and his wife, Meg, and his daughter, little Meg. Little Meg slept in Katryn's room, as her bed servant and companion. Meg Senior was the housekeeper, and Walter the bailiff. The garrison slowly disbanded, and Kendal became, not a Border stronghold but a woman's household which was devoted to the raising of its little lord, William Parr. Not that Maud Parr neglected her daughters. But the first care and hope of the Parrs was the

He who boasts of his descent praises the deeds of another. SENECA

son who bore their name. Kendal was his and he was Kendal. Katryn had been taught that, over the years. She accepted it; she even understood when her mother told her that her own dowry had gone to secure William's appointed bride, the only heir of the Earl of Essex. It was most important to secure William's and Kendal's future; Katryn Parr understood that and credited it as right.

She fetched another deep sigh. In view of her circumstances, she had done very well. A lass could not wait indefinitely for marriage. Hugo was young and strong and handsome and honorable. Surely her mother would forgive her; anyway, she did not have to face her yet—she could tell her when she got home.

She got off the bed and looked at herself critically in Joan's polished copper mirror. She refolded the quilt carefully, and went out the bedroom door, closing it behind herself. Slowly she made her way down the steps, her hand tight on the rail.

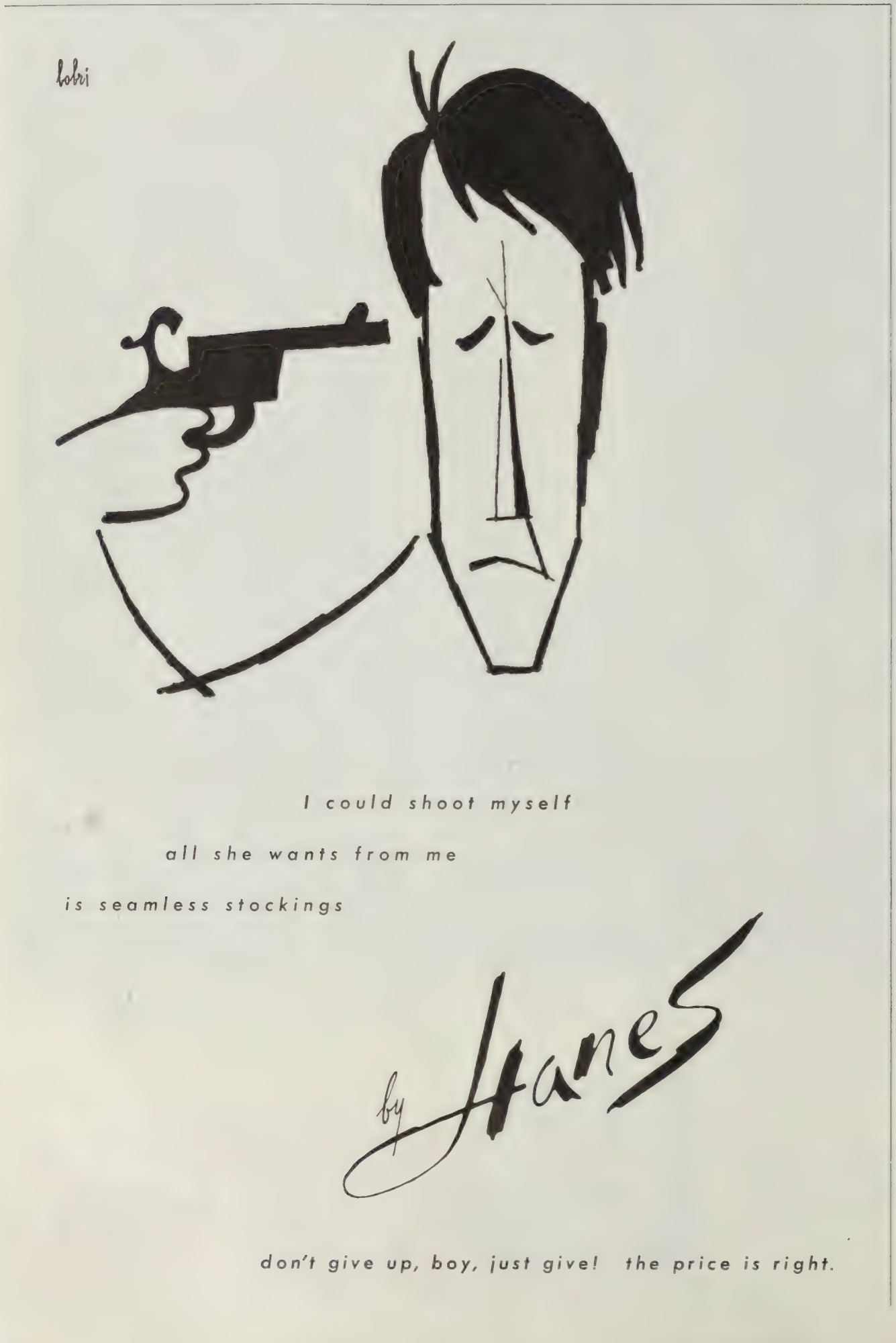
The door at the bottom was flung open. The two boys were waiting for her impatiently. They towered on both sides of her. The room was full of noise and the smell of wood burning and food cooking.

"You missed me?" she said gaily, looking from one to the other. "Oh, I warrant you're just saying that to turn a poor girl's head." She knew very well that the tall stranger was standing almost in front of her, that the boys had drawn her forward to present him. But she affected not to notice him for a second. When Gib said, "Allow me to present our kin, Tom Seymour," she said, "Oh," in pretty confusion, and for the first time turned her golden eyes on him.

The eyes hers met were intensely blue and threw a shaft of mockery enhanced by a smile on a dark face, topped by black hair. Thick and short black hair, as thick and short as the lashes that bristled across his blue eyes.

He looks like a Border brigand, she thought swiftly. Openly she studied his face and then dropped a swift curtsy and held out her hand.

He took it. His hand was big and warm and very strong and she jerked away from the



ircling fingers hastily. "You're from Wilts?" asked, raising her eyes past the bulk of ulder and chest to the dark lean face. ren't ye a Scot?"

he boys shouted with laughter. "What a npliment." Richard threw back his head pounded his brother on the back. "Tell you're sorry, Katryn."

Katryn looked up at Tom Seymour. He s smiling and his eyes held hers and she ld think of nothing to say, nothing at all. My name was originally Saint Mawr," he d. "French. Norman. Have ye heard those nes afore?"

Acourse," she snapped, and then blushed, all three of them laughed. Katryn's eyes kened and the gold specks swam about. ou're making fun of me," she said.

Oh, no," he said seriously. "Not at all. u are right and these two youngsters wrong. even though I am kin to Dame Mary, ch I think you find hard to credit, I assure you I have no measure of respectability left, not a shred, and you are quite right." He had hooked his thumbs in his belt and was regarding her lazily from his height. "I might as well be a marauding Scot, come o'er the Border to steal your rings and ravish your honor." He laughed then, and bowed, and turned on his heel, going back to the fireplace, and engaging Sir John in immediate talk.

She looked about for Hugo, but all she could see was his back as he bent over the sideboard with its burden of roast meat. The boys were still at her side, and she paid them no attention, for they were teasing her about Tom Seymour. She glanced over at him, as he leaned against the mantel, one hand resting negligently on the big dagger at his hip, one boot on the fire fender. He was listening to Sir John and Katryn saw him smile suddenly, his eyes delighted and wicked and amused. She said crisply, "Marry, you're both dolts. What he said about himself was perfect true!"

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICE OF VOGUE PATTERN ON PAGES 74 AND 75

Vogue Design No. 4973. One-piece dress, jacket, skirt and blouse; 10–20 (31–40). $1.50.

Black faille jacket and skirt require 2¾ yards of 48″ fabric without nap, size 14.

White blouse with bracelet-length sleeves requires 2 yards of 39″ fabric without nap, size 14.

Printed jacket with contrasting bands requires 1¼ yards of 54″ fabric without nap, size 14.

Dress and contrasting jacket bands require 4¾ yards of 39″ fabric without nap, size 14.

Gray jacket and skirt require 2⅛ yards of 54″ fabric without nap, size 14.

Yellow blouse with bracelet-length sleeves requires 2 yards of 39″ fabric without nap, size 14.

Blue shepherd-check jacket and skirt require 2⅛ yards of 54″ fabric without nap, size 14.

Blue blouse with short sleeves and matching belt requires 1¾ yards of 39″ fabric without nap, size 14.

Blue print dress and jacket lining require 4 yards of 39″ fabric without nap, size 14.

Blue jacket requires 1½ yards of 39″ fabric without nap, size 14.

Beige jacket and skirt and blouse with short sleeves require 4¾ yards of 39″ fabric without nap, size 14, and 2 yards of braid.



All 4973

GOOD BROWN BEEF GRAVY

ready to serve in so many ways



Beef Stew. Cube 1 lb. chuck or round steak. Brown in 1 tbsp. shortening. Add ¼ cup water, 1 tsp. salt, dash pepper. Cover, cook over low heat 30 min. Stir in 1 can Beef Gravy, 8 small potatoes, 4 medium carrots, 4 small onions, 2 large stalks celery cut in 1-in. pieces. Cover; simmer 30 min. Add 1 cup frozen peas; cook about 15 min. or until tender. 4 generous servings.

⅓ the calories of homemade— made with lean, juicy beef



Nothing stirs up a man's appetite like beef stew. Especially when it has that good roasting-pan flavor of FRANCO-AMERICAN Beef Gravy. This deep-brown gravy is made from the juices of lean, trimmed beef —about 25 calories in a ¼-cup serving. Try it soon on these main-dish suggestions.



Shepherd's Pie. Brown 1 small minced onion lightly in 1 tbsp. shortening. Combine with 1 can Beef Gravy, 2 cups cubed cooked beef, 1 cup cubed cooked carrots, ½ cup cooked peas; pour into 1½-qt. casserole. Spoon 2 cups seasoned mashed potatoes on top. Bake in a very hot oven (450°F.) about 25 min. 6 generous servings.



Pork Chops, Apricot Stuffing. Brown 6 pork chops in oven-proof skillet. Simmer in covered pan ½ cup dried apricot strips, ½ cup chopped celery, 2 tbsp. butter, ⅓ cup water 5 min.; combine with 2 cups soft bread cubes. Spoon dressing on chops. Pour on 1 can Beef Gravy. Bake at 350° F. 30 min. covered; 30 min. uncovered. Serves 6.

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Katryn usually loved dinner at the Burlingames'. A fire always burned on the hearth near the diners. A big trestle table was set up and the massive sideboards groaned with food.

The huge roasts and stuffed birds made a handsome and succulent display, and the towering silver salts, and the wide-mouthed flagons for ale gleamed ruddily as the apples piled and polished in a pewter bowl. The fire hissed, John's wife brought the water and towels to Dame Mary, and the meal began.

There was much more variety than there was at Kendal and Katryn usually ate steadily through different kinds of meat and game. Tonight, though, her appetite had deserted her. The men were talking as usual about the king's great matter, and how the realm had no heir, and how His Grace had petitioned the Pope to grant him a divorce.

Katryn had heard it so many times before. The men always espoused the side of the king, and the women clucked their tongues, and made to say how sad and dreadful it was for His Grace to put aside his loyal and true wedded wife. Tom Seymour had brought up the matter, for he had been in Blackfriars the day the court had ruled on the king's marriage, and he was describing it for Sir John: how the cardinal's red robes had glittered, but not more than Henry himself, in cloth of gold; and how the queen had come into this court, and flung herself down before her husband, and cried out about the wickedness of all this talk of her not being a virgin bride! "Who," cried the queen, "should know better about my virginity than my husband himself?"

"Marry," whispered Joan Burlingame, h eyes round as the saucer of meat Hugo h put down for his dog. "That's right, acours His Grace must know true himself! Wheth or not she was virgin!"

Sir John went on to say heavily, with glance of some reproof at his young daught who was after all too young to know a talk about such things, that she had been w after all, to Henry's brother, and no m should marry his brother's widow, no go would come of it.

His wife took up the argument. "But s was not true his wife, John! She was never true wedded wife!"

Sir John started to say that was w Katherine of Aragon said, in defense of h self, but it was quite plain that there was so thing wrong with the marriage, else the rea would be blessed with an heir instead o twelve-year-old girl named Mary, the only o of Henry's children who had lived.

"Nonsense, dame," Sir John said heavi "They were both sixteen."

Joan blushed. Katryn was thinking s should blush too. Tom Seymour looked acr the table at her and, annoyed, she stared b at him. *Let him think what he pleases,* thought defiantly. *I have other matters worry over than Queen Katherine.* The k had offered her the honorable title of Princ Dowager, putting her back to the position had had as Arthur's widow, before she married Henry. Why didn't the silly wo accept it?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

NEXT MONTH

IS IT ALWAYS THE WIFE'S FAULT?

Certain marriages seem doomed to failure from the start. What are the conditions a wife cannot hope to overcome, no matter how sincerely and intelligently she tries? Dr. Adams discusses them in "Making Marriage Work."

WHAT DID THE WOMEN DO ALL DAY?

From Clark Mason's colonial mansion to the young Joneses' house-made-from-a-barn, Skilley Road pulsed with life. But there were no children, unless you count the Tyrell boys and old Enoch Winter's strange Ruthie, though most couples could afford servants—servants, and all-night parties every weekend. What sort of world had Dan brought her to? newly married Gina wondered. What were they hiding from her, those "Good Wives of Skilley Road"? Jan Spiess' new novel is condensed complete in this issue.

THE PAUSE THAT CHANGES LIFE

It may come more quickly than you expect and you may not recognize its signals—particularly if you depend upon secondhand information from other women. Learn the meaning of menopause and how doctors prefer to treat it nowadays. "Tell Me Doctor," the return of a popular JOURNAL feature.

WASH 'EM WHERE YOU TAKE 'EM OFF!

With modern laundry equipment it is possible to wash the children and their clothes together—in different appliances, of course. Sewing rooms, guest rooms, linen closets and recreation rooms lend themselves easily to attractive installation. For what to buy and pictures of the new machines, turn to Margaret Davidson's "A New Look at Laundries."

HOW TO EAT YOUR LAMB AND *BE* IT TOO

In April, nothing pleases like that delicacy of the tender season, spring lamb. Have yours exotic as shish kebabs on a bed of Armenian rice, or satisfying as a ham-stuffed Sunday roast. Grill it with kidneys and mushrooms or let it gambol in a tangy dill sauce. You will be beloved.

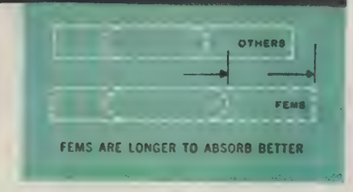
Also, Dr. Spock's page for mothers; fashion news; "Can This Marriage Be Saved?"; stories; poems; the real-life episodes of "How America Lives"; some ideas on what to do with a porch (*before* and *after* pictures); and much, much more

IN THE APRIL JOURNAL

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Stains are virtually stopped from coming through because of the protective safety-cushion of Fems. It guards against bottom and side stains, whether you're sitting, sleeping or in action.

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Chafe-free softness. Try this test. Touch the chafe-free covering to the inside of your wrist, where your skin is extra sensitive, and you'll see why Fems give welcome relief from chafing and rubbing.

All these advantages cost so little more that you'll certainly want to try Fems next time.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

Joan said, "Katryn was told by a fortune-teller that she would be queen, and that her hands were ordained for scepters."

Tom Seymour smiled, and Katryn felt her cheeks growing hot. "If you list to your dreams," he said, "you'd best not stay here in Westmorland."

She raised her eyes; they looked straight at each other across the polished board. On her lap her hand clenched tight over her handkerchief. In her hazel eyes the gold flecks swam and glittered; and seeing her eyes, and what was in them, so plain, his mouth curved down at the corners deprecatingly.

"I have no wish to be a king," he said. "Why does a woman wish to be queen?"

Her thick lashes dropped. "How you talk, sir," she said. "'Twas a jest, and many years ago—aye, I believe at least three."

"Nonetheless," he said, "I shall expect to see thee someday in London."

"You'll not," she told him, and for some reason her voice was low and furious. "You'll not!"

She shot Hugo a glance, and he smiled, reassuringly. *I love him, and I shall wait for him forever*, she swore to herself. *And I shall love living here.* She looked around the table again, at all the familiar faces.

She could feel Hugo's ring lying in the hollow of her breasts, a lovely secret to hold and cherish, and even though they couldn't be wed this November as she had planned, mayhap they could be wed the following spring. 'Twould not be long. Yet suppose Sir Francis took Hugo to the continent? Suppose he wouldn't be back by spring? She swallowed a piece of meat, and almost choked. Quickly she raised her napkin and coughed delicately as her mother had taught her.

Across the table Tom Seymour ate steadily, heartily; she resented each mouthful. *If it hadn't been for him*, she thought. *He's the most maddening man I've ever met and I hope I never see him again in my whole life.* Joan said before dinner she thought he was so derful. *What can she see in him?* Katryn dered. *She's a silly wench to hanker after like that, who thinks he knows everythi hope I have a minute with Hugo to say goo To think he will be leaving on the morrow heaven knows when I shall see him next!*

There was no chance to see Hugo a She tried, by long, pregnant glances, t him she wanted to speak with him, that was something of vast importance they sh discuss. But he just smiled. His mind obviously on the talk that swirled across about the table, cleared now of food cloth, and with the dice rolling and clatt across its shiny surface. There was the of coins, and the noise of the flagons raised to bearded lips and lowered g thoughtfully, as the hand paused mid-a watch the roll of the wayward die. There the sound of laughter, and a muttered e mation of dismay. Dame Mary sat clo the fire, with Joan and Katryn on either

At nine Dame Mary laid aside her kni She rose, and the two girls rose too. Sir looked across at his womenfolk; he sl back his stool.

"Time for all to be abed," he said gruff voice.

Dame Mary smiled at his usual perem tones, softening them for their guest John probably thinks you and Hugo h long ride ahead of you tomorrow." She at Tom Seymour.

He was on his feet in a moment. "Ay he's quite right," he said easily.

The good nights were said. Katryn t hold Hugo's eyes with her own. A d frown crossed her brow. She was alm the door, and no one was watching he went over to the fireplace and laid dow sewing bag, and returned to the door two girls made their way upstairs, with wife and Dame Mary following. The door closed, and the low murmur o within it receded from her ears.

Underneath her red curls her brai busy. It would be dangerous, and dow shocking, to descend the stairs in her dr gown, unless of course she had all her coats under it. She removed her dress fully, and laid it away. "I'm so sleepy said, and yawned.

"So am I," said Joan.

Katryn sighed in relief. "You wash she offered generously.

Joan was in bed in three minutes. took up the candle from the bedside, it down on the stand by the bowl of She washed slowly; when she finish blew out the candle. Moving softly slippered feet, she went over to the be lay on her side, breathing deeply and s

"Art asleep already, Joan?" she whi

There was no answer. In the d Katryn's eyes gleamed. Slowly, very she made her way to the door; she op gently; it made no sound. In a mom was alone in the dim hall. Carefully, g she started down the steps.

Under the door of the winter par could see faint light. Yet there was n from within. Surely Hugo waited there. Cautiously she took hold of th lifting it; in another second she was with the door shut noiselessly behi

The room was lighted only by firel danced on the whitewashed walls, fli ruddily. In front of the fire was Sir chair, drawn up close, and in the chai shadowy figure, turning now, and saw, with dismay and shattering surene it was not Hugo. In the unbroken silen Seymour was rising and turning to f

"Oh," she whispered. She came forw ward the fire. Her bag lay on the floor side of the chair. Her eyes fastened her excuse for being here. She said, forgot my sewing bag."

She watched him bend to retrieve it. it out wordlessly; his eyes, studying h rowed a bit because of the uncertain held it out, and she reached for it, a fingers touched.

Katryn Parr drew in her breath. S the bag and, puzzled, she eyed him, n



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o. This was such a strange encounter, here the dim firelit room. His face was in adow. But the angle of his face toward the ht showed the powerful jaw. He was taller an Hugo; her heelless slippers accentuated s height compared with hers. She lowered her es to the width of shoulders; massive shoul- rs they were. She took a step back to see m in better proportion, for he had the nar- w waist and flat stomach of the jouster and ordsman. His physical prowess had ele- ted him to the position he held now, as the st of Sir Francis Bryan's gentlemen. He ore Sir Francis' badge on his left arm, tched on the soft chamois. Hugo would ar it too.

"I left my bag," she said, her hands clasped er it. She took a backward step.

"You expected Hugo," he said. "I guessed ere was something between you. But Dame ary wished him; he's with her, in her cham- rs." His voice was low and matter-of-fact. he wished to bid him Godspeed, her second , for all that he's older than I was when I forth. But I mind me my mother talked to , that night afore I left home, for at least hour. You will have a long wait."

The unreality that had plagued her all eve- g persisted. She forgot the rest of the nor house, sleeping, dark, with maybe just andle burning in the room where Dame ary talked with her son. She forgot that she uldn't be here, talking to a man almost nge to her. She said, "What did your ther say to you, when you left?"

He glanced at her quizzically. He seemed ut to brush the question aside. Then he wned a little. While he hesitated, she re- mbered what he had said.

If you love people, you don't know what you love them for until you lose them. JOHN OLIVER HOBBES

How old were you when you left home?" asked.

Sixteen," he said, "lacking a few months." The age I am now," she put in.

He nodded, as if he had known. "That was r years ago, and I am trying to recall the wer to your question. For surely you must ss what mothers say to their sons, about or, and family responsibility, and the e one's father has made at court, and not lisgrace it."

he sighed. She frowned a little too. Didn't mention about women? she wondered. uldn't Dame Mary tell Hugo to be true is love, which Dame Mary didn't know ad?

om Seymour's eyes lighted a bit. "That " he said.

How did you ——" she began.

I guessed, lass," he said. "Shall I tell Hugo said to be true to you, as you will be ?"

here was an expression on his face she idn't read. She bit her lip. What did he ly? He looked a bit unbelieving and there a glint of mockery in his eyes. Or didn't read aright?

e said, "You have no dowry?" It was a stion.

e stared at him in shocked surprise. Then rallied her forces. Her mother could al- s promise a little, say a hundred pounds, in five years. "I have a dowry," she said ionately.

is narrowed eyes were intent on her face. go said you did not; I asked him out- t."

mazed, she could say nothing. A thousand ghts rushed through her brain. Ordinary didn't go about asking about a maid's ry; could it possibly mean he was inter- d in her himself? She shot him a glance er her lashes. "Why?"

was curious," he said, "to know why took Hugo." He rubbed his hand over jaw thoughtfully. "Lass, you're very g, you know," he told her. "And the d is a big, big place. Westmorland is a small part of it."

The fire flared again. He turned aside to pick up the heavy poker. She watched his hands, capable, and brown; she watched the ease of the stance, as he bent to lift one of the heavy logs; she saw the badge on his arm. Four years he had worn it, he said. He must be a younger son too.

"Have you a brother?" she asked.

"Aye," he said, straightening and laying down the poker. "A brother Ned, some four years older."

"Does he look like you?"

Tom Seymour nodded. "Ned is dark, like me, but his eyes are brown, and he wears a little beard, but you would know we were kin. And I have a sister two years older, a sister Jane, who is as fair as thee; fairer, for her hair is gold and her eyes blue."

Fairer than thee, he had said. She raised her eyes to him, and he smiled slightly. "She is serene, her beauty is. Thy beauty is arresting, disturbing; there are depths in your eyes, and warm fire in your hair, and a warm pulse deep within that white body no man has ever touched." He looked thoughtful, almost abstracted. "Or has he?" he asked almost with disinterest.

"I know not quite what you mean," she said, putting distance in her voice, and reproof.

"It's none of my business, true," he said, and smiled slightly. "But I think ——" She knew he was going to say that she should go up to bed. After all, he was four years older, and seemed to her to possess a wealth of knowledge. Her mind raced. She had no counsel from men, ever; no truck with them, save Walter Pickering, whom even her mother discounted, and the boys she met, and then Hugo. Yet she harbored a belief, inherited from the memories and shades of her father, that there were many things that only men knew the answer to, and it would be well to discover what it was they did know. And surely it would do William good to do as this



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man had done. Suppose this man were Will; she'd have no fears about Kendal.

She said, breaking into his sentence, "What do you do for Sir Francis Bryan? What do you do in London?"

"By God's most precious soul, lass," he said, in a commonplace tone, and she had rarely heard an oath used, and especially so casually. She glanced at him, surprised by his language.

He made her a little bow, and gave her a rueful smile. "I learn, lass," he said. "I try to learn to be the gentleman I was born." He hooked his thumbs in his belt and surveyed her. "I didn't look like one to you, did I?"

"No," she said gravely. "But you speak like one; I mean, aside from your language, you are"—she searched for a word—"well versed."

"Well," he said abruptly, "one must learn to fit oneself to a world at which one is sometimes, ofttimes, at odds. And it is too easy to be at odds with oneself. What do you want from life, for instance?" He bent his gaze on her. He said then, "You see, I was going to send you to bed. You shouldn't be here—not that I mean harm to thee. But then I have not much use for caution, and neither, I warrant, do you. But to pursue one's own way—there's a penalty for 't. Are you prepared to pay it?"

"Aye," she said directly. She pulled over a leather-topped stool and sat down. "You take the chair," she said, low.

He threw her a glance of amusement, and met her open gaze.

"Are ye wed?" she asked.

"Nay, for God's sake," he expostulated. "I doubt if I'm a marrying man." He stretched out his legs, and the tip of his boots rested in the ashes on the hearth. Once again it was brought upon her almost by physical force, the insolent, lazy strength of his big body, and of his mind, and of his quick, sure tongue. 'Twould be a foolish woman who'd lose her head over this man, she was sure.

"What do you want from life?" she asked softly.

He raised his thick brows and said, "A great deal. What do you want? This?" He flung out his hand, to indicate the room, the very nature of it, with its trestle table, and its single chair, its white walls, and its rush-strewn floor. His wave of hand included the manor, the stretching fields, the little village, and hidden lakes, and Hugo.

"I don't know," she said.

Once again she heard his voice at dinner describing the scene at Blackfriars. But it was not just the thought of London, and the king and court. Often she had heard her mother talk about her days in London. It was something deeper: something evoked by the restless spirit opposite her now; something new, something vital, a stirring, an ambition. She leaned forward.

"If I were in London now," she said, "what then?"

Tom Seymour frowned at her. In his mind's eye he could hear his master's low whistle of approval as he would lay his one wicked, all-seeing eye on Katryn Parr. Tom Seymour could see himself delivering a note, and a pretty gift; and if he guessed aright, 'twould be to no avail, for along with all the notions this wench harbored, she'd make no mean opponent in the battle of love. He grinned a little; he leaned over and patted her knee.

"Stay away from London," he said.

She drew a deep breath. "I was going to ask you to take me." Excitement raced in her; she could be frank and direct and honest with him. He would understand. He would know she couldn't just spend the rest of her life at Kendal.

His blue eyes studied her. There was surprise on his face, and some concern, and laughter. Lounging there, in his chair, his eyes glittered as they regarded her. "No, I wot." His voice was gibing and low. She would have interrupted, but he shook his head. "Be quiet a moment and listen. You can get a lot from men, Katryn, but not that way. You must be helpless, and sweet, and outwardly docile; you must flatter and use your women's wiles, whatever they are. You should know that better than I. Take you to London! Thou'rt a mad wench, madder than I, and that's saying a good deal. Look you, Katryn, you've a natural-born way with men. I saw that with the two boys."

Her eyes swam with the deep golden sparks. "But you are different," she said. "I thought you would understand."

He scowled at her. "I'm not flattered. You want something from me. Well, you shall have it, and there's an end to it. I take you nowhere."

Anger boiled in a sharp swirl of blood in Katryn; anger doubled her heartbeat. She had asked him, as man to man, to do her a favor; he had insulted her and refused. He leaned back in his chair, his face in shadow, table, and Katryn sat back on her stool.

"I am a fool," she said icily. "I realize I was wrong." Aye, indeed she had, she told herself. *I read him for a gay adventurer, whom I could ba*. It was her wo estate which ham her, of course. A she had thoug would make no ence to him, and he would unders

"Never try to man—with his k edge, at least," h evenly. "Let's blunt; I was sup to keep you und wing till you sold charms, for y nought else to se

"How dare you!" she said furiously. " Hugo and I are contracted! You've m fool of yourself, sir!"

He leaned back in his chair. He studie he muttered a low oath. Then he said, stay here, then, stay here and wait for H Live here and raise a big family, and away from the follies and foibles of th of us. I'm not so sure that I shouldn't c same. I'm not so sure, if you were goi inherit Kendal, I shouldn't marry you There is part of me hankers for this ki life." He grinned at her. "Aye, there's appeals to me here, and yet I'll forgo it

She said, "And what makes you thi wed with a knave like you? I can't co of worse hell!"

"You should be complimented. You' only woman I ever considered marrying though I didn't consider it long."

She said coldly, drawing herself up, "Y an unprincipled knave, and 'tis true, you gentleman. And you'll never learn, eith

She rose, and held her head high. "I think why I even talked with you," she eying him. "I must have been mad! I event, sir, you misread me complete. I w you to help both Hugo and me."

"I see," he said. "Well now, mayhap I had the notion Hugo and I were to sta you, in London, till you found a more nificent benefactor than either the pen Hugo or me."

She said righteously, "You know so li me, sir." She tossed her head.

Tom Seymour said, "If I've done you justice, I apologize. You see I am no good with women. I'm rough-spoken oft

CONTINUED ON PAGE 107

THOMAS CARLYLE SAID:

Every noble work is at first impossible.

Let me have my own way exactly in everything, and a sunnier or pleasanter creature does not exist.

The moment we feel angry in controversy, we have already ceased striving for truth, and begun striving for ourselves.

This world, after all our science and sciences, is still a miracle; wonderful, inscrutable, magical and more, to whosoever will think of it.

The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the ground green.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

nd yet a doubt keeps persisting, for which I pologize again."

She said, "Apologies are unwelcome, sir; ny further speech with you is unwelcome." he picked up her bag; he stood, quickly, to ace her. "Good night," she said haughtily.

He smiled a quick flashing smile. "I suspect kindred villainy, Katryn," he said and bowed racefully. "Good night, sweet wench, and ay thy dreams be of Hugo." He said this to er back, as she marched toward the door. And pray don't slam it," he said.

Katryn found extreme difficulty in obeying im. Her hand shook as she closed the door ently. When she reached the top of the steps he was breathing hard, not with exertion but ith anger. It was an our and a half before leep claimed her. All he retorts that would ave vanquished him ame readily now to her ind. Oh, the villainy f the knave! To sug- est she'd sell her harms! She clutched he pillow tight in her ands and squeezed it ard. She had just meant o stay in London with Hugo and Tom Sey- nour till mayhap she ould get a position at ourt. After all, her un- le was in London; she ould have appealed to im.

In the darkness her yes narrowed, and a ealthy yawn interfered ith her deep thought. oan lay insensible at er side, almost snoring; he had no troubles. Anyway, she could not hink now, for that man ept mixing himself up n her mind with her ther problems. It was mpractical not to sleep, hen she was so sleepy. Obediently she closed er eyes, and pushed her rm up under the pillow. Thus she fell asleep.

Kendal castle crouched gray and solid n the hill outside the own, the Kent river en- ircling its foot, the hills f Westmorland stretch- ng out to the seas be- ond. It had been built n the eleventh century; ts masters had guarded his side of the English order for centuries.

In one of the tower ooms, before a fire, Maud Parr wrote slowly. Occasionally she glanced toward the door, but nothing dis- urbed her and nothing could be heard through he thick stone walls of this small cabinet.

She was excessively thin. The inner serenity which had always been hers spoke through er clear hazel eyes, but her fair hair was gray, nd almost hidden under her coif. There were imes when the burden of widowhood and hree growing children was almost insup- portable.

She laid down her pen. No matter how much she totted the figures, there was not the sum she thought there should be. Worse than that, a letter lay on her table, a letter which completely dashed her hopes for Katryn.

The letter was from old Lord Dacre. For three years, unbeknownst to Katryn, Lady Parr and Lord Dacre had been corresponding and settling the terms of a hoped-for marriage between Katryn and Lord Dacre's grandson. Now it had come to nought. For Maud did not have enough gold to pay a proper dowry n Lord Dacre's eyes.

She sighed deeply. Her husband had left each of his girls a dowry of four hundred pounds. It was gone, spent because Maud Parr had a son, William. Through industry and foresight, she had affianced him to the only child of the Earl of Essex, and it had cost her much, in sleepless nights and in hard cold money. For a moment the thought of a convent for Katryn ran across her mind; then she dismissed it: Anne was thirteen, and sweet and yielding; Katryn—well, even her mother would have to admit she would not be suited for convent life.

She picked up her pen. At court she had a brother-in-law, William, for whom young Will was named. She would write to him; mayhap he could help. In Lincoln she had a cousin, in the fourth degree, who had two unwed sons. North-county people had a strong sense of family; Lord Borough would help.

Lady Parr took up paper and pen again. She wrote carefully and steadily. She sanded her letter, rolling it up. Then she gathered up her woven shawl, and made her way down the outside staircase, across the court and through the postern gate. She was going to church.

Kendal church was cupped in the brow of the descending hills. Its doors stood open to the warm air. Inside it was empty; the parish priest was at this moment striding across the hills, from a distant cottage. In the south choir there was a black marble tomb, bearing the name, the effigy and arms of Maud Parr's husband. Had it been ten years? It was difficult for her to know now how much she missed her sturdy, foursquare husband; the sharp edge of grief and loss had been so dulled that it was almost impossible to grasp once more the clear forceful image of Thomas Parr. All she felt now was a sense of injustice, as though she had lost something but didn't remember quite its shape and meaning. She walked up to the nave of the church, and knelt.

She prayed for her daughter Katryn, and for herself—for the Lord to help her in her travails. She prayed briefly and rose.

Outside the sun was dying; the wind was sharp and swift. The helm, they called it, in the northern counties, coming in the winter like a gale off the tops of the mountains.

Lady Parr started up the grassy path; thick, tough grass it was, tough as the sheep and people it bred. Across the top of the hills the low-lying black clouds parted suddenly, and the sun made a path through, and the hillside turned green. The sheep grazed, she could see the figures of two shepherds, and the castle bell began to toll. It would soon be dark.

Down the path toward her hurried Meg Pickering. She said, "Mistress Katryn's home, my lady."

Katryn was waiting in her mother's cabinet. When Lady Parr entered, Katryn rose hastily and gave her mother first a curtsy, then a kiss on her cheek. Then Maud Parr held her daughter off and looked at her critically.

"Thou art pale," Maud Parr said.

"Aye, m'lady," Katryn said. She did not dare contradict. She had arrived home about an hour ago and she had unpacked her things, as she had been taught, and laid all away

CONTINUED ON PAGE 109

IF YOU ARE A STRANGER HERE

BY ELIZABETH GRAHAM

It's hard to see this land and say
This land is beautiful.
Grazed by the wind, lean as
yesterday,

These sun-wrenched plains do
not invite
First love; a stranger's gaze,
Accustomed to the hoarded
height

Of mountain green, cannot
unbend
Enough to see beyond
The dust storms children call
pink winds.

The brassy bang of noon out
here
Is all but deafening;
Lacy-leaf mesquites branch out,
in sheer

Audacity, in what seems frank
delirium,
As if to shade the world
And fifty acres more. A stranger
comes

And looks until his eyeballs
ache,
And claims this land
Is like the truth: it's hard to
take.



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That's the beauty of LUX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 107

efully. She had changed her shoes, and ished her hair, and washed. And at the last nute she had taken off Hugo's ring from ound her neck, and put it away in her small vel case. She had locked the case and come her mother's room. Now with the ring ked away, she did not feel quite so guilty, r quite so transparent. Lady Parr was sitting the bench before the fire; Katryn took a ol and sat too.

"First tell me the news," Lady Parr com- nded.

Katryn did. She told about Hugo's being sent o service, with a gentleman named Sir ancis Bryan. She told about Betty's expec - . She had messages from Dame Mary abo t death of her aunt. The poor thing h d ught a terrible cold and pain in her stomach d expired in two days. "Dame Mary said to member to tell thee, madam, 'twas but two s from the first of her illness till they sent the priest. And she sent you some jellies d cakes."

Maud Parr said, "I thought you were going bring Joan back with thee."

Katryn's eyes widened. "Marry, I forgot," blurted, and then was silent, for the reason had forgotten she could hardly tell. When thought of kissing Hugo, instead of saying to him, primly, he would have to speak h her mother, her face went even whiter.

"What ails thee, child?" Maud Parr asked rply.

"Nought, madam," Katryn mumbled. Tenvely she eyed her mother, essaying a le. Inwardly she prayed the Lord to forgive for lying to her mother, for it was a terle sin to lie to one's ther. She said, bit- at her lip, "I wish t I could be like e!"

Maud Parr said ply, "You shall be, day."

Katryn swallowed. yhap she would be. ere was time, and would try. "I try best to remember all that you teach me, dam," she said.

"You should certes know all my dictums," ud Parr said. "I've said them oft enough, ou and Anne. 'Be always kind and polite other women, setting them first, and be circspect and always a lady with men and s.'"

"Aye, m'lady," Katryn said. But there was ch more she had been taught, even to exactly t to say, and she did remember it, only metimes it was impossible to resist sending mile, or an inviting glance, quickly covered

Maud Parr studied her oldest daughter. "You are near sixteen," she said, "and I think get you wed soon. I have writ a letter and may as well know it. To a Lord Borough, kin. You have met him. He has an eldest ."

Katryn's eyes grew wide with horror. Her ther said, "Sometimes you amaze me, tryn. I thought you'd be pleased. And an est son will inherit, for Lord Borough is a on."

Katryn said, "But ——"

Lady Parr cut her short. "'Tis no need to more, now, for it may come to nought. eed it may. You may go now, and get thy dlework, and you and Anne may attend in the parlor."

e name had originally been de Burgh. now, after more than four hundred years, had been Anglicized, and the big, burly man ng ahead of the small group of horsemen lled it Borough.

Lord Borough was fifty-five years of age. mane of thick hair was dark gray, his eyes wn. In the saddle he sat like a man half his rs. His shoulders were powerful and so e the hands that held the reins. He was k-nosed as one of his falcons, and his mien lordly. The Norman blood ran proudly in veins and his possessions were many and . He had come from his great manor house Gainsborough, which lay seventeen miles n Lincoln.

Lord Borough rode ahead of his two sons, Henry and Thomas. Behind them came eight serving men, all well armed, for this was wild country. Lord Borough had ridden this way but once before, a long time ago. He had responded to Maud Parr's summons quickly. Although he was related to Maud only in the fourth degree, she had few male relatives to turn to except for him; accustomed to authority, he was ready to wield it far away from home.

They topped a rise in the hill. He raised a gauntleted hand from the reins. "Ahead lies Kendal," he shouted.

Behind him Henry called back, "Thank the Lord."

Lord Borough made a grimace that twisted down his big mouth and heavy jaw. He had enjoyed this ride; Henry was too soft. Lord Borough spurred his horse to a gallop and motioned the men to follow.

The castle gates stood open, for it lacked an hour to sunset. Borough remembered it—its great circular tower, the oldest part of the structure. All was enclosed within gray stone; stretching off to the right of the court were the stables, the brewery, the guest stables, the chicken houses, and pigpens at the very end. On the other side lay the kitchens and storehouses. Doves sat cooing on the roof of the dovecot, and far in the distance, through the clear winy air, the pipe of the shepherds could be heard.

Lord Borough stamped into Kendal as though it were his. His sons followed; the serving men had already led off the horses. And Maud Parr came forward to greet them.

Even in the very friendliest, warmest and simple relations, flattery and praise is needed just as grease is needed to keep the wheels going round.
TOLSTOY

She kissed Lord Borough. He patted her shoulders clumsily; his eyes were kind as he thought swiftly how much she had changed. He stepped aside and presented his two sons.

Maud bestowed a kiss on each young man, for they were twenty-nine and twenty-seven. She said how delighted she was to greet them. She took Anne by the hand and presented her to her cousins.

Lord Borough put his big hand on Anne's shoulders, and asked how old she was.

"Thirteen, my lord," she said.

He laughed. "And how fair a lass she is, Maud."

"And my son, William," said Lady Parr proudly.

William took his cousin's hand in his slender one. He raised one black eyebrow. "And I am almost fifteen, sir." His black eyes sparkled, and Lord Borough smiled.

"A fresh young one you are, my lad," he said genially, and swung around to survey the hall at his leisure.

His two sons had already divested themselves of their boots, and their servants were bearing the stained footgear away. Anne was standing alongside her mother; she had a sweet demureness that men would relish, Borough thought swiftly. William was watching him out of alert eyes. Borough let his eyes go over the ancient hall, with its raised dais and huge open fire pit. A great table stretched along one side of the hall, and the balcony off which other rooms opened was supported by carved wood pillars a foot thick, blackened by smoke.

Lord Borough absently took a tankard of ale that a servant was bearing and drank it off.

"What an inheritance thou hast here, Maud," he said. He brought out a fine linen handkerchief and wiped his mouth.

"Thank you, my lord," Maud said. "But you have still your boots! Won't you let ——"

He cut her short with a wave of his hand. "I seldom wear other. My boys will bear me out." He indicated them with a wave of his hand.

"Supper will be soon; you must be hungry," Maud said. "Should you like to see your quarters, my lord? And your servants ——"

"Thomas," Lord Borough said, "get thee out to the stables and see the accommodations. Especially for my own steed, Maud," he felt he should explain. "He's a great unruly beast. My pride and joy. I thought," he continued, "you had another daughter." He looked around as if to make her appear.

Lady Parr said nervously, "Katryn is—well, to be truthful, I don't know quite where she is."

Lord Borough looked surprised. "You probably have spoiled her, Maud, and not used the rod enough."

"I'll send for her," Maud said hastily.

Borough motioned to Henry, who was sitting on the edge of a table, drinking his beer with relish, and talking to William Parr. Henry said, "Oh, sir, let me be for just a moment."

Borough glowered, changed his mind. He wanted to see the castle, and he wanted to stretch his legs. "I shall find her myself," he announced.

Maud Parr knew no better than to contradict. "Oh, no, my lord," she cried. "Not thee."

"Aye," said Borough. He unbuckled his sword and laid it across the end of the table. He stamped out of the hall.

The walks of the first court were circular. Lord Borough went through an arch and emerged into the garden. Flowers grew along the paths, and neatly fenced in was the herb garden. It was free of weeds, he noted with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 111

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109

approval. He followed the paths, under some trees, and went through the gate to the big court with the stables, through to another larger garden with fruit trees. There was a small wooden building with its door open right in front of him. He peered in.

A young girl sat on the dirt floor, peeling rushes. Over her stood another, wrapped in a green cape. "Nay," she was saying. "Look thee, wench." And she took the rush from the sitting girl's hand, and neatly divested it of its outer shell.

Suddenly she turned, aware of another presence. Lord Borough was bent down to peer in the low door. He reached out a hand and drew her into the fading sunlight.

"I remember thee," he said, "from five years gone now. Do you remember me?"

"Acourse, my lord." She smiled and gave him her lips to kiss and he bent down and touched her mouth with his. Then he drew back and looked at her closely.

She said, "Oh, an that you should see me like this!" She flung out her hands to indicate her disarray, and pushed back a loose curl. "Indeed, I apologize. The time fled—I am ——" She stopped short.

"Uncommonly fair," Lord Borough put in. "Thou hast grown up."

For a second her eyes showed gold. *Why*, she thought, *he said the same as Hugo. And he looks at me like Hugo.* She shot him another glance. *Mayhap men are all alike no matter what their age*, she thought rapidly. Lord Borough was speaking.

"That green suits thee," he said, nodding, "with thy red hair."

She said demurely, "'Tis Kendal cloth, my lord. We are most proud of it here."

Lord Borough's dark eyes were narrow and sharp. "With thy red hair," he repeated, "and thy white skin, and thy remarkable eyes."

Katryn drew in her breath. She looked straight at him. His face was tanned and creased; his eyes sharp as a hawk's; his bearing lordly. And he was paying her extravagant compliments. Desperately she tried to remember how old he was or whether he was widowed. She had heard of married men making advances to maids. She saw him smile, a wintry smile.

"You must answer when you're spoke to," he said.

She cast down her eyes. A ready answer came this time. "I'm but a country lass, my lord," she said. "And I lack the city manners." She thought she could look at him from under her lashes, as she did with the Burlingames' boys, to show she was jesting, just a little.

Lord Borough smiled. "Come along," he said. "Your mother will be afretting herself. I' fact, she is already."

Katryn gathered her cloak close, for the wind was blowing sharp now. Lord Borough took her ungloved hand. The leather of his gauntlet felt smooth and warm from his fingers. She felt him squeeze her fingers under his, and she made a motion to draw her hand away, for she was startled.

"Nay, nay," he said patiently. His hawk eyes were on her. "You like this country, do you?"

"Aye," she answered. "Much, my lord." She would not apologize for Kendal!

"You've a proud heritage, do you know that? Your grandmother was the granddaughter of John of Gaunt."

"Aye," said Katryn Parr proudly.

"And your great-grandfather ——" He hesitated.

"My great-grandfather," said Katryn, "was the Earl of Westmorland."

Lord Borough chuckled. "So you know it, and are proud of it. You should be. Have you always lived here?"

Why is he asking me all this? she wondered. Still, a wench should be flattered by so many questions. "I was born here, my lord. Six years ago we spent the winter in Rye, and another winter in Greenwich, but I was very young. I was born here, at Kendal."

Borough remembered that well enough. "Aye, ye certes were, lass. You were born when the signal fires of the Border were blazing high. When you were born, I was riding north with Surrey to Flodden, and I saw your father there, with his moss troopers dressed in that same Kendal green. Yea, whilst the king was playing at war in France, we of the northern counties truly fought a battle! And brought Scotland to her knees. For a time, anyway," he added and threw her a smile.

They were entering the hall. All the young men rose, and Henry and Thomas Borough smiled and came forward quickly. Maud Parr, too, hastened forward.

"Katryn, you must change your dress," she said. "But first I shall present Henry and Thomas, your cousins."

Katryn curtsied. To each of them she gave her hand, and a small smile.

Lady Parr said from behind her, "Now you must change, Katryn."

Lord Borough held up his hand. "No," he said. "She looks well. Let her be." Maud Parr looked amazed. Borough said, "I wish her to remain, Maud."

Katryn looked up at him. He removed her cloak, lifting it from her shoulders. *As though he already has spoke for me*, she thought swiftly. *But 'twas for one of his sons he came!* Her eyes met his in a long look; she felt her stomach turn over. *But I am betrothed to Hugo*, she thought desperately, *and I cannot marry anyone else! But I cannot think now what to do. I'll have to wait. Till later.*

"Anne," she said to her sister, "pray tell Jack to fetch towels, and some warm water, for all of us."

The dinner was wonderful. Katryn thought, *I've been looking forward to it all day, smelling the roasting fowl, and the thin slices of veal warmed in wine, and now I cannot eat any of it, not even the wild-bramble jelly. This is the same thing that happened to me at Burlingames'. I am a silly wench with a silly stomach, by the Mass.*

Fortunately there was no need for her to talk. Lady Parr and Lord Borough were reminiscing,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

How to Dress Well on Practically Nothing!

I Love the Springtime...

Or at least Barbara J. does. After all, she's well on her way to a spring wardrobe complete. With her yellow silk dress from January and her red tweed suit from last month, color-wise Barbara knows she's headed toward a pretty neutral—and plans to buy a gray coat.

While shopping for this, she also looks for the perfect accessory to highlight her past purchases and present wardrobe. Her basic fashion and budget planning behind her, she lets her fancy (and almost her $'s) run free. She buys a hat that frames her face with flowers and flowers. And—we are inclined to agree—who wouldn't be in love with the season?

By BET HART

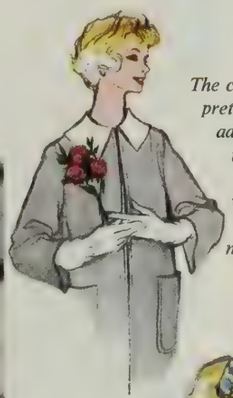


The hat with the frivolous air. Barbara tries on many, is tempted by several, but thoroughly succumbs to this one of multitudes of white flowers. Costs her $5.95.

Barbara looked for and bought a gray coat—this one in pale flannel is without detail except for two patch pockets. For a touch of color, she adds a bright scarf, a gold pin. Price of coat, $29.95.



PRIGENT COAT BY DAVIS



The coat that loves pretty additions. Here Barbara adds a white linen collar to the cardigan neckline. She might alternate with a knit collar—the same effect, but more casual.



ALISON



© VOGUE

The bag with the "more than I paid for it look." Barbara's second investment is a black patent handbag for $2.98. A pretty accent with her gray coat—or her red tweed suit.

The costume look. Later on Barbara might add a slim print dress from Vogue's Basic Design No. 3000. Worn under her new coat, it would make a pretty spring costume—especially if she added a matching headband or hat.*

*For back view, sizes and price, see page 146

Wardrobe for Spring

Yellow silk dress	$16.10
Red suit, pink blouse, accessories	20.75
Gray flannel coat	29.95
Flower hat, patent bag, gloves	9.90
TOTAL	$76.70

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CTOR & CO.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111

and the two young Boroughs and William were busy eating; even Anne, who had a small dainty appetite, was eating. The stewards and Meg Pickering and her two daughters, and some of the other servants, ate farther down the table. Just the same, every once in a while Lord Borough would look over at her, a long, long look. It made her swallow hastily, and yet she could feel deep down inside her that she knew exactly what he meant.

She was so excited her hands shook. She drank the hot mulled wine, and scarcely tasted it. *If he speaks to me*, she kept thinking, *what shall I say? Oh, Mother of God, what shall I say?*

She took another sip of wine. Lord Borough was saying, "I have rebuilt Gainsborough and I would wish you to see it, Maud, with its many windows, and great fireplaces, and most of the rooms paneled, and carved so cleverly. This," he said, flinging out his hand, "is like living a hundred years ago."

Katryn raised her head. "I love Kendal!"

Borough smiled. "Aye, and so you should, my dear."

The table was pushed back, and the servants took the food. Benches and stools were pulled close to the hearth. Katryn sat on a low stool, and Lord Borough found his place beside her instantly. He poured her more hot wine, and she could hear Jock strumming on his lute in the background, while two of the menservants sang songs of the Border. The candles were all extinguished, for Maud Parr could not afford candles. Rush lights burned in thick cups on the stone mantel, and cast an eerie light. The smell of roasting nuts and wood smoke escaped into the room.

Lord Borough was listening to the music of the ballads. "They're singing about Flodden," he whispered.

"Aye, I told them to; I thought you'd enjoy it."

She felt curiously as though she had made her decision, during dinner. Once she felt his hand on her hair, and she tipped her head to look up at him. *I cannot wait for Hugo*, she thought suddenly. *I cannot wait, and I will do penance, every night.* For just a second it crossed her mind that she would never have the courage to confess to her mother what she had done. But she pushed that away. *Acourse I would*, she said to herself, *but it might be three years afore Hugo returns, and I'll be old. What is the use of telling my mother? She would never forgive me, and Hugo might not come back, contract or no.*

Lord Borough's description of his manor house and spreading acres lingered in her mind. The heavy gold chain he wore glittered like the money he must have in his money boxes. He was a baron. His hand reached out and caught hers. "It is time for you to retire, my dear," he said. "I wish to speak with your mother."

A kind of sanity returned to her. Once more the enormity of the sin she might commit unnerved her. *I should say "No!"* she thought desperately. She gave her mother an imploring look. She saw her mother's sweet calm face, thin and white, and the beautiful hazel eyes, so like to her own. How those eyes would look if she said she were contracted! *I cannot*, she thought miserably. *I'm a poor coward. I'll go straightway to bed and pray for my soul. If I can get out of this room without showing my distress, I'll thank the Virgin.*

She wore a little cross of pearls. She clutched it tight in her hand. "Good night, my lord," she said. She kissed her mother good night; she knelt for a moment, and felt her mother's hand on her head.

"The Lord bless you, my child," her mother said as always.

Katryn struggled to her feet. Her eyelids were cast down. *I'm a wicked woman*, she thought; *I've committed a mortal sin. I'd best get right to bed and pray hard.*

In the big hall, Maud Parr gave Lord Borough another cup of hot wine. He sipped it appreciatively. "Speak on, Maud." H crossed his legs and watched the flames.

Maud Parr said "M'lord, first I must te you that to get a bride for William I've spe both girls' dowry, of four hundred poun each, which is what Thomas left them."

Borough frowned. "Only four hundred he said.

Lady Parr said quietly," We had less mone than others thought. You know Dudl heavily taxed all my lands and inheritance My husband cleared them. Thomas died b six years after we were wed."

"Ah," said Borough. Dudley had bled t county families. "Now what do you wish me, Maud?"

"My lord, I would ask you for a loan of t dowry for Katryn, so I can wed her. She sixteen."

"Aye," said Borough.

"She's ready for marriage," Maud Pa said.

"Aye," said Borough.

"Why, my lord, do you think, do you co sider she might be wife to one of your o sons?" Maud clasped a unclasped her hands n vously. "She is hig spirited, most healthy, lord, well formed. But has a quality." Maud P leaned forward and firelight glowed on her w face and shining, earn eyes. "She has warmth a love. She has a true woman's sweetn She is my dearest possession. I truly think will be a man's dearest one also."

In the long run the sword is always beaten by the mind.
NAPOLEON

Lord Borough said, "All you say is t Maud. But"—he hesitated—"she is full of n tle, and she is well formed. She is ripe marriage." He heaved himself to his feet a stood looking down at Maud Parr. "But is not for my sons. They are milksops. T need a managing woman who'll run th farms and manors."

"Katryn could do that! She could, lord ——" Maud Parr's voice trailed off, she had learned in the last few hours it useless to argue with her cousin.

"Mayhap she could," Borough said hea "But she is too much woman. She ought bear children, Maud, not wed wi' one." leaned over and put his hand under Ma Parr's chin. He raised her head and loo into her eyes, in which the tears had come bidden because her hopes had been dashed swiftly. Borough smiled. "Don't you kn what I'm saying, Maud?" he asked gen "Your Katryn needs no dowry, my dear want her for myself."

(To be Continued)



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*Slightly higher Colorado and west.

NEW FACES IN LESS THAN A DAY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

Contact lenses replace spectacles to complete Alice's transformation. "I didn't mind wearing glasses to work," she says, "but I'll certainly enjoy not having to wear them for social occasions. And I'm looking forward to wearing pretty hats with little veils or some favorite jewelry without worrying about whether I look cluttered."

The newest contact lenses are tiny and undetectable, fitting over the colored portion of the eyes. For Alice, all arrangements for the prescription, purchase and fitting of her lenses were made directly with her ophthalmologist—a medical doctor who specializes in the treatment of the eyes. This doctor first gave Alice a thorough eye examination to determine her exact needs. He then ordered her prescription from a contact-lens laboratory, and told Alice to return to him at a later date so that he might personally insert the lenses for the first time to make sure they fit properly. When this was done, the doctor gave Alice careful instructions on how to care for and insert the lenses at home, and told her that the building up of her wearing time should be gradual: ½ hour the first two days; 1 hour the second two days; 1½ hours the next two days, and so on. (Although it is possible for a person to have fittings for contact lenses at a technician's office instead of in a doctor's office, the m ical profession believes it is safest to have ophthalmologist check the initial and subsequent fittings to insure against any p sible errors which could cause discomf irritation or actual damage to the eyes.)

Tolerance to contact lenses varies with individual. Some women, even after pract can count on them for only part-time while others build up a full-time tolera within a month. "My doctor believes i mostly psychological," says Alice. "He found that women who really *exert* their power toward the goal of living happily w their contact lenses have a much better cha of long and comfortable wearing time t the woman who fusses over every little ment of discomfort, or who isn't really on the advantages of contact lenses in the place."

The total cost for Alice's contact lenses cluding her eye examination plus subsequ visits to her ophthalmologist for fitting any possible alterations in the lenses, is $150. "I don't consider this a high cost of beau says Alice; "it's more like a lifetime in ment. One thing is sure: with my new l I'm certainly having the time of my life!"

No more fighting frosted-up foods! No more frost ever, even in the freezer compartment!



Now FRIGIDAIRE brings you FREEZING WITHOUT FROSTING in the 1959 FROST-PROOF Refrigerator-Freezers!

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Model FP—142—59

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Frigidaire exclusive Roll-To-You Shelves bring things to you at a finger touch.



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Now, the most feminine refrigerator ever! New Lacework Styling makes the Sheer Look more beautiful in 1959. Choice of Turquoise, Charcoal Gray, Mayfair Pink, Sunny Yellow, Aztec Copper, or Snowcrest White.

This is not just automatic defrosting — But something absolutely new and different! *No frost forms at all*—in either the freezer or in the refrigerator section!

Fully frost-proof in the freezer! Never any frost to defrost. Frost is stopped before it starts. A simple system whisks away any heat and moisture before frost can form! Food packages don't frost up. Neither do ice cubes. Foods keep better, look better, taste better.

Fully frost-proof in the refrigerator! No frost ever forms. So there's no defrosting ever. Perfect foodkeeping in Frigidaire exclusive "Flowing Cold." Hurry in and see this sensational new development at your Frigidaire dealer's—and you're sure to say it's time to trade now!

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MENU I

CLEAR HOT
SPICED BEET CONSOMMÉ
WITH SOUR CREAM

TUNA PIE

COOKED-VEGETABLE SALAD

FRESH-FRUIT BOWL

COFFEE OR TEA

Magic Meals for Lent



Cut each of the family a generous wedge of this hearty, golden-crusted tuna pie—hot from the oven!

Lenten menus can have special magic. Using ingenuity as your inspiration, explore the potential of fish, cheese and eggs. As main dishes they can be memorable. Sea food, of course, stars So serve family fish favorites with a new flair. You'll soon discov that subtracting meat from the menu can add up to new adventures in good eating. To prove the point: four exciting entrée

TUNA PIE

Make enough pastry for a double-crust 9″ pie. Line the pie plate with pastry. Hard-cook 6 eggs; cool, peel and slice. Open a 7-ounce can tuna and drain. Sauté ½ cup chopped onion in 1 tablespoon tuna oil. Add a 3-ounce can sliced mushrooms that have been well drained and continue cooking until the mushrooms are slightly browned. Next add a 10½-ounce can condensed cream-of-mushroom soup and stir until smooth. Remove from the heat and season with 2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese, 1½ teaspoons lemon juice, ½ teaspoon parsley and ⅛ teaspoon each celery seed and thyme. Arrange eggs and tuna in layers in the shell. Pour sauce over all. Roll out remaining pastry, cut steam slits and arrange on top of pie. Crimp edges. Bake in a very hot oven, 450° F., for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to 350° F., and continue baking until crust is browned and filling is bubbly, about 35 minutes. Garnish with sliced dill pickles and radish roses. Makes 6 servings.

MENU II

ANTIPASTO HORS D'OEUVRES

RISOTTO ORIENTALE

ORANGE-AVOCADO-AND-ONION SALAD

BREAD STICKS

CARAMEL CHIFFON

COFFEE OR TEA

Golden-brown fish fillets to top layers of rice, eggplant and tomatoes provocatively seasoned with lemon rind and bay leaf make Risotto Orientale a delicious dish.



STUAR

RISOTTO ORIENTALE EN CASSEROLE

Cook 1½ cups rice according to package directions until almost tender. Peel a 1½-pound eggplant and cut into ½″ slices. Lightly dust the slices with seasoned flour and sauté in about ⅔ cup butter until golden on both sides. Remove from skillet and set aside. Add 3 tablespoons butter to the skillet and sauté 4 large onions which have been peeled and cut into ½″ slices. When tender and golden, add a 1-pound-13-ounce can tomatoes, 2 teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, ¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind and 1 bay leaf, crumbled. Simmer 5 minutes. In the bottom of a shallow 3-quart casserole make a layer of rice, using ⅓ the total amount. Sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper. Over this place the eggplant and then another layer of rice. Spread the tomato mixture evenly over all. Top with the remaining rice. Salt and pepper lightly and cover casserole. Place in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for 30 minutes. Meanwhile, lightly flour 4 large fillets of sole weighing about 2 pounds altogether, or an equivalent weight of flounder, which are smaller and cheaper, and sauté in 3 tablespoons butter until golden brown. Season with salt and pepper. Arrange fillets on top of casserole, cover and return to oven for 15 minutes. Makes 6 servings.



MENU III

SPAGHETTI WITH CLAM-AND-ANCHOVY SAUCE

RAW-VEGETABLE SALAD

CURRY DRESSING

HOT FRUIT COMPOTE

COFFEE OR TEA

Spaghetti with a luscious clam-and-anchovy sauce and grated Parmesan cheese is a wonderful, satisfying dish to serve on a cold, crisp March night.

SPAGHETTI WITH CLAM-AND-ANCHOVY SAUCE

Crush and sauté 6 cloves garlic in 6 tablespoons olive oil along with ½ cup chopped onion. Drain and coarsely chop a 2-ounce can flat anchovy fillets. Add to skillet and cook until the fillets are completely broken up and in paste form. Next, strain a 1-pound-13-ounce can tomatoes to remove seeds and liquid. Open and drain into the skillet the juice from three 7½-ounce cans minced clams. Reserve clams. Add tomatoes, a 6-ounce can tomato paste and ¼ cup chopped parsley to the skillet. Cook slowly, stirring from time to time, for about 1 hour. Meanwhile, hard-cook 5 eggs. Peel. Chop 4 and add along with the minced clams to sauce just before serving. Cook 1 pound spaghetti according to package directions. Serve with the sauce. Garnish with slices of the remaining egg and curls of anchovy. Serve with grated cheese. Makes 6 servings.

Lobster in cardinal sauce is elegant enough for a Lenten dinner party—the sauce does it!

MENU IV

RAW-VEGETABLE APPETIZERS

LOBSTER IN CARDINAL SAUCE

RICE — PEAS

MERINGUES FILLED WITH STRAWBERRIES

COFFEE OR TEA



LOBSTER IN CARDINAL SAUCE

Cook four 10½-ounce packages rock-lobster tail in 3 cups boiling salted water for 15–17 minutes. Strain and save stock. Remove lobster meat and cut into bite-sized pieces. If you prefer, you may use whole lobsters. You will need about four 1½-pound ones. Place live lobsters in a kettle of briskly boiling salted water and cook rapidly for 20 minutes. Remove from water, wipe dry. Crack lobster and remove meat. Cut into bite-sized pieces. For the sauce, melt 4 tablespoons butter in a large skillet. Stir in 4 tablespoons flour. Gradually add ⅔ cup lobster stock and 1½ cups light cream. Cook until thick. Add 4 tablespoons tomato paste. Season with 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon garlic salt, a few drops hot pepper sauce and a pinch each of saffron, curry and ginger. Add the lobster meat and simmer until hot. Serve with rice. If you like, add 2 teaspoons brandy to the sauce. Makes 4–5 servings.



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FLIGHT INTO DANGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

pilots has satisfied himself that they are running O.K. he takes off. Airlines have to be fussy that way, thank goodness."

"You sound as though you knew a lot about it."

"Not really. I used to fly fighters in the war, but I'm pretty rusty after ten years."

"Here we go," commented the doctor as the engine roar took on a deeper note. A powerful thrust in the backs of their seats told them the aircraft was gathering speed on the runway; almost immediately they were air-borne and the engines settled back to a steady hum. Still climbing, the aircraft banked steeply and Spencer watched the receding airport lights.

"You may unfasten your safety belts," announced the public address. "Smoke if you wish."

"Never sorry when that bit's over," grunted the doctor, accepting a cigarette. "Thanks. By the way, I'm Baird—Bruno Baird."

"Glad to know you, doc. I'm George Spencer, of the Fulbright Motor Company."

For some time the two men lapsed into silence, absently watching their cigarette smoke rise slowly in the cabin until it was caught by the air-conditioning stream and sucked away.

The couple in the seats across the aisle were still engrossed in their sports papers. The four in the seats behind were starting their third paper-enclosed round of Rye. Three were of the usual type: beefy, argumentative, out to enjoy themselves with all the customary restraints cast aside for two days. The fourth was a short, thin, lean-featured man who spoke with a Lancashire accent. "'Ere's t'Lions t'morrer," he called, raising his paper cup. His friends acknowledged the rubric solemnly. One of them passed round his cigarette case and remarked, "I'm starving. When do they bring round the grub?"

"Should be along soon, I reckon."

"Never mind. 'Ave a drink while you wait," suggested the Lancashire man, who rejoiced in the nickname of 'Otpot.

The rest of the fifty-six passengers, who included three or four women, were reading or talking. From the port windows could be seen the twinkling blue and yellow lights of the last suburbs of Winnipeg, before they were swallowed in cloud as the aircraft climbed.

In the galley Stewardess Janet Benson prepared for dinner, a belated meal that she should have served over two hours earlier. Janet hummed contentedly to herself. Waitressing was the least attractive part of a stewardess' duties, and Janet knew that she was in for a very exhausting hour, but nevertheless she felt confident and happy. At twenty-one, Janet was just tasting life and finding it good.

Forward on the flight deck, the only sound was the drone and throb of the engines. Both pilots sat perfectly still, their faces faintly illumined in the glow of light from the myriad dials on the instrument panels. From the earphones half covering their ears came the sudden crackle of conversation between another aircraft and the ground. Round their necks hung small boom microphones.

Captain Dunning stretched himself in his seat, flexing his muscles. He looked older than his thirty-one years.

"How are the cylinder-head temperatures on Number Three engine, Pete?" he asked, his eyes flickering momentarily to the first officer.

Pete glanced at the panel. "O.K. now, skip. I had it checked at Winnipeg."

"Good." Dun peered ahead at the night sky. The aircraft began to bump and yaw a little as she hit a succession of thermal currents and for a few minutes the captain concentrated on correcting her trim. Then he remarked, "Are you taking in this ball game in Vancouver?"

The first officer hesitated. "I don't know yet," he answered. "I'll see how it works out."

The captain looked sharply at him. "What d'you mean? See how what works out? If you've got your eyes on Janet, you can take them off. She's too young to come under the corrupting influence of a Casanova like you."

Few people looked less deserving of this description than the fresh-faced, thoughtful-eyed first officer, still in his twenties. "Go easy, skipper," he protested. "I never corrupted anyone in my life."

"Jeepers, that's a likely story. Well, don't aim to start with Janet." The captain grinned. "Half the airlines personnel of Canada regard it as a permanent assignment to try to date her. Don't make life hard for yourself."

Twelve feet away from them, on the other side of a sliding door, the subject of their conversation was collecting orders for the evening meal.

"Would you like dinner now, sir?" she asked quietly.

"Eh? What's that? Oh, yes, please." Baird nudged Spencer, who was practically asleep. "Wake up, there. Want some dinner?"

Spencer yawned and gathered himself together. "Dinner? I sure do. You're late, miss, aren't you? I thought I'd missed it long ago."

"We were held up in Toronto, sir, and haven't served dinner yet," said Janet Benson. "What would you like? We've lamb chop or grilled salmon."

Spencer came fully awake. "I'll have lamb."

"Me too," said Baird.

Back in the galley, Janet was occupied for the next half hour in preparing and serving meals. Eventually she was free to pick up the telephone in the galley and press the intercom buzzer.

"Flight deck," came the voice of Pete.

"I'm finally serving dinner," said Janet. "What'll it be—lamb chop or grilled salmon?"

"Hold it." She could hear him putting the question to the captain. "Janet, skipper says he'll have the lamb—no, he's changed his mind. Is the fish good?"

"Looks O.K. to me," said Janet chirpily. "Had no complaints."

"Skipper will take salmon, then. Better make it two. Big helpings, mind."

"All right—double portions as usual."

She quickly arranged two trays and took them forward. Pete had come to open the sliding door for her and relieved her of one tray. The captain had completed his switch-over to automatic pilot and was now halfway through his routine radio check with Control at Winnipeg.

"Height 16,000," he continued, speaking into the tiny microphone held before his mouth on a slender plastic arm. "Course 285 true. Air speed 210 knots. Ground speed 174 knots. ETA Vancouver 05-05 Pacific Standard. Over."

He switched from transmit to receive and there was a crackle from his earpiece as the acknowledgment came on. "Flight 714. This is Winnipeg Control. Roger. Out."

Pete was starting to eat, a tray resting on a pillow laid across his knees.

The captain chuckled. "You'd better watch that waistline, Pete." He turned to the stewardess. "Everything O.K. at the back, Janet? How are the football fans?"

Janet shrugged. "Very quiet now. That long wait at Toronto must have tired them out. Four of them have been knocking back whisky pretty steadily, but there's been no need to speak to them about it. It'll help to keep them quiet. How's the weather?"

"Oh, general fog east of the mountains, nearly as far as Manitoba. There's nothing to bother us up there, though. It should be a smooth ride all the way to the coast."

"Good."

She slipped away, made her way through the passenger deck, taking orders for coffee, and within a short while brought a tray up forward to the pilots. Dun had by that time eaten his dinner, and he now drained his coffee with satisfaction. Pete had taken the controls and was intent on the instrument dials as the captain got to his feet.

"Keep her steaming, Pete. I'll just tuck the customers up for the night."

Pete nodded. "Right, skipper."

The captain followed Janet out into the brightly lit passenger section, and stopped first at the seats occupied by Spencer and Baird.

"Good evening," said Dun. "Everything all right?"

Baird looked up. "Why, sure, thanks. Very
e meal. We were ready for it too."
"Yes, I'm sorry it was so late."
The doctor waved aside his apology. "Non-
se. You can hardly be blamed if Toronto
cides to have a bit of fog. Well," he added,
tling back in his seat, "I'm going to get my
ad down for a doze."
"That goes for me as well," said Spencer
h a yawn.
"I hope you have a comfortable night," said
n, switching off their reading lights. He
ssed on down the aisle, having a few words
h each of the passengers.
"Well, it's me for dreamland," said Spencer.
ne thing, doctor—at least you won't be get-
g any calls tonight."
"How long is it?" murmured Baird drow-
. "A good seven hours anyway. Better
ke the most of it. 'Night."
Dun had reached the whisky-drinking quar-
and politely forbade any further consump-
n of liquor that night.
"You know," he told them with a reproving
n, "this sort of thing isn't permitted any-
y. Just don't let me see any more bottles or
'll have to get out and walk."
"Any objection to cards?" inquired one of
party.
"Not in the least," said Dun.
The captain had almost completed his
nds and was enjoying a few moments' re-
ed chaffing with one of the passengers, a
e man who appeared to have traveled with
before.
"I know it looks a bit strange," Dun was
ing, fingering his great bush of a mustache
logetically, "but
had it so long I
uldn't part with it
w."
"I'll bet it's a wow
h the girls," said
little man. "What
they call you—
ver?"
"Well, no," replied
n, a suspicion of a
under his foliage.
"e're a pretty high-
w lot on this air-
. It's most often
nsinane," he said.
"It's what?" asked the little man puzzledly.
"Dunsinane," said the captain. "Surely you
w? Where's your Macbeth?"
The little man stared up at him. "Where's
Macbeth?" he repeated vacantly. "Hey,
t are you giving me?"
The captain had moved on. While he had
n speaking his eyes had been fixed on the
wardess, farther along the aisle, who was
ding over a woman, the palm of her hand
the passenger's forehead. As he ap-
ached, the woman, slumped back against
headrest, suddenly grimaced. The captain
hed the stewardess lightly on the arm.
"Anything wrong, Miss Benson?" he asked.
net straightened. "The lady is feeling a
e under the weather, captain," she said
quietly. "I'll get her some aspirin."

n took her place and leaned over the
nan and the man beside her. He said sym-
hetically, "What seems to be the trouble?"
The woman stared up at him. "I—I don't
w," she said in a small voice. "It seemed to
ne all of a sudden. Just a few minutes ago.
I sick and dizzy and—and there's an awful
. . . down here." She indicated her stom-
"I'm sorry to be a nuisance—I ——"
"Now, now, honey," murmured the man
de her. "Just lay quiet. You'll be better
ctly." He glanced at the captain. "A touch
irsickness, I guess?"
"I expect so, sir," answered Dun. He looked
n thoughtfully at the woman, taking in the
piration beginning to bead on her pallid
head, the whiteness of her knuckles as with
hand she gripped the armrest of the seat
with the other held on to her husband.
"I'm sorry you don't feel well," he said gently.
"I'm sure the stewardess will help you."
e moved aside for Janet.
"Now here we are," said the stewardess,
ling down the pills. "Try these." She eased
oman's head forward, to help her take a
sips of water from a glass. "That's fine.
Now let's make you a little more comfortable."
She tucked in a rug round the woman. "How's
that?" The woman nodded gratefully. "I'll be
back in a few minutes. And if you need me
quickly, press the bell push by the window."
"Thank you, miss," said the husband. He
looked at his wife, as if to reassure himself.
"Try to rest, dear. It'll pass over."
"I hope so," said Dun. "I hope you very
soon feel better, madam, and that you both
have a good night."

He passed back down the aisle and waited
for Janet in the galley. "Who are they?"
"Mr. and Mrs. Childer—John Childer. She
was all right fifteen minutes ago."
"H'm. Well, you'd better let me know if she
gets any worse. I don't like the look of her.
Could be airsickness or just a bilious attack—
but it seems to have hit her pretty hard. Have
we a doctor on the passenger list?"
"No one who's entered as a doctor," replied
Janet, "but I could ask around."
Dun shook his head. "Don't disturb them
now. Let me know how she is in half an hour."
Making his way to the flight deck, he closed
the door behind him and slid into his seat. He
took off his peaked hat and put on the ear-
phones and the boom microphone. Pete was
flying manually. Scattered banks of cloud
seemed to rush at the forward windows, en-
velop them momentarily and then disappear.
"Cumulo-nimbus building up," commented
the first officer.
"Getting to the rough stuff, eh?" said Dun.
"I'll take it. We'd better try to climb on top.
Ask for twenty thousand, will you?"
"Right." Pete de-
pressed a stud on his
microphone attach-
ment to transmit. "714
to Regina radio," he
called.
"Go ahead, 714,"
crackled a voice in the
earphones.
"We're running into
some weather. We'd
like clearance for
twenty thousand."
"714. Stand by. I'll
ask ATC."
The captain peered
into the cloudy turbulence ahead. "Better
switch on the seat-belt sign, Pete," he said.
"O.K." Pete reached for the switch on the
panel above him. There was a brief shudder
as the plane freed herself from a wall of cloud,
only to plunge almost instantly into another.
"Flight 714," came the voice on the radio.
"ATC gives clearance for twenty thousand.
Over."
"714," acknowledged Pete. "Thanks and
out."
The note of the engines took on a deeper
intensity as the deck began to tilt and the al-
timeter needle on the winking instrument
panel steadily registered a climb of five hun-
dred feet a minute.
Neither of the pilots heard the stewardess
enter. "Captain," she said urgently, "that
woman. She's worse already. And I have an-
other passenger sick—one of the men."
Dun did not turn to her. "I can't come right
now Janet," he replied. "You'd better see if
you can find a doctor. And make sure all the
seat belts are fastened. This may get rough."
"Yes, captain."
Emerging from the flight deck, Janet called
in a voice just loud enough to carry to the rows
of passengers, "Fasten your safety belts,
please. It may be getting a little bumpy." She
leaned over the first two passengers to her
right. "Excuse me," she said. "but do either of
you gentlemen happen to be a doctor?"
The man nearest her shook his head. "Sorry,
no," he grunted. "Is there something wrong?"
"No, nothing serious."
An exclamation of pain snapped her to at-
tention. She hurried along the aisle to where
the sick Mrs. Childer lay half cradled in her
husband's arms. Janet knelt down swiftly and
wiped the glistening sweat from the woman's
brow. Childer stared at her, his face creased
with anxiety.
"What can we do, miss?" he asked.
"Keep her warm," said Janet. "I'm going to
see if there's a doctor on board."

Rings and jewels are not gifts, but apologies for gifts. The only gift is a portion of thyself. Therefore the poet brings his poem; the shepherd, his lamb; the farmer, corn; the miner, a gem; the sailor, coral and shells; the painter, his picture; the girl, a handkerchief of her own sewing.

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Olive-Salmon Noodle Ring

One 8-ounce package fine egg noodles, cooked and drained
¼ Cup melted butter
¼ Cup finely chopped onion
2 Tablespoons flour
1⅔ Cups (large can) Carnation Evaporated Milk
One 1-pound can salmon, drained
⅓ Cup sliced Spanish Green Olives
¼ Cup chopped parsley

Combine noodles and 2 tablespoons butter; mix well. Press into 6 individual buttered ring molds. Let stand 10 minutes. Cook onion slowly in remaining butter for 5 minutes. Blend in flour. Gradually add evaporated milk and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Add salmon, olives and parsley. Unmold noodle rings and fill with salmon-olive sauce. 6 servings.

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She moved on to the next seats, repeating her question in a low voice.

A hand clutched at her arm. It was one of the whisky quartet, his face yellow and shining. "Sorry, miss, to trouble you again. I'm feeling terrible. D'you think I could have a glass of water?"

"Yes, of course. I'm on my way to get it."

The man clenched his stomach as another spasm shook him.

Janet shook Spencer gently by the shoulder. "I'm sorry to wake you up, sir," she said, "but is anyone here a doctor?"

Spencer gathered himself. "A doctor? No." She nodded and made to move on. He stopped her. "Just a moment. I seem to remember—yes, of course. This gentleman is a doctor."

"Oh, thank goodness," breathed the stewardess. "Would you wake him, please?"

"Sure." Spencer nudged the recumbent form next to him. "Come on, doc, wake up."

The doctor shook his head, grunted, then snapped awake.

"Are you a doctor, sir?" asked Janet.

"Yes. I'm Doctor Baird. Why?"

"We have two passengers who are quite sick. Would you take a look at them, please?"

"Sick? Yes, certainly."

Mrs. Childer was now as prostrate as the seat allowed. Shivers of pain racked her body. She breathed heavily, with long, shuddering gasps.

Baird stood studying her for a moment. Then he knelt and took her wrist.

"This gentleman is a doctor," said Janet.

"Am I glad to see you, doctor," Childer said fervently.

The woman opened her eyes. "Doctor——" She made an effort to speak, her lips trembling.

"Just relax," said Baird, his eyes on his watch. He released her wrist, felt inside his jacket and took out a pocket flashlight. "Open your eyes wide," he ordered gently and examined each eye in turn. "Now. Any pain?" The woman nodded. "Where? Here? Or here?" As he palpated her abdomen, she stiffened suddenly, choking back a cry of pain. "Is this lady your wife?" he asked Childer.

"Yes, doctor."

"Has she complained of anything in addition to the pain?"

"She's been very sick, throwing up everything."

"When did it start?"

"Not long, I guess." Childer looked helplessly at Janet. "It's all come on suddenly."

Baird moved away, taking Janet by the arm and speaking very quietly. "Have you given her anything?"

"Only aspirin and water," replied Janet. "That reminds me. I promised a glass of water to the man who's sick——"

"Wait," said Baird crisply. "Where did you learn your nursing?"

Janet colored at his tone. "Why, at the airline training school, but——"

"Never mind. But it's not much use giving aspirin to anyone who is vomiting—you'll make 'em worse. Strictly water only."

"I—I'm sorry, doctor," Janet stammered.

"I think you'd better go to the captain," said Baird. "Please tell him we should land at once. This woman has to be got to a hospital."

"Do you know what's wrong?"

"I can't make a proper diagnosis here. But it's serious enough to land at the nearest city with hospital facilities. Tell the captain."

"Very well, doctor. While I'm gone, will you take a look at the other sick passenger? He's complaining of the same sickness and pains."

Baird looked at her sharply. "The same pains, you say? Where is he?"

Janet led him to where the sick man sat, bent over, retching, supported by his friend in the next seat. Blair crouched down.

"I'm a doctor. Will you put your head back, please?" As he made a quick examination, he asked, "What have you had to eat in the last twenty-four hours?"

"Just the usual things," muttered the man. "Breakfast," he said weakly, "bacon and eggs . . . salad for lunch . . . a sandwich at the airport . . . then dinner here. It's this pain, doctor. And my eyes."

"What about your eyes?" asked Baird.

"Can't seem to focus. I keep seeing double."

His companion seemed to find it amusing. "That Rye has got a real kick, yes, sir," he exclaimed.

"Be quiet," said Baird. He rose, to find Janet and the captain standing beside him. "Keep him warm—get more blankets round him," he told Janet. The captain motioned him to follow him down to the galley. Immediately they were alone, Baird demanded, "How quickly can we land, captain?"

"That's the trouble," said Dun. "We can't."

Baird stared at him. "Why?"

"It's the weather. I've just checked by radio. There's low cloud and fog right over the prairies this side of the mountains. Calgary's shut in completely. We'll have to go through to the coast."

Baird thought for a moment. "What about turning back?"

Dun shook his head. "Winnipeg closed down with fog shortly after we left. Anyway, it'll be quicker now to go on."

"How soon do you expect to land?"

"About five A.M., Pacific Time." Dun saw the doctor glance involuntarily at his wrist watch, and added, "We're due to land in three and a half hours from now. These charter aircraft aren't the fastest in the world."

Baird made up his mind. "Then I'll have to do what I can for these people until we arrive at Vancouver. I'll need my bag. Do you think it can be reached?"

"We can try," said the captain. "I hope it's near the top. Let me have your tags, doctor."

"There are two bags, captain," he said. "It's the smaller one I want."

He had barely finished speaking before the aircraft gave a tremendous lurch, sending the two men sprawling to the far wall. There was a loud, persistent buzzing. The captain was on his feet first and sprang to the intercom telephone.

"Captain here," he rapped out. "What's wrong, Pete?"

The voice of the first officer was struggling and painful. "I'm . . . sick . . . come quickly."

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"You'd better come with me," said Dun to the doctor.

As they burst in to the flight deck, it was only too apparent that the first officer was very sick; his face a mask of perspiration, he was slumped in his seat, clutching the control column.

"Get him out of there," directed the captain urgently. Baird and Janet seized the copilot and lifted him away from the controls, while Dun slipped into his own seat and took the column in his hands.

"There's a seat at the back of the flight deck," he told them. "Put him there."

With an agonizing retch, Pete spewed onto the deck as they helped him to the vacant seat and propped him against the wall. Baird loosened the first officer's collar. Every few seconds Pete would jackknife in another croaking, straining retch.

"Doctor," called the captain, his voice tense, "what is it? What's happening?"

"I'm not sure," said Baird grimly. "But there's a common denominator to these attacks. The most likely thing is food. What was it we had for dinner?"

"The main course was a choice of meat or fish," said Janet. "You probably remember, doctor—you had ——"

"Meat!" cut in Baird. "About—what?—two, three hours ago. What did he have?" He indicated the first officer.

Janet's face began to register alarm. "Fish," she almost whispered.

"Do you remember what the other two passengers had?"

"No—I don't think so ——"

"Go back quickly and find out, will you, please?"

The stewardess hurried out, her face pale. Baird knelt beside the first officer.

All men are ordinary men: the extraordinary men are those who know it.
G. K. CHESTERTON

Pete opened his eyes and ran his tongue over dry lips. "Are you a doctor?" he asked.

Baird nodded. "Don't talk. Try to rest."

Janet returned. "Doctor"—she spoke rapidly—"I've checked both those passengers. They both had salmon. There are three others complaining of pains now. Can you come?"

"Of course. But I'll need that bag of mine."

Dun called over his shoulder, "Janet, take these tags. Get one of the passengers to help you and dig out the smaller of the doctor's two bags." Janet took the tags from him and turned to the doctor to speak, but Dun continued, "I'm going to radio Vancouver and report what's happening. Is there anything you want me to add?"

"Yes," said Baird. "Say we have three serious cases of suspected food poisoning and that there seem to be others developing. You can say we're not sure but we suspect that the poisoning could have been caused by fish served on board. Better ask them to put a ban on all food originating from the same source—at least until we've established the cause of the poisoning."

"I remember now," exclaimed Dun. "That food didn't come from the caterers who usually supply the airlines. We had to get it from some other outfit because we were so late getting into Winnipeg."

"Tell them that, captain," said Baird.

"Doctor, *please*," Janet implored him. "I do wish you'd come and see Mrs. Childer. She seems to have collapsed altogether."

Baird stepped to the door. The lines in his face had deepened, but his eyes as he held Janet's with them were steady.

"See that the passengers are not alarmed," he instructed. "By the way, what did *you* eat for dinner?"

"I had meat," the stewardess answered.

"Thank heaven for that."

Janet smiled and made to go on again, but he gripped her suddenly, very hard, by the arm. "I suppose the captain had meat too?"

She looked up at him. Suddenly, shock and realization flooded into her. She almost fell against him, her eyes dilated with an immense and overpowering fear.

Bruno Baird regarded the stewardess thoughtfully. "Well, we won't jump to conclusions," he said. "Before I see Mrs. Childer I'll have another word with the captain."

He retraced his steps forward. They were now in level flight, above the turbulence. Over the pilot's shoulder he could see the cold white brilliance of the moon, converting the solid carpet of cloud below them into a seemingly limitless landscape of snow with here and there what looked for all the world like a pinnacle of ice thrusting its craggy outcrop through the surrounding billows.

"Captain," he said, leaning over the empty copilot's seat, "this has to be fast. There are people very sick back there."

Dun nodded quickly. "Yes, doctor. What is it?"

"I presume you ate after the other officer?"

"Yes, that's so."

"How long after?"

Dun's eyes narrowed. "About half an hour, I'd say." He sat upright with a jerk. "Holy smoke, I had fish too."

"D'you feel all right?"

The captain nodded. "Yes, I feel O.K."

"Good. As soon as I've got my bag I'll give you an emetic."

"Will that get rid of it?"

"Depends. You can't have digested it all yet. Anyway, it doesn't follow that everyone who ate fish will be affected—logic doesn't enter into these things. Is there any way of locking the controls of this airplane?"

"Why," said Dun, "there's the automatic pilot. But that wouldn't get us down ——"

"I suggest you switch it on, or whatever you do, just in case. If you do happen to feel ill, yell for me immediately."

The knuckles of Dun's hands gleamed white as he gripped the control column. "O.K.," he said quietly. "What about Miss Benson, the stewardess?"



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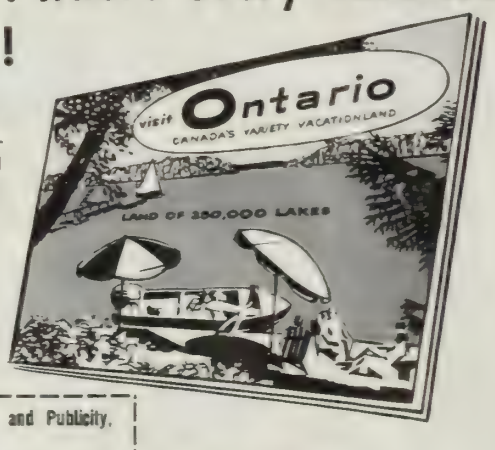
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"She's all right. She had meat."

"Well, that's something. Look, for heaven's sake, hurry with that emetic. I can't take any chances, flying this ship."

"Benson is hurrying. Unless I'm mistaken there are at least two people back there in a state of deep shock. One more thing," Baird said, looking straight at the captain. "Are you absolutely certain that we've no other course but to go on?"

"Certain," answered Dun instantly. "I've checked and double-checked."

Baird left without another word. Dun took a deep breath, thinking over what had been said. There were things to do, things requiring his complete concentration. Putting out his right hand, he flicked the switches on the automatic-pilot panel, waiting until each control became fully orientated and the appropriate indicator light gleamed to show that the next stage of the switching over could be started. Ailerons first, needing a slight adjustment; then rudder and elevators were nursed until all the four lights set into the top of the panel had ceased winking and settled down to a steady glow. Satisfied, Dun took his hands off the wheel. Sitting back, he let the aircraft fly itself while he carried out a thorough cockpit check.

His check completed, he reached for the microphone that hung on its hook beside his head.

"Hullo, Vancouver Control. This is Maple Leaf Charter Flight 714. I have an emergency message. I have an emergency message."

His earphones crackled instantly: "Maple Leaf Charter Flight 714. Come in, please."

"Vancouver Control. This is Flight 714. Listen. We have three serious cases of suspected food poisoning, including the first officer, and possibly others. When we land we shall want ambulances and medical help standing by. We're not sure, but we think the poisoning may have been caused by the fish served on board at dinner. You'd better put a ban on all food coming from the same source until the trouble has been definitely located. We understand that the food was not supplied by the regular airline contractor. Please check. Is this understood?"

He listened to the acknowledgment, his eyes gazing bleakly at the frozen sea of cloud below and ahead. Vancouver Control sounded as crisp and impersonal as ever, but he could guess at the verbal bomb he had exploded down there. He was conscious of a cold film of sweat on his forehead and he shivered in a sudden uncontrollable spasm. Then, in a renewal of anger at the perfidy of his body at such a time of crisis, he flung himself with all his strength and concentration into rechecking their flight path.

He reached for his logbook, opened it and looked at his wrist watch. With a dull and painful slowness his mind began to grapple with the seemingly Herculean task of trying to fix times to the events of the night.

Back in the body of the aircraft, Doctor Baird tucked fresh dry blankets round the limp form of Mrs. Childer. The woman lay back helplessly, her eyes closed, dry lips apart and trembling, moaning quietly. As Baird watched, she was seized with a fresh paroxysm.

Baird spoke to her husband. "Keep her mopped up and as dry as you can. And warm. She must be warm."

Childer grabbed the doctor by the wrist. "Doctor, what's happening? Can't we *do* something for her—give her something?"

Baird shook his head. "She needs drugs we haven't got—antibiotics. She'll be all right. Your job is to watch her and keep her warm."

Baird moved to the next row of seats. A middle-aged man, collar undone and hands clasping his stomach, sat slumped partly out of his seat. He looked up at the doctor, drawing back his lips in a rictus of pain.

"It's murder," the man mumbled. "I never felt like this before."

"Doctor," someone shouted, "can you come here, please?"

"Wait a minute," Baird called back. "I'll see everyone in turn who wants me."

The stewardess hurried toward him, holding a leather bag.

"Good girl," said Baird. "Not that I can do much ——" His voice tra'led away. "Where's your p.a. system?"

"I'll show you," said Janet. She led the way to the galley and unhooked a hand microphone.

"Do you still think it's food poisoning?" Janet's cheeks were very pale.

"Tolerably certain."

"Are you going to give round an emetic?"

"Yes, except of course to those who are already sick. That's all I can do. What we probably need are antibiotics like chloramphenicol, but it's no use thinking about that." Taking the microphone, Baird pressed the button which would switch it to "live." "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "can I have your attention, please? My name is Baird and I'm a doctor. Some of you are wondering what this malady is that has stricken our fellow passengers. As far as I can tell, we have several cases of food poisoning on board and I believe the cause of it to be the fish served to some of us at dinner." An excited hubbub broke out at his words. "Now listen to me, please," he said. "There is no cause for alarm. I repeat, there is no cause for alarm. The passengers who have suffered these attacks are being cared for by the stewardess and myself, and the captain has radioed ahead for medical help when we land. If you ate fish for dinner it doesn't necessarily follow that you are going to be affected too. However, we *are* going to take some precautions and the stewardess and I are coming round to you all. Now, if you'll all settle down we'll begin." Baird took his finger off the button and turned to Janet. "There are two things we can do. Everyone who had fish must drink several glasses of water—I mean those who are not too ill, of course. That will help to dilute the poison and relieve the toxic effects. After that we'll give an emetic. If there aren't enough pills in my bag to go round, we'll have to use salt. Have you plenty of that?"

"I've only got a few small packets that go with the lunches, but we can break them open."

"Good. We'll see how far the pills go. I'll start at the back here and you begin bringing drinking water to those people already affected, will you? Take some to the first officer."

VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

By NELLIE S. RICHARDSON

Who feeds his neighbor's
starving cat,
Expecting no return,
Has for his deed of charity
A lot to learn!

Stepping out of the galley, Baird practically cannoned into the lean, lugubrious Lancashire man called 'Otpot.

"Anything I can do, doctor?"

Baird allowed himself a smile. "Thanks. First, what did you have for dinner?"

"Meat, thank heaven," breathed 'Otpot fervently.

"Right. Will you help the stewardess to hand water round to the passengers who are sick? I want them to drink at least three glasses if they can—more, if possible."

'Otpot entered the galley, returning Janet's rather tired little smile. "Don't you worry, miss. Everything's going to be all right."

Janet looked at him gratefully. "I'm sure it is, thanks. Look, here's the water tap and there are the cups, Mr. ——"

"The boys call me 'Otpot."

"'Otpot?" repeated Janet incredulously.

"Yes, Lancashire 'Otpot—you know."

"Oh!" Janet burst out laughing.

"There, that's better. Now, where are t'cups, you say? A fine airline this is. Gives you your dinner, then asks for it back again."

It takes a very great deal to upset the equilibrium of a modern airport. Panic is a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132

KRAFT Jellies and Preserves are FRESH-FRUIT GOOD!

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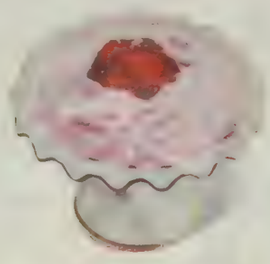
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Slice one 9 or 10 inch angel food cake crosswise to make two layers. Spread a 12-ounce jar of Kraft Pure Peach Preserves between the layers and a 12-ounce jar of Peach Preserves on top. Frost the sides of the cake with 1 cup heavy cream, whipped and sweetened.



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FRENCH'S Spaghetti Sauce Mix

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

thing unknown in such places and would be ruthlessly stamped out if it occurred, for it can be a highly lethal activity.

The Control Room at Vancouver, when Dun's emergency call began to come through, presented a scene of suppressed excitement. In front of the radio panel an operator wearing headphones transcribed Dun's incoming message onto a typewriter. He carried on imperturbably as a second man appeared behind him, craning over his shoulder to read the words as they were pounded onto the sheet of paper in the typewriter. The newcomer was the airport controller. He got halfway through the message, then stepped back, cracking an order over his shoulder to the telephone operator on the far side of the room.

"Get me Air Traffic Control quickly. Then clear the Teletype circuit to Winnipeg. Priority message." The controller picked up a phone, waited a few seconds, then said, "Vancouver controller here." His voice was deceptively unhurried. "Maple Leaf Charter Flight 714 from Winnipeg to Vancouver reports emergency. Serious food poisoning among the passengers. The first officer is down with it too. Better clear all levels below them for priority approach and landing. Can do? . . . Good. ETA is 05-05." The controller glanced at the wall clock; it read 02-15. "Right. We'll keep you posted." He pushed down the telephone cradle with his thumb, keeping it there as he barked at the Teletype operator, "Got Winnipeg yet? . . . Good. Send this message: 'Controller Winnipeg. Urgent. Maple Leaf Charter Flight 714 reports serious food poisoning among passengers and crew believed due to fish served dinner on flight. Imperative check source and suspend all other food service originating same place. Understand source was not, repeat not, regular airline caterer.' That's all." He swung round to the telephone switchboard again. "Get me the local manager of Maple Leaf Charter. Burdick's his name. After that I want the city police—senior officer on duty." He leaned over the radio operator's shoulder again and finished reading the now completed message. "Acknowledge that, Greg. Tell them that all altitudes below them are being cleared and that they'll be advised of landing instructions later."

Within five minutes Harry Burdick had arrived, puffing into the room. The local Maple Leaf manager was a portly little man. He stood in the center of the room, his jacket over his arm, gasping for breath after his hurry and swabbing his face with a great blue-spotted handkerchief.

"Where's the message?" he grunted. He ran his eye quickly over the sheet of paper the radio operator handed to him. "How's the weather at Calgary? It would be quicker to go in there, wouldn't it?"

"No good. There's fog right down to the grass everywhere east of the Rockies as far as Manitoba. They'll have to come through."

Burdick clicked a fat finger. "Hey! That message now. They say the first officer is down, so presumably the captain passed the message. Is he affected? Better ask, controller. And while you're about it, I should check whether there's a doctor on board. Tell them we're getting medical advice here in case they need it."

The controller nodded and picked up the stand microphone from the radio desk. Before he could begin, Burdick called, "Say, suppose the captain does take sick, controller? Who's going to ——"

He left the sentence unfinished as the level gaze of the man opposite met his.

"I'm not supposing anything," said the controller. "I'm praying, that's all."

Exhaling noisily, Burdick dug in his pocket for cigarettes. "Joe," he said to the switchboard operator, "get me Doctor Davidson, will you? You'll find his number on the emergency list."

Nearly four miles above the earth, the aircraft held her course.

Like a monstrous weed, fear was taking root in the minds of most of the passengers. The doctor's words over the public-address system had provided plenty to think about. The hubbub of dismay and conjecture following them had soon died away, to be replaced by whispers and uneasy snatches of conversation.

Baird had given Janet two pills. "Take them to the captain," he told her. "Tell him to drink as much water as he can. Then he's to take the pills. They'll make him sick—that's what they're for."

When Janet entered the flight deck Dun was completing a radio transmission. He signed off and gave her a strained grin. Neither of them was deluded by it.

"Hullo, Jan," he said. His hand was shaking slightly. "This is becoming quite a trip. Vancouver has just been asking for more details. How are things back there?"

"So far, so good," said Janet as lightly as she could. She held out the pills. "Doctor says you're to drink as much as you can, then take these. They'll make you feel a bit green."

"What a prospect." He reached down into the deep seat pocket at his side and took out a water bottle. "Well, down the hatch."

Janet looked anxiously down at him as he sat before the flickering panel of gauges and dials, the two control columns moving spasmodically backward and forward in the eerie grip of the automatic pilot. She touched his shoulder.

"How do you feel?" she asked. His pallor, the beads of perspiration on his forehead, did not escape her.

"Me?" His tone was unnaturally hearty. "I'm fine. What about you? Had your pill yet?"

"I don't need any. I had chops for dinner."

"You were wise. From now on I think I'll be a vegetarian." He turned in his seat and looked over at the first officer, now supine on the floor. "Poor old Pete," he murmured. "I sure hope he's going to be all right."

"That's up to you, isn't it, captain?" said Janet urgently. "The faster you can push the thing into Vancouver, the quicker we'll get him and the others into hospital." She stepped over to Pete and bent down to adjust the blanket round him, hiding the sudden tremble of tears that threatened to break through her reserve. Dun was troubled as he regarded her.

"You think a lot of him, Jan, don't you?"

"I—I suppose so," she replied.

She smiled quickly and opened the door to the passenger deck. Baird was halfway along the starboard side, talking to a middle-aged couple who stared at him nervously.

Baird handed them each a pill. "Now you'll be brought a jug of water. Drink three glasses each—four, if you can manage them. Then take the pill. It'll make you sick, but that's what it's for. Don't worry about it. There are paper bags in the seat pockets."

He left the couple staring hypnotically at their pills and in a few minutes had reached his own empty seat with Spencer sitting alongside it.

"Meat," said Spencer promptly, before Baird could put the question.

"Oh yes, I remember," said the doctor. "That's one less to worry about."

"You're having a heavy time of it, don't aren't you?" Spencer commented. "Can you do with any help?"

"I can do with all the help in the world," growled Baird. "But there's not much you can do, unless you'd like to give Miss Benson and the other fellow a hand with the water."

"Sure I will." Spencer lowered his voice. "Someone back there sounds in a bad way."

"They *are* in a bad way. The devil of it is," said Baird bitterly, "I've got nothing I can give them that's of any real use. I've a hypodermic and morphia, but here they may do more harm than good. God knows why I threw in a bottle of emetic pills, but it's a good thing I did. Some Dramamine would be mighty useful now."

"What does that do?"

"In these cases the serious thing is the loss of body fluids. An injection of Dramamine would stop vomiting and preserve the fluids."

"You mean all this sickness gradually dehydrates a person?"

"Exactly."

Spencer rubbed his chin. "Well, thank God for lamb chops. Tell me what I can do."

"I'll tell Miss Benson you're willing to help if she needs you. Once the water is all given out, I think maybe you'd better stay where

u are. There's more than enough traffic in e aisle already."

"As you say. Well, I'm here if you want e. But tell me—just how serious is all this?"

Baird looked him in the eye. "As serious as u are ever likely to want it," he said curtly. : moved along.

Baird found Janet anxiously bending over rs. Childer. He raised one of the woman's elids. She was unconscious.

Her husband seized frantically on the doc- 's presence. "How is she?" he implored.

"She's better off now than when she was nscious and in pain," said Baird. "When body can't take any more, Nature pulls wn the shutter."

"Doctor, I'm scared. I've never seen her so ".

Baird hesitated. "Well," he said slowly, "I ess you've a right to know. It's a very seri- s illness, one that needs treatment at the liest possible moment. There'll be an am- lance waiting to take her to hospital im- diately we land. Then it's only a question treatment and time before she's perfectly l again."

Childer heaved a deep breath. "It's good to ar you say that." *Yes,* thought Baird, *but posing I had the common guts to put it er way?*

He felt Janet standing beside him. He ques- ned her with his eyes, sensing her to be on edge of hysteria.

"Two more passengers have been taken ill, tor. At the back there."

"Are you sure it isn't just the pills?"

"Yes, I'm quite sure."

"Right. I'll get to them straightway. Will y have another look at the first officer, Miss ison? He might feel like a little water."

He had barely reached the two new cases fore Janet was back again.

"Doctor, I'm terribly worried. I think you ght to ——"

The buzz of the galley intercom cut across words like a knife.

Baird raced along the aisle and burst into flight deck.

The captain was rigid in his seat, sweat masking his face and streaking the collar of his uniform. One hand clutched at his stomach. The other was pressed on the intercom button on the wall beside him. In two bounds the doctor reached him and leaned over the back of the seat, supporting him under the armpits. Dun was swearing between his clenched teeth, quietly and viciously.

"Take it easy, now," said Baird. "We'd better get you away from there."

"I did . . . what you said ——" Dun gasped, closing his eyes and squeezing the words out in painful jerks. "It was too late. . . . Give me something, doc. . . . Give me something, quickly. . . . Got to hold out . . . get us down . . . she's on autopilot but . . . got to get down. . . . Must tell Control . . . must tell ——" His mouth moved silently. With a desperate effort he tried to speak. Then his eyes rolled up and he collapsed.

"Quick, Miss Benson," called Baird. "Help me get him out."

Panting and struggling, they pulled Dun's heavy body out of the pilot's seat and eased him to the floor alongside the first officer.

"Can you do what he asked, doctor? Can you bring him round long enough to land the plane?"

"You are part of this crew, Miss Benson, so I'll be blunt. Unless I can get these people to a hospital quickly—very quickly—I can't even be sure of saving their lives."

"But that's terrible."

"They need stimulants, intravenous injections for shock. The captain too. He's held out too long."

"Is he very bad?"

"It will soon become critical—and that goes for the others as well."

Barely audibly Janet whispered, "Doctor—what are we going to do?"

"Let me ask you a question. How many passengers are on board?"

"Fifty-six."

"How many fish dinners did you serve?"

"About fifteen, I think. More people had meat than fish, and some didn't eat at all."

"I see."

Baird regarded her steadily. "Miss Benson, did you ever hear of long odds?"

Janet tried to focus on what he was saying. "Long odds? Yes, I suppose so. I don't know what it means."

"I'll tell you," said Baird. "It means this: out of a total field of fifty-five our one chance of survival depends on there being a person aboard this airplane who is not only qualified to land it, but who also didn't have fish for dinner tonight."

His words hung between them as they stood there, staring at each other.

The most dangerous of wild beasts is a slanderer. The most dangerous of tame beasts is a flatterer.

GREEK PROVERB

Calmness, like an anodyne cushioning the shock, descended on Janet as the words of the doctor penetrated her mind.

Until now part of her had refused to accept what was happening. While she busied herself tending the passengers and trying to comfort the sick, something had insisted that this was an evil nightmare. At any moment, her inner voice had told her, she would wake to find half the bedclothes on the floor and the traveling clock on her locker buzzing to herald another early-morning scramble to get ready before take-off.

Now that sense of unreality was swept away. She knew it was happening, really happening, to her, Janet Benson. She wondered, in the passing thought of an instant, what her family at home were doing, how it was possible for her life to be extinguished in a few seconds' madness of shrieking metal without those who had borne her feeling even a tremor as they slept peacefully a thousand miles away.

"I understand, doctor," she said levelly.

"Do you know of anyone on board with any experience of flying?"

She cast her mind over the passenger list. "There's no one from the airline. I suppose I'd better start asking."

"Yes, you'd better," said Baird. "Try not to alarm them. Just say the captain wondered if there's someone with flying experience who could help with the radio."

"Very well, doctor," said Janet quietly. "I'll do that."

She hesitated, as Baird obviously had something more to say. "Miss Benson—what's your Christian name?"

"Janet," she told him in some surprise.

He nodded. "Janet—I think I made some remark earlier about your training. It was unjustified and unforgivable. I'd like to take it back."

Some of the color returned to her cheeks as she smiled. "I'd forgotten it," she said. She moved toward the door, anxious to begin her questioning and to know the worst as quickly as she could. But Baird's face was puckered in an effort of concentration, as if something at the back of his mind was eluding him.

"Wait," he told her.

She paused, her hand on the door.

He snapped his fingers and turned to her. "I've got it. That young fellow in the seat next to mine—the one who joined us at the last minute. He seemed to know something about flying. Get him up here, will you?"

He paced the narrow cabin nervously while she was gone, then knelt to feel the pulse of the captain lying supine and unconscious beside the first officer. At the sound of the door behind him he jumped to his feet. Spencer stood there, looking at him in bewilderment.

"Hullo, doc What's this about the radio?"

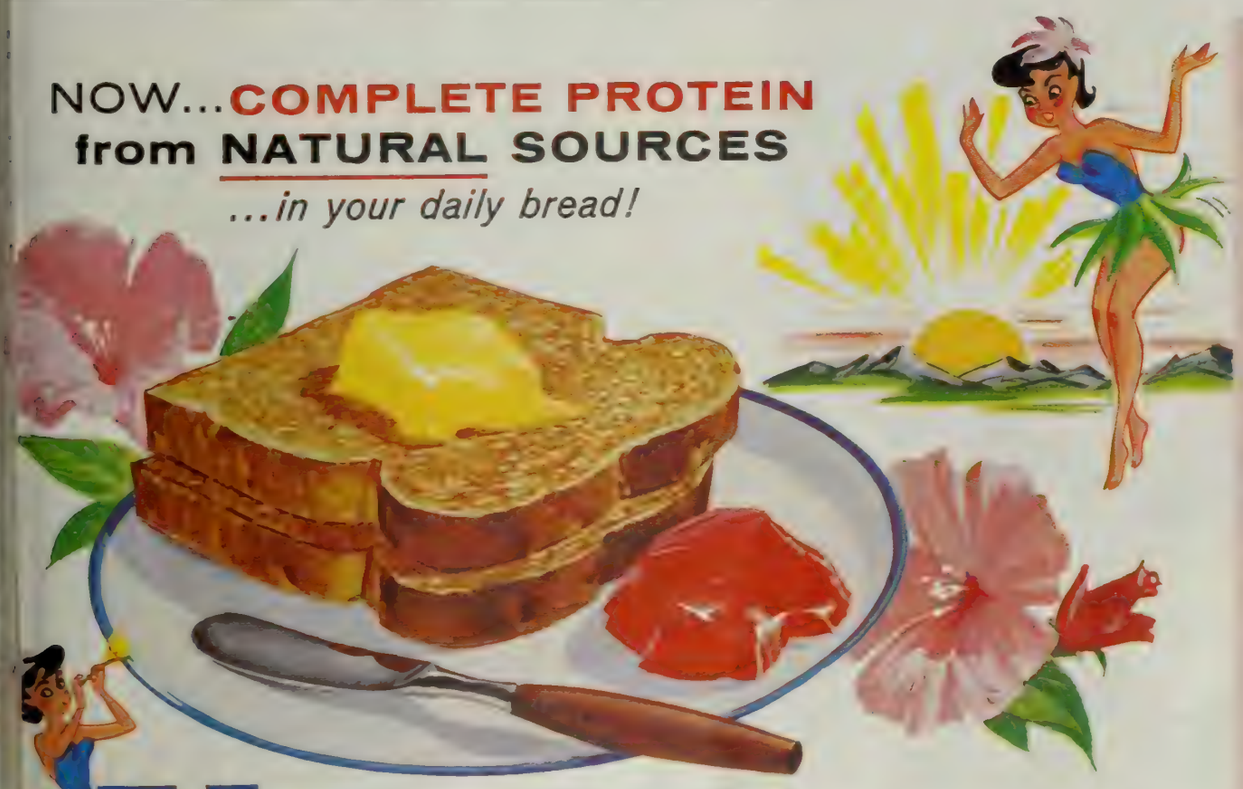
"Are you a pilot?"

"A long time ago. In the war. I wouldn't know about radio procedures now, but if the captain thinks I can ——"

"Come in," said Baird.

He stepped aside, closing the door quickly. Spencer's head snapped up at the sight of the

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pilots' empty seats. Then he wheeled round to the two men stretched on the floor.

"No!" he gasped. "Not both of them?"

"Can you fly this craft—and land it?"

"No!" Shock stabbed at Spencer's voice. "Not a chance!"

"But you just said you flew in the war."

"That was ten years ago. I haven't touched a plane since. And I was on fighters—Spitfires about an eighth the size of this ship and with only one engine. This has four. The flying characteristics are completely different."

Spencer's fingers, shaking slightly, probed his jacket for cigarettes, found a packet and shook one out. Baird watched him as he lit up.

"You could have a go at it," he pressed.

Spencer shook his head angrily. "I tell you, the idea's crazy. It's—it's like driving a big trailer truck in heavy traffic when all you've driven before is a fast sports job on open roads."

"But it's still driving," persisted Baird. Spencer did not answer, taking a long draw on his cigarette. Baird shrugged. "Well," he said, "let's hope then there's someone else who can fly this thing—neither of these men can." He looked down at the pilots.

The door opened and Janet came into the flight deck. She glanced inquiringly at Spencer, then back at the doctor.

"There's no one else," she said.

"That's it, then," said the doctor. He waited for Spencer to speak, but the younger man was staring forward at the row upon row of luminous dials and switches. "Mr. Spencer," said Baird, measuring his words, "I know nothing of flying. All I know is this: there are several people on this plane who will die within a few hours if they don't get to hospital soon. Among those left who are physically able to fly the plane, you are the only one with any kind of qualification to do so."

Spencer looked from the girl to the doctor. "You're quite sure there's no chance of either of the pilots recovering in time?"

"None at all, I'm afraid. Unless I can get them to hospital quickly I can't even be sure of saving their lives."

The young salesman ground the rest of his cigarette under his heel.

"It looks as if I don't have much choice, doesn't it?" he said.

"That's right. Unless you'd rather we carried on until we were out of gas—probably halfway across the Pacific."

"Don't kid yourself this is a better way." Spencer stepped forward to the controls and looked ahead at the white sea of cloud below them, glistening in the moonlight. He slipped into the left-hand pilot's seat and glanced over his shoulder. "If you know any good prayers you'd better start brushing up on them."

Baird moved up to him and slapped his arm lightly. "Good man," he said with feeling.

Spencer studied the bewildering array of instrument dials. "Let's have a look at this mess. The flying instruments must be in front of each pilot. That means that the center panel will probably be engines only. Ah—here we are: altitude 20,000. Level flight. Course 290. We're on automatic pilot—thank the good Lord for that. Airspeed 210 knots. Throttles, pitch, trim, mixture, landing-gear controls. Flaps? There should be an indicator somewhere. Yes, here it is. Well, they're the essentials anyway—I hope. We'll need a check list for landing, but we can get that on the radio."

"Can you do it?"

"I wouldn't know, doc—I just wouldn't know. I've never seen a setup like this before in my life. Where are we now?"

"From what the captain said, we're over the Rockies," replied Baird. "He couldn't turn off course earlier because of fog, so we're going through to Vancouver."

"We'll have to find out." Spencer looked about him in the soft glow. "Where *is* the radio control?"

Janet pointed to a switch box above his head. "I know they use that to talk to the ground," she told him, "but I don't know which switches you have to set."

"Ah yes, let's see." He peered at the box. "Transmit." He clicked over a switch, lighting up a small red bulb. "That's it. Now we're ready for business."

Janet handed him a headset with the boom microphone attached. "I know you press the button on the mike when you speak," she said.

Adjusting the earphones, Spencer spoke to the doctor. "You know, whatever happens I'm going to need a second pair of hands up here. You've got your patients to look after, so I think the best choice is Miss Canada here. What do you say?"

Baird nodded. "I agree. Is that all right, Janet?"

"I suppose so—but I know nothing about all this."

"Good," said Spencer breezily, "that makes two of us. Sit down and make yourself comfortable—better strap yourself in. You must have watched the pilots quite a lot."

Janet struggled into the first officer's seat, taking care not to touch the control column as it swayed back and forth. There was an anxious knocking on the communication door.

"That's for me," said Baird. "I must g back. Good luck."

He left quickly. Alone with the stewardes Spencer summoned up a grin. "The name Janet, is it? Mine's George." Spencer's to became serious. "I won't fool you, Janet. Th will be tough."

"I know it."

"Well, let's see if I can send out a distre call. What's our flight number?"

"714."

"Right. Here goes, then." He pressed t button on his microphone. "Mayday, mayda mayday," he began in an even voice. It w one signal he could never forget. He ha called it one murky October afternoon abo the French coast, with the tail of his Spitfi all but shot off, and two Hurricanes had me cifully appeared to usher him across t Channel.

"Mayday, mayday, mayday," he continue "This is Flight 714, Maple Leaf Air Charte in distress. Come in, anyone. Over."

He caught his breath as a voice responde "Hullo, 714. This is Vancouver. We ha been waiting to hear from you. Vancouver all aircraft: this frequency now closed to other traffic. Go ahead, 714."

"Thank you, Vancouver. 714. We are distress. Both pilots and several passengers how many passengers, Janet?"

"It was five a few minutes ago."

"Correction. At least five passengers suffering from food poisoning. Both pilots unconscious and in a serious condition. have a doctor with who says that neit pilot can be revived fly the aircraft. If t and the passengers not got to hospi quickly it may be fa for them. Did you that, Vancouver?"

The voice crack back instantly, "ahead, 714. I'm re ing you."

Spencer took a de breath. "My name Spencer. George Sp cer. I am a passenger this airplane. Cor tion: I *was* a passeng I am now the pilot. For your information I h about a thousand hours' total flying time, on single-engined fighters. Also, I have flown an airplane for nearly ten years. you'd better get someone on this radio w can give me some instructions. Our altitud 20,000, course 290 magnetic. air speed knots. That's the story. It's your move, V couver. Over."

"Vancouver to 714. Stand by."

Spencer wiped the gathering sweat from forehead and grinned across to Janet. "W to bet that's caused a bit of stir down ther She shook her head, listening intently to earphones. In a few seconds the air was a again, the voice as impersonal as before.

"Vancouver to Flight 714. Please ch with doctor on board for any possibility either pilot's recovering. This is important. peat, this is important. Ask him to do eve thing possible to revive one of them eve he has to leave the sick passengers. Over.

Spencer pressed his transmit button. "V couver, this is Flight 714. Your messag understood but no go. The doctor says th is no possibility whatever of pilots' recove to make the landing. He says they are critic ill and may die unless they get hospital tr ment soon. Over."

There was a slight pause. Then: "Vancou Control to 714. Your message underst Will you stand by, please?"

"Roger, Vancouver," acknowledged S cer and switched off again. He said to Ja "We can only wait now while they think what to do."

With an accelerating thunder of engines e last eastbound aircraft to take off from V couver that night had gathered speed a the wetly gleaming runway and climbed the darkness. It was a cold night. Air

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136

On his deathbed, Alexandre Dumas, the famed French writer, was told by his disappointed son that there were only a few coins left in the family treasury.

"How wonderful," enthused the elder Dumas. "That's precisely the sum I had with me when I first came to Paris. Imagine, living like a king for half a century and it hasn't cost me a cent!"

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

staff, moving about their tasks in the yellow arc lights, slapped their gloved hands to keep warm. None of them spoke more than was necessary. Normally busy Vancouver prepared itself with quiet competence for emergency.

Within the brightly lit Control Room the atmosphere was tense with concentration. Replacing his telephone, the controller lit a cigarette, wreathing himself in clouds of blue smoke as he studied a wall map. He turned to Burdick. The plump manager of Maple Leaf Charter had just finished consulting again the clip board of information which he held in his hand.

"Right, Harry," said the controller. "As of now, I'm holding all departures for the east. We've got nearly an hour in which to clear the present outgoing traffic in other directions. After that everything scheduled outward must wait until . . . until afterward, anyway." The telephone buzzed. He snatched it up. "Yes? I see. Warn all stations and aircraft that we can accept incoming flights for the next forty-five minutes only. Divert everything with an ETA later than that. All traffic must be kept well away from the east-west lane between Calgary and here. Got that? Good." He dropped the phone and addressed an assistant. "Have you raised the fire chief yet?"

"Ringing his home now."

"Tell him he'd better get here—and ask the duty fire officer to notify the city fire department."

"I've done that. . . . Vancouver Control here," said the assistant into his telephone. "Hold the line, please." He cupped his hand over the mouthpiece. "Shall I alert the Air Force?"

"Yes. Have them keep the zone clear of their aircraft."

Burdick hitched himself off the table. "That's a thought," he said.

"Have you any pilots here at the airport?" asked the controller.

Burdick shook his head. "Not one."

The controller thought rapidly. "Try Cross-Canada. They have most of their men based here."

The switchboard operator called, "The city police again. Will you take them?"

"Put them on," said the controller.

"I'll see the Cross-Canada people," said Burdick. "And I must ring Montreal and tell my chief what's happening."

"Do it through the main board, will you?" asked the controller. "The one in here is getting snarled up." He lifted the telephone as Burdick hurried out of the room. "Controller speaking. . . . Inspector, I'm glad it's you. . . . Yes . . . yes . . . we're in bad trouble, much worse than we thought. First, we may have to ask you if one of your cars can collect a pilot in town and bring him here just as fast as possible. . . . Yes, I'll let you know. Second, there's a serious possibility that the plane will crash-land. I can't explain now, but when the ship comes in she won't be under proper control." He listened for a moment to the man at the other end. "No, can't say yet. We'll probably try to bring her in from the east end of the main runway." Another pause, longer this time. "Thank you, inspector. I'll keep in touch." The controller clicked the telephone back, his face etched with worry. He asked the man at the radio panel, "Is 714 still standing by for us?" The dispatcher nodded.

Burdick came back into the room. "Cross-Canada say their best man is Captain Treleaven—they're ringing him now."

"I've arranged for a police escort if necessary."

The switchboard operator broke in. "I've got Seattle and Calgary waiting, sir. They want to know if we got the message from 714 clearly."

"Tell them yes," answered the controller. "Say we shall work the aircraft direct, but we'd appreciate their keeping a listening watch in case we meet with any reception trouble."

"Right, sir."

The controller crossed to the radio panel and picked up the stand microphone. He nodded to the dispatcher, who threw a switch to transmit.

"Vancouver Control to Flight 714," he called.

Spencer's voice, when he replied, spluttered from an amplifier extension high up in a corner of the room. "714 to Vancouver. I thought you were lost."

"Vancouver to 714. This is the controller speaking. We are organizing help. We shall call you again very soon. Meanwhile, do nothing to interfere with the present set of the controls. Do you understand? Over."

Despite the distortion, the asperity in Spencer's voice came through like a knife. "714 to Vancouver. I thought I told you. I've never touched a job like this before. I certainly don't aim to start playing tricks with the automatic pilot. Over."

The controller opened his mouth as if to say something, then changed his mind. "Get Howard here, at the double. The board will know his home number."

On the outskirts of the town another telephone was ringing. A smooth white arm emerged from bedclothes and groped in the darkness for the switch of a bedside lamp. The lamp clicked on. With her eyes screwed up against the bright light, an attractive red head in a white embroidered nightdress reached for the telephone. Peering at the hands of the little bedside clock, she mumbled, "Yes?"

"Is this Mrs. Treleaven?" demanded a crisp voice.

"Yes," she said, practically in a whisper.

"Mrs. Treleaven, may I speak to your husband?"

"He's not here."

"Not there? Where can I find him, please? It's imperative that we contact Captain Treleaven without delay. This is Cross-Canada at the airport."

"Oh." She gathered herself together. "He's at his mother's place. His father is ill and my husband is helping to sit with him."

"Is it in town?"

"Yes, not far from here." She gave the telephone number.

"Thank you. We'll ring him there."

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"What's wrong?" she asked.

"I'm sorry—there isn't time to explain."

The line was dead. She replaced the receiver and swung her legs out of bed. Was Paul the only pilot they ever thought of when they were in a fix? Well, if he was having to take over a plane in a hurry, he would need to call home first for his uniform and gear. She drew on a robe and stumbled sleepily out of the bedroom and toward the kitchen.

Two miles away, Paul Treleaven slept deeply, his large frame stretched along the chesterfield in his mother's parlor. That determined and vigorous old lady had insisted on taking the spell by the side of her sick husband, ordering her son to rest for a couple of hours.

He was aroused by his arm's being shaken. Immediately awake, he looked up to find his mother bending over him.

"It's the airport on the telephone. I told them you were trying to snatch some rest, but they insisted. I think it's disgraceful—just as if they can't wait until a respectable hour in the morning."

"O.K. I'll come."

Getting to his feet, he wondered if he were ever going to sleep properly again. He was already half dressed, having removed only his jacket and tie. He padded in stockinged feet out to the telephone in the hall.

"Treleaven," he said.

"Thank heaven, Paul. This is Jim Bryant. We need you, Paul, but bad. Can you come over right away?"

"Why, what's up?"

"We're in real trouble. There's a Maple Leaf Charter—it's an Empress C6, one of the refitted jobs—on its way from Winnipeg with

A lady is a woman who makes a man behave like a gentleman.

RUSSELL LYNES

number of passengers and both pilots seriously ill with food poisoning."

"*Both* pilots?"

"That's right. Some fellow is at the controls who hasn't flown for years. Fortunately the ship is on autopilot. Maple Leaf hasn't got a man here and we want you to come in and talk her down. Think you can do it?"

"Great Scott, I don't know." Treleaven looked at his wrist watch. "What's the ETA?"

"05-05."

"But that's under two hours. Look, I'm on the south side of town ——"

"What's your address?" Treleaven gave it. "We'll have a police car pick you up in a few minutes. When you get here, go straight on up to the Control Room."

"Right. I'm on my way."

At the main reception building, Treleaven was out of the car, through the doors and had crossed the concourse before the wail of the siren died. Waving aside the commissionaire who hurried to meet him, he made his way directly to the Control Room.

He entered Control as Burdick was speaking anxiously on the telephone. "No, sir, he isn't qualified. He flew single-engine fighters in the war; nothing since. . . . I've asked them what. This doctor on board says ——"

The controller stepped quickly over to greet Treleaven. "I'm certainly glad to see you, Captain," he said.

Treleaven nodded toward Burdick. "Is that the fellow in the Empress he's talking about?"

"Yes. He's just got his president out of bed in Montreal. The call shouldn't have come in here. . . . Hurry it up, Harry, will you?"

"What else can we do?" pleaded Burdick into the telephone. . . . "We'll do the best we can, sir. . . . Of course it's a terrible risk, but can you think of something better?"

Treleaven took from the dispatcher the clip board of messages from 714 and read them carefully. With a quiet request, "Weather," he then consulted the latest meteorological reports. His face was set in deep lines as he read the messages again, drawing steadily on his pipe. "This is the whole story?"

Burdick had joined them now. He said, "That's everything we know. Now I want you to get on the horn and talk this guy down. You'll have to let him get the feel of the airplane on the way, you'll have to give him the landing check, you'll have to talk him onto the approach, and—so help me!—you'll have to talk him right down onto the ground."

"I can't perform a miracle," said Treleaven evenly. "You know that the chances of a man who has flown only fighter airplanes landing a four-engine passenger ship are pretty slim?"

"Of course I know it!" Burdick exploded. "But do *you* have any other ideas?"

"No," Treleaven said slowly, "I guess not. Well, let's get started." He walked over to the radio operator. "Can you work 714 direct?"

"Yes, captain. Reception's good."

The operator switched to transmit. "Flight 714. This is Vancouver. Do you read? Over."

"Yes, Vancouver," came Spencer's voice. "We hear you clearly. Go ahead, please."

The operator handed the stand microphone to Treleaven. "O.K., captain. It's all yours."

Holding the stand microphone in his hand, its cable trailing to the floor, Treleaven turned his back on the other men in the room. Legs braced apart, he stared unseeingly at a point on the wall map, his cold eyes distant in concentration. His voice, when he spoke, was steady and unhurried, easy with a confidence he did not feel.

"Hullo, Flight 714," he said. "This is Vancouver. My name is Paul Treleaven and I'm a Cross-Canada Airlines captain. My job is to help you fly this airplane in. We shouldn't have too much trouble. I see that I'm talking to George Spencer. I'd like to hear a little more about your flying experience, George."

Spencer tensed, shooting an involuntary glance at the girl in the seat beside him. Her eyes, in the greenish glow of the instrument panel, were fixed on his face. He looked away.

Treleaven was saying, "For instance, how many flying hours have you had? The message here says you've flown single-engine

CONTINUED ON PAGE 139



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PERCOLATOR: When perking starts, reduce heat. Perk gently 6 to 8 minutes. *Time carefully.*

DRIP: Pre-heat pot. Pour in measured amount of boiling water. Brewing should be complete in 4 to 6 minutes. *Stir before serving.*

VACUUM: When water boils, reduce heat, insert upper bowl. Stir coffee and water and remove from heat. Coffee should remain in upper bowl no more than 3 minutes.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 137

fighters. Have you had any experience at all of multiengine planes?"

Spencer's mouth was so dry that at first he could hardly speak. He cleared his throat.

"Hello, Vancouver. 714 here. My flying up to now has been entirely on single-engine aircraft, Spitfires and Mustangs—I'd say about a thousand hours in all. But that was nine, ten years ago. Do you understand that? Over."

"Don't worry about that, George. It's like riding a bicycle—you never forget it. Stand by, will you?"

In the Vancouver Control, Treleaven pressed the cutout button on the arm of the microphone in his hand and looked at a slip of paper the controller held out for him to read.

"Try to get him on this course," said the controller. "The Air Force have just sent in a radar check." He paused. "Sounds pretty fouled-up, doesn't he?"

"Yes—who wouldn't be, in his shoes?" Treleaven grimaced reflectively. "We've got to give him confidence," he said. "Without that there isn't a chance." Then, to the dispatcher, "O.K. Make sure you don't lose them on the air." He released the cutout. "714, this is Treleaven. You are still on autopilot, right?"

"Yes, captain," came the reply.

"All right, George. In a minute you can disengage the autopilot and get the feel of the controls. When you've had a bit of practice with them you are going to change your course a little. Listen very carefully, though, before you touch them. When you start handling the airplane the controls will seem very heavy and sluggish compared with a fighter. Don't let that worry you. It's quite normal. Watch your air speed and don't let it fall below a hundred and twenty knots while your wheels and flaps are up, otherwise you'll stall. I'll repeat that. Make absolutely sure at all times that your air speed doesn't fall below a hundred and twenty knots. Now, one other thing. Do you have someone up there who can work the radio and leave you free for flying?"

"Yes, Vancouver. I have the stewardess here with me and she'll take over the radio now. . . . It's all yours, Janet."

"Hullo, Vancouver. This is the stewardess, Janet Benson. Over."

"Why, it's you, Janet," said Treleaven. "I'd know that voice anywhere. You're going to talk to George for me, are you? Good. Now, Janet, I want you to keep your eyes on that air-speed indicator. Remember that an airplane stays in the air because of its forward speed. If you let the speed drop too low, it stalls—and falls out of the air. Any time the ASI shows a reading near a hundred and twenty, you tell George instantly."

"Yes, captain. I understand."

"Back to you, George. Take this slowly and smoothly. I want you to unlock the autopilot—you do it by pressing the little button on the control column—and take the airplane yourself, holding her straight and level. Watch the artificial horizon on the panel. Janet, you watch the air speed. A hundred and twenty, remember—keep above that. Start now."

With his right thumb Spencer touched the autopilot release. His face was rigid. Feet on the rudder bar and both hands on the gently moving control column, he steeled himself.

"Tell him I'm switching over now," he told Janet. She repeated the message. His hand wavered for a moment. Then, decisively, he pressed down. The aircraft swung a little to port, but he corrected the tendency gently and she responded well enough to his feet on the rudder bar. The vibration from the controls seemed to flow through his body like an electric current. "Tell him O.K.," he gasped, his nerves taut as cables.

"714 here. We're flying straight and level." Janet's voice sounded miraculously sweet and calm to him.

"Well done, George. As soon as you've got the feel of her, try some very gentle turns, not more than two or three degrees. Can you see the turn indicator? It's almost directly in front of your eyes and slightly to the right, just by the panel-light shield. Over." Treleaven's eyes were closed with the effort of visualizing the cockpit layout. He opened them and spoke to the dispatcher. "Listen. I've got a lot of work to do with this man in the air, but we ought to start planning the approach and landing while there's plenty of time. Get the chief radar operator up here, will you, and let me talk to him."

Very gingerly Spencer extended his left leg and eased the control column over. This time it seemed an age before the aircraft responded to his touch and he saw a faint register on the indicator. Gratified, he tried the other way; but now the movement was alarming. He looked down at the ASI and was shocked to see that it had dropped to 180 knots. Quickly he corrected the swing that had developed and breathed again as the speed rose slowly to 210. He would have to treat the controls with the utmost respect until he really understood the time lag; that was evident. Again he pushed at the resisting weight of the rudder and gradually felt the ship answer. This time he straightened it up before turning in the opposite direction, so as to maintain speed.

Janet had lifted her eyes momentarily from the instrument panel to ask in a small voice, "How is it?"

Spencer tried to grin, without much success. "Tell him I'm on manual and doing gentle turns, coming back on course each time," he said.

Janet gave the message.

"I should have asked you this before," came Treleaven's voice. "What kind of weather are you in up there?"

"It's clear where we are right now," answered Janet. "Except below us, of course."

"Uh-huh. You'd better keep me informed. George, you may hit some cloud layer at any time, with a little turbulence. If you do, I want you to be ready for it. How does she handle?"

Spencer looked across to Janet. "Tell him—sluggish as a wet sponge," he said.

"Hullo, Vancouver. As sluggish as a wet sponge," repeated Janet.

For a few brief seconds the tension at Vancouver Control eased and the group standing round the radio panel exchanged smiles.



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"That's a natural feeling, George," said Treleaven, "because you were used to smaller airplanes, but you'll soon get used to it."

The dispatcher cut in. "I've the radar chief here."

"He'll have to wait," said Treleaven. "I'll talk to him as soon as I get a break."

"Right."

"Hullo, George," called Treleaven. "You must avoid any violent movements of the controls, such as you used to make in your fighter airplanes. If you *do* move the controls violently, you will overcorrect and be in trouble. Is that understood? Over."

"Yes, Vancouver, we understand. Over."

"Now, George, I want you to try the effect of fore-and-aft control on your air speed. To start with, adjust your throttle setting so as to reduce speed to 160 and cruise straight and level. But watch the air speed closely. Keep it over 120. The rudder trim is just below the throttles on the control pedestal and the aileron trim is under that. Got it? Over."

Spencer checked with his hand, holding the plane steady with the other and with braced legs. "Right. Tell him I'm reducing speed."

"O.K., Vancouver, we're doing as you say."

Time ticked away as the speed slowly dropped. At 160 George adjusted the trim tabs and held up his thumb to Janet.

"714 here, Vancouver. 160 knots on the indicator."

Treleaven waited until he had struggled out of his jacket before speaking. "Right, George. Try a little fore-and-aft movement. Use the control column as carefully as if it were full of eggs, and watch the speed. Keep it at 160. Over." He put the microphone down. "Where's the radar chief?"

"Here."

"At what range will this aircraft show on your scope?" queried Treleaven.

"Sixty miles, thereabouts, captain."

"That's no good for a while, then," said Treleaven. "I've had to assume that he's still heading in a general westerly direction. Next call, though, we'll check his heading."

"Yeah," said Burdick. He offered a cigarette, which the pilot refused.

"If he's stayed on the same heading," continued Treleaven, looking at the wall map, "he can't be that much off course, and we can straighten him up when he gets in our radar range. That Air Force check is a help."

"Can't he come in on the beam?" asked Burdick.

"Right now he's got enough to worry about. If I try to get him on the beam, he'll have to mess around with the radio, changing frequencies and a lot of other stuff. I'd sooner take a chance, Harry, and let him go a few miles off course."

"That makes sense," Burdick conceded.

Treleaven picked up the microphone but waited, his eye catching that of the controller, who was replacing a telephone in its cradle.

"Doctor Davidson is downstairs," the controller told him.

"What does he have to say?"

"From the information we've got he agrees with the diagnosis of the doctor in the plane. Shall we get the doctor up here and put him on the air?"

"No, Mr. Grimsell. It's more important right now to fly this airplane. We'll leave it to them to call for medical advice if they want it. I don't want Spencer's mind distracted if I can help it. I should have Davidson stand by in case he's needed." Treleaven spoke into the microphone. "Hullo, George Spencer. Don't forget that lag in the controls. Just take it steadily. Do you understand that?"

There was a pause. Then, "He understands, Vancouver. Over."

To Spencer it seemed as if the airline captain must have read his thoughts. He had moved the column slowly forward, and then back again, but there had been no response from the aircraft. Now he tried again. Imperceptibly at first, the nose of the aircraft began to dip. Then, so suddenly that he was momentarily paralyzed with shock, it plunged downward. Janet bit hard on her lip to avoid screaming. The ASI needle began to swing round . . . 180 . . . 190 . . . 200 . . . 220. Putting all his weight on the column, Spencer fought to bring the aircraft back. In front of him the instrument panel seemed alive. The climb-and-descent indicator quivered against the bottom of the glass. The little facsimile of a plane on the artificial horizon had depressed its port wing and remained in that position, frightening. On the face of the altimeter the 100-foot hand whirred backward; the 1000-foot hand less quickly but still terrifyingly fast; while the 10,000-foot needle had already stopped, jammed at its nadir.

"Come on, you slug, come on!" he shouted as the nose at last responded. He watched the three altimeter needles begin with agonizing slowness to wind up again, registering gradually increasing height. "Made it!" he said in relief to Janet, forgetting that he was overcorrecting.

"Watch it—watch the speed," she exclaimed.

His eyes flicked back to the dial, now rapidly falling again. 160 . . . 150 . . . 140. There he had it. The aircraft settled onto an even keel once more as he brought it into straight and level flight.

The door to the flight deck opened behind them and Doctor Baird's voice called, "What's wrong?"

Spencer answered loudly, not removing his eyes from the panel, "Sorry, doc. I'm trying to get the feel of her."

"Well, take it as easy as you can, will you? Things are bad enough back here."

The door closed again and Treleaven's voice came on the air.

"Hullo, George Spencer. Everything O.K.' Over."

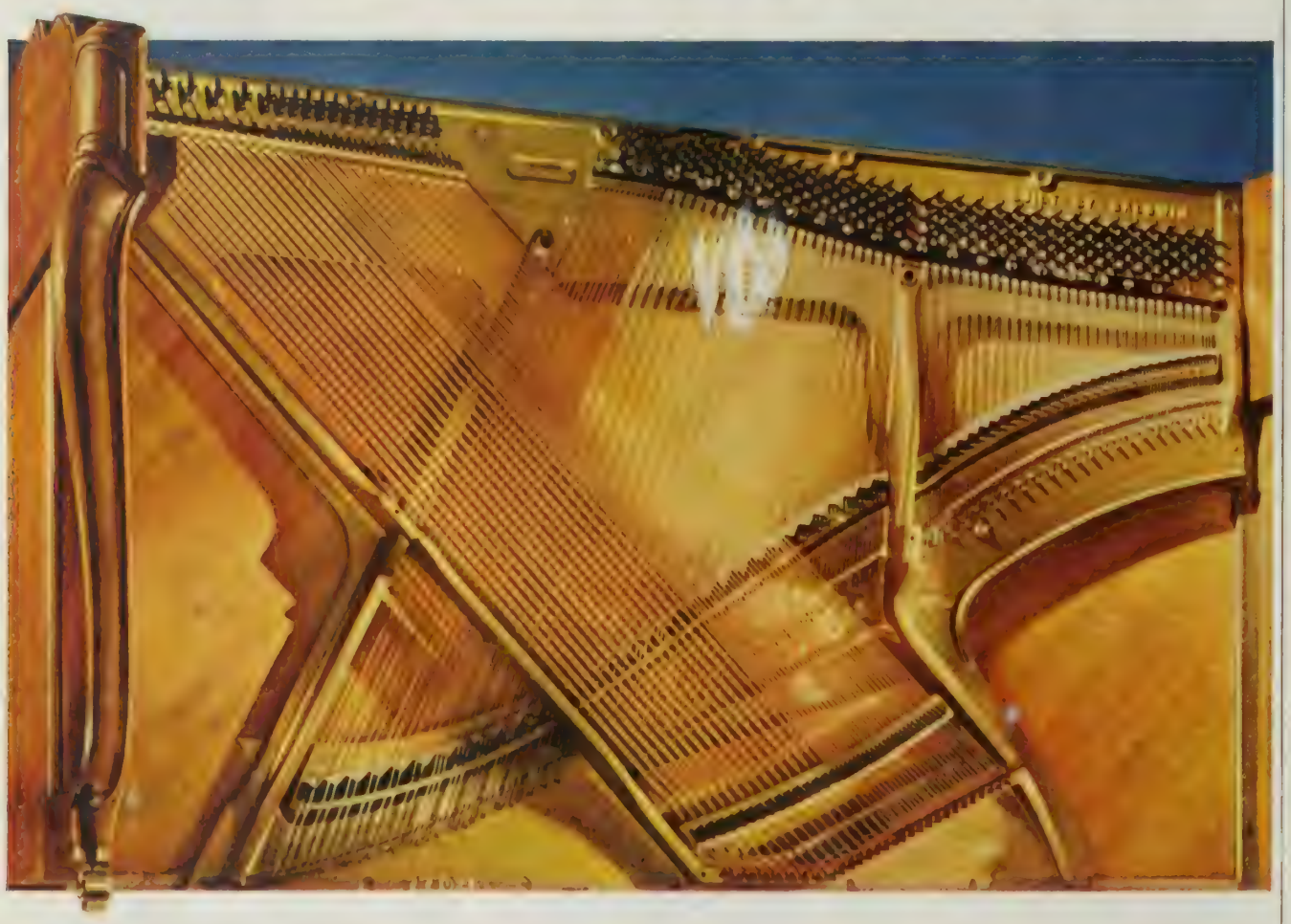
"All under control, Vancouver," replied Janet.

"Good. What's your present heading, George?"

Spencer peered down. "Tell him the magnetic compass is still showing about 290 and I've been keeping fairly steady on that." She did so.

"Very well, George. Try to stay on that heading. You may be a little out, but I'll tel

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you when to correct. Right now I want you to feel how the ship handles at lower speeds when the flaps and wheels are down. But don't do anything until I give you the instructions. Is that clear? Over."

Janet got Spencer's nod and asked Treleaven to proceed.

"Hullo, 714. First of all, throttle back slightly, not much; and get your air speed steady at 160 knots. Adjust your trim to maintain level flight. Then tell me when you're ready. Over."

Spencer straightened himself and called over, "Watch that air speed, Janet. You'll have to call it off to me when we land, so you may as well start practicing now."

"It's on 190," Janet recited. "200 . . . 190. . . . He said 160, Mr. Spencer."

"I know. I'm going to throttle back a bit."

He reached out for the throttles and eased them back. "What is it, Janet? What's the speed?"

"190, 180, 175, 170, 165, 155, 150 —— That's too low!"

"I know. Watch it! Watch it!"

His hand nursed the throttle levers, almost caressing them into the exact position to achieve the speed he wanted. Janet's eyes were riveted on the flickering needle of the dial.

"150, 150, 155, 160 . . . it's steady on 160."

Spencer puffed out his cheeks. "Phew! That's got it. Tell him, Jan."

"Hullo, Vancouver. Our speed is steady on 160. Over."

Treleaven sounded impatient, as if he had expected them to be ready before this. "O.K., 714. Now, George, I want you to put on fifteen degrees of flap, but be careful not to make it any more. The flap lever is at the base of the control pedestal and marked plainly;

A map of the world that does not include Utopia is not worth glancing at. OSCAR WILDE

fifteen degrees will mean moving the lever down to the second notch. The flap indicator dial is in the center of the panel—the main panel. Have you got both of those? Can you see them? Over."

Spencer located the lever. "Confirm that," he told Janet, "but *you'd* better do it. Right?"

She acknowledged to Vancouver and sat waiting, her hand on the lever.

"Hullo, 714. When I tell you, push it all the way down and watch that dial. When the needle reaches fifteen degrees, pull the lever up and leave it at the second notch. You'll have to watch and be ready for it. Those flaps come down in a hurry. All clear?"

"We're ready, Vancouver," said Janet.

"Right. Go ahead, then."

She prepared to depress the lever, then jerked her head up in alarm.

"The air speed! It's down to 125."

Spencer pushed the control column forward and roared, "Call it off! Call it off!"

The lurch of the aircraft brought their stomachs to their mouths. Janet almost crouched in front of the panel, intoning the figures.

"135, 140, 150, 160, 170, 175 . . . can't you get it back to 160?"

"I'm trying, I'm trying." Again he leveled off and jockeyed the controls until the ASI had been coaxed back to the reading required. He passed his sleeve hurriedly over his forehead, afraid to remove his hand from the column for long enough to get out a handkerchief. "There it is. 160, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's better."

"Thank God." Spencer sat back in his seat.

"Hullo, George," Treleaven's voice crackled in the earphones. "Are your flaps down yet?"

"We're just about to put them down, captain," said Janet.

"Hold it. I omitted to tell you that when the flaps are down you will lose speed. Bring it back to 140. Over."

"Well, I'll be ——" Spencer ejaculated. "That's mighty nice of him. He cut it pretty fine."

"It's probably hectic down there," said Janet, who had a very good idea of the scene taking place at the airport.

"Thank you, captain," she said, transmitting. "We're starting now. Over." At a nod from Spencer she pushed the lever down as far as it would go, while Spencer watched the indicator carefully.

"Right. Now back to second notch," he told her.

With infinite caution he cajoled the ASI needle until it rested steadily at 140.

"Tell him, Janet."

"Hullo, Vancouver. Our flaps are down fifteen degrees and the air speed is 140."

"714. Are you still maintaining level flight?"

Spencer nodded to her. "Tell him, yes—well, more or less, anyway."

"Hullo, Vancouver. More or less."

"O.K., 714. Now the next thing is to put the wheels down. Then you'll get the feel of the airplane as it will be when you're landing. Try to keep your altitude steady and your speed at 140. When you are ready—and make sure you *are* ready—put down the landing gear and let the speed come back to 120. You will probably have to advance your throttle setting to maintain that air speed, and also adjust the trim. Is that understood? Tell me if you are doubtful about anything. Over."

"Ask him," said Spencer, "what about propeller controls and mixture?"

At Janet's question, Treleaven said in an aside to Burdick, "Well, this guy's thinking, anyway. . . . For the time being," he said into the microphone, "leave them alone. Just concentrate on holding that air speed steady with the wheels and flaps down. Later on I'll give you a full check for landing. Over."

"Tell him, understood," said Spencer. "We're putting down the wheels now." He looked apprehensively at the selector lever by his leg. It seemed a much better idea to keep both hands on the column. "Look, Janet, I think you'd better work the landing gear and



An information-packed article about your baby's care, feeding, growth and fun.

Good ways to handle your "little handful"



Baby's "first course" —cereal or bottle?

Don't miss baby's tax benefits

If your baby loves to throw things and empty wastebaskets, he's a typical toddler! But how can you handle this bundle of energy without running out of energy yourself?

● **When baby throws** things, remind yourself that throwing is a new skill and skills must be practiced. You'll probably soon get tired returning what he tosses. If so, try tying his toys to high chair or crib with sturdy strings (no longer than one foot, or he may get tangled up). Then he can learn how much fun it is to "go fishing."

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● **As you like it:** An Ohio mother's letter is typical of thousands praising the exclusive new screw caps now on many Heinz Baby Foods. She writes: "Your new screw-off cap makes everything easier. It saves time—opens with a twist. And is so easy to reseal for refrigerator storage."

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call off the air speed as the wheels come down."

Janet complied. The arrest in their forward flight was so pronounced that it was like applying a brake, jerking them in their seats.

"130, 125, 120, 115 —— It's too low."

"Keep calling!"

"115, 120, 120 . . . steady on 120."

"I'll get this thing yet," Spencer panted. "She's like the Queen Mary."

Treleaven's voice came up with a hint of anxiety. "All O.K., George? Your wheels should be down by now."

"Wheels down, Vancouver."

"Look for three green lights to show you that they're locked. Also, there's a pressure gauge on the extreme left of the center panel, and the needle should be in the green range. Check."

"Are they on?" asked Spencer. Janet looked and nodded. "Better tell him, then."

"Yes, Vancouver. All correct."

"And say she still handles like a wet sponge, only more so."

"Hullo, Vancouver. The pilot says she still handles like a sponge, only more so."

"Don't worry about that. Now we'll put on full flaps, and you'll have the proper feel of the aircraft on landing. You'll soon get the hang of it. Now follow me closely. Put full flap on, bring your air speed back to 110 knots and trim to hold you steady. Adjust the throttle to maintain the altitude. Then I'll give you instructions for holding your height and air speed while you raise the landing gear and flaps. Over."

"Did you say 110, captain?" Janet queried.

"110 is correct, Janet."

"Tell him, yes. We are putting on full flap now."

Once more her hand pushed hard on the flap lever and the air speed started to fall.

"120," she said, "115, 115, 110, 110 ——"

Spencer's voice was tight with the effort of will he was imposing on himself. "All right, Janet. Let him know. She's a ton weight."

"Hullo, Vancouver. Flaps are full on and the air speed is 110. Mr. Spencer says she is heavier than ever."

"Nice going, George. We'll make an airline pilot of you yet. Now we'll get you back to where you were and then run through the procedure again, with certain variations regarding props, mixture, and so on. O.K.? Over."

"Again!" Spencer groaned. "I don't know if I can take it. All right, Janet."

"O.K., Vancouver. We're ready."

"Right, 714. Using the reverse procedure, adjust your flaps to read fifteen degrees and speed 120 knots. You will have to throttle back slightly to keep that speed. Go ahead."

Reaching down, Janet grasped the flap lever and gave it a tug. It failed to move. She bent closer and tried again.

"What is it?" asked Spencer.

"Sort of stiff. I can't seem to move it this time."

"Shouldn't be. Give it a good steady pull."

"It must be me. I just can't make it budge."

"Here. Let me." He took his hand off the column and pulled the lever back effortlessly. "There, you see. You've got to have the touch. Now if you'll just rest it in the second ——"

"Look out!" she screamed. "The air speed!"

It was 90, moving to 75.

Bracing himself against the sudden acute angle of the flight deck, Spencer knew they were in a bad stall, an incipient spin. *Keep your head,* he ordered himself savagely—*think. If she spins, we're finished. Which way is the stall? It's to the left. Try to remember what they taught you at flying school. Stick forward and hard opposite rudder. Stick forward. Keep it forward. We're gaining speed. Opposite rudder. Now! Watch the instruments. They can't be right—I can feel us turning! No—trust them. You must trust them. Be ready to straighten. That's it. Come on. Come on, lady, come on.*

"The mountains!" It was almost a scream from Janet. "I can see the ground!"

Ease back. Ease back. Not too fast. Hold the air speed steady. We're coming out . . . we're coming out!

"105, 110, 115," Janet read off in a strangle tone. "It's completely black now. We must b in fog or something."

"Get the wheels up!"

"The mountains! We must ——"

"Get the wheels up, I said!"

The door to the flight deck crashed oper There were sounds of crying and angry voice

"What are they doing?" came a yell from woman.

"There's something wrong! I'm going t find out what it is!"

"Get back to your seat." This was Baird voice.

"Let me through!"

The silhouette of a man filled the doorway peering into the darkness of the flight deck He lurched forward, grabbing hold of any thing to keep himself upright, and stared i petrified disbelief at the back of Spencer head and then down at the prostrate figure of the two men on the floor.

His voice was a shriek. "He's not the pilot We shall all be killed! We're going to crash!

Wreathed in woolly haloes, the neon light at the entrance to the reception building a Vancouver Airport glistened back from th wet driveway.

A mud-streaked car braked harshly, swun over to the parking lot, its tires squealing on th asphalt, and stopped abruptly. On the le hand side of its windshield was pasted a re sticker, PRESS. A big man, thickset, with gra ing hair and wearing an open trench coat, g out and slammed the doo He walked rapidly over Reception, nodded to th patrolman and hurried i side. Dodging two inter in white medical coats, h looked round for the Map Leaf Air Charter Compan desk and made his way ov to it quickly. Two men stoo there in discussion.

"What's the score Terry?" asked the big man.

"I've given the office what I've got, M Jessup," said the other man, who was muc younger. "This is Ralph Jessup—Canadia International News," he added to the pa senger agent.

"Who's handling it here?" asked Jessup.

"I think Mr. Howard is about to make statement in the press room," said the pa senger agent.

"Let's go," said Jessup. He took the young man by the arm and drew him away.

They turned as a youngish man entere holding in his hand some slips of paper. Th was Cliff Howard. He did not smile at th newsmen, although most of them were pe sonal friends of his.

I heard a man say that brigands demand your money or your life, whereas women require both. SAMUEL BUTLER

Howard glanced down at the papers in h hand, then back at the men. "All right," said. "Here it is. A Maple Leaf Empress w chartered in Toronto to bring supporters the ball game today. On the Winnipeg leg bo the pilot and the copilot have been taken i A passenger is at the controls. He hasn't ha experience with this type of airplane befor We're talking him down—Captain Pa Treleaven, Cross-Canada's chief pilot, is the job—but the authorities thought it advi able to take precautionary measures in clea ing the area and bringing in extra help in ca of accident."

There was a pause. "I guess there's n much more I can tell you," said Howar apologetically. "We're doing all we can ar I'd sure appreciate it if ——"

"Cliff, what are you giving us?" protest Stephens. "How does it happen *both* the pilo are ill?"

Howard shrugged uncomfortably. "W don't yet know for sure. We have docto standing by ——"

"Now listen," Jessup interrupted tersel "This is no time to play the innocent, Cli Let's start again. What's the truth about th rumor of food poisoning?"

Howard breathed deeply. He smiled ar made a dramatic gesture of flipping notes the floor. "Look, boys," he said expansivel "I'll lay it on the line for you—you know

CONTINUED ON PAGE 144

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never hold back from you if I can help it. What's happening tonight is a big emergency—why should I pretend it isn't?—but everything that's humanly possible is being done to minimize the risk. Frankly, I've never seen anything ——"

"The story, Howard!"

"Sure, sure. But I want you to understand that nothing I say can be taken as an official statement, on behalf of either the airport or the Maple Leaf Air Charter Company. All I can tell you is this, and I want you to get it straight. Fog delayed the departure of the Empress from Toronto and it was late on arrival at Winnipeg—so late that the normal caterers were not available. Food was obtained from another firm instead. Some of that food was fish, and some of that fish, gentlemen, may—I repeat, may—have been contaminated. The usual procedure is being carried out by the public-health authorities in Winnipeg."

"What about the guy who's taken over?"

"The plane's crew is one of Maple Leaf's most experienced teams— Captain Lee Dunning, First Officer Peter Levinson and Stewardess Janet Benson—I've got full details right here ——"

"Save that," said Jessup. "We'll pick it up later." Two more newsmen hurried into the room and pushed into the group. "What's the story on the passenger who's flying the crate?"

"My information is that the first officer, then the captain were taken sick. Luckily there was a passenger on board who had piloted before and he took over the controls. Name of George Spencer, from Winnipeg, I assume—he joined the plane there."

"When you say he has flown before, do you mean he's an ex-airline pilot?"

"Well, no. I believe he flew extensively in the war in smaller aircraft ——"

"In the war? That was years ago."

"What kind of smaller aircraft?" Jessup demanded.

"Spitfires, Mustangs, quite a wide range of ——"

"Hold it. Those were fighters. You mean that an ex-wartime pilot who was used to single-engine fighters can handle after all these years a multiengine airliner?" There was a scramble as two or three of the newsmen broke away to the telephone booths.

"Naturally there is some risk," Howard conceded, "which is why the precaution has been taken of clearing the immediate vicinity. But there's no reason to ——"

"Some risk!" echoed Jessup. "Cliff, if you hole up on this one ——"

"I've told you, Jess, that's all I have on him. He seems to be doing well on the last report."

"How long have we got before the crash?"

Howard jerked round. "Don't assume that," he retorted. "She's due in round about an hour, maybe less."

"Are you beaming her in?"

"I'm not sure, but I think Captain Treleaven intends to talk her down. The air lanes and the field have been cleared. The city fire department is moving in extra help, just in case."

Jessup gripped the public-relations man by the shoulder. "You've been a newspaperman, Cliff. Either way this will be the biggest air story for years, and you know it. In an hour's time this place will be stiff with reporters, newsreels, TV, the lot. You've got to help us now, unless you want us busting out all over the airport. Get us the exact present position and you can take a breather for a few minutes while we get our stories through."

"O.K." Howard picked up an internal telephone from the table. "This is Howard. Control Room, please." He pulled down his lower lip at Jessup. "You'll get me crucified. Hullo Control? Is Burdick there? Put me on, it's urgent. . . . Hullo, Harry? The press are crowding up, Harry. I can't hold them much longer. They want the full situation as of now. They've got deadlines to meet."

"Of course!" snorted Burdick sarcastically in the Control Room. "Certainly! We'll arrange for the flight to crash before their deadlines. Anything for the newspapers!"

"Take it easy, Harry," urged Howard. "These guys are doing their job."

Burdick lowered the telephone and said to the controller, "Things are boiling up a bit for Cliff Howard. I don't want to leave here. Do you think Stan could take a few minutes out to talk to the press?"

"I think so," answered the controller.

"The assistant controller is coming down, Cliff," said Burdick, and rang off.

He heaved his bulk over to the two men at the radio panel, mopping his face. "Are you getting anything?" he asked.

Treleaven shook his head. His face was gray with fatigue. "No," he said. "They've gone."

The controller rapped to the switchboard operator, "Teletype Calgary and Seattle, priority. Find out if they're still receiving 714."

"714, 714. Vancouver Control to 714," called the radio operator into the microphone. "Hullo, 714. 714, this is Vancouver."

He called over his shoulder, "I can hear *something* . . . it may be them. I can't be sure. If it is, they're off frequency."

"We'll have to take a chance," said Treleaven. "Tell them to change frequency."

"Flight 714," called the operator. "This is Vancouver. Change your frequency to 128.3. Do you hear that? Frequency 128.3."

Burdick plumped back on to a corner of the center table. His hand left a moist mark on the woodwork. "This can't happen—it can't," he protested in a gravel voice, staring at the radio panel. "If we've lost them now, they'll fry—every last man jack of them."

Like a man in a nightmare, possessed with the fury of desperation, Spencer fought to regain control of the aircraft, one hand on the throttle levers and the other gripped tightly on the wheel. Within him, oddly at variance with the strong sense of unreality, he felt scorching anger and self-disgust. Somewhere along the line, and quickly, he had not only lost altitude but practically all his air speed too. Something had happened to distract him, that was all he could remember.

"We're gaining height," came Janet's voice. He remembered her with a shock and in the



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ent heard a man shouting, "He's not the They're stretched out there, both of We're done for!"

ut up and sit down!" rasped Baird y.

ou can't order me about ——"

said get back! Sit down!"

ll right, doctor," came the adenoidal of 'Otpot, the man from Lancashire, leave him to me. Now, you ——"

ncer shut his eyes for an instant in an to clear the dancing of the illuminated

rd's voice called from the doorway, the rising thunder of the engines, "What g on, anyway, in there?"

ncer answered, "Sorry, doc. I just n't hold her. I think it's O.K. now."

y to keep level, at least," Baird com- d. "There are people very, very ill back ' Then the door slammed shut, cutting ff.

ncer breathed deeply. Then, "Let's get on the radio," he said. "We'd better re- Tell them what happened, and that I'm ing height."

et pressed her microphone button to nit and called Vancouver. For the first here was no immediate acknowledgment ly. She called again. There was nothing. ncer felt the familiar stab of fear. He himself to control it. "What's wrong?" ed her. "Are you sure you're on the

s—I think so."

ow into your mike. If it's alive you'll ourself."

did so. "Yes, I heard all right. Hullo, uver. Hullo, Vancouver. This is 714. ou hear me? Over."

e shortest way to do many things to do only one thing at a time.
CECIL

ce.

llo, Vancouver. This is 714. Please an- Over."

silence.

me," said Spencer. He took his right rom the throttle and depressed his mi- ne button. "Hullo, Vancouver. Hullo, uver. This is Spencer, 714. Emergency, ncy. Come in, please."

silence seemed as solid and as tangible ll.

getting a reading on the transmitting said Spencer. "I'm sure we're sending He tried again, with no result. "Calling ions. Mayday, mayday, mayday. This is 714, in serious trouble. Come in any- Over." The ether seemed completely That settles it. We must be off fre- ."

w could that have happened?"

n't ask me. *Anything* can happen, the e were just now. You'll have to go he dial, Janet."

t that risky—to change our frequency?" ed.

my guess it's already changed. All I that without the radio I might as well nose down right now and get it over. know where we are, and even if I did I ly couldn't land in one piece."

slid out of her seat, trailing the cord er headset behind her, and reached up adio panel. She clicked the channel se- ound slowly. There was a succession of s and splutters.

been right the way round," she said.

p at it," Spencer told her. "You've got omething. If we have to, we'll call on annel in turn." There was a sudden, voice. "Wait, what's that?" Janet back hurriedly. "Give it more vol-

– to 128.3," said the voice with startling s. "Vancouver Control to Flight 714. to frequency 128.3. Reply please.

it there," said Spencer. "Better ac- dge it, quick."

Janet climbed back into her seat and called rapidly, "Hullo, Vancouver. 714 answering. Receiving you loud and clear. Over."

With no perceptible pause Vancouver came back, the voice of the dispatcher charged with eagerness and relief.

"714. This is Vancouver. We lost you. What happened? Over."

"Vancouver, are we glad to hear you!" said Janet, holding her forehead. "We had some trouble. The airplane stalled and the radio went off. But it's all right now—we're climbing again. Over."

This time it was Treleaven speaking. "Hullo, Janet. I'm glad you had the good sense to realize you were off frequency. You've probably had a bit of a scare, so we'll take it easy for a minute or two. While you're getting some height under you I want you to give me some readings from the instrument panel. We'll start with the fuel-tank gauges."

While the captain recited the information he wanted, the door to the passenger deck opened and Baird looked in again, about to call to the two figures forward. He took in their concentration on the instrument panel and checked himself. Then he entered, closing the door behind him, and dropped on one knee beside the forms of the pilot and first officer, using his ophthalmoscope as a flashlight to examine their faces. Dun had rolled partly out of his blankets and was moaning softly. Pete appeared to be unconscious.

The doctor readjusted the covers, wrapping them in tightly. Then he rose, bracing himself against the tilt of the deck. Janet was relaying figures into her microphone. Without a word the doctor let himself out, carefully sliding the door closed.

The scene outside resembled a vast casualty ambulance rather than the passenger deck of an airliner. At intervals along the crowded cabin, their reclining seats fully extended, sick passengers lay swaddled in rugs. One or two were quite motionless, scarcely breathing.

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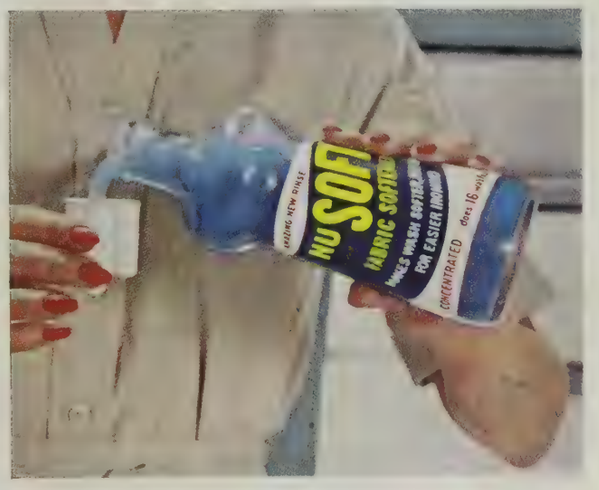
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'Otpot, the perky little Lancashire man, came along to the doctor. "How much longer is there to go?"

"I've no idea. I've lost all sense of time. But if we're on course it can't be long now."

'Otpot put to him as quietly as he could, "What d'you really think, doc? 'Ave we got a chance?"

Baird shook the question off in tired irritation. "Why ask me? There's always a *chance*, I suppose. It isn't going to make much odds to some of the folk here before long."

He squatted down to look at Mrs. Childer. Her husband demanded hoarsely, "Doctor, is there *nothing* we can do for her?"

Baird looked at the closed, sunken eyes of the woman. He said slowly, "Mr. Childer, you've a right to know the truth. We're making all the speed we possibly can, but at best it will be touch and go for your wife. I've done what I could for her, and I'll continue to do it, but it's pathetically little. Keep her really warm. Keep her lips moistened. If you can get her to take a little water now and then, so much the better. Remember she's lost a very critical amount of body fluids."

At that moment, in the Control Room at Vancouver, Harry Burdick was in the process of replacing some of his own body fluid with another carton of coffee. In addition to the microphone in his hand, Treleaven now had on a headset. Into the latter he was asking, "Radar, are you getting anything at all?"

From another part of the building the chief radar operator answered, "Not a thing yet."

"I can't understand it," Treleaven said to the controller. "They ought to be in range by now."

Burdick volunteered, "Don't forget he lost speed in that last practice."

"Yes, that's so," Treleaven agreed. Into his headset he said, "Radar, let me know the instant you get something." To the controller, "I daren't bring him down through cloud without knowing where he is. Ask the Air Force for another check, will you, Mr. Grimsell?" He nodded to the radio operator. "Put me on the air. . . . Hullo, 714. Now listen carefully, George. We are going through that drill again, but before we start I want to explain a few things. Are you with me? Over."

Janet replied, "Go ahead, Vancouver. We are listening carefully. Over."

"Right, 714. Now before you can land, certain checks and adjustments must be carried out. I'll tell you when and how to do them later. Now I just want to run over them to prepare you. First, the hydraulic booster pump must be switched on. Then the brake pressure must be showing about 900 to 1000 pounds a square inch. You'll maybe remember something along these lines from your fighter planes. Next, after the wheels are lowered you turn on the fuel booster pumps and check that the gas feed is sufficient. Lastly, the mixture has to be made good and rich and the propellers set. Got all that? We'll take it step by step as you come in so that Janet can set the switches. Now I'm going to tell you where each of them is. Here we go."

Janet and Spencer identified each control as they were directed.

"Tell him we have them pinpointed, Janet."

"Hullo, Vancouver. We're O.K. on that."

"Right, 714. Check again that you are in level flight. Over."

"Hullo, Vancouver. Yes, flying level now and above cloud."

"Right, 714. Now, George, let's have fifteen degrees of flap again, speed 140, and we'll go through the wheel-lowering routine. Wat that air speed like a hawk this time. If you' ready, let's go."

Grimly Spencer began the procedure, fo lowing each instruction with complete co centration while Janet anxiously counted t the air speed and operated the flap and unde carriage levels. Once again they felt the sha jolt as their speed was arrested. The first tent tive streaks of dawn were glimmering to ea ward.

In the Control Room, Treleaven took t opportunity to gulp some cold coffee. He a cepted a cigarette from Burdick and exhal the smoke noisily. He looked haggard, with blue stubble around his chin.

"How do you read the situation now queried the airline manager.

"It's as well as can be expected," said t captain, "but time's running dangerous short. He should have at least a dozen ru through this flap-and-wheels drill alone. Wi luck we'll get about three in before he's ov head—that is, if he's on course."

"You're going to give him practice a proaches?" put in the controller.

"I must. Without at least two or three wouldn't give a red cent for his chances. Th man up there frightened out of wits, and with go reason. If his ner doesn't hold, t may stand m chance by ditch off-shore in strait."

"But—the pact!" Burdick claimed. "And sick people—and t aircraft. It'd be total loss."

"It would be calculated risk," sa Treleaven icily. he crashes here, f is almost certain a we'll be lucky to sa anyone. He may ev take some grou installation with hi Whereas if he p down on the oce he'll break up airplane, sure, we stand a chance saving some of passengers if not very sick ones. I don't want to do it. It wo amount to abandoning the sick passenge But it may be necessary." He spoke into headset. "Radar, are you getting anything

"Still nothing," came the even, imperso reply. "Hold it, though. Wait a minute. T may be something. . . . Yes, captain. I h him now. He's ten miles south of track. H him turn right onto a heading of 265."

"Nice work," said Treleaven. He nodde be put on the air as the switchboard opera called across, "Air Force report visual co tact, sir. ETA thirty-eight minutes."

"Right." He raised the microphone in fr of him. "Hullo, 714. Have you carried out reverse procedure for flaps and landing ge Over."

"Yes, Vancouver. Over," came the gi voice.

"Any trouble this time? Flying straight a level?"

"Everything all right, Vancouver. The pi says—so far."

"That's fine, 714. We have you on ra now. You're off course ten miles to the sou I want you to bank carefully to the right, us your throttles to maintain your present spe and place the aircraft on a heading of 265. repeat that: 265. Is that clear? Over."

"Understood, Vancouver."

Treleaven glanced out the window. T darkness outside had lightened very slight "Thank God they'll be able to see a little," said, "though not until the last minutes."

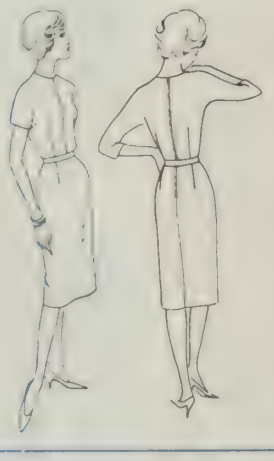
"I'll put everything on stand-by," said controller. He called to his assistant, "W the tower now, Stan. Tell them to alert the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 148

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICE OF VOGUE PATTERN ON PAGE 111

Vogue Design No. 3000. Basic dress; 10–44 (31–46). 60c.

Version shown requires 3 yards of 39″ fabric without nap, size 14.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 146

people." Then, to the switchboard operator, "Give me the city police."

Treleaven was not listening. He had slumped into a chair, his head bowed with a hand over his eyes. But at the first splutter as the amplifier came alive he was on his feet, reaching for the microphone.

"Hullo, Vancouver," called Janet. "We are now on a heading of 265 as instructed. Over."

"714, that's fine," said Treleaven with an assumed cheerfulness. "You're doing splendidly. Let's have it all again, shall we? This will be the last time before you reach the airport, George, so make it good."

Spencer tried to ease his aching legs. His whole body felt pommeled and bruised. In his anxiety and the effort of concentration he had expended almost unnecessary energy, leaving him, the moment he relaxed, utterly drained of strength. He looked across to Janet. "How did we make out that time?" he asked. He knew he was very near to collapse.

She seemed to sense the purpose of his question. "We did pretty well," she said. "Anyway, I thought Captain Treleaven sounded pleased, didn't you?"

"Hardly heard him," he said. "I just hope that's the lot. How many times have we done the flap-and-wheel routine now—is it three? If he asks us to do it once more, I'll ——"

"Have you noticed, the sun's coming up," said Janet.

"Why, sure," he lied, lifting his eyes. Even ahead to the west the carpet of cloud was tinged with pink and gold. To the south, on the port beam, he could see two mountaintops, isolated like islands in a tumbling ocean of cotton wool. "We won't be long now." He paused. "Janet."

"Yes?"

"Before we go down, have a last—I mean, another look at the pilots. We'll probably bump a bit—you know—and we don't want them thrown about."

Janet flashed a grateful smile. "Can you hold on there for a moment?" she asked.

"Don't worry, I'll yell quick enough."

She slipped off her headset and rose from her seat. As she turned to get out, the door to the passenger deck opened and Baird looked in.

"Oh—you're off the radio," he observed.

"I was just going to have a look at the captain and copilot, to make sure they're secure."

"No need to," he told her. "I did it a few minutes ago."

"Doctor," called Spencer, "how are things back there?"

"That's why I looked in," said Baird tersely. "We're running out of time—but fast. How long is it likely to be now?"

"Well under the half hour, I'd say. How does that sound?"

"I don't know," Baird said doubtfully. He held on to the back of Spencer's seat, weariness apparent in every inch of his posture. He was in shirt sleeves, his tie discarded. "There are two patients in a state of complete prostration," he went on. "How much longer they can last without treatment, I can't say. There are others who'll soon be just as bad."

The earphones came to life. "Hullo, 714. This is Vancouver. Over."

Spencer waved Janet back into her seat and she hurriedly donned her headset.

"714 here," Janet acknowledged into her microphone. "We'll be with you in a moment."

"Doctor," said Spencer, speaking quickly, "I don't have to fool you. This may be rough. Just about anything in the book is liable to happen." The doctor said nothing. "You know what I mean. They may get a bit jumpy back there. See that they're kept in their seats, huh?"

Baird seemed to be turning words over in his mind. Then he replied in a gruff tone, "Do the best you can and leave me to take care of the rest." He thumped the young man lightly on the shoulder and made his way aft.

"O.K.," said Spencer to the girl.

"Go ahead, Vancouver," she called.

"Hullo, 714," responded the clear, confident voice of Treleaven. "Now that you've had a breather since that last run-through, George, we'd better press on again. Our flying practice has slowed you down a bit, though that's all to the good as it will be getting light when you come in. You are now in the holding position and ready to start losing height. First I want to speak to Janet. Are you listening, Janet?"

"Hullo, Vancouver. Yes, I hear you."

"Janet, when we make this landing we want you to follow the emergency-crash procedures for protection of passengers. Do you understand? Over."

"I understand, captain. Over."

"One more thing, Janet. Just before the landing we will ask the pilot to sound the emergency bell. And, George—the switch for that bell is right over the copilot's seat and it's painted red."

"Can you see it?" asked Spencer without looking up.

"Yes," said Janet, "it's here."

"All right. Remember it."

"Janet," continued Treleaven, "that will be your warning for final precautions, because I want you to be back then with the passengers."

"Tell him no," Spencer cut in. "I must have you up front."

"Hullo, Vancouver," said Janet. "I understand your instructions, but the pilot needs me to help him. Over."

There was a long pause. Then, "All right, 714," Treleaven answered. "I appreciate the position. But it is your duty, Janet, to see that all emergency-crash precautions are taken before we can think about landing. Is there anyone you can explain and delegate this to?"

She hesitated, then pressed the stud to transmit. "Hullo, Vancouver. Doctor Baird will have to keep a watch on the sick passengers as we land. I think he's the best person to carry out the emergency drill."

"Hullo, Janet. Very well. Detach yourself now and explain the procedure carefully to the doctor. Let me know when you're through." Janet laid aside her headset and climbed out of her seat. "Now, George," Treleaven went on, "watch that you keep to your present course; I'll give you any corrections as necessary. Right now, as you approach the airport I'll give you a cockpit check of the really essential things. We'll have as many dummy runs as you like, but when you do finally come in the procedure must be carried out properly and completely. We'll start on the first check directly Janet gets back on the air."

In the Control Room at Vancouver, Treleaven took a dead cigarette from his mouth and tossed it away. He looked up at the electric wall clock and back at the controller. "How much gas have they got?" he demanded.

Grimsell picked up the clip board from the table. "In flying time, enough for about ninety minutes," he said.

"What's the angle, captain?" asked Burdick. "You figure there's plenty of time for circuits and approaches, don't you?"

"There's got to be," said Treleaven. "This is a first-flight solo. But keep a strict check on it, will you, Mr. Grimsell? We must have plenty in hand for a long run-in over the ocean, if I decide as a last measure to ditch."

Treleaven stood by the radio panel, his fingers drumming absently, his eyes fixed on the clock. Outside the airport, in the first light of dawn, the emergency measures were in full swing. At a hospital a nurse hung up her telephone and spoke to a doctor working at an adjacent table. She handed him his coat, reaching also for her own. They hurried out and a few minutes later the overhead door to the vehicle bay of the hospital slid up, emitting first one ambulance and then another.

In a city fire station one of the few crews to be held to the last minute on reserve slapped down their cards and raced for the door at the sound of the bell, snatching up their clothing equipment on the way. The last man out skidded back to the table and lifted up the cards of one of his opponents. He raised an eyebrow, then dived after his colleagues.

At the little group of houses near Sea Island Bridge, which lay in direct line with the airfield, police were shepherding families into two buses, most of the people with street clothes thrown hastily on over their night attire. A small girl, staring intently at the sky, tripped over her pajamas. She was picked up

stantly by a policeman and deposited in a
is. He waved to the driver to get started.
"Hullo, Vancouver," called Janet a little
eathlessly. "I've given the necessary in-
uctions. Over."
"Good girl," said Treleaven with relief.
Now, George, the clock is running a little
ainst us. First, reset your altimeter to 30.1.
ien throttle back slightly, but hold your air
eed steady until you're losing height at 500
et per minute. Watch your instruments
osely. You'll have a long descent through
oud."
Spencer spread his fingers round the
rottles and gently moved them back. The
mb-and-descent indicator fell slowly and a
tle unevenly to 600, then rose again to remain
irly steady at 500.
"Here comes the cloud," he said, as the
eams of daylight were abruptly blotted out.
Ask him how high the cloud base is below."
Janet repeated the question.
"Ceiling is around 2000 feet," said Tre-
ven, "and you should break out of cloud
out fifteen miles from the airport."
"Tell him we're descending steadily at 500
et a minute," instructed Spencer.
Janet did so.
"Right, 714. Now, George, this is a little
ore tricky. Don't break your concentration.
eep a constant check on that descent indi-
tor. But at the same time, if you can, I want
u to pinpoint the controls in a first run-
rough of landing procedure. Think you can
anage that?"
Spencer did not trouble to answer. His eyes
oted on the instru-
nt panel, he just set
lips and nodded
pressively.
"Yes, Vancouver,"
d Janet. "We'll try."
"O.K., then. If any-
ng gets out of hand,
l me immediately."
leleaven shook off a
nd someone had
d on his arm to
errupt him. His eyes
re screwed up
htly, as he looked again at the blank spot
the wall, visualizing there the cockpit of
aircraft. "George, this is what you will do
you come in. First, switch the hydraulic
oster pump *on*. Remember, just fix these
ngs in your mind—don't do anything now.
e gauge is on the extreme left of the panel,
der and to the left of the gyro control. Got
George? Over."
He heard Janet's voice reply, "The pilot
ows that one, Vancouver, and has located
switch."
"Right, 714. Next you'll have to turn off the
cer control," Treleaven went on. "That's
und to be on and will show on the gauge
the right of the panel, just in front of
net. The flow control is next to it. That
e's easy, but the control must be off before
u land. Watching the descent indicator,
eorge? Next item, brake pressure. There are
o gauges, one for the inboard brake and
e for the outboard. They're immediately
the right of the hydraulic boost which
u've just found. Over."
After a pause, Janet confirmed, "Found
em, Vancouver. They're showing 950 and—
—1010 pounds—is it per square inch?—
ch."

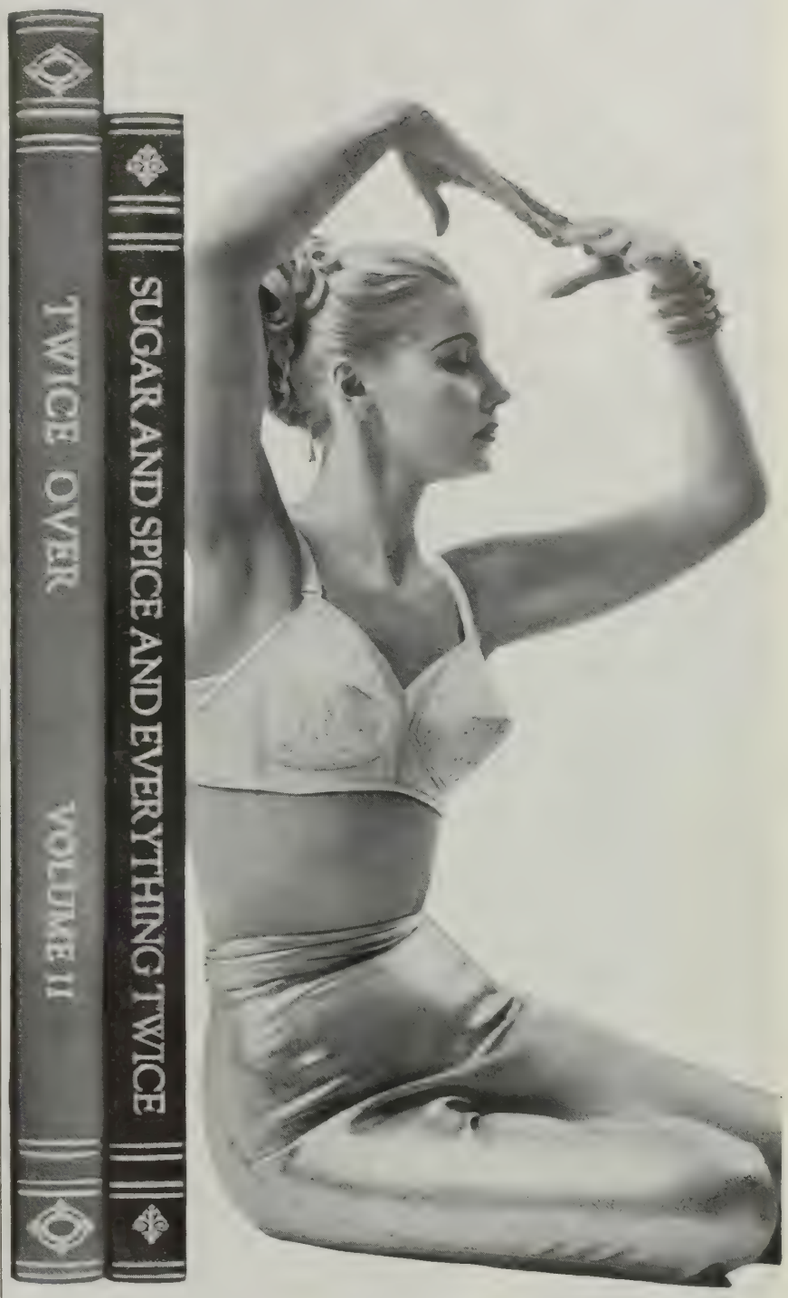
Then they're O.K., but they must be
ecked again before landing. Now, the
ls. They must be one third closed. The
itch is right by Janet's left knee and you'll
it's marked in thirds. Are you with me?
er."
"Yes, I see it, Vancouver. Over."
"You can work that one, Janet. Next to it,
the same bank of switches, are the port and
rboard intercooler switches. They will have
be opened fully. Make sure of that, Janet,
n't you? Open fully. The next and most
portant thing is the landing gear. You've
en through the drill, but go over it thor-
ghly in your mind first, starting with the
o movement and ending with the wheels
ly down and locked. Full flap should be
t on when the plane is very near touchdown
d you're sure you're going to come in. I shall
direct you on that. Is this understood by both
of you? Over."
"Tell him yes, thanks," said Spencer, his
eyes not leaving the panel.
"O.K., 714. When you're on the approach,
and after the wheels are down, the fuel booster
pumps must be turned on. Otherwise your sup-
ply of gas might be cut off. The switch for these
is at five o'clock from the autopilot, just be-
hind the mixture controls."

Janet scanned the panel in a daze. "*Where?*"
she almost whispered to Spencer. He peered at
the board and located the switch. "There."
His finger stabbed at the little switch, above
the grooved bank that held the throttle levers.
"All right, Vancouver," she said weakly.
"Now the mixture is to be changed to auto
rich. I know George has been itching for that,
so I won't say any more—he'll handle that all
right. Then you have to set the propellers un-
til the green lights under the switches come on.
They're just about touching George's right
knee, I should think. Got them?"
"Pilot says yes, Vancouver."
"Lastly, the superchargers. After the wheels
are down, these must be set in the take-off
position—that is, up, on your aircraft. They
are the four levers to the left of the throttles.
Any questions about all that? Over."
Spencer looked at Janet. "Ask him about
time. How much have we got?"
Janet put the question to Vancouver.
"As I said, George, you've got all the time
in the world—but we just don't want to waste
any. You'll be over the airport in about
twelve minutes. Don't
let that bother you.
There'll be as much
time as you like for
further practice." A
pause. "Radar reports
a course adjustment
necessary, George.
Change your heading
five degrees to 260,
please. Over."
Treleaven switched
off his microphone and
spoke to the controller.
"They're well on the glide path now," he
said. "As soon as we've got visual contact, I'll
level them off and take them around for cir-
cuits and drills."
"Hullo, Vancouver," came Janet's voice
over the amplifier. "We have now changed
course to 260. Over."
"O.K., 714." Treleaven hitched up his
trousers with one hand. "Let's have a check
on your height, please. Over."
"Vancouver," answered Janet after a few
seconds, "our height is 2500 feet."
On his headset, Treleaven heard the radar
operator report, "Fifteen miles from the field."
He said, "That's fine, George. You'll be com-
ing out of cloud any minute. As soon as you
do, look for the airport beacon. Over."
A long pause followed. Suddenly the radio
crackled into life, catching Janet in mid-
sentence. She was saying excitedly, "——lift-
ing very slightly. I thought I saw something.
I'm not sure. . . . Yes, there it is! I see it! Do
you see it, Mr. Spencer? It's right ahead. . . .
We can see the beacon, Vancouver!"
"They made it!" Treleaven shouted. "They're
through! . . . All right, George," he called into
the microphone, "level off now at 2000 feet
and wait for instructions. I'm moving to the
control tower now, so you won't hear from
me for a few minutes. We'll decide on the run-
way to use at the last minute, so you can land
into wind. Before that you'll make some
dummy runs, to practice your landing ap-
proaches. Over."
They heard Spencer's voice say, "I'll take
this, Janet." There was a broken snatch of
conversation, then Spencer came on the air
again, biting off his words.
"No dice, Vancouver. The situation up here
doesn't allow. We're coming straight in."
"Don't be a fool, George," said Treleaven.
"You've *got* to have some practice runs."
"I'm holding my line of descent," Spencer
intoned deliberately, his voice shaking slightly.
"There are people up here dying. Dying! I'll
stand as much chance on the first run-in as I
will on the tenth. I'm coming straight in."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 151

For one human being to love another: that is perhaps the hardest of all our tasks, the ultimate, the last test and proof, the work for which all other work is but preparation.

RAINER MARIA RILKE
Letters to a Young Poet, W. W. Norton & Co.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 149

"Let me talk to him," appealed the controller.

"No," said Treleaven, "there's no time for rgument." His face was white. A vein in his emple pulsed. "By all the rules he's in comand of that airplane. I'm going to accept is decision."

"You can't do that," Burdick protested. Don't you realize ——"

"All right, George," Treleaven called, "if hat's the way you want it. Stand by and level ff. We're going to the tower now. Good luck o us all. Listening out." He ripped off his eadset, flinging it down, and shouted to the thers, "Let's go." The three men leaped out f the room and raced along the corridor. Igoring the elevator, they bounded up the tairs, and burst into the tower Control Room.

An operator stood at the massive sweep of indow, studying the lightening sky through ight binoculars. "There he is!" he announced.

Treleaven snatched up a second pair of lasses, took a quick look, then put them own. "All right," he said, panting. "Let's nake our decision on the runway."

"Zero-eight," said the operator. "It's the ngest and it's pretty well into the wind."

"Radar!" called the captain.

"Here, sir!"

Treleaven crossed to a side table on which ppeared a plan of the airport under glass. He sed a thick chinagraph pencil to mark the roposed course of the aircraft.

"Here's what we do. Right now he's about ere. We'll turn him so he begins to make a ide left-hand circuit, and at the same time ring him down to a thousand feet. I'll start he prelanding check here, hen we'll take him over the ea and make a slow turn round onto final. That lear?"

"Yes, captain," said the perator.

Treleaven took a headset nd put it on. "Is this ooked up to the radar oom?"

"Yes, sir."

The controller was reciting into a telephone-ype microphone, "Tower to all emergency ehicles. Runway is zero-eight. Zero-eight. Airport tenders take positions numbers one and wo. Civilian equipment number three. All mbulances to positions numbers four and ve. I repeat that no vehicle will leave its posion until the aircraft has passed it. Start now."

Leaning down on the top of a control conole, the captain flicked the switch of a desk icrophone. At his elbow the spools of a tape ecorder began to revolve.

"Hullo, George Spencer," he called in a eady, even tone. "This is Paul Treleaven in ancouver tower. Do you hear me? Over."

Janet's voice filled the Control Room. "Yes, aptain. You are loud and clear. Over."

Over the telephone, the calm voice of the adar operator reported, "Ten miles. Turn to heading of 253."

"All right, George. You are now ten miles om the airport. Turn to a heading of 253. hrottle back and begin to lose height to one housand feet. Janet, put the preliminary landng procedure in hand for the passengers. Neither of you acknowledge any further transissions unless you wish to ask a question."

Removing his hands one at a time from the ontrol column, Spencer flexed his fingers. He managed a grin at the girl beside him. O.K., Janet, do your stuff," he told her.

She unhooked a microphone from the cabin all and pressed the stud, speaking into it. Attention please, everyone." She gripped the icrophone hard and cleared her throat. "Will ou please resume your seats and fasten your afety belts. We shall be landing in a few inutes. Thank you."

"Well done," Spencer complimented her. Just like any old landing, eh?"

She tried to smile back, biting her lower p. "Well, not quite that," she said.

"You've got plenty of what it takes," said pencer soberly. "I couldn't have held on this ir without ——" He broke off, gently moving he rudder bar and the wheel, waiting to feel he response from the aircraft. "Janet," he said, his eyes on the instruments, "we haven't much more time. But I want to make sure you understand why I must try to get her down—somehow—on the first shot."

"Yes," she said quietly, "I understand." She had clipped her safety belt around her waist and now her hands were clenched together tightly in her lap.

"Well, I want to say thanks," he went on stumblingly. "You know, if anyone does, just how lousy I am at this. But taking turns around the field won't help. And some of the folk in the back are getting worse every minute."

"I told you," she said. "You don't have to explain."

He shot a quick look at her. She was watching the air-speed indicator; he could not see her face. He glanced away, back along the broad stretch of wing behind them. It was describing with infinite slowness the tiny segment of an arc, balancing on its tip the misty blue-gray outline of a hillside twinkling with road lamps. Sliding under the body of the aircraft, on the other quarter, were the distantly blazing lights of the airport.

He could feel his heart thumping as his body made its own emergency preparations, as if aware that what remained of its life could now be measured in minutes, even seconds.

He heard himself say, "Here we go, then. This is it, Janet. I'm starting to lose height—*now*."

He shivered suddenly. Sweat-soaked, he felt the chill of the early-morning air like a knife.

There was the sensation, quickly passing, of being suspended in time, as if the world were holding its breath.

"We are on a heading of 253." The girl's voice carried distinctly from the radio amplifier. "We are now losing height rapidly."

His eyes shadowed with anxiety, Burdick glanced into the face of the young man at his side. Without a word they turned and re-entered the great glass surround of the control tower. Treleaven and Grimsell were crouched before the desk microphone, their features bathed in the green glow from the radar monitor in front of them.

Treleaven asked, "Wind still the same?"

Grimsell nodded. "Slightly across runway zero-eight, but that's still our best bet. It's the longest."

"Radar," said Treleaven into his headset, "keep me fed the whole time, whether or not you can hear that I'm on the air. This won't be a normal talk-down. Scrap procedure the instant 714 runs into trouble. Cut in and yell."

He listened for a moment to the calm recital of radar readings in his earphones, then pressed the switch of the microphone. "George, let your air speed come back to 160 knots and hold it steady there."

The amplifier came alive as 714 took the air. There was an agonizing pause before Janet's voice intoned, "We are now at 1000 feet and leveling off. Over."

"Good," said Treleaven. "Now set your mixture controls to take-off—that is, up to the top position." He fixed his eyes on his wrist watch. "Take your time, George. When you're ready, turn your carburetor heat controls to cold. They're just forward of the throttles."

"How about the gas tanks?" Burdick demanded hoarsely.

"We checked earlier," replied Grimsell. "He's on main wing tanks now."

In the aircraft Spencer peered apprehensively from one control to the next. His face was a rigid mask. He heard Treleaven's voice resume its inexorable monologue. "The next thing, George, is to set the air filter to 'ram' and the superchargers to low. Take your time now. The air-filter control is the single lever below the mixture controls. Move it into the up position."

"Can you see it, Janet?" asked Spencer.

"Yes. Yes, I have it." She added quickly, "Look—the airport's right below us! You can see the long main runway."

"*Plenty* long, I hope," Spencer gritted, not lifting his head.

"The supercharger controls," continued Treleaven, "are four levers to the right of the mixture controls. Move them to the up position also."

"Got them?" said Spencer.

"Yes."

"Good girl." He was conscious of the horizon line dipping and rising in front of him, but dared not release his eyes from the panel. The roar of the engines took on a fluctuating tone.

"Now let's have that fifteen degrees of flap," Treleaven instructed, "fifteen degrees—down to the second notch. The indicator dial is in the center of the main panel. When you have fifteen degrees on, bring your air speed back slowly to 140 knots and adjust your trim for level flight. As soon as you've done that, switch the hydraulic booster pump on—extreme left, by the gyro control."

Through Treleaven's headset the radar operator interposed, "Turn onto 225. I'm getting a height reading, captain. He's all over the place—900 up to 1300 feet."

"Change course to 225," said Treleaven. "And watch your height—it's too irregular. Try to keep steady at 1000 feet."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 153

Even if I knew certainly the world would end tomorrow, I would plant an apple tree today.

MARTIN LUTHER



WHY STOP WITH SALADS?

Other foods, too, get exciting new flavor from KRAFT DRESSINGS



2 fresh and easy ways to brighten your meals with Kraft Liquid Dressings!

Very Special Lamb Stew—Kraft Italian's vivid garlic-and-herb seasoning gives company airs to stew! Marinate 2 pounds of lamb shoulder, cut in 2-inch cubes, for 1 hour in Kraft Italian. Remove from dressing and brown on all sides. Season with salt and pepper. Cover with water and cook slowly for about 2 hours, or until meat is tender. Add small whole potatoes, carrots and onions—8 of each—and continue cooking for 30 minutes more. Thicken the wonderful tasting liquid for gravy. *Tip:* Another time try this same recipe using Miracle French.

Green Galaxy Salad—A bowl of greens (Bibb and leaf lettuce and romaine, torn into bite-size pieces) and onion rings becomes gourmet fare when you toss it with tomato-y sweet and spicy Catalina Dressing.

Marvelous meat loaf you do with Miracle Whip

Light, lively Miracle Whip Salad Dressing makes the delicious difference! Combine 2 lbs. of ground beef with ½ cup Miracle Whip, 2 T. finely chopped onion, 1½ cups soft bread crumbs, 2 tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper. Pack in a 1½ qt. ring mold and bake in a moderate 350° oven about 45 minutes. Unmold and serve with *Sauce Gourmet:* 1 cup Miracle Whip mixed with ½ cup crumbled Louis Rigal Roquefort or Kraft Blue Cheese.

Blend a new dip for shrimp with Kraft Mayonnaise

So good you won't believe it's so easy! That's because velvet texture Kraft Mayonnaise is specially made to blend readily with other ingredients. Here's all you do to make *Seafarer's Shrimp Dip:* combine 1 cup Kraft Mayonnaise with ¼ cup catsup and ¼ cup Kraft Cream Style Horseradish, and blend thoroughly. Serve as a dip for cold, cooked shrimp. Makes a zesty dressing for lobster or crabmeat, too.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 151

"He's dropping off fast," said the operator. "1100 . . . 1000 . . . 900 . . . 800 . . . 700 ——"

"Watch your height!" Treleaven warned. "Use more throttle! Keep the nose up!"

"650 . . . 600 . . . 550 ——"

"Get back that height!" barked Treleaven. "Get it back! You need a thousand feet."

"550 . . . 450," called off the operator, calm but sweating. "This isn't good, captain. 400 . . . 350—he's going up. 500 ——"

For a moment, Treleaven cracked. He tore off his headset and swung round to Burdick. "He can't fly it!" he shouted. "Of course he can't fly it!"

"Keep talking to him!" Burdick spat out, lunging forward at the captain and seizing his arm. "Keep talking, Treleaven! Tell him what to do."

Treleaven grabbed at the microphone, bringing it to his mouth. "Spencer," he said urgently, "you can't come straight in! Listen to me. You've *got* to do some circuits and practice that approach. There's enough fuel left for nearly two hours' flying. Stay up, man! Stay up!"

They listened intently as Spencer's voice came through. "You'd better get this, down here. I'm coming in. Do you hear me? *I'm coming in.* There are people up here who'll die in less than an hour, never mind two. I may bend the airplane a bit—that's a chance we have to take. Now get on with the landing check. I'm putting the gear down now." They heard him say, "Wheels down, Janet."

"All right, George, all right," said Treleaven heavily. He slipped the headset on again. He closed his eyes for a second, then opened them, speaking with his former crispness. "If your landing gear is down, check for the three green lights, remember? Keep your heading steady on 225. Increase your throttle setting slightly to hold your air speed now the wheels are down. Adjust your trim and keep all the height you can. Right. Check that the brake pressure is showing around 1000 pounds—the gauge is to the right of the hydraulic booster on the panel. If the pressure's O.K., don't answer. Then open the gills to one third. D'you remember, Janet? The switch is by your left knee and it's marked in thirds. Answer me only if I'm going too fast. Next, the intercoolers ——"

As Treleaven went on, his voice filling the hushed control tower, Burdick moved to the plate-glass window, searching the sky low on the horizon. He heard Treleaven instruct a gentle 180-degree turn to the left, to bring the aircraft back for its last approach, impressing on Spencer to take it slowly and easily while the last checks were carried out.

"Now advance your propeller settings," Treleaven was saying, "so that the tachometers give a reading of 2250 r.p.m. on each engine. Don't acknowledge."

"2250," Spencer repeated to himself, watching the dials closely as he made the adjustment. "Janet, let me hear the air speed."

"It's 130," she began tonelessly, "125 . . . 120 . . . 125 . . . 130 ——"

In the control tower Treleaven listened on Janet's headphones to the steady voice from the radar room. "Height is still unsteady. 900 feet."

"George," said Treleaven, "let your air speed come back to 120 knots and adjust your trim. I'll repeat that. Air speed 120." He looked down at his watch. "Take it nice and easy, now."

"Still turning, but losing height," reported the radar operator. "800 feet . . . 750 . . . 700 ——"

"You're losing height!" rapped out Treleaven. "You're losing height. Open up—open up! You must keep at around 1000!"

Janet continued her reading of the air speed: "110 . . . 110 . . . 105 . . . 110 . . . 110 . . . 120 . . . 120 . . . steady at 120 ——"

"Come up . . . come up!" gritted Spencer between his teeth, hauling on the control column.

"125 . . . 130 . . . 130 . . . steady on 130 ——"

"Height coming up to 900 feet," intoned the radar operator. "950 . . . on 1000 now. Maintain 1000."

Treleaven called to the tower controller, "He's turning onto final. Put out your runway lights, except zero-eight." He spoke into the microphone. "Straighten out on a heading between 074 and 080. Watch your air speed and your height. Keep at 1000 feet until I tell you."

In one series after another, the strings of lights half sunken into the grass beside the runways flicked off, leaving just one line on either side of the main landing strip.

"Come out of your turn, George, when you're ready," said Treleaven, "and line up with the runway you'll see directly ahead of you. It's raining, so you'll want your windshield wipers. The switch is down at the right on the copilot's side and is clearly marked."

"Find it, Janet," said Spencer.

"Hold your height at 1000 feet, George. Have Janet look for the landing-light switch. It's in the panel overhead a little left of center. Hold your height steady."

"Can you find the switch?" asked Spencer.

RASPBERRY CANES

By DIONIS COFFIN RIGGS

We shall be far away when raspberries bear
Along the Musconetcong. But the canes
Are mauve, and powdery lavender, and rare
Wine color in the chilly, wintry rains.
We shall be far away when birches twist
Their shiny leaves in summer dusk. Tonight
Their chaste, ethereal trunks will glow, be kissed
Against the barren woods by pale moonlight.
We shall be gone when streams run lazily
Through cool, green fields. But now the rivers break
The thin, white ice crust, roughly push to free
Their banks, and clamor as they overtake
The sea. Why should we wish for August when
The year's young, eager March is here again?

"Just a minute . . . yes, I've got it."

Spencer stole a quick look ahead. The lights of the runway, brilliant pinpoints in the blue-gray overcast of dawn, seemed at this distance to be incredibly narrow, like a short section of railway track. He freed one hand for an instant to dash it across his eyes, watering from their concentration.

"Correct your course," said Treleaven. "Line yourself up straight and true. Hold that height, George. Now listen carefully. Aim to touch down about a third of the way along the runway. There's a slight cross wind from the left, so be ready with a gentle right rudder." Spencer brought the nose slowly round. "If you land too fast, use the emergency brakes. You can work them by pulling the red handle immediately in front of you. And if that doesn't stop you, cut the four ignition switches which are over your head."

"See those switches, Janet?"

"Yes."

"If I want them off it'll be in a hurry," said Spencer. "So if I shout, don't lose any time about it." His throat was parched; it felt full of grit.

"All right," Janet replied in a whisper. She clasped her hands together to stop their shaking.

"It won't be long now, anyway. What about the emergency bell?"

"I hadn't forgotten. I'll ring it just before touchdown."

"Watch that air speed. Call it off."

"120 . . . 115 . . . 120 ——"

"Begin descent," said the radar operator; "400 feet a minute. Check landing gear and flaps. Hold present heading."

"All right, George," said Treleaven, "put down full flap. Bring your air speed back to 115, adjust your trim, and start losing height at 400 feet a minute. I'll repeat that. Full flap, air speed 115, let down at 400 feet a minute. Hold your present heading." He turned to Grimsell. "Is everything ready on the field?"

The controller nodded. "As ready as we'll ever be."

"Then this is it. In sixty seconds we'll know."

They listened to the reapproaching whine of engines. Treleaven reached out and took a pair of binoculars the controller handed him.

"Janet, give me full flap!" ordered Spencer. She thrust the lever down all the way. "Height and air speed—call them off!"

"1000 feet . . . speed 130 . . . 800 feet, speed 120 . . . 700 feet, speed 105. We're going down too quickly!"

"Get back that height!" Treleaven shouted. "Get back! You're losing height too fast."

"I know, I know!" Spencer shouted back. He pushed the throttles forward. "Keep watching it!" he told the girl.

"650 feet, speed 100 . . . 400 feet, speed 100 ——"

Eyes smarting with sweat in his almost feverish concentration, he juggled to correlate speed with an even path of descent, conscious with a deep, sickening terror of the relentless approach of the runway, nearer with every second. The aircraft swayed from side to side, engines alternately revving and falling.

Burdick yelled from the tower balcony, "Look at him! He's got no control!"

Keeping his glasses leveled at the oncoming aircraft, Treleaven snapped into the microphone, "Open up! Open up! You're losing height too fast! Watch the air speed! Your nose is too high—open up quickly or she'll stall! Open up. I tell you, *open up*!"

"He's heard you," said Grimsell. "He's recovering."

"Me, too, I wish," said Burdick.

The radar operator announced, "Still 100 feet below glide path . . . 50 feet below glide path."

"Get up—up," urged Treleaven. "If you haven't rung the alarm bell yet, do it now. Seats upright, passengers' heads down."

As the shrill warning rang out in the aircraft, Baird roared at the top of his voice, "Everybody down! Hold as tight as you can!"

In the tower, Grimsell spoke into a telephone-type microphone: "Crossing the perimeter now. All fire-fighting and salvage equipment stand fast until the aircraft has passed them. She may swing."

"He's back up to 200 feet," reported radar. "Still below glide path. 150 feet. Still below glide path. He's too low, captain. 100 feet."

Treleaven dragged off the headset. He jumped to his feet, holding the microphone in one hand and the binoculars in the other.

"Maintain that height," he instructed, "until you get closer in to the runway. Be ready to ease off gently. . . . Let down again. . . . That looks about right."

"Damn the rain," cursed Spencer. "I can hardly see." He could make out that they were over grass. Ahead he had a blurred impression of the beginning of the runway.

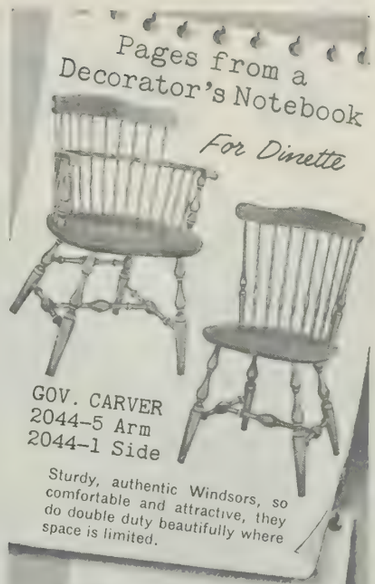
"Watch the air speed," cautioned Treleaven. "Your nose is creeping up." There was a momentary sound of other voices in the background. "Straighten up just before you touch down and be ready to meet the drift with right rudder. . . . All right. . . . Get ready to round out ——"

The end of the gray runway, two hundred feet across, slid under them.

"Now!" Treleaven exclaimed. "You're coming in too fast. Lift the nose up! Get it up! Back up the throttles—right back! Hold her off. Not too much—not too much! Be ready for that cross wind. Ease her down!"

Undercarriage within a few feet of the runway surface, Spencer moved the control col-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 155









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Now, you can iron heavy cottons, linens and starched fabrics without first sprinkling or pre-dampening. You bring them *direct* to your ironing board from washline or dryer.

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PLUS... a toasting "oven" below

General Electric Toast-R-Oven* toasts 2 slices to your favorite shade on top—keeps 6 slices of toast warm below. Or use it to heat rolls, pastry, muffins. Makes *delicious* melted cheese sandwiches!

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Brews delicious coffee automatically!
PLUS... new gauge counts the cups

New General Electric Peek-A-Brew* Coffee Maker has an outside level that shows you at a glance how much water to use *as you fill it*—then shows how many cups of coffee are left *as you serve it!*



Does any mixing job!
PLUS—new drink-mixing attachment

General Electric Portable Mixer weighs less than 3 pounds, yet it's powerful enough for the heaviest cake batter. Convenient heel rest, beater ejector, removable cord—*plus* special drink-mixing attachment.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 153

umn gently back and forth, trying to feel his way down onto the ground, his throat constricted with panic because he realized how much higher was this cockpit than that of any other plane he had flown, making judgment almost impossible for him.

For what seemed an age, the wheels skimmed the runway, making no contact. Then with a jolt they touched down. There was a shriek of rubber and a puff of smoke. The shock bounced the aircraft right into the air again. Then the tires were once more fighting to find a purchase on the concrete.

A third bump followed, then another and yet another. Cursing through his clenched teeth, Spencer hauled the control column back into his stomach, all the nightmare fears of the past few hours now a paralyzing reality. The gray stream below him jumped up, receded, jumped up again. Then, miraculously, it remained still. They were down. He eased on the toe brakes, then held them hard, using all the strength in his legs. There was a high-pitched squeal, but no sudden drop in speed. From the corner of his eye he could see that they were already more than two thirds down the length of the runway. He could never hold the aircraft in time.

"You're landing too fast," roared Treleaven. "Use the emergency brakes! Pull the red handle!"

Spencer tugged desperately on the handle. He hauled the control column back into his stomach, jammed his feet on the brakes. He felt the tearing strain in his arms as the aircraft tried to slew. The wheels locked, skidded, then ran free again.

"Cut the switches!" he shouted to the girl. One by one, she snapped them off. The din of the engines died away, leaving in the cabin the hum of gyros and radio equipment, and outside the screaming of tires.

Spencer stared ahead in fascinated horror. With no sound of engines, the aircraft was still traveling fast, the ground leaping past them in a blur. He could see now a big checkerboard marking the turn at the far end of the runway. His eyes registered the picture of a fire truck, its driver falling to the ground in his scramble to get away.

Treleaven's voice burst into his ears with the force of a blow. "Ground-loop it to the left! Ground-loop it to the left! Hard left rudder!"

Making an instantaneous decision, Spencer put his left foot on the rudder pedal and threw all his weight behind it, pressing it forward savagely.

Veering suddenly from the runway, the aircraft began to swing in an arc. Flung from one side of his seat to the other, Spencer struggled to keep the wings clear of the ground. There was a rending volume of noise, a dazzling flash as the undercarriage ripped away and the aircraft smashed to the ground on its belly. The impact lifted Spencer clean from his seat. He felt a sharp pain as his safety belt bit deeply into his flesh.

"Get your head down!" he yelled. "We're piling up."

Gripping their seats against the maniacal violence of the bouncing and rocking, they tried to curl themselves up. Still under momentum, the aircraft continued to slither crabwise, plowing the grass in vicious furrows. With a screech of metal it crossed another runway, uprooting the runway lights, showering fountains of earth up into the air.

Spencer prayed for the end.

Like a prisoner in some crazy, helpless Juggernaut, blood appearing in the corner of his mouth from a chance blow as yet unfelt, he waited for the inevitable tip-over, the upending, splintering crash that would, for him, disintegrate into a thousand fiery pin points of light before they were swallowed into darkness.

Then, quite suddenly, they were moving no longer. Spencer seemed to feel the same crazy motions as if they were still careering across the field; but his eyes told him they had stopped. He braced himself against the awkward sideways tilt of the deck and looked over at Janet. Her head was buried in her hands. She was crying silently.

In the passenger compartment behind there were murmurs and rustlings as of people who unbelievably awake to find themselves still alive. Someone laughed, shortly and hysterically, and this seemed to let loose half a dozen voices speaking at once.

He heard Doctor Baird call out, "Is anyone hurt?"

The noises melted into confusion. Spencer closed his eyes. He felt himself shaking.

"Better open up the emergency doors," came the adenoidal tones of 'Otpot, "and then everyone stay where he is."

From the door to the flight deck, now jammed open in the crash, he heard the doctor exclaim, "Wonderful job! Spencer! Are you both all right?"

"I ground-looped!" he muttered to himself in disgust. "We turned right around the way we came. What a performance—to ground-loop!"

"Rubbish—you did magnificently," Baird retorted. "As far as I can tell, there are only bruises and a bit of shock back here. Let's have a look at the captain and first officer—they must have been thrown about."

Spencer turned to him. It was painful to move his neck.

"Doctor"—his throat was hoarse—"are we in time?"

"Yes, just about, I'd say," the doctor told him. "It's up to the hospital now. You've done your part."

He tried to raise himself in his seat. At that moment he became aware of the sound of crackling. He felt an upsurge of alarm. Then he realized that the noise was issuing from his headset which had slipped to the deck. He reached down and picked it up, holding one phone to his ear.

"George Spencer!" Treleaven was calling. "George Spencer! Are you there?"

Outside there was a rising crescendo of sirens from crash tenders and fire trucks and ambulances.

"Yes," he said, "I'm here."

Treleaven was jubilant, caught in the general reaction. Behind his voice there were sounds of excited conversation and laughter.

"George, that was probably the lousiest landing in the history of this airport," Treleaven told him. "But there are some of us here who'd like to shake your hand, and later we'll buy you a drink. Now hold everything. We're coming over."

Janet had raised her head and was smiling tremulously. "You should see your face," she said. "It's black."

He couldn't think of a thing to say. No witticism; no adequate word of thanks. He knew only that he was intolerably tired and sick to the stomach. He reached over for her hand and grinned back.

END

NEXT MONTH

"It's a beautiful house you've brought me to, Dan." Gina lifted her face to his. "We'll be very happy here."

● Dan Moore's arms went around his new wife and pulled her close as he stared into the darkness. He had told Gina only that his first wife had died in this house three years before. She did not know of the bitterness, the confusion, the sick despair of those earlier days. And he had not dared—nor did he now—tell her how Estelle had died.

In his determination that Gina should be happy, Dan did not realize that she would hear the whole twisted story from

THE GOOD WIVES OF SKILLEY ROAD

By JAN SPIESS

condensed novel complete in the April JOURNAL

"You have 1,001 high-protein meals on hand with Borden's Cottage Cheese!"

says Elsie, the Borden Cow



WONDERFULLY VERSATILE Borden's Cottage Cheese makes meatless meals a delight instead of a problem. Best of all, it gives your family the vital protein they need. Try this hearty casserole tonight...

COTTAGE CHEESE SEASHELL CASSEROLE



¼ cup butter • 2 tablespoons flour • 1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2½ cups milk • 3 cups cooked seashell macaroni
1 (7-oz.) can salmon, drained and flaked
1 (8-oz.) cup Borden's Cottage Cheese
1 (10-oz.) package frozen peas, cooked
¼ cup diced pimiento (optional)

Melt butter; blend in flour and seasonings. Slowly stir in milk; mix 'til well blended. Heat mixture, stirring until it thickens. Remove from heat, stirring in remaining ingredients. Pour into buttered 2-qt. casserole. Sprinkle with paprika. Bake in moderate oven (375°) for 25 minutes. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

Power-packed with pure protein

If it's Borden's *it's got to be good!*



You can get Borden's Cottage Cheese in Ontario and Quebec, too.

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FOR MEATLESS MEALS, salads, snacks . . . Borden's Cottage Cheese is your handiest food! Rich in the protein you need, it's full of the fresh flavor you love. Have you tried Borden's Cottage Cheese with eggs?



COTTAGE CHEESE OMELET

Prepare your favorite 6-egg omelet. Just before removing from the skillet, spread one 8-ounce cup of Borden's Cottage Cheese over the half of omelet which is opposite skillet handle.

Gently fold over the other half. Slowly tip skillet so omelet slides out onto serving platter. Garnish with a sprig of parsley. Makes 3 to 4 servings.

Power-packed with pure protein

If it's

Borden's

it's got to be good!



You can get Borden's Cottage Cheese in Ontario and Quebec, too.

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When You Shop For Food

BOX-OFFICE DISHES

Stars of stage and screen share their top-favorite recipes . . . dramatic in flavor . . . perfect for your "special" menus.

By SELMA CHERKAS

Katharine Cornell



Clams Mornay, zesty with cheese, is Katharine Cornell's choice for a company luncheon.



STUART

CLAMS MORNAY. Pick over 1 quart shucked clams for any bits of shell. Simmer in their liquid for just a few minutes, until the edges curl. Drain well, reserving ¼ cup of the liquid. Chop clams fine. Canned minced clams do nicely too. Make a thick cream sauce using 3 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour, ¾ cup milk and ¼ cup clam juice. When sauce is smooth and thickened, stir in 2 slightly beaten egg yolks. Add the clams. Season with hot pepper sauce and salt to taste. Pour the mixture into 4 individual scallop shells. Top with fine buttered bread crumbs and grated Parmesan cheese. Broil till bubbly and cheese is browned. Makes 4 servings.

Gladys Swarthout





If you are an imaginative cook, you'll want to try an exotic soup occasionally. Gladys Swarthout says, "Senegalese soup is easy to prepare, delectable to eat."

SENEGALESE SOUP. Bring 3½ cups chicken stock to a boil. Add 1 cup finely diced white meat of cooked chicken and 1 teaspoon curry powder. Beat 4 egg yolks, stir in a little of the stock and blend with 2 cups light cream. Add this to the rest of the stock. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until thickened. Season to taste and chill before serving. Do not use black pepper to season, as it will spoil the appearance. Garnish with parsley. Makes 1 quart.



Helen Traubel



Helen Traubel suggests a novel and dramatic way to serve lobster—so easy, so divinely good to the taste.

ROAST LOBSTER FLAMBÉ. Split a 2-pound raw lobster in half, or have your fishman do it. Remove sac, crack claws and place in a baking pan, shell side down. Salt and pepper well. Mix 4 tablespoons butter with pinches of dry mustard and thyme and spread on the lobster halves. Fill in the cavities with well-seasoned and buttered bread crumbs. Roast in a very hot oven, 450° F., for 20 minutes, basting occasionally with extra melted butter. When done, serve the lobster on a platter and pour the pan juices over it. Serve very hot. Just before serving, Helen Traubel likes to pour 3 ounces cognac on the lobster and light it, though this is not essential. Baste again with the platter juices.

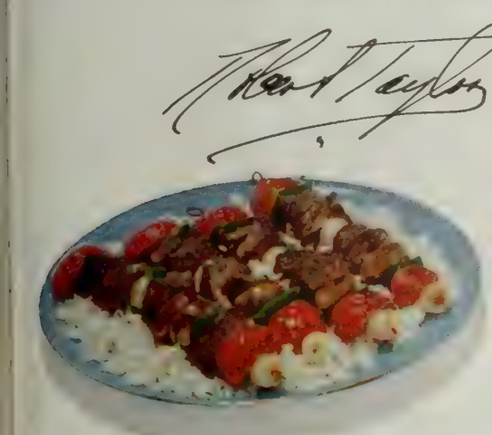


Rosalind Russell



Rosalind Russell says of her chef-d'oeuvre, "I love my deviled Swiss steak. So does my Auntie Mame."

DEVILED SWISS STEAK. In a large skillet, sauté 1 cup sliced onions and 1 clove garlic, crushed, in 3 tablespoons shortening or salad oil until golden brown. Cut a 1½-pound sirloin steak into pieces 3″ x 2″. Dredge in seasoned flour. Sauté in skillet with onions until well browned. Mix together 2 cups canned tomatoes and 1 cup water. Add 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon dry mustard, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1½ teaspoons salt, a pinch each of pepper and paprika. Pour over meat in skillet. Simmer for about 1½ hours or until meat is tender. Makes 4 servings.



Robert Taylor



Robert Taylor brings outdoor cooking indoors by simply utilizing the broiler for his specialty, appropriately called:

BEEFKABOBS. Season ¾ cup soy sauce as desired: salt, pepper, garlic salt, and so on. Robert Taylor varies it from time to time—using sometime this herb, sometime that. Marinate 1½ pounds beef, cut into 1″–1¼″ cubes, in sauce for 2 hours. Alternate meat on skewers with small whole cooked onions, raw mushrooms, green-pepper slices and tomato quarters. Brush kabobs with melted butter and broil 10 to 15 minutes on each side, basting the vegetables with melted butter frequently. One and one half pounds of beef will make kabobs for 4-6 people.



Elsie's brightest spring idea!



Borden's Vegetable Salad Cottage Cheese!

JUST OPEN AND SERVE! Borden's Cottage Cheese is tossed with chunks of crisp garden vegetables . . . celery, carrots, cabbage, onion, red and green peppers . . . a tempting, wholesome dish all ready to serve! Good news for quick suppers, short lunch hours, easy buffet spreads. Try Borden's Vegetable Salad Cottage Cheese. It's a meal by itself!





If it's **Borden's** *it's got to be good!*

It's power-packed with pure protein!

You can get Borden's Cottage Cheese in Ontario and Quebec, too.

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It's the natural mate for every meat...

Ocean Spray Cranberry Sauce!

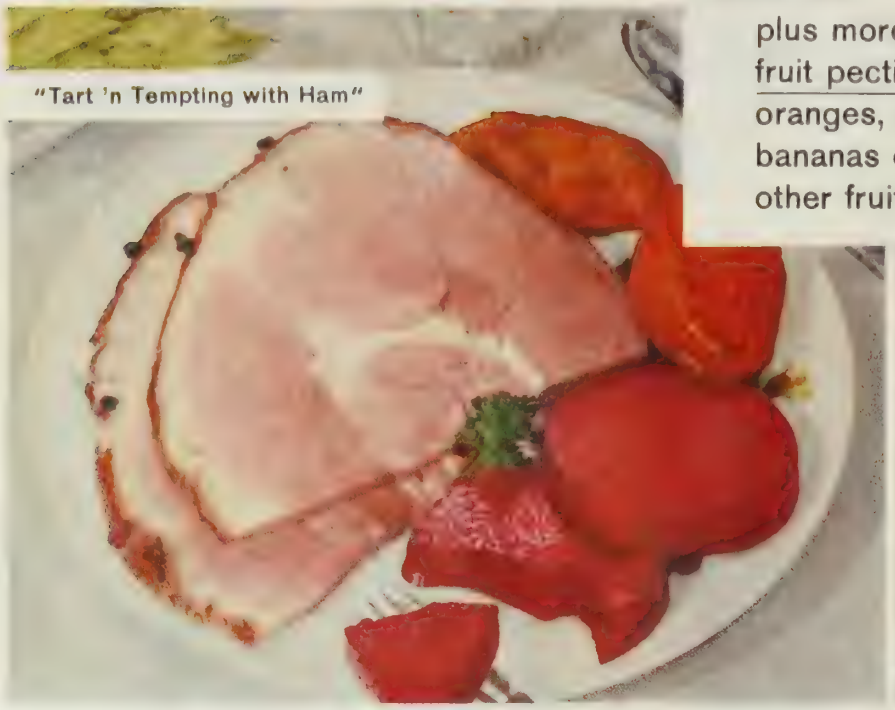




Ocean Spray Cranberry Sauce gives you

14 Vitamins and Minerals

plus more natural fruit pectins than oranges, apples, bananas or any other fruit!







And for a wonderfully refreshing way to start a meal serve chilled, tempting Ocean Spray Cranberry Juice Cocktail.

Serve Ocean Spray every day— supplement meat the natural way!

Serve generous portions of Ocean Spray in place of a vegetable — Ocean Spray supplies natural energy but not a speck of starch! Or in place of a salad — Ocean Spray has fruit's natural vitamins and minerals. Or as a nutritious, healthful extra that makes any meal better. Or as a substantial teammate for a simple sandwich or salad lunch.

Take a look at the meal you're planning this minute — why don't you? Is it short on color? Short on vitamins, minerals, pectins? Short on fruit? Short on appetite appeal? This will never do. You can fix it — fast — just open, slice and serve that natural mate for every meat—Ocean Spray Cranberry Sauce. Tangy, bright, sparkling good!



Ocean Spray
CRANBERRY SAUCE

THE RUSSIAN POET-PROPHETS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

r husbands, lovers and children—every-
g, including their own "virtue," remaining
allied by the sacrificial purity of their mo-
s and the fidelity of their souls. If these
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t to think. Where *is* "Soviet Man"?
ut the political and social overturns that
occurred were all foreseen and proph-
d by Dostoevsky with a prescience truly
inny.

e died on January 28, 1881, at the age of
He was born a decade after the Napoleonic
sion; the only Russian war that occurred
s lifetime was the Crimean War that never
trated into Russia proper. The brief
so-Japanese War and abortive revolution
905 were to come more than two decades
his death.

ut already, then, the Russian, and espe-
y the Moscow, intelligentsia (whose num-
was by no means inconsiderable) were in
ment of revolutionary ideas, mostly im-
ed from Western Europe, to which they
ed as to a more advanced society and cul-

ostoevsky, in the great dialogues be-
n his characters that form so large a part
very novel, records all these ideas, and,
every great novelist or dramatist, is able
the Devil's Disciple, even though in his
terpoint the Devil is later to be revealed
ll Satanism.

ostoevsky, born in middle-class poverty—
ather was an underpaid doctor employed
poorhouse—lived in a police state, tem-
d only by greater inefficiency than Soviet
itarianism has achieved in this respect.
the police apparatus caught Dostoevsky
s claws as the Soviet apparatus never has
rnak, or, as far as I know, any other out-
ling Russian writer. The whole intelli-
sia among whom Dostoevsky moved
ed with revolutionary ideas of one kind
nother—and were infiltrated by govern-
spies.

ostoevsky, who, with the publication
s earliest works, was recognized as a man
nius, was an obvious target. He was ar-
d for conspiracy and spent eight months
e notorious Peter and Paul fortress await-
rial (and writing while he waited). Then
ell door was opened and he and nine
s led out to be executed. They were
d to stakes, dressed in the white shirts of
ondemned, given a crucifix to kiss and
a sword snapped over their heads—the
l for the firing squad—when a horseman,
g a white cloth, stopped the firing squad
a reprieve from the czar.

t he was sent to Siberia in chains, im-
ned in "The House of the Dead," the
rga prison in Omsk, thereafter released
n ordinary convict condemned to the
st labor under an overseer's lash.

Of the thirty-six years of his productive, creative life, ten were thus spent in living death. He had every reason to loathe the regime under which he lived.

And not only the state regime! Although he was perpetually ill—he suffered from epilepsy from childhood—the creative frenzy of his genius turned all his sufferings into literature. But poverty haunted him. He was always living on advances; debts piled up at exorbitant interest, and creditors gouged him to the extent of legally tying up all his future royalties. He had every reason to hate the moneylenders who were so representative of "capitalism" in those days.

It may be fitting here to compare the personal fate of Dostoevsky under czarism with that of Boris Pasternak.

Dostoevsky had a dingy, impoverished, uninspiring childhood. Pasternak was born the son of two famous and highly successful artists, his father a painter (the aged Tolstoi sat for him, and Albert Einstein) and his mother a brilliant musician. Though they were Jewish, in a strongly anti-Semitic country at that time, they were socially accepted (as were other Jews of outstanding superiority and talent) and the intellectual and artistic elite of Moscow frequented their home.

Young Boris, endowed with a variety of talents, and with education open to him for any career, found music a consuming passion, and composed and played so well as to win enthusiastic encouragement from the famous Scriabin.

From his original interest and studies in the natural sciences, especially botany, he switched to law, again to music as a possible profession, and then to philosophy, which he studied in the University of Marburg, Germany, under the internationally famous Professor Hermann Cohen. (Pasternak differed from him only on Jewish nationalism—or Zionism—which the Russian rejected then, as he still does, as a positively backward step from the universal Jewish revelations.)

He thus turned to literature, originally lyric poetry, with a superb cultural background, and was already recognized as an outstanding poet before the revolution.

A leg fractured in boyhood exempted him from military service in two wars, and he performed his service in World War II working in a munitions factory in the Urals far from the battle line. After the revolution he was employed in the library of the Commissariat for Education, where he has concentrated on translations from English and German, including many of Shakespeare's plays, poems of Shelley and works of Goethe, while writing works of his own.

For his translations he has been, by Soviet standards, well paid, and he has lived comfortably in an artists' colony in the Moscow suburbs. The first blow directed at him by the Soviet powers has been the suppression in Russia of his major work. Some indignant literary "lights" have recommended he be exiled to the West.

Dostoevsky fled to the West to escape his Russian creditors and there suffered such poverty and humiliation that he ever afterward hated it. Dostoevsky never really commanded any language but his native Russian. Pasternak speaks English, French, Italian, writes a German any German writer might envy, and his Western royalties would support him handsomely.

Nevertheless, as he has openly stated, it "would be the worst imaginable sentence." For this also he has in common with all the great Russian writers, including those who, under the czar (Turgenev, Gorki, for instance), chose voluntary exile for years. But the Russian air, the Russian soil were part of the very substance of their creative powers. Dostoevsky really went to pieces in Europe and recovered only in Russia—and quite regardless of prevailing political conditions.

Dostoevsky, in the last century, never doubted that the whole structure of the Russian state and "capitalism" would be overthrown and Russia drenched in blood. But he foresaw the face of its successor, and that it would be no paradise, but another police state, ruled by avidity for power, and betraying the loftiest dreams of humanity; that revolutionary commissars would assume the role of the medieval Grand Inquisitor; that Russia and Europe, secure in Utopian dreams of perpetual peace, would be shaken by Gargantuan wars.

Dostoevsky, speaking for himself through the fictional character of Father Zosima, has him say, in The Brothers Karamazov, "To create the world afresh man must turn into another path psychologically. Until you have become really, in actual fact, a brother to everyone, brotherhood will never come to pass. No sort of scientific teaching, no kind of common interest, will ever persuade man to share property and privilege with equal consideration for all." He saw no essential difference between the fatal materialistic spirit of the liberal-capitalist drive for self-enrichment and the fatal materialism of Communism. Organized mass enslavement would follow anarchic capitalist enslavement. And "It is madness to want to bring about a new era and a new humanity by sacrificing half a million heads."

Dostoevsky, furthermore, foresaw Fascism as a revolt of the instinctual and still basically uncivilized man against the rational-materialism of the dominant intellectuals; that the primitive call of the blood would arise again; the appeal to blood and soil; the elevation of the primitive-brutal.

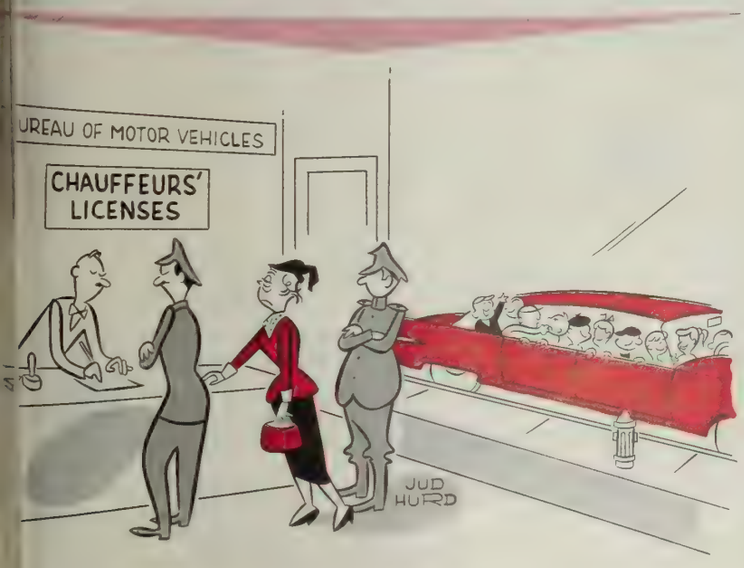
In short, in the extraordinary dialogues that comprise so much of his novels, there is not an "ideology" or a view that has since become reality that is not examined, one being atheistic humanism (by no means confined to Communists!). His characters present this view so convincingly that the reader is tempted to agree—until the dialogue is joined by another character who paints an apocalyptic picture of a human society in which everyone, acting as his own God, does as he pleases. "The earth will weep for its old gods!"

But Dostoevsky, too, had faith, the faith that Pasternak shares. The older Russian believed with passion that the guiding force that would eventually lead man to renewal and reconstruction would be his return to God through the teachings of Christ, and the acceptance, as a grace, of the moral burden He has imposed upon humanity.

And not only Christ, but those prophets and seers who in Asia and elsewhere have shared His revelations.

Last Christmas a card came to me from the Turkish Ministry of Information. Its message was a single sentence from the Koran, the Bible of Islam: "The East and the West is God's; therefore, whichever way ye turn, there is the face of God."

That, too, is a declaration of faith. We hope, also, a prophecy. END



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THE BALL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

man tried to speak, stuttered and then, collecting himself, gave us a grave bow.

"Let me present myself, Miss Louise. I am Robert Shaldon, Mr. Shaldon's nephew, at your service."

Louise didn't say anything, but she smiled shyly and Mr. Shaldon smiled too. Nobody spoke, and I began to feel uncomfortable, just the way I do in the silence after I say the wrong thing at one of mamma's Ladies' Guild meetings. At those times mamma usually goes on talking rather hard, so that I can slip out of the door with no one noticing; so that's what I did for Louise. I said, "Have you come to stay, Mr. Shaldon?" in a meetings' kind of voice.

He was very polite. "For a little while, Miss Henrietta. I've persuaded my uncle—who's my guardian—to have a ball here in two weeks' time for my twenty-fifth birthday."

A ball. Balls were for Cinderella and the twelve dancing princesses; balls belonged to fairy tales, and there was to be one in the house next door. In a few seconds my imagination saw Louise dancing down the future, for perhaps, just perhaps Mr. Shaldon would invite her; I could see her dressing in a ball gown, hear the music across the garden, and her telling me of all the men who had asked to be introduced, and how there weren't enough dances on her card for them all, and how she danced the last waltz with a handsome guards officer and made all the other girls green with jealousy.

While I dreamed, Louie plucked up courage to say, rather softly, "We haven't seen you here before, sir?"

"No, Miss Wickham. I knew Mr. Marlowe, who was the incumbent before your father, but since those days I've been up at university, and spent my vacations there with friends. Now I've just come back from touring Europe."

"What was it like, Mr. Shaldon? I have always wanted so much to travel."

He laughed. "Rather dull, to tell the truth. Every city seemed to be made up of a cathedral, a museum and an art gallery."

"It can't be! Was there nothing you liked?"

"Yes, plenty I *would* have liked. But my bear-leader thought cathedrals were good for my soul, I think, and museums good for my mind, and so that's all I seemed to see. As for the art galleries, well, at least they *were* bad for part of me—my feet! I doubt I'll be able to dance."

Louie dimpled. "Your heels will take to the music, I expect, Mr. Shaldon. Is there a ballroom in your uncle's house?"

"No. We are going to build a marquee, out here on the lawn. Mr. Briggs, whom you just saw me with, knows how it ought to be. There must be plenty of room—I mean to invite all the friends I haven't seen since I went abroad. Everyone, in fact—everyone I've ever known."

His voice grew excited as he went along, and then suddenly he paused. I clutched my hands tightly in my lap and closed my eyes, willing him to say it. When he did, it was in quite a different voice, uncertainly.

"I—I wonder, do *you* dance, Miss Wickham?"

My heart swelled for Louie. She answered quite simply, her eyes quiet, "I do, yes, Mr. Shaldon."

It was so odd. It seemed as if as soon as they looked at each other they couldn't speak, or move, or look away again. It was quite a moment before Mr. Shaldon spoke, almost I thought as if he were taking a vow.

"I shall send an invitation to your parents directly. I hope very much they will consent to come." And then he turned to me and said with a grin, "You must make them for me, Miss Henrietta."

I nodded solemnly as if I, too, were making a vow. Then we heard the gong for dinner and had to run indoors, with hardly time to say a proper good-by. After all, it wasn't me, it was Louie who didn't want anything to eat, and mamma was quite anxious. I was afraid she'd ask questions, so I pretended to have a cough and felt very noble afterward when I had to swallow a spoonful of linctus.

The invitation arrived next day at breakfast-time. Louie and I saw it lying by papa's plate with another letter. We knew it must be the invitation because the envelope looked so stiff. I glanced across at her as we stood waiting for grace, and saw she could scarcely breathe with wanting papa to open it. But when we all sat down and mamma began to serve out the porridge, she didn't look at him at all but just stood quietly by mamma, pouring out the cream, her eyes fixed on the row of blue bowls in front of her. I had to tie Johnnie's napkin round his neck, and as I did it I heard papa opening the envelope. He read out the words slowly. You couldn't tell what he was thinking from his voice.

"'Mrs. James Fortescue and Mr. George Shaldon request the pleasure of your company at a ball on Thursday, September sixth, 1900, at nine o'clock P.M. Carriages at one A.M.' It is marked 'For the Reverend John Wickham, Mrs. Wickham, Miss Louise Wickham.'"

All the children began speaking at once.

"A ball—what's a ball, mamma?" . . . "Can I go too, mamma?" . . . "Is Mr. George Shaldon the ogre, mamma? Is he going to dance?" . . . "Who's Mrs. Fortescue? Who's Mr. Fortescue?" . . . "Where's it going to be?" . . . "What'll you wear, mamma?" . . . "Louie's going to a ball—Louie's going to a ball—Louie's going to a ball!"

"Children! Can't you see your father's trying to say something? What is it, dear?"

"I'm very much afraid Louise can't go to any ball."

There was dead silence. Louise went quite white. A little cream slopped over the rim of the jug she was holding, and very carefully she put it down. All of us looked at papa where he sat at the head of the table, the other letter open in his hand.

"This is to tell me your Great-Aunt Edith has just died, God rest her soul. Under the circumstances it would be quite unsuitable [for] her great-niece to go to any festivity so soo[n]. I'm afraid I shall have to decline the in[vi]tation, although it was very kind of Mr. Shal[don] to think of us. At any other time I sho[uld] have been pleased for your mother and y[our]self, Louise, my dear, to have gone and [en]joyed the ball: though as for me, dancin[g] more of a penance than a pleasure. But [as] is, it must be out of the question."

I could see it would be no good to a[rgue] with him. The unfairness of it boiled up in[side] me. Why did Aunt Edith have to die n[ow]? It wasn't as though we really knew her—[or] Louie had hardly ever seen her. But [papa] wouldn't pay any attention to that. She [had] been a relation, and we had to mourn for [her]. Papa had an enormous collection of eld[erly] relatives who were always dying, and ma[de] our lives a misery, and not leaving us a pe[nny]. Louise didn't say anything. She just tu[rned] and looked at mamma, her eyes pleading. [But] mamma shook her head.

"I'm afraid your father's right, dear. [We] shall have to refuse. If it had been a [week] later —— But there it is. Never mind, th[ere] be other balls."

The boiling inside of me wouldn't stop.

"It isn't true, mamma," I burst out. "[We] know there won't be another ball. Not [for] this one: Louie never goes to parties like [other] girls. It isn't fair. Why *shouldn't* she go? [Aunt] Edith was beastly, and the ball would [have] much fun. Papa, you—you don't u[nder]stand."

"I understand, Henrietta, that you [are] being rude and unmannerly at table to [your] mother and me. Will you please go to [your] room until you think you can control yours[elf]."

Papa isn't very often stern. But I thin[k he] was disappointed for Louise, too; at le[ast] think so now, though at the time I slam[med] the door and dashed upstairs, trembling [with] anger at the injustice of it all. Louie [was]

CONTINUED ON PAGE 163



HEARTY Mardi Gras Dinner

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MARDI GRAS DINNER

3 tablespoons flour • Dash of pepper • ¾ teaspoon salt • ¼ cup melted butter
1⅔ cups (1 tall can) evaporated milk • 1½ cups shredded Cheddar cheese
2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese • 1⅓ cups (4⅝-ounce box) Minute Rice
1 tablespoon chopped parsley • Dash of cayenne • Paprika • ½ teaspoon oregano • 1⅓ cups of water
1 can (1 pound) solid-pack tomatoes, drained and sliced, or 2 medium tomatoes, peeled and thinly sliced
½ medium onion, thinly sliced or chopped • 1 cup (7-ounce can) tuna fish, drained and flaked

Stir flour, pepper, and ¼ teaspoon salt into melted butter in saucepan; mix until smooth. Gradually add evaporated milk, stirring constantly over medium heat. Cook and stir until sauce is thickened. Then add the cheese. Continue to cook and stir until cheeses melt.

Place Minute Rice (right from the box), parsley, cayenne, oregano, water, and the remaining salt in a 7½ x 11 x 1¾-inch baking dish. Stir to moisten all rice.

Place two-thirds of the tomatoes on the rice. Top with onion and tuna fish. Spread on cheese sauce. Garnish with remaining tomato. Sprinkle with paprika. Bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) 15 minutes. Serves 6.



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Star-Kist Tuna



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 160

after a while, and made me sit up, and began to brush my hair, which I always loved to have her do.

After a while she said, "I didn't have a ball dress to wear anyway. All the other girls would have made me look old-fashioned."

And then she dropped the hairbrush in her lap and bent her head. And her voice came out tight and unhappy. "Henry—think of all those other girls dancing with him. He'll forget all about me."

She began to brush my hair again and I heard her whisper, "But how can I forget him?"

And somehow it made me feel lonely to hear her, as if she were very far away.

Papa wrote and declined the invitation that very afternoon. Louie was helping mamma in the kitchen, and I wandered off to the medlar tree, hoping fervently I might see Mr. Shaldon over the garden wall. I wanted to tell him about Aunt Edith and why Louise wasn't coming.

I sat perched in the fork of the tree for a long while. It began to rain, large heavy drops on the leaves round me, then down my neck and spine. I sat there shivering, unwilling to believe that I wouldn't be able to help Louie. When I couldn't bear the cold and wet any longer, I slid down the trunk and ran toward the house. But someone had locked the garden door, so I had to go round to the front. I met the postman in the drive and took the mail; there was a letter for Louise: "Miss Wickham, the Rectory." Written in large black writing, and I knew, I *knew* it must come from Mr. Shaldon! I stuffed it into my pinafore pocket. In the kitchen, Louie was splitting scones and buttering the warm halves. I stood beside her and nibbled the crumbs, waiting until mamma went to the larder. Then I slid the letter into her pocket. Her hand felt it, she looked at me and I nodded. She gave me the buttery knife and I began to split the scones, hugging my excitement.

"Where's Louise gone?" asked mamma, coming back.

"She went upstairs," I said casually.

In a little while Louie came back. I couldn't understand her expression. She said to me softly, "It's on my dressing table. You can read it if you like."

So as soon as I could I went up, flattered that Louie wanted me to see it. I imagined it would be a love letter, with perhaps a poem, but there was only a single sheet folded over.

Dear Miss Wickham: This is to let you know that I have to go to London very suddenly, and so it is impossible for me to call on your parents as I otherwise should have done directly. I shall, however, look forward to meeting them, and to seeing you again at the ball in three weeks' time. May I ask you now to keep at least one waltz for me?

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

ROBERT SHALDON.

So he didn't know that Louie couldn't come—and we shouldn't see him for three whole weeks. It *wasn't* a love letter, but surely he wouldn't have written at all if he didn't like Louise—and he wanted a waltz with her!

I slipped the letter under her pillow, and went slowly down to tea.

In the next two weeks it was impossible to forget about the ball. Mrs. Fortescue came to stay with her brother, and invitations went out to all her old acquaintances. Soon all the ladies at mamma's sewing afternoons could talk of nothing else. How did Louie bear their commiserations when they found out she couldn't go? Of course she did have the letter. Best of all, she and I were the only two girls of all those twittering and trimming up their dresses who had met him, or knew what he looked like. Louie never told anyone about that day in the medlar tree, but I'd find her sitting quite quiet, with a faraway look, and I knew what she was remembering. Mrs. Bascombe, who was the worst gossip of all, said he would be coming into a great deal of money on his twenty-fifth birthday. I thought at first that it sounded splendid, but Louie confided to me when we were in bed that night:

"I've always thought of marrying someone rather plain and poor and shy, so that I would be the only woman for him. Henry, I wish *he* didn't have any money."

"But, Louie," I blurted out, like a goose, "you've only seen him just that once. And—and we mayn't ever meet him again."

She answered, very quickly, "I was only talking—foolishness."

I could've bitten my tongue out. Louie never talked about him to me again, not even when the week of the ball came, and over the wall we could see the marquee being raised, and the sewing circle buzzed with the details of the food ordered for the supper: salmon, they said, and turkey and ham and lobster and goose.

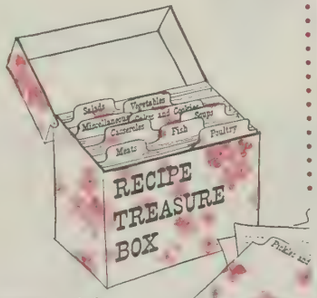
The day came. I knew when I woke in the early morning to the sun on my pillow and a thrush singing—perhaps just for me—that something special was going to happen. The whole day was like that, golden and crowded with birds. It was late in the afternoon when the front-door bell pealed frantically. On the step was a maid, her cap crooked, breathlessly asking to speak to mamma.

"Please mum, I've come from Mrs. Fortescue. She said to say she would've come herself, only everything's topsy-turvy and she don't know whether she's coming or going, she said. It's the flowers, mum. A great mass of 'em in pots, Mrs. Fortescue had, ever so pretty, all at the end of the tent. And they've fallen down, an' all the pots smashed, an' the stems broken and no flowers left to speak of. We've just had to sweep it all away. Mrs.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 166

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Aunt Jemima Easy-Mixes

Fragrant cinnamon Coffee Cake!

Golden, non-crumbly Corn Bread!



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 163

Fortescue wondered if you might be able to help her, she said. She said to ask if you had any shrubs or anything like that you could spare her to fill in the gap, like. At her wit's end she is."

The girl stopped for breath, twisting her hands in her apron. People always came to mamma when there was a crisis, and now we watched for her finger to go to her lip, as it always did when she was considering how best to help. Once you'd told mamma your trouble, you needn't worry any more—she had confidence enough for two in this, as in every other emergency.

"The ivy," she said. "The ivy on the wall at the bottom of the garden. Quickly, boys—go and tear down what you can in long trails. I'm afraid we haven't any shrubs to speak of, but I'll see what I can find. Now you run back to Mrs. Fortescue, and tell her I'll be over as soon as possible. Quickly, now. Louise, have you seen my gardening scissors?"

We all descended on the garden like a swarm of wreckers. The boys stripped the old wall, so overgrown with ivy that it was trailing on the grass. There were some horrid bugs underneath, that scuttered away when we let the sunlight into their nests; and knowing that they might crawl up my boots or under my sleeves, I ran away to help Louie strip the picking border of all our flowers. It looked dreadfully bare when we had finished, but our arms were so full that the petals tickled our noses and we stood in the sun and laughed at each other over the great bunches, and I thought I'd never been so happy. Mamma marshaled us in the hall and then led the way to the rescue. I'm afraid we quite overwhelmed Mrs. Fortescue. She stood in her dark hall and just stared at our armfuls hopelessly. I thought she certainly did look dreadfully topsy-turvy, with her hair sticking out round her head like a scarecrow, and the back of her dress damp. Mamma, of course, took charge.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Fortescue," she said in her most charming voice. "What an upsetting thing to happen to you just at the last moment. I'm so glad you asked us to help. I'm afraid we didn't have shrubs or anything like that, but I thought just possibly we could make something for you with the ivy. Now if you had some trellises we could thread the ivy through them—that is, if you will let us help."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Fortescue weakly. "I'll ask the gardener if you like, though. If I can find him—no one's ever there when I want them—I really don't know whether I'm coming or going—my head's going round and round. It's too much—I'm sure I don't know how anyone expects me to stand up this evening—I shall be worn out and I'm ruining my hands doing all the work—and there's the buffet to be seen to yet."

We all knew mamma was about to enjoy herself. Somehow in a matter of minutes she had persuaded Mrs. Fortescue that she really should lie down and rest herself for the evening's ordeal. I heard mamma promise soothingly that she would see to the supper and the flowers, and there was nothing for Mrs. Fortescue to worry about. From the head of the stairs she called down to the boys to take the ivy through into the tent, and Louise and I were left alone in the hall, still with our bunches of flowers. We were just going to follow the boys when someone came running down the stairs.

"I—I say," said Mr. Shaldon, "let me take those for you—they're much too much for you to carry." And he leaped down the last three steps, crossed the hall and took Louie's flowers from her. She smiled up at him.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Shaldon. Are you just back from London?"

"Yes, I arrived this afternoon, and brought havoc with me: it was my dog that upset the flowerpots, chasing Uncle George's cat. The pair of us were in disgrace, I can tell you. But I knew you would come to our rescue, Miss Wickham. I practically owe my life to you—aunt was so furious, there's no knowing what she might have done to me if I hadn't conjured up your name. I'm surprised you didn't drop out of the tree with your flowers, though!"

Louie blushed. "It's not kind in you to remind me of that morning, Mr. Shaldon. I felt so ashamed, perched up there."

"You shouldn't have! You looked charming—like a wood nymph or something."

I sat on the stairs, hugging my knees, hoping they wouldn't remember me. I think Mr. Shaldon would have stood there forever talking, and gazing at Louie, oblivious of the wilting bundle in his arms.

"It's kind of you to say so, Mr. Shaldon. But having come to your rescue, it would be a shame if the flowers died. Do you think we could find some jars and water for them? And trellises for the ivy?"

"You think of everything, Miss Wickham. Jugs and water. There should be some already in the marquee. It's through this way."

Louise turned and held out her hand to me. "Coming, Henry?"

Mr. Shaldon fetched the gardener, and he found some trellises, and we made a wonderful arbor. Mamma arranged the flowers in great sheaves—just the way she does them at the foot of the pulpit, but nobody but us would have guessed it. Mr. Shaldon played a clever kind of naughts and crosses with the ivy in the trellis, and the boys practically fell over themselves laughing at him. At bedtime mamma sent them home. I was allowed to stay and watch her arrange the long table for the buffet, with a silver rose bowl in the center, the dishes of fruit and nuts, sweetmeats and ginger, the silver in gleaming rows and the glasses opaque and thirsty for wine. The napkins looked like nuns, only their starched coifs showing as they knelt under the tall creamy candles. In the evening light I could believe I was in a fairy tale, and that at any moment princes and princesses might come glittering through the door.

If you observe a really happy man, you will find him building a boat, writing a symphony, educating his son, growing double dahlias in his garden, or looking for dinosaur eggs in the Gobi Desert. He will not be searching for happiness as if it were a collar button that has rolled under the radiator. He will not be striving for it as a goal in itself.

W. B. WOLFE
How to be Happy Though Human
Rinehart & Company, Inc.

While we were in the dining room, Mrs. Fortescue came in, rustling and splendid, apologizing for her nervousness and thanking mamma all in one breath, and begging her to come and see that all was right in the kitchens. At the doorway she paused and looked back at me.

"Perhaps you'd like to listen to the orchestra rehearsing, dear, while you wait for your mother. Now, Mrs. Wickham, the kitchens are this way. *Isn't* it a shame that you and your dear daughter can't come tonight; you're sure you won't change your minds? Can't I persuade you?"

Her voice died away down the passage. As I left the dining room, I met Mr. Shaldon. He had changed into evening clothes, and looked—I thought—exactly like my fairy-tale prince: taller, and if not older, then more distinguished than in everyday things. He made me feel all arms and legs. He gave me a grin.

"Do I look all right? M-my pumps are too small, and I feel as if *I'd* been starched as well as my collar."

"You look very grand," was all I could think to say, but I did mean it.

He bowed to me, laughing. "Are you waiting for your mother?"

"M'm-m. Mrs. Fortescue said I might go and listen to the orchestra."

"We'll both go. I hate waiting about."

So we went together to the ballroom. I was going to say I thought our ivy looked most professionally done, trained round behind the orchestra stand, when Mr. Shaldon and I both saw Louise standing there talking to the violinist. Then she saw us, and came across the room. Mr. Shaldon went to meet her.

"I was sure you must have gone home to change! What a fool I was not to look for you and warn you of the time. Miss Wickham, you'll be so tired, and it's all on my account. I can't forgive myself. Never mind—promise me the first dance and the last one, and we will sit out together all the others in between. Is it a bargain?"

Louise looked up at him, all her concern in her eyes. "Mr. Shaldon, I thought you knew—I thought Mrs. Fortescue would have told you ——"

"Knew what? Dear Miss Wickham, what is wrong? Please sit down. There. Now, what has my aunt forgotten to tell me?"

"That we were obliged to decline your invitation, sir. I am so sorry. I wouldn't have misled you for the world."

"*Decline* it? Why, what is this? What has happened that you may not come?" He looked at her hard, his face quite stern.

"My great-aunt has recently died. We are in mourning." And Louise looked down at her hands folded in her lap.

There was a pause. Then Mr. Shaldon said slowly, "I see. I am so very sorry. I had no idea—it was stupid of me not to have looked at the final acceptance list. And you have been helping us all evening! Miss Wickham, I don't know what to say. You are—you are by far too good to me . . . to us."

"It was fun to help this evening. Far, far better than just staying at home." She could not keep her voice from sounding a little wistful.

Mr. Shaldon got to his feet suddenly, and took a few restless steps.

"It is too bad. I cannot forgive your great-aunt. She has ruined all my pleasure in this evening. All these weeks since I met you I have allowed myself to dream of our dancing together—being together."

Then he caught sight of my sister's face. In a moment his voice changed, and he came and stood before her.

"I am a selfish fellow indeed, Miss Wickham. Forgive me for upsetting you with my disappointment. And after all, it *is* only one evening. There is always tomorrow, and the day after, and the day after that."

Louie looked up, her face bright. "You are staying longer, then?"

He put a hand down to help her to her feet, and still held her fingers as he said, "Why not? It is my birthday, and I may do as I please. It will please me to stay here for a while."

Louise looked suddenly contrite. "And I forgot to wish you many happy returns, Mr. Shaldon!"

"Will you give me my name, just this once? It would please me so much."

"Happy birthday, Robert." It was so gently spoken that I could tell the words only from the way her lips moved.

He said slowly, "Thank you." And then, "I won't be denied. Open the ball with me now. They shall play us a waltz, and I shall dance with you this once, and remember you all evening long. Oh, please don't be alarmed—tonight has gone to my head! Come, what do you say?"

He signaled to the orchestra, and held out his hand to Louie in a half-comical, half-imploring way. She hesitated a moment, then gave him a little curtsy, picked up the hem of her skirt, and went into his arms.

The music gathered them up and swept them away, and around and around they went, her head thrown back, his slightly bent above her. Alone in the ballroom, they turned, swaying and gliding, looking as if they were part of the music and would disappear as soon as it stopped. The waltz was enchanted—forbidding them to stop dancing while it played in the silent room, where their feet made no sound, no sound at all. And then . . . it came to an end, and the enchantment was over. Robert raised her hand and kissed it very gently. I think I saw Louise touch his cheek as he bent his head. But mamma was coming to fetch us home, and I had to slip from my corner and run to her, so I can't be sure. At any rate, *she* didn't notice anything, scolding me for sliding on the parquet!

Louie didn't say a word as we hurried home under the stars, but she held on to my hand tightly all the way, as if she needed me, and silently I clung to her in the darkness, sharing her happiness, her memories, her hopes. And as I lay in bed that night and heard the music faintly, I imagined Robert looking over his partners' shoulders as they danced, absent-mindedly frowning a little. He didn't know that I was thinking of him, nor did Louie know I heard her whisper as she turned in bed.

"Happy birthday, Robert."

I felt older than either of them. As old as the moon that watched them too. END



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"When I wrote my name on the adoption papers, I wanted to put 'God forgive me' underneath. I feel as though a part of me had been torn off. I couldn't bear to know where he is or what he looks like."



THE UNWED MOTHER

By NEAL GILKYSON STUART

The problem of illegitimate pregnancy increases yearly. We are accustomed to thinking of it as belonging to the lower depths of society—for many of us decently out of sight and out of mind—but such a view is at least ten years out of date. Reported illegitimate births are now nearly 200,000 a year. No one pretends that these known births tell the whole story. There are no statistics on forced marriages, although a leading churchman is on record with his guess that every tenth bride he marries is already pregnant. No one knows how many abortions are done annually in this country, although one official estimate is 1,200,000. Another, based on the limited records of a few exposed abortionists, is that the real number may be "astronomical."

The heartache of an incompatible marriage, the terrors of a secret abortion come after the event. So do our tax dollars for dependent children, and the devoted work of our social agencies. It is before the event that the great work of prevention must be done. No one else can accomplish this task so gently, so steadily or so well as a young person's own family. No one else's understanding will accomplish so much

The JOURNAL received many letters after *When is Love Wrong?*, the self-told story of a young girl who bore an illegitimate baby, appeared in the December, 1957, issue. Many of these were from readers whom Jenny's story touched personally—from other unwed mothers, from the bewildered parents of young daughters and sons who had begotten "trouble." Most of them had things to say that they hoped might help others.

Believing that the problem of illegitimate pregnancy is a story with many facets, but a true part of "How America Lives," the JOURNAL sent an editor to visit some of the writers of these letters, to try to find out a little more about the persons who wrote them, the experiences they had lived through, the mistakes they thought they saw in the past that might account for the big, irreparable mistake.

Here, on the next two pages, are four of the letters, with their follow-up material. In each case, names and places and identifying facts have been changed, but the significant events are true. In each case, someone who has been hurt voluntarily confided secrets to our visiting editor in the hope that someone else would read them and be spared the suffering she endured.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

DEAR EDITOR:

Yes, I faced the misery of finding myself pregnant, but I fought every step of the way and *won.*

I married my baby's father two months before our son was born. It was what is laughingly called a "shotgun wedding." But it's no joke when the groom is sullen and angry and even the minister's eyes are worried. Nor is it fun to be told by your new husband's beloved grandmother, "I give you a year. A marriage can't last with hate." Now, five years later, this same marriage is firm and strong and overflowing with mutual love and faith.

Bob and I met, loved and let nature take its course. I remember when I told him that I was pregnant. I have never heard the words "I love you" since that time.

I went on seeing him even though he wouldn't marry me, while he went out with others and seemed to take delight in seeing how it hurt me. And, too, I kept it from my parents by living away from home. But when in my fifth month my child started to send his love to me I changed. From the first movement of my baby I knew I could not give him up. It was then I told my mother; and no matter what is said, parents do not die of disgrace. Mom was hurt and my stepfather acted as if I were an outcast.

I went to Bob and asked him to come home with me. Reluctant, but he went. It was then mom told him that he had to marry me or face imprisonment. You see, I was just 18; he was 23. No man likes to be told what to do, but with an ultimatum like that what could he do?

Even then it took two months to get married, for Bob kept putting it off. Finally our wedding day came, and as I said, our first son was born just two months later. Within two years our second son was born. And in all this time ours was a life in which there was no love, only a mutual feeling of "Let's make the best of it."

But when I became pregnant for our third child, our life took on a new aspect. Bob became steadier and kinder. We became *friends!* From then on the future looked bright, and on my last birthday I began to see my husband with a new understanding. On the breakfast table was a package. In it was an engagement ring. True, the lone diamond is small, but the sentiment behind it is large. When our baby was born last spring, a darling girl, my husband came to me and said "Thank you," words so full of meaning that they almost made me forget that what I wanted to hear was "I love you." Yet I feel that now he does, and I know that someday he'll tell me so. Until then I'm content to wait, for ours is truly a house of love. Words now can only tell what one feels and senses.

I only hope that some other girl who must someday face this same trouble will benefit by knowing that even a shotgun wedding can succeed. And why shouldn't it? For God takes care of us all.

SYLVIA K.
Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITORS

Sirs: The trouble with most young people of today (and yesterday) is that they underestimate how much it would take to kill people, especially parents.

My daughter's father died when she was 15. When I remarried she must have felt forsaken, although she never let on. After she graduated from high school she persuaded me to let her share an apartment with another girl, whom I knew, in the city 150 miles away. We wrote regularly and she came home often, and like so many parents I believed I had given my daughter a good moral upbringing. We were a close family, went to church, and I had attempted to discuss sex and its dangers with her.

When she met the boy who became her child's father, he was just being discharged from service. They dated, and she says now that she cannot understand what happened. She does not love the boy, and never did. She left her job because of her condition, and then began to weave a web of lies to me.

She went to a social agency, and they arranged for her to live in a foster home and give birth at a hospital operated for charity cases. I had a lot of faith in her, and since she had always been a truthful girl I did not doubt her when she found excuses why I could not visit her, or she me, for five months. She planned to give her child up for adoption, but now fate stepped in. She had an especially difficult delivery, and the hospital felt that I should be notified. They called me long distance and I went to my child. Her baby was a fine boy, and I paid for her care and took her and the baby home. Although my husband could not accept this situation, and did not stand by us, I have my daughter and we have our baby. We moved to a new neighborhood and I began divorce proceedings. Everyone thinks the baby is mine as I am only 39 now. I feel that my own shortcomings in being so preoccupied with my second marriage had a part in this.

My daughter is not too well known here, for my first husband and I had raised our family on the East Coast before moving west, and then we moved again after my second marriage. She has a job, and to all outward appearances is just another 20-year-old girl. She has a sweet baby brother whom she is crazy about. I found strength to help her even when my husband failed me, and I am not too unhappy. I hope to adopt "our baby" legally, but even if this never takes place he is here with us and we love him so much.

I failed my daughter as a mother, and God has given me another chance. So I will give my child another chance now. But here is a word to young girls: Be strong and keep the rules; but if you fail, please believe that you can trust your mother. Most of us are pretty good guys who love you very much, and we are pretty hard to kill off.

MRS. MARGARET MUNSON
California

Sylvia K. grew up unblessed in either appearance or circumstances. Her parents were East Europeans divorced when she was two, her home had a broken porch and cardboard where panes of glass were gone. Her mother was a sometimes domestic, her stepfather a mill hand, and she learned from them almost nothing of love, hardly even what a family unit is.

Somehow she taught herself. Perhaps she learned it by reading. (She says, "I still read everything I can get my hands on, though I like historical novels best.") She is overweight (5'2", she weighs 150 pounds, says, "I can sit down and eat a whole box of chocolates on my own"), cannot stand the silences of being alone ("The minute Bob is gone I turn the TV or the radio on full blast; I have to have noise"), but her most secret desire is to be the good wife of a loving husband. Next to that she wants her children "to be decent." Her tenacious ideas of what constitutes a good life have held her marriage together and almost converted her husband. She can point to one glowing achievement that no one can take away from her: all three of her children are far more beautiful than she.

Sylvia had to quit school when she was 15, to help out. She got a job as counter girl at a drugstore, and was glad to be away from home most of the day. "My stepfather was old-fashioned," she says, "and he had a filthy mouth. I didn't like him. He didn't like me." Her mother had had little or no schooling, barely spoke English, and humbly accepted her husband's dominance. Neither had given Sylvia any sex instruction ("I tried to ask my mother a couple of times; she shut me up"), but both gave her CONTINUED ON PAGE 174

Mrs. Munson's marriage to her first husband was a happy one. "It was never a storybook romance," she says, "but I don't think we ever doubted each other. He showed affection, often by sticking his thumbs in my ribs, but we always had a good time."

In such a household, their only daughter, Sally, grew up "fun-loving and happy-go-lucky," although her shrewd mother adds, "She was never a girl who liked to feel different." Following two older brothers, she was the family baby, and "especially close to her father, though they argued like mad." Mrs. Munson's own methods with her children seem to have combined common sense with warm sympathy. "I always wanted my children to be capable of thinking for themselves, but I don't believe in the modern method of letting children do as they please. Some things they have to learn." She answered Sally's questions about sex honestly, and Sally remembers, "Several of my girl friends would come and talk to mom because they couldn't talk to their own."

When Sally was 12 her father moved the family from the East Coast to Southern California, and three years later, still young, he was killed while at work on a night shift. Sally was in bed and slept right through the stir, and the next morning she asked her mother, "Where's dad?" Mrs. Munson says, "I told her what had happened—and she looked at me as if she despised me. She said, 'You're lying to me!' Then she ran into her bedroom and locked the door. She wouldn't even answer my calls. She didn't come out until noon. But she never cried, never said a word."

A year later her mother remarried. "I had been married so long and my husband and I had been in love all our years together. I was so *lonely*." Both her sons were now in college; both had won scholarships, but she was anxious to give them extra support. Sally was popular at high school, was graduated near the top of her class, and stayed at home long enough afterward to run through a brief summer engagement. Her mother says, "He CONTINUED ON PAGE 174

GENTLEMEN:

I am 21, and learned my lesson early. I also had been to college, and was well on my way to seeing a career in dancing—a lifelong dream—materialize.

In my blindness I chose to live in New York alone, to study under a great teacher. I came to the city in July, 1956, and a year later I gave birth to a baby boy. What happened in the interim is a hazy pattern of personal defeat, complete disillusionment and confused ideals.

Hugh was a friend of long standing, and although I had never dated him before, I had known him at home as a girl. Our relationship was never tawdry. There was such a feeling of mutual respect and admiration (romanticists may term it love) that our evenings were spent at concerts, plays, an occasional movie, and so on. And more often than not we went to these events with others.

The result of some unfortunate circumstances which Hugh and I blundered our way through was the birth of my little boy. I saw him only once—just after he had been delivered. He was very tiny, very precious, but not even remotely mine. I had only given him life. Someone else will have the privilege of watching him grow. Whatever his future holds, I know God will protect him and help him find happiness.

After I came home from the hospital I was confronted with a question that haunted me: "Where do I go from here?" There is, of course, an answer. Fundamentally, forward. I cannot bear to look back—it's too painful. More specifically, my answer has been to find a job, resume my study of the dance, and work at my chosen career. I want to start again at this chaos called life and make the most of it.

I doubt that there is anything harder for a woman to do than to give away her baby. But I do wish to point out that it can have a positive rather than a negative effect upon her future.

If there were only some way to impress the painful consequences on those who think sex is fun. There is no such thing as free love. Someone always pays—and in my case it was both Hugh and I, not to mention the heartache his family and mine suffered.

JACQUELINE S. KINGSLEY
North Carolina

Jacqueline Kingsley grew up in a small Southern town "always knowing that there was a great deal of pride and tradition behind my name." It was a "basic Bible" community, and her parents neither smoked nor drank, but the family atmosphere she remembers was anything but austere. "My brother Chet and I had everything we wanted, expensive presents, good clothes. As a family we were always either very happy or tragic. I used to think we had too much temperament, but now I think of it as immaturity. It wasn't until I was much older that I learned we were living on borrowed money much of the time, and the various 'investments' my father was always undertaking often didn't work out."

She remembers herself as "a thin, gawky girl," who loved music and who "adored" her older brother, Chet. Chet, blond and handsome, made friends easily and was a football hero at school. "I was the little sister," she says, "and I was accepted at first because of him. But I really didn't date much. He was two years older than I and brought home the athletes and the student-council officers, while I stood around and hoped to be noticed. I first fell in love, hard, when I was sixteen, with one of his close friends who was nice to me. He called me 'Baby' and I called him 'Monster.' Then I learned that he was dating a girl from my own class, and regularly necking with her. He'd never even kissed me! I was crushed!"

Jacqueline feels that she "*could* have confided in my parents—but I just never did. I played, and thought, and collected classical-music records like mad alone." It was Chet she went to with her first confusion about sex. "One night when I was twelve or thirteen, mother put a pile of books on my night stand. She just told me to read the books and ask questions. So I did. I asked Chet what it was all about and he compared it to a chicken laying eggs. I didn't believe it and I giggled. Then he explained what would happen every month, and I laughed because it seemed odd and sickening."

By junior year she began to "wake up," and go on dates, although "petting and drinking and pregnancy were just out of my world." Something else had happened, too, by then. Jacqueline had been taken to New Orleans to see a modern dance company on tour, and the experience revolutionized her CONTINUED ON PAGE 171

DEAR EDITOR:

I wonder if you ever heard of a grandmother who gave up her grandchild? Yes, that's pretty terrible, but no way I can state it makes it appear any nicer, for I refused to give my consent for my underage son to marry a girl who was expecting his child.

The girl, whom I shall call Bella, is of a different religious faith, and one of her parents is of a different race. I do not consider either of these obstacles great enough not to be overcome, but the fact that Bella would be only 14 by the time she became a mother was a terrible obstacle. My son Frank was just 17. He had a year and a half to go before he would graduate from high school. Bella was in the eighth grade.

How can a situation like this come about, involving two children? I really wish I knew.

Bella comes from a family of three girls. Her parents both work and go everyplace together. They dance, bowl and go to horse races twice a week. Their children range from 9 to 16, so there is someone to look after the youngest. Their daughters were allowed to date from 10 or 11 on. Yet they are nice kids, all of them very pretty, and the oldest has never gotten into trouble. Bella has had sexual relations with boys since she was 11. That is, she had relations with three boys she went steady with. She was caught by her parents, and the young boys sent scooting.

Now my family consists of two older girls, 19 and 20, then Frank, and a two-year-old son. My daughters were never allowed to date until they were 16, except to school functions, supervised parties and such. We always had young people at the house, but my husband and I were always home. Both my daughters are now married and happy, although as yet there are no grandchildren for us to claim.

Frank never went with girls until he met Bella, who told him she was 15. No one doubted this. She came to the house many times, and was very sweet and shy-appearing. Frank had fixed up an old car, and they went to drive-in movies several times to my knowledge. It later turned out that drive-ins were where they spent most of their time, but because Frank was always home by eleven o'clock I accepted his vague answers of "over to Bella's, rode around, got a hamburger," and so on.

I guess I'll have to take all the blame for my son's lack of sex education, for it was me who looked him right square in the eye and answered every question and gave him books on the subject. My husband would not, although I tried to get him to. And it was me he told about Bella's condition. I knew about it over a month before my husband or her parents. I nearly died during this time, but agreed to keep silent until she had told her parents herself.

Frank's story was something like this: He went steady with Bella for six months. She told him in a moment of confession her true age, and also of her past love life. After that, he wanted that relationship for himself. It was something so strong, he forgot all about what was right or wrong. He loved Bella and she loved him. I do not doubt that in the least. So the answer was simple. You got married and lived happily ever after.

Bella's parents were all for the marriage, and got special permission from a judge. Her father admitted to my husband he could not handle Bella, but when he told about her previous relations with boys my husband did a double-take. He had thought our son had seduced a virgin and should pay, but now he felt he was being made a scapegoat. He began to feel this would have happened to Bella anyway, sooner or later. I'm inclined to agree with that. But I'm still the one who refused the permission for my son to marry.

One night when my innocent little baby son was ill, I was rocking him in my arms and thinking about motherhood. And I knew that Bella's baby had to be considered. It deserved more than a 14-year-old mother and a 17-year-old father, neither of whom had any education or way to provide it with the necessities. I knew that this marriage was wrong, and yet one of the parties' religion forbade divorce. I did not think another mistake would help the previous mistake. I think every child needs more than these two child-parents could give. And when I was holding my youngest child, I thought of my other son and knew I owed him something too. I had to stop him from ruining his life. So I refused to let him marry.

Bella was sent away and we paid all expenses. She bore a daughter who was adopted. She is now with her family and going to school again. Frank is in Germany with the Army, which he joined after graduation. He hopes to come home and marry Bella in two years. He says if I have caused him to lose her he will hate me. Yet I hear Bella is going out with other boys, and he mentions dates too. Perhaps time will take care of these things. I hope with all my heart that this boy and girl find happiness after all they have been through. It is obvious that we as parents have failed our children. I hope very sincerely that my granddaughter, whom I gave away, will never suffer so. A little darling I can never admit having.

I hope God will forgive me for my blunders, for in all sincerity I tried to do right, but Bella has suffered the most. God be with her!

MRS. FRANKLIN STETTMAN
Florida

Mrs. Stettman's letter was a true account of the events surrounding her young son's paternity, but she allowed herself one embroidery: she did not have a two-year-old son whom she held in her arms while she thought about motherhood; two years before, Mrs. Stettman had had an abortion, at great mental as well as physical cost to herself. She had it because she was not sure whether her marriage was going to collapse or not, CONTINUED ON PAGE 172



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Only Aunt Jemima gives you ALL THREE!

THE UNWED MOTHER

JACQUELINE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 169

ble love of music. From that time on she w exactly what she wanted to do.
ler parents agreed to send her north to a s' college that was noted for its dance de- ment. She left home when she was 18, and nediately began smoking because "it was a of independence for me." Less than two 's later she was accepted as a pupil by a onally renowned dancer in New York. queline talked her parents into letting her college at the end of sophomore year. Two r family changes occurred that spring. Her her Chet was married (Jacqueline was a esmaid), and her father sold the small, ggling sawmill founded by his grandfather he whole town centered around that saw- ") and was offered a position in the new er's offices in North Carolina. One of queline's talking points was that Chet and ella would also be in New York. With n children gone from home, her parents ded to give up the old family house and e.

cqueline came to New York that July, not e 20, with full family approval. Chet and ella urged her to stay in their extra bed- n until she found an apartment of her own her mother came up from North Carolina e her settled in. Mrs. Kingsley says now, were more concerned about her tem- arily invading Chet and ella's privacy than ut the fact that she'd t loose ends in the city. ver thought to worry. had a part-time job, she was so intense ut her dancing that it le her a little different n most girls. I remem- d I didn't have enough dom as a girl. I thought should try her wings."



cqueline, dark-haired, with a small, win- e face, had learned how to carry herself ow, although she says, "I still wore roll- n sailor hats and round collars, and people n mistook me for sixteen." She had been lew York only a few weeks when a young from her old home town, a high-school smate of Chet's, got in touch with her. was Hugh.

cqueline says, "He had never been one of t's close friends; he wasn't an athlete. But had always seemed to admire Chet. His ble were of very humble means, and I k that bothered him. He was terribly good- ing, an only child, and he was ambitious restless sort of way." A Korean War vet- , he was in New York studying journalism r the G.I. bill, but "what he really hoped o was break into television. He's so hand- e, I think he'll make it."

he two dated over the summer months. went to the movies, he took me to some ies, and regularly on Sundays we would go to Long Island to swim. Sometimes he'd meet me after work and walk me over to dance studio. We were still dating in the stages. We didn't neck. We had a little e. I'd say, 'I *think* I love you,' and he'd 'I *think* I love you,' and then we'd both Yes, I'm *sure* I do,' and then he'd kiss me d night."

y fall, Jacqueline was still in Chet and ella's apartment, unable to find anything uble for herself. This was a source of em- assment to her, and she began to notice thinks now she may have been oversensi- that her brother and her sister-in-law t more and more evenings and weekends of the apartment in the company of new g-married friends they were making. One ay Hugh telephoned her at work. "He he wanted to meet me right away. I told I couldn't leave the office, so he said he'd aiting for me when I came out. He was, he was drunk. I told him I wasn't going here with him, but I did. We got on a and then he told me he wanted to go to lywood. Some friends had arranged an ap- tment with a television producer there. vanted to know if I thought he should go. We were still talking about it when we reached the apartment, but when we went in there was a note pinned for me on the back of the chair. It said Chet and Louella had gone to the Poconos for the weekend. I could feel myself blushing because they hadn't told me, and because we'd just been wondering what Chet would say about Hollywood. I looked in the refrigerator, and there was a little dish of butter and two heels from a loaf of bread, and that was all. I was sure Louella had done it on purpose. I laughed and laughed, and then I began to cry. Hugh didn't know what was wrong with me, and neither did I. I told him I didn't know what I wanted except a home. He said, 'Shall I stay?' I said 'No, no, no!' and almost pushed him out the door."

The next day Hugh telephoned in worried voice and asked Jacqueline to come that evening with him to a party. The studio apartment was jammed, and Jacqueline knew almost no one there. "Hugh disappeared, and I went to look for him. He was talking to a girl. She was in black, she looked cold and hard to me, and older. I said 'Hugh, I've been looking for you,' but he ignored me. Maybe he didn't hear me. Anyway, I walked out.

"There was a makeshift bar down a flight of stairs, and I went down by myself. I don't even know what I drank. It was something dark, and it probably wasn't very strong, but I drank it fast because I didn't like the taste. There was another boy there, and I noticed him watching me for a while, and then he said, 'Don't tell me your name. I'm going to call you Jeannie.' He stayed right with me, and he offered to kill Hugh for me any time I gave the command. We were silly, and high. A long while later Hugh was suddenly standing behind me, holding my coat. 'Shall we go now?' he said, and icicles dripped from his words. We left, and out on the street he jerked my wrist and said, 'I was looking for you for a whole damned hour!' I'd never seen him mad before, and I thought he was going to hit me.

"When we got to the apartment he said, 'Well, we're home.' I looked around the empty place and screamed, 'I have no home!' The warmth seemed to make the alcohol go to my head again, and I rushed into Chet and Louella's bedroom and began throwing their things around. Little things from their dresser.

"Hugh said, 'What the hell are you doing now!' and grabbed my arms. Then he said he wouldn't leave me, and just sat and watched me. I lay on the bed, and he covered me with his coat. I guess I slept, but I woke up to find Hugh holding me. He began kissing me, but he still was just trying to sober me up. He made some coffee, and we talked about a lot of things. He said he really did love me and that he wanted to marry me. He suggested I come to Hollywood with him. But I told him I was afraid of marriage, that I always would be because I wanted my career too much.

"We were just talking, not even touching each other, and then he leaned over and said he wanted to prove his love to me." Jacqueline puts her hand to her mouth in a fist. "I wasn't even sure what he was going to do at first. I thought he was going to *hold* me. I didn't like any of it, not any.

"Afterward I said, 'Now I've really done it.' He asked me if I had anything to use as a contraceptive, but I'd never even heard the word. He went to sleep, and I just sat there on the bed, with the blankets pulled up around me. I was too scared to move. I remember seeing my dress all wadded up in a corner and thinking 'My dress—my beautiful, beautiful dress.' Then I prayed for punishment. I thought of getting up to take a bath, but I was sure I would never be clean again."

Hugh left for California within a week. Jacqueline was suddenly sick of the sight of him, and refused to see him again before he left. About six weeks later she was waiting for a bus and lit a cigarette. "I took a drag and nearly fainted. I thought, 'I *knew* it would happen.' I felt almost relief."









Jacqueline stayed in New York for another month. She had finally moved into a new apartment with a friend, and took herself alone to her first obstetrician. Her pregnancy was confirmed. Then she went home and wrote a letter: "Dear Hugh: Perhaps you will not be too surprised to learn I am pregnant. Don't try to find me, because you won't succeed. Is this love? I wonder." When she came back from mailing it she sat down on the edge of her bed and cried while she tried to make up her mind, and then she finally lifted up the phone and called her parents. "I just said, 'I'm going to have a baby,' and the next day they were there to take me home."

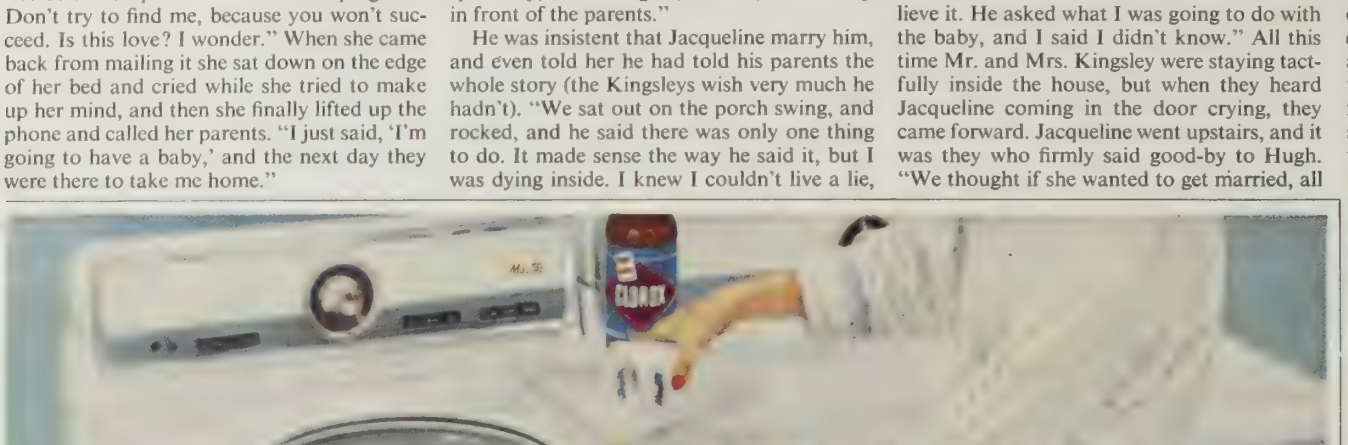
As it happens, Jacqueline's parents were not the only ones to rush to her rescue. As soon as Hugh got her letter he dropped his affairs in Hollywood, flew to New York, and after a wild-goose chase there came on a hunch to North Carolina. Mr. Kingsley says of him respectfully, "He had guts, at least, to show up in front of the parents."

He was insistent that Jacqueline marry him, and even told her he had told his parents the whole story (the Kingsleys wish very much he hadn't). "We sat out on the porch swing, and rocked, and he said there was only one thing to do. It made sense the way he said it, but I was dying inside. I knew I couldn't live a lie, but I was so exhausted, I said yes to everything. He said, 'My dad wired me some money. Let's go right now and get a ring.' I even stood up, but then I sat down again and said, 'Hugh, I'm not going to marry you. I'm not going to marry anyone.' He asked if I didn't love him and I said no. He couldn't believe it. He asked what I was going to do with the baby, and I said I didn't know." All this time Mr. and Mrs. Kingsley were staying tactfully inside the house, but when they heard Jacqueline coming in the door crying, they came forward. Jacqueline went upstairs, and it was they who firmly said good-by to Hugh. "We thought if she wanted to get married, all right. But when she started to cry we knew s didn't want to, and we weren't going to pu her." Mrs. Kingsley pauses. "It nearly kil us at first. This was our only daughter. But got over it."

Jacqueline has been with her parents e since. She was able to pose as the marr daughter of the family, since they were all ne comers to town. She bought some cheap rin and even used a picture of Chet in his R.O.T uniform as that of her naval husband. T fiction was used, however, only when nec sary, and mostly "I stayed home and hid fr the neighbors." Her doctor was told the tr and was particularly kind. "He put me touch with the state department of social w fare to arrange for the adoption, but he dic put any pressure on me. That was a decisio made alone. When I wrote my name on t paper I still wanted to put 'God forgive m underneath."

She is now working and living at home. S is not dancing; there are no teachers of m ern dance in this inland North Carolina c She hopes to return to New York when s is stronger emotionally, but for the time be she feels safer at home.

If anything good has come from Jacq line's experiences, it is a closer understand between her and her parents. With Chet go she is in a new position as only child, an has been a real gratification to her to find h deep her parents' affection for her is. She s "They've both been wonderful—comple sympathetic. We're closer—all three of t than ever before. We're a unit. But it t such a terrible thing to bring us together.



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BELLA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 169

and "I was so unhappy I didn't feel I co have a child."

Mrs. Stettman is a large-boned, comfo ble-looking woman of 50, who wears make-up and dislikes to spend time money on her own appearance because "w wants to look at an old shoe like me?" In s of her self-effacement, she loves people, ge ously gives away what nice things she co by, joins clubs and classes, and as a girl sa through high school at the top of her cl graduating "without effort" at the age of 1

At 18 she married handsome Fran Stettman, whom she had set her cap for y before. Franklin was a great joker and a te and up until the marriage ceremony itself he wasn't sure she would land him. "One ever he said, 'Do you believe marriage is f fifty?' I said 'Yes'—we joked a lot—and he said, 'Well, give me a dollar. The license c two.' So I did. I still thought he was jok and the license nearly did run out. I was g out with several other men at the time—c than Franklin and making more money- I always wished they were Franklin. O knew my own mind. Twenty-nine days we got married."

She speaks of her marriage now as "stor Mr. Stettman is still slim and attractive, a who "spends forty-five minutes a day com his hair to cover the bald spot." From the s he would "dump" her at parties and "go flirting." Nevertheless, Mrs. Stettman ha mained philosophical. "If I hadn't ma him, I'd probably have gone through the r my life wishing I had. I *have* kept hoping get fat or bald so we'd be on an equal b But public opinion means a great deal t husband, and he was always ashamed of

In spite of his restlessness, Mrs. Stett thinks that being married gave her hus "the security he needed. He would never of breaking up." He is now an executive small manufacturing company, and has vided his family with a pleasant house, a deal of expensive home-movie equipm and a voice of authority. "He was the ciplinarian with the children. His motto 'Don't talk, just spank.' He insisted they to Sunday school, although he doesn't g church himself. He's never come out and he's an atheist, but he's not a religious son." He was closest to his two daugh the younger being a particular favorite. V the girls were older "he never did really any of the boys they dated," and one of married with definite paternal disapprov

Frank was his mother's child. "He was loving, always wanting to be kissed. I could be close to Frank, while I never felt the warmth of the two girls. Both were always *so* well behaved. Everywhere we went, people would say, 'Oh, what pretty little girls,' while Frank just stood there. He couldn't go out of the house without getting dirty. Yet he always was good and obedient.

"But there were few times when he could feel that his father really approved of him. I think he spent a lot of time just trying to make up to his dad, but his dad wouldn't notice. There were times I'd even bawl the girls out especially hard just because Frank got bawled out so often."

All three got their sex instruction from Mrs. Stettman. "When they asked questions I told them the truth, always. But I come from a family of girls, and I did feel handicapped with Frank. Once he said to me, 'Well, you don't *know* about boys.' I asked my husband to talk to Frank, but he wouldn't. His attitude was, 'Oh, kids find out things.' I finally got hold of a very good book and gave it to him."

At about the time Frank was first seeing Bella ("She was his first crush; he was still shy, but putting on a good show and being the big man"), Mrs. Stettman was going through her worst ordeal. A year before, she had discovered conclusively that her husband was being unfaithful. "I finally found lipstick on his clothes and earrings in his pocket. She was a working girl, and was even bold enough to call the house. I guess he wanted someone to make a fuss over him. I didn't dance." At first Mr. Stettman denied any misbehavior hotly, but "Everybody else seemed to know. The worst was when the wives would come up to me at social gatherings with a 'poor you' attitude."

Fear knocked at the door. Faith answered. No one was there.

OLD ENGLISH LEGEND

She let things drift for ten months, but when she discovered herself—unexpectedly, incredibly—pregnant, she felt sheer consternation. "I was forty-eight, my other children were grown, and I never knew from day to day whether my husband would come home that day and tell me he wanted a divorce. I tell you, I was sick."

She did not tell her husband, but instead reached an abortionist through devious routes. The abortionist found the fetus already dead, told her that it would have been expelled naturally within twenty-four hours, charged her $350, and sent her home with a fever of 107°. Peritonitis had already set in.

She had been instructed to go to bed at once, but instead she put up a front for the children and cooked their evening meal. It was a Tuesday night, and Mr. Stettman was supposed to be out visiting a "lodge brother." After supper Mrs. Stettman lay down on the couch while her younger daughter played a record over and over again from her bedroom. "It was called 'You'll Never Walk Alone' and I thought it was the saddest song in the world. I *sobbed*."

The children drifted to bed, but Mrs. Stettman couldn't gather energy to climb the stairs. She stayed on the couch all night. Her husband had said he would be home at nine, but at three he hadn't returned. I knew where he was. I started to hemorrhage. He got in at five in the morning and found me crawling on the floor trying to mop up the blood. He was thoroughly frightened. He said, 'I'm not going to do this to you again. I'm going to break off with that girl.' I didn't even care. I just hoped I'd live."

Mr. Stettman did break up his extramarital relationship in the next few weeks. Since then, Mrs. Stettman has had no reason to think that he has been anything but as good as his word. It was only shortly after she came home from a brief stay in the hospital ("The doctor told me the abortionist had done a very good job") that young Frank had his first date with the spirited, dimpled Bella, with the swinging black pony tail, childish tummy, and teasing manner that put a shy boy at his ease. And while Frank was seeing more and more of Bella, Mrs. Stettman was going through an upsetting emotional reaction of her own. "For five or six months after the abortion I went through one change after another toward my husband. In some ways it was harder than when he was going out. One time I'd feel loving, then I couldn't stand to have him touch me. When I lay down in bed, I couldn't breathe. I couldn't stand his making love to me, so I couldn't breathe. In the daytime I could lie down and sleep and breathe all right, and suddenly I realized what was keeping me from breathing. I decided if loving my husband was going to kill me, I would stop loving him. I decided that love is a luxury, not a necessity. When I changed my attitude toward my husband, his changed toward me."

Thus, over half a year, Mrs. Stettman worked herself into a state of mind where she no longer felt so keenly the pain of her marriage relationship. For a full year before that, she had lived with a very specific pain, and there had been the "stormy" years before that. Mrs. Stettman feels she cannot gauge the effect of all this on her children, but she admits that effect there must have been.

When Frank came to her, wide-eyed with fright at his and Bella's predicament, Mrs. Stettman brought forth new courage. It was she who broke the news to her husband. "He said 'I'll be damned! How can he do this to us?' And I told him Frank needed help as he never had before." Both Mr. and Mrs. Stettman intended at first to meet the problem responsibly, together with Bella's mother and father. They found, however, that there was very little sitting down and talking things over with Bella's parents.

"Her father took charge everywhere," says Mrs. Stettman. "He came to the house—he was shouting quite badly—and said he was going to take my son out and horsewhip him. This girl had been nothing but trouble to him,

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he said, and now she was my son's problem. He could marry her and take care of her. Every time I met her mother, she only cried. Many times I wanted to talk to her, but I had no meeting ground. Frank told me that he and Bella never could understand her father. He had a terrible temper and would lay down laws for his daughters, and then go off to Miami for three days with his wife, and leave the girls completely alone."

Bella's father insisted on marriage, while at the same time refusing to let Frank see Bella. It was he who arranged a court hearing so the two young people could get a special marriage license, and it was Mrs. Stettman who at the last minute became adamant. "Bella's mother and father signed the consent, and it was my turn, and suddenly I couldn't. I had been thinking about this for two or three days—trying to see it from the girl's point of view. And I thought this poor baby didn't have a chance. I said, 'I just can't sign it. I think it's wrong.' Everybody looked at me as if I'd done something terrible. Then the judge asked me to stay in his chambers while the others went out, and we talked for ten minutes. I tried to explain that I wasn't just helping my son out of his responsibility, I was trying to think of everyone. The judge told me to stick to my guns.

"On the way home in the car my husband seemed embarrassed and said I had certainly pulled a fast one. Then he started again on Frank's spoiling a little virgin, and Frank told him he hadn't been the first. 'You're a *fall* guy!' my husband yelled."

Mrs. Stettman still feels guilty about Bella, whom she calls "a girl who needs help; I doubt she gets much from her parents." She and Bella had several conversations, and it was Mrs. Stettman Bella telephoned the day her labor began. "I told her that I knew Frank loved her very much and was sorry he had caused her so much trouble. I told her I was sorry we couldn't be with her."

The baby, a girl, was born during Frank's senior year at high school. When Bella came home, she and Frank had a few surreptitious meetings against Bella's father's orders, but Mrs. Stettman was relieved when Frank went into the Army. She has told both young people that if they still want to marry when they are older, she will have no objections, but she believes Frank's Army term, which he is still finishing, is probably the best thing in the world for him.

Mrs. Stettman is still fairly sure she did the right thing, although she says, "Who's to know? Raising children is the most difficult thing in the world—you can make so many mistakes."

Her one real point of anguish is the thought of her grandchild. "Bella didn't consider keeping the child. The home where she was delivered said she wouldn't be ready for a child for five years, and it wasn't fair to the child to make it wait that long. I wanted to take it myself, but when I broached the subject to my husband he blew his top." She sighs and adds stoically, "If he had been a different kind of man, it might have been different."

SYLVIA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 168

frequent and sinister warning against being a "bad girl." Her mother sent her to confession every Saturday ("Mom put plenty of stress on *that*") as though she feared the worst.

Sylvia found the social life of the small-town drugstore a dazzling contrast to the atmosphere at home. She began dating heavily, and her stepfather began beating her heavily. "He didn't believe in me dating at all. He didn't trust me. I began using fancy tales to get out of the house. Even if I got permission to stay out till eleven, I'd stay out till one. Then I'd get it. With a rawhide strap. My stepfather was the kind of man who didn't care about feelings. He didn't believe in emotions. If you cried when you were spanked, you got it twice as hard. I learned not to cry pretty fast."

By the time she was 16 she began living away from home most of the time, although she kept her job and at no time cut herself adrift from some kind of "home" to go to. She lived with a succession of "girl friends," some of them with parents to supervise; for a while she lived with a married woman friend who "tried her best to keep me straight, even though she was running around herself." She speaks of this exercise of authority as though it were a kindness done to her, not as something a 16-year-old would resent.

Meanwhile, however, men were being nice to her. "I think I did more petting than most girls—I don't *know*, but that's what I thought. But generally the kids were nice and didn't try anything. There was only once I had to walk home from a ride in a car."

Her virtue quickly fell, however, before the first man to date her seriously and steadily and talk of marriage. She had known him for six months, but after he had gained his point he "calmly told me he was already married and that he'd gotten what he'd wanted from me." Then he left town.

Sylvia was not quite 17, and the old, sinister warnings of her parents leaped into her mind.



Clyde Beck, of Decatur, Illinois.

"I'm not ambitious in the sense of wanting to make a lot of money. What I make now [$5600 a year] is O.K. But I want better things for my children. By the time Cynthia is in junior high I've got to be doing better than I am now. There's nothing unusual about us," Clyde concludes, "we're just an average family."

Editors' Note: See if you agree that the Clyde Becks are right in saying

"We are Just Average"

By NELLE KEYS BELL

HOW AMERICA LIVES

IN THE APRIL JOURNAL

"I thought when you slept with a man you married him. I was so ashamed. I was so dumb I thought anyone could tell what I had done. Mom had always told me anybody could tell a bad girl just by looking at her, and I believed her." She was so frightened that she bought two cheap dime-store rings and told everyone at the drugstore she was married.

She could not stay dampened long, however, and within six months she was again going steady, this time with Bob.

"He was a lot of fun and considerate," she says. "You know what a girl likes on a date—having doors opened, and so forth. He did things a man would do and a boy wouldn't."

Bob was an only child, early orphaned and raised by grandparents who lived in another state. He was 23, had knocked about on his own since he was 17, in the Army and in jobs across the country, and had an air of maturity and independence that Sylvia admired. Two months after they were going steady they were intimate. After that, "It took me only about two weeks to get pregnant."

The seven months' interlude between this time and her and Bob's eventual marriage was more or less as Sylvia described it in her letter. As soon as she was sure herself, Sylvia told Bob, but she admits she gave him a great deal to swallow at once, for she also had to tell him that she was not really married. "I *had* given him one lie after another about those rings." He hedged, began seeing less of her, then was laid off at work and disappeared over the state line to his grandparents'.

Yet he let her know where he was, and Sylvia meekly "decided to let things take their course." Her pregnancy began to show and she lost her job. She moved back home, but "My stepfather wouldn't speak to me. He wouldn't even stay in the same room with me. He just yelled and swore at my mother and said it was all her fault, she'd been too easy. He was really swearing at me, but he'd swear at her and say he wished to hell I'd get out of his house. After about a week, I got."

On her eighteenth birthday Sylvia, now clearly pregnant, got her hair fixed, went alone to a cocktail lounge, joined some drinking friends, and was offered marriage by one of them. They drove through the night looking for a justice of the peace, but "I changed my mind. I told him if he was sober the next day and wanted to ask me, to do it then. He asked me the next day—I give him credit for that—but I said no. I wasn't in love with him."

Through her deepest moments of anxiety, she clung to the hope of marrying the man she most wanted—Bob. And Bob himself, driven by no one knows what degree of guilt or loyalty, came back to town. He could easily have stayed in another state, but he came back. Sylvia bumped into him within a week and immediately asked if they could have a talk. They talked, went to a show, and talked some more. Sylvia was fortified by the stir and anger at home, although she admits, "Maybe I exaggerated the shotgun part." In fact, her mother's threats of jailing Bob were never made to his face. Her own words, and perhaps the living presence of her condition, must have had their effect, however, for by the end of the evening he had agreed to marry her.

Now, six years later, Bob is a truck driver, a neat, stocky man whose job supports the family in a simple three-bedroom house. He is affectionate toward the children, and when he is leaving for a night trip he gives each child two kisses, one for good night and one for good-by. He is enchanted with their year-old daughter, who has curly yellow-brown hair and could pose for the sugarplum fairy. He tosses her up and says, "Aren't you pretty! Not like your mother!"

Sylvia says of him, "He has never in the six years we've been married thrown it up to me that we *had* to get married, even though he hasn't said 'I love you' either. I have said it to him lightly, but I want it to come from him seriously first. Now we just have a standing joke. When he stands in front of the mirror, I say 'I love you, who do you love?' and he says '*Me!*'

"I do think he loves me. I think he started to change about the time he gave me the ring.

"Since then, things have been getting better and better. I've got three lovely kids, and I'd like two more. My husband is a good father and a good provider, and he puts up with me even though I know I've got my faults. I'm willing to wait for the 'I love you.' I've got nothing else I'd rather be doing. I've got all the time in the world."

SALLY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 168

thought he ought to finish his service before they were married, and Sally wasn't one to wait around. To tell the truth, I never did expect her to marry him. It was more the thing to do." Soon after that, Sally moved to the city with her friend, into a "supervised" apartment house for young working girls. The girls had not wanted to live there, but both their mothers had insisted.

Half a year later one of Sally's fellow secretaries at the office asked her to fill in a four-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 176



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 174

some. Sally's blind date was a sailor on terminal leave, tall, curly-haired, full of festive spirits and separation pay. The time was spring. He took Sally out three nights in a row. The third ended on a lonely bit of beach at two in the morning. In the course of things he acknowledged her virginity. The next day he left for his home state a thousand miles away.

His friends called him "Dobie," and to this day Sally does not know his proper first name. When she was sure she was pregnant she had no impulse to let him know. "I was too horrified at what I had done to even think about it. I was just numb. I went from day to day as if nothing was happening." When she began to show, she had to act, and she finally took herself to Catholic Charities, who made all the arrangements for her care and confinement. Sally's plan was to keep everything from her mother. Beyond that—"I wouldn't even think about it. I put all decisions off."

As soon as the hospital telephoned Mrs. Munson because of Sally's difficult breech birth, however, Sally's baby was no longer her private problem. The first Sally knew of how it would affect others was when she telephoned home herself, after being told of the hospital's call. "My stepfather answered the phone. He told me my mother had packed her bags and gone—he didn't know where." Realizing the cat was out of the bag, Sally told her stepfather the news. There was a long silence at the other end. Then he told her that she could come home, but she couldn't bring the baby.

The other family members, meanwhile, had reacted quite differently. Mrs. Munson remembers "just standing there, holding the phone" after the hospital called, but she soon collected herself and got in touch with her older son, on his campus ten miles away. One of the first things he said, she remembers, was "You know as well as I do that Sally belongs to us and we'll take care of things." Within half an hour both boys were home, and after consultation they agreed that the younger, Arthur, could better afford to cut his classes for a few days, in order to drive Mrs. Munson to Sally. They were just starting off when her husband arrived home for lunch, and they simply left him standing astonished on the porch.

"When Arthur first saw the baby," Mrs. Munson says now, "he said, 'He's the cutest in the nursery, grandma!' and just then little Jimmy opened his eyes and smiled. We called him Lord Jim for a long time, and he was definitely ours."

Arthur refused to go back home to his classes, but stayed to chauffeur Mrs. Munson from motel to hospital until Sally was able to travel. Then they all four drove home together.

Two years have now gone by. That last-moment telephone call from the hospital has altered Mrs. Munson's life, but the "I am not too unhappy" of her letter appears as a capable good humor when she is seen in her kitchen preparing a Sunday dinner for four of her "children," the most recent of whom is Sally's new husband.

Mrs. Munson is short and plump, but looks more sensible than cozy. She speaks of divorcing her second husband without regret. "Actually," she says, "I think the fuss he raised was merely an excuse to get out of the marriage. What had really interested him was the insurance my first husband had left me, and his love faded as the bank roll diminished. The children never could respect his ideals, because he didn't have any. It was hard on Sally. When we came back with the baby we had the most horrible two weeks I've ever lived through in my life. Finally I just left, and moved into this house and filed for divorce."

With this move to a new neighborhood, Mrs. Munson officially began the fiction that little Jimmy was her child. She must work now to support him, and Jimmy spends his da with a neighbor and her children, but her eve nings, weekends, and a good many of he workday thoughts revolve around him. Whe the small sandy-haired boy with the big eye and pink cheeks wraps his arms aroun "mamma's" knees, and she smooths back hi hair, there can be no doubt that they are ver dear to each other.

She still has time and thought for her othe children too. Her older son is now marrie and living elsewhere. "He sends me ten do lars every now and then, and then I have t write and scold him. They're expecting the first baby at the end of the year." Arthur i commuting to his college, where he is an student and one of the leaders of his clas "When I'm worried I go to *him* for advic now." She pauses, then adds, "Both my boy have always been a comfort to me."

Mrs. Munson particularly rejoices at Sally marriage, a sudden one. "At first Sally wante to stay at home and hide. She thought ever one knew everything about her. Even after sh began going to some of the college affairs wit Arthur's friends, she was full of talk abou marrying the day after hell froze over. But th first time she brought Frank home, I thoug he was sweet. Two weeks later they told m they were going to get married."

Frank and Sally have a housekeeping roo but they come often for a family dinner to t little house Mrs. Munson, Arthur and Jimm share. Frank and Sally exchange a stea stream of affection insults with each oth but it is a langua they seem to enjoy, a Frank's present Sally on her twent first birthday was record player. Mr Munson says, "Wh they were first e gaged, he came to m and carefully told m that Sally had tried tell him her life stor but that he didn't want to hear it. It was warning to me not to try. *I* think he knows, guesses, but he had a kind of miserable fam background himself, and maybe he's just bei wise. Anyway, he and Sally seem to trust ea other, and that's what counts. Sally told m they want to start a baby soon, and I was lieved. For a while she was so repelled tha was afraid she'd never agree to ha another."

> **There is no class of hired laborers among us. Twenty-five years ago I was a hired laborer. The hired laborer of yesterday labors on his own account today, and will hire others to labor for him tomorrow.**
>
> **ABRAHAM LINCOLN**

Sally is a gay and affectionate aunt Jimmy, but she tends to let his "mothe change his diaper, and she has no plans for claiming him. Mrs. Munson looks to the ye ahead of raising and educating another s with equanimity, although she is not s where she will be financially by the time sh 60. One question, however, was settled wh her adoption papers came through, replac his original birth certificate with its "fat unknown." "I see *no* point," says Mrs. Mu son, "in going through the rigmarole of tell him the truth someday just for truth's sa And I *certainly* don't want him to think second husband was his father. So I'll j start telling him that he was adopted, that mother and daddy couldn't keep him an wanted him *so* much. Because that's just ab the way it was."

Readers may feel that these four stor suggest that young people seek intimate re tions for much deeper reasons than heedl "fun"; that they need an image of a lovi respectful partnership between their pare that not only mothers, but fathers and broth and sisters help shape what a child think himself or herself; and that a young perso best immunity against "trouble" is self spect.

Perhaps still another conclusion can drawn from these stories: when trouble d come, it often happens that someone am those involved—a bewildered parent, a gu youth, or the hurt girl herself—rises to problem with a kind of generosity of spirit, immediate sympathy for the plight of some close, on which all our law and social or depend.



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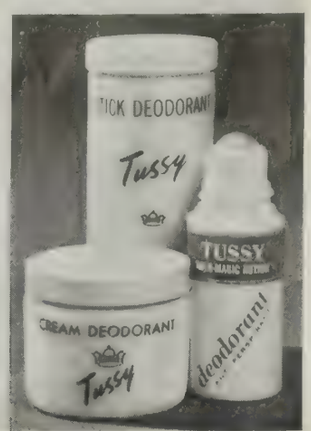
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ENJOY SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S STORYBOOK ON THE ABC-TV NETWORK—MONDAY, MARCH 16TH, "THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE

Can this Marriage be Saved?



Most wives agree on the importance of organizing their daily work efficiently; but many fail to practice it. Home-economics researchers report that the average homemaker could reduce the time spent on her job by as much as 40 per cent. Those who have tried to do so, with competent guidance, agree. One of our popular classes at the American Institute of Family Relations is called "Less work, more fun for homemakers." Often, as in the family here described, the mere reorganization of the daily routine is an important factor in producing far-reaching effects on the personalities of every member of the household. Practical help of this kind, in an unhappy home, is usually far more necessary than is psychoanalysis! . . . The counselor in this case was Mrs. Joseph H. Bernhard. PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D., *General Director*

SHE: "Nowadays I am tired all the time. I need Lyle's help with the house and with the girls and with the eternal problem of my mother. I don't get it."

HE: "Ann and I survived the death of our son. It now appears we can't survive the stress and strain of ordinary living."



DON ORNITZ

"The house was a mess. Lyle took one look, turned around and walked right out again with my mother's criticisms still ringing in his ears."

ANN TELLS HER SIDE: "He was a beautiful baby at birth, perfectly normal in appearance," said Ann, a pretty young woman with large but sorrowful eyes who seemed older than her twenty-nine years. "Our girls are five, four and two and we love them dearly, but Joey was our only boy. Lyle and I can never have another.

"I had all my babies by Caesarean section. At the time of Joey's birth we were so overwhelmed financially—we've been broke since Day One—that I spoke to the obstetrician, who had been concerned about my health all through the pregnancy. He agreed with Lyle and me that four Caesareans were enough, and I had an operation which ended childbearing for me. Sometimes now I wonder what my decision would have been if I could have looked ahead.

"Until Joey was three months old he seemed brighter, healthier, more alert than any of my other babies. Then one Sunday we took the family on parade—the girls are so active and strenuous and my husband is so perpetually tired we usually stick at home—and a friend commented on the stiff way Joey held his head. Lyle and I had wondered about that and we'd noticed his head seemed large for his age. But we'd never had a baby boy and we assumed—we hoped, I guess—boys developed at a different pace from girls.

"I'd taken Joey to a pediatrician regularly, although we couldn't really afford it and the girls had done without such medical attention. Another visit was scheduled in a couple of weeks. But on the Monday following that Sunday we were still so upset that I took our baby to the doctor and explained that we were worried. The pediatrician looked at Joey's head for only a minute—I can still recall how short a time it seemed—and then he said, 'You have reason to be worried.'

"Well, that was the beginning of the end. Joey lived for eight months, gradually growing sicker, retrogressing mentally and physically every day, and then the struggle was all over. Before that happened Joey had three operations to relieve the pressure on his brain, and when he died we were two thousand dollars in debt. During those terrible months Lyle and I lived from one hour to the next, calling the hospital four or five times a day, as often as we dared. Had Joey kept down his food? Had he smiled when he was bathed? Did he seem to be improving even a little? We kidded ourselves to the last.

"On the hospital visiting days I went to see him in the morning whenever I could find somebody to spell me with the girls. Because of Lyle's long hours—he is still going to college as well as working and it often seems problematical to me that he will ever get his master's degree—an exception in the rules was made for his visits. After his last class at night, he was allowed to slip into the hospital by the side door and sit a few minutes beside Joey's crib. He would then come home to me with the latest news.

"I always waited up. In those months Lyle and I were as close as two joined hands. We would suddenly look at each other at the same moment, we caught ourselves listening for the telephone to ring at the same moment, we almost breathed at the same moment. I felt helpless and lost and quite separate from other young wives with healthy children—and Lyle told me he felt just as solitary and separated from other men. Yet somehow he and I comforted each other and bore the aloneness together, if that makes sense.

"When our call from the hospital finally did come I was profoundly grateful that it came in the middle of the night and he was at home. Joey died before we could reach him, which was fine, of course, speaking realistically. But I'd pushed myself to the limit and I more or less collapsed. Lyle was a tower of strength. He arranged with a neighbor to take charge of the girls—they aren't easy children to handle—and until the funeral was over he did his best to shield me from my mother's company. She did make a scene during which she insulted our wonderful doctor, but Lyle saved me from

being a party to it. I just couldn't have made it without him." Ann hesitated, sighed deeply. "With that background I cannot understand why Lyle has changed and I have changed so much, in the six months since Joey's death. Instead of drawing us closer together, seemingly our sorrow has driven us apart. Lyle doesn't help me with my grief and I'm not helping him to bear his. We got through our big tragedy only because we had each other to depend on, but now small, daily, essentially mediocre difficulties are destroying our love.

"Lyle and I quarreled many times before there was a Joey—our marriage began on a stormy basis—but we had a foundation to work from. We liked each other. I never felt completely alien toward Lyle as I feel now. He feels equally alien toward me.

"Housekeeping, child rearing and homemaking don't come naturally to me. But I try hard. Lyle is contemptuous of my failings and lets me see it. He never gives me A for effort. Last Monday was a particularly tough day at our house. The girls were even wilder than usual and, as usual, I had to do battle with tons of laundry. It was late when Lyle came in, but I wasn't halfway finished. I was ready to drop with fatigue and was crying at the ironing board. What I needed was a loving hand on my shoulder, a loving smile. Lyle looked at me with the indifference of a stranger. He didn't ask why I was crying. He asked for his supper. I started to put the food on the stove, but his uncaring attitude was too much for my self-control. I slammed the unwarmed plate on the table and told him to heat his own meal. Lyle went to bed without eating and without a word to me. I didn't even undress and go to bed. I was too exhausted, too dispirited. I slept until morning with my head on the ironing board.

"Nowadays I am tired all the time. I need Lyle's help with the house, the girls and the eternal problem of my mother. I don't get it.

"I used to love the dawn, to get a real c ative lift out of the early morning. Yesterda could hardly drag myself to my feet. I felt though I hadn't slept a wink in a thousa years. Debbie, our two-year-old, doesn't l lieve in sleep for herself or anybody else. D ing the night she'd come into our bedro four separate times and wakened me crawling in beside me and pulling open eyelids. She wanted a cooky, she wante drink of water, she wanted to go to the ba room, she wanted to keep me awake. Th are bars on Debbie's crib but Beth, the fo year-old, unfastened the bars and egged Debbie in her nocturnal prowls. On the fou visit I woke Lyle and insisted he get up and the honors.

"Lyle got up, but instead of getting Deb the water she wanted he spanked both her Beth. When five-year-old Stella burst into te of sympathy he spanked her too. I don't lieve in corporal punishment, as Lyle is v aware. My own mother was so harsh to h long ago decided to be understanding gentle with my children. I complained of spanking to Lyle—surely parents should ag in disciplining their young—but he dic listen to me. Anyhow, he didn't answer. crawled back into bed, turned his face to wall and went straight back to sleep.

"In addition to being exhausted when I up in the morning—we eat at seven o'cloc I had a splitting headache. I asked Lyle police the girls while I rustled breakfast. said he had to study and buried his nose book. He then objected to the youngs noise—I'll admit they were bringing down roof—and suggested they be put out in back yard. We have no fence. For the pas years—ever since my parents sold the hous us—Lyle has been promising to build one. knows if we had a fence I could accomp some of the housework with the girls safel the open and not underfoot indoors wreck my schedule. For the thousandth time I minded him about the fence. I then put girls outside, intending to keep an eye on th

"Maybe my children are no worse-beha than other people's children, but they are more active. When I turned my back to m ure the coffee, Beth seized the opportunity escape on her scooter. She was two blo away before I overtook her. When I brou her back, Stella had gone a block in the op site direction. Debbie had cut her knee o piece of glass in the alley. After I bandaged knee and changed Beth's and Stella's clothe they were both filthy—it developed that n of the three was willing to eat a bite breakfast.

"My children's erratic appetites, combi with their fondness for gravitating toward nearest mud puddles, drive me almost cr However, I'm determined they shan't re my miserable childhood. My mother is a logical and disorganized human being. moment she would force me to eat every of food set before me. In the next moment would send me to school in a dress so dirty teacher would send me straight home wi note requesting a change of costume. youngest brother—the poor kid is just tw years old—is suffering those humiliations n Whatever happens to our marriage, I am fi decided I will never be *her* kind of mothe

"All the while yesterday when I was rou ing up and dealing with our youngsters, calmly continued to study. When I serve food, I brought up the matter of the f again, but I doubt that he heard me. He gul his coffee and toast, grabbed his briefcase left without kissing me good-by.

"Lyle considers his job dull—I realize b a property clerk in an aircraft plant isn't actly fascinating—but at least he mixes adults and he has the mental stimulatio studying and preparing himself to teach. ence is his field. After he does get his M eventually, he will have the satisfactio knowing he is engaged in making a wo while, valuable contribution to the worl have nothing to look forward to. Nothin

"As I watched Lyle rush off to his j envied him his life so much I could ha stand it. I tackled the house in an almost perate frame of mind. Yesterday, as it pens, was my day for vacuuming and t

Photographed by G. Meluso at Dunn's River Falls, Jamaica, B.W.I.



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ough dusting. I managed to trap the girls in their bedroom long enough to do a bang-up job on the living room. But while I was busy in our room Stella and Beth got hold of the carpet sweeper and dumped its contents over the freshly vacuumed rug. Debbie spilled a bottle of milk in the kitchen and got butter in her hair trying to fix a meal for herself. At that point I postponed further vacuuming until evening. I washed Debbie's hair and changed her dress. Meanwhile Stella was clamoring for a sandwich and milk and Beth wanted fruit juice and cereal. I fed them.

"I then scrubbed the kitchen floor and cleaned the stove. One of the youngsters had got jelly in the burners. Right after I ate lunch—all three girls refused to join me—I bedded them down for naps and for once I could manage a short rest for myself. But then my mother telephoned and announced she was coming over. I begged her to stay away. Five minutes later she unlocked the door and walked in. My parents live right around the corner. Mother dabbles in real estate and when she sold us our house at a bargain—we paid seven thousand dollars, and nine thousand was the reasonable market value—she hung on to a key. She uses the key whenever it suits her.

"The girls heard her come in and bounded out of bed with the agility of antelopes. She brought them a box of candy which they aren't supposed to eat and which was certain to spoil their supper. They threw the wrappings and little paper cups on the floor and smeared chocolate over themselves and on the furniture. My mother, who is the world's worst housekeeper, took no notice of that, but she spied the bandage on Debbie's knee and ac-

Miracles sometimes occur, but one has to work terribly hard for them.
CHAIM WEIZMANN

:used me of neglecting the children and letting hem hurt themselves. She then settled down to discuss her favorite topic—Lyle's lack of money-making ability. It's true we've had to borrow from her and father, but I get sick—sick—sick of hearing about it. I can't help thinking Lyle should have figured out a financial arrangement which would have spared me my mother and her voluminous carping and lecturing on thrift and such. She is one person who has always got under my skin. I worry endlessly about her influence on my poor kid brother, but I'm too bushed all the time to be of any assistance to him.

"Mother didn't leave the house until Lyle came; she had the opportunity to pass on to him a few of her uncomplimentary opinions of him. By that time I was a nervous wreck, the children were fighting and crying, and the house was in chaos. Lyle took one look. Then he turned around and walked right out again with my mother's criticisms still ringing in his ears. He didn't come back until hours later. Maybe I shouldn't have blamed him, but I did. I hated him for his cowardice and the way he ran out, leaving me with a dirty house, quarreling children, a maddening mother.

"Back in the days when I was lucky enough to be single and in college and headed somewhere, I was filled with hope and confidence. My professors encouraged me to believe I was talented in journalism. In those days I dreamed of a worth-while, inspiring life and a marriage in which I could fulfill the best in my own personality while I helped Lyle fulfill himself. It didn't occur to me that I couldn't handle a home and children and also earn a little money on the side with writing and journalism. I haven't written a decent-length letter since my eldest daughter learned to walk. It has been months since I've had the energy to read a serious book. The best I can manage is to glance at a newspaper. Lyle and I haven't got the money to own hi-fi or a television set. We can't afford to buy theater tickets or books. I have no time to pursue cultural interests.

"Nowadays I'm so depressed I frequently wish I could die. I'm tired of the whole institution of marriage."

Lyle tells his side:

"Ann and I survived the death of our son," said thirty-year-old Lyle, a dark-haired young man whose eyes, like his wife's eyes, were lined and shadowed and old for his years. "It now appears we can't survive the stress and strain of ordinary living. Maybe Ann wouldn't agree, but I think both of us may be suffering from a guilty conscience. Neither she nor I wanted a fourth child; for that matter, the birth of our third wasn't especially welcome. Two kids were all we figured we could swing until I finished college and got into teaching.

"When Joey was born we were overjoyed, of course, to have a son, but we were anything but happy about the pregnancy. Another thing haunts me too. Joey had tremendous courage. But he had three chances and he lost them all. After the second operation I was told the fight was hopeless and I'm ashamed to say I began to almost hate my baby's courage. I used to pray that God would either help him or take him. If he couldn't be well and strong again I wanted him to die quickly, to stop the dreadful struggle for breath, to be at peace. How I hate remembering those prayers and feelings now! How I miss my son! I wish I had him back on any terms.

"I guess Ann told you that our boy's long illness and the funeral expenses left us behind the eight ball financially. Medical bills have complicated our difficulties, but money troubles have been piling up on us for years. We haven't really stayed abreast of our expenses since Stella, our eldest daughter, was born. Apparently Ann and I are such fiscal idiots we couldn't afford to have children, any children.

"During her first pregnancy we floated our first loan from her parents. I balked at borrowing from them even though the amount we needed was small. Ann has long ago forgotten that she persuaded me it was foolish to pay interest to a bank when her family had funds lying idle. At that time, too, my mother-in-law seemed to be thrilled at the prospect of



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becoming a grandmother. She practically forced us to take over our present house so the first jewel in her grandmotherly crown would have a proper setting

"I didn't ever like the house, but the price was made so attractive—we got a G.I. loan to cover the down payment—I felt I had no right to turn it down. I should have been suspicious of the 'bargain,' but I wasn't. My mother-in-law surrendered the deed to us, but she never actually gave up complete possession of the premises. She pops in at least twice a day. She scolds me for the way I look after my property. She's worse than my father, who also lives in our neighborhood, and feels competent to advise me but not quite so copiously. My mother-in-law tells me when to mow the lawn, when to trim the hedges, when to clean the gutters. I'll admit I procrastinate and am inclined to put off household chores, but her nagging and Ann's nagging don't make it easier for me to be effective. My mother-in-law's home is the worst kept in their block, but she thinks I should paint, build shelves, plant expensive shrubbery, and the Lord knows what all. She and Ann both think I should build a fence to pen in the youngsters. Undoubtedly they could use a fence, but somebody else will have to build it. I won't. I'm carrying a full-time college course and a full-time job; frankly, I feel I'm already toting my share of the load.

"I have no talent for do-it-yourself projects. I have no cash to buy materials. I have no time to spare. I have no wish to improve a place where I'm made to feel like an intruder. What Ann and I should do is sell our place—it's gone up in value in the past six years—and use the profits from the sale to pay off our debt to her parents and finance another house far away from them and my folks; in the present market our house would fetch at least twelve thousand dollars. Ann agrees we should sell, but she thinks we should return the house to her parents for the seven thousand dollars we paid. Her position seems to me quixotic and silly. We can't afford such gestures.

"Ann is more anxious to move than I am. Her mother upsets her more than her mother upsets me. The two are opposed in all their ideas and values. I've never seen my mother-in-law with a broom in her hand. It is seldom indeed I see my wife when she isn't attached to some sort of cleaning, scrubbing, mopping or polishing implement. Ann chases dirt from early morning until late at night. She does everything the hard way. Last Sunday she changed the youngsters' clothes from the skin out three different times. When I protested she had hysterics. Where our youngsters are concerned she is soft as butter, but she is always tough as steel on herself and on me.

"Last Monday I came home at eleven P.M.—dead beat and hungry for a little company and conversation. I found Ann at the ironing board and too busy to look up and say hello. When I asked for my supper she slammed the food on the table without heating it. I wanted to urge her to come on to bed, but I knew better. When Ann screams and rages at me I can hear the echo of her mother's strident, shrieking voice. It scares me.

"Her deep depressions, similar to her mother's depressions, frighten me too. My mother-in-law, with her temper tantrums and her wild bursts of generosity, her high moods and her low moods, isn't a normal woman. Ann has high and low spells too. I'm at my wits' end trying to deal with her moodiness. I'm rarely able to give her any comfort. What usually happens is that I sink into a blue funk, too, which does neither of us any good.

"Our youngsters take advantage of Ann all the time. She is afraid she may inhibit and cramp their individualities. While she was pregnant with Stella she read a book advising that children sleep and eat whenever they please in order to develop their personalities to the fullest. Possibly demand feeding works with infants; with our kids it works out as plain calamity. One Sunday I counted the number of times Ann walked to the refrigerator and the snack shelf to satisfy the appetites of our girls, and she made thirty-seven separate trips. The only times the kids weren't eating or clamoring to eat were mealtimes. My income is inadequate, it's true, but our grocery budget is much too high. We waste money on the food the youngsters waste.

"Stella and Beth occasionally go to bed peaceably if Ann coaxes and reads them a long enough story. Debbie invariably falls asleep on the floor and wakens the moment she is lifted into her crib. Our youngest daughter has virtually put an end to our sex life. Debbie spends more time in our bedroom than she spends in her own.

"I wish Ann wouldn't run herself ragged running the house and running after the girls. I'd rather have a welcoming smile from her than be greeted with shining, polished windows, a fiercely scrubbed floor, a pile of freshly ironed shirts. More than once I've suspected our older girls play in the mud just to get Ann's dander up. Last week we were at the supermarket and Stella smeared cookies all over herself. When Ann started to reprove her in a gentle voice the little imp threw herself at me and howled so everybody could hear, 'Don't let mommy hit me! Don't let her hit me!' I thought it was pretty funny and that Stella was deliberately tempting her mother to give her a spanking. Ann wasn't at all amused.

"Back in our college days she had a wonderful sense of humor. It seems incredible to me that she could turn into a household drudge, a girl who whines about her dreary lot in life and almost never smiles. Ann was a campus wheel—the editor of the yearbook, the vice president of the class—and I was nobody very much. I had to work to help my father support the family and I couldn't participate in many activities. Ann was so cocky and sure of herself that the night we met I felt it incumbent on me to take her down a peg. I took the yearbook apart, told her everything I thought was wrong and expected her to explode and walk away. Instead she said, 'You interest me,' and next morning, bright and early, I received a ten-page special-delivery letter analyzing my objections to the book and offering me a job as her editorial assistant. I took the job. Three weeks later we were married.

"In those days she and I considered ourselves free souls. Ann was working, too, and both of us were self-supporting. We rented an apartment and set up housekeeping together

CONTINUED ON PAGE 184

THERE ONCE WAS AN OWL

By JOHN CIARDI

There once was an owl perched
on a shed.
Fifty years later the owl was
dead.

Some say mice are in the corn.
Some say kittens are being born.

Some say a kitten becomes a cat.
Mice are likely to know about
that.

Some cats are scratchy, some are
not.
Corn grows best when it's damp
and hot.

Fifty times fifty years go by.
Corn keeps best when it's cool
and dry.

Fifty times fifty and one by one
Night begins when day is done.

Owl in the shed, cat in the
clover,
Mice in the corn—it all starts
over.





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Have this most refreshing juice for breakfast, too.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 182

and for a while had a real ball; we didn't even bother to notify our parents of our marriage until I was drafted. That's how independent we were.

"Naturally my Army service curtailed our fun and freedom, but I was lucky and missed being sent to Korea. I had to drop college, but I was able to save nearly all my military pay. In addition to handling college and her regular job, Ann managed to write articles for the town newspaper. Everybody then predicted a brilliant future for her.

"I suppose life is dull now for Ann. Well, it's dull for me too. If Ann can stand the gaff until I get my degree and go into teaching, things should look up for us. The girls will be older then. And by then we should figure out some way to escape her parents and locate ourselves in a different neighborhood.

"Our life now is no picnic—that's for sure. I don't exactly blame Ann for feeling depressed, but I wish for both our sakes she could pretend to be a bit more cheerful."

The Marriage Counselor Says:

"When Ann and Lyle came to the American Institute of Family Relations they were still dazed by the shock of their son's illness and death. As parents of an abnormal child—it is a classic pattern—they suffered from feelings of personal guilt. They blamed themselves for a tragedy for which nobody can be blamed. They were full of questions and self-doubts: 'Why did this happen to us? What did we do wrong?'

"Actually, of course, they had done nothing wrong and the question 'Why did this happen to us?' is age-old and unanswerable. According to the latest and best medical information their son's malady—hydrocephalus—has nothing whatever to do with heritage; it is not passed down through the genes. Yet all of us know husbands who have blamed their wives for the birth of a defective baby and wives who have blamed their husbands. And there are many more who are self-accusatory in the long empty hours of the night.

"In this case, quite unknown to each other, Ann and Lyle were attributing the guilt to Ann's maternal heritage. There were occasions when Ann's mother was eccentric to the point of abnormality, and it was a matter of record that two of the mother's sisters had spent time in mental hospitals. Ann's own latent hysteria was often near the surface and her depressions were real enough. Both Ann and her husband were secretly afraid that she had a tainted blood line and that her psychic difficulties might eventually culminate in insanity.

"Both were overlooking the fact that their troubles began long before their son was born—indeed, dated back to the beginning of their association. After nine disjointed, hectic years they were suffering not only from deep grief but from a bad case of disenchantment with marriage. Usually this period of disillusionment sets in during a couple's second or third year. But Ann and Lyle had never settled down to ordinary living. After they spent a college year together Lyle went in the Army for two years and then they plunged into a period of greeting one baby after another. These unquiet years were climaxed by the death of their son.

"Ann and Lyle didn't realize it, but throughout their marriage they had fed themselves a diet of emotion and raw sensation liberally peppered with quarrels, reconciliations and other dramatic upheavals. What they badly needed was to give their emotions a rest and do some solid, constructive thinking about themselves and each other. In our opening interviews I assured Ann and Lyle that their

Only those faults we find in ourselves are insufferable to us in others.

MADAME SWETCHINE

fears about her heritage were baseless. It was a relief to both to have this unspoken dread exposed to the light of common sense. Almost at once Ann perceived a quite evident truth about herself.

"In her fear of emulating her mother, she was forcing her personality to another extreme and was becoming an eccentric too. It was plain to Ann that she had made herself a slave housekeeper and a slave to her children mainly to prove her difference from her mother. When she grasped and acknowledged this obvious fact she saw how she was harming Lyle and herself and their youngsters. She decided she could and would change. We then tackled her dissatisfactions with the marriage and discussed various ways of mitigating the dissatisfactions. We tossed out her impossible dream of possessing a spotless house, perfectly behaved children, ample time for gaiety and intellectual pursuits, time to aid her neglected younger brother. We concentrated on arriving at a plan to achieve the possible. We put first things first.

"It was vitally important (a) that she get control over her children, and (b) that she modify her housekeeping techniques and get adequate rest. Lyle was entitled to a few smiles from her and she was entitled to a little freedom and fun. As a first practical move, locks and keys were bought for the house. Procrastinating Lyle gladly put a lock on their bedroom door and they used it. He didn't build a fence around the back yard—since they planned to move, it would have been foolish to waste time and money—but he installed an indoor gate designed to keep the children confined to their room whenever he and Ann felt it necessary.

"Ann and Lyle braced themselves for a period of storm lasting perhaps several weeks. The storm blew up but was shorter-lived than they anticipated. At the end of five days the three youngsters—like the sensible youngsters they really were—stopped crying and screaming for attention they didn't need. Debby's nocturnal ramblings ceased and she and her sisters began sleeping straight through

CONTINUED ON PAGE 187

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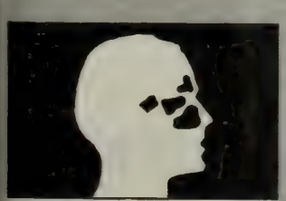
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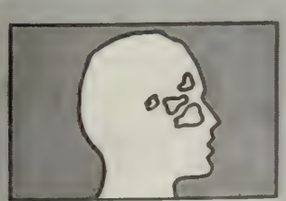
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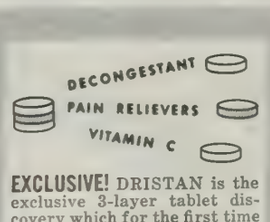
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 184

nt. Ann and Lyle regained the privacy they ly deserved and their sexual relationship resumed.

It took somewhat longer for Ann to re-anize the children's eating habits. But she definite hours for meals from which there e no deviations, and temporarily she al-ed no in-between snacks. A time limit was on the meals to prevent the children from dling; then the table was cleared until the t regular meal hour. It was difficult for n to resist her children's pleas for food, after she reluctantly admitted that de-d feeding wasn't successful with her par-lar youngsters she did resist. Within a nth the eating problems of the three were ed.

Similarly, Ann set regular nap times every rnoon for the youngsters and herself. All hem benefited from the rest. Needless to Ann's housekeeping was enormously d by these numerous changes. The mere that she got more rest made it easier for to curb her compulsive desire to scrub and in and to grant that a little dirt wouldn't nage the house or the children half so much vould the company of an exhausted, over-ught mother.

Ann made it an inflexible rule not to let e catch her at the ironing board, busy with a mop or pursuing some other household task. Because she was less tired and harried, she found it a simple matter in the evening to spare Lyle a recital of the misdoings of the children or a diary of mishaps of the day. As she asked and expected less of Lyle, he gave more. If she seemed weary to him, he offered to put the children to bed or pitched in and helped with the dishes.

"Ann and Lyle learned to talk over their mutual problems calmly and constructively. Agreeing that they needed more diversion, they started going out regularly once a week with the children—usually to the market—and once a week by themselves. Ann traded off baby sitting with neighbors so no expense was involved on that score and they selected inexpensive forms of recreation. Perhaps they couldn't afford to buy books, but they could borrow books from the public library. They mapped out a course of reading for themselves that also on occasion included Ann's young brother. She was persuaded that she could help her brother only in small ways; her major responsibility was to her own youngsters and her husband.

"After Ann and Lyle improved their daily routine they faced and solved the problem of their interfering in-laws and unsatisfactory house. Because Ann felt so strongly on the subject they sold their house back to her mother for exactly the price they had paid, seven thousand dollars, and bought a modest dwelling elsewhere. They sacrificed their financial profit but they also bought independence. They told Ann's mother frankly that her unannounced visits were unnerving and unwelcome and that they were willing to receive her only by appointment. At first there was a terrific outcry from the older woman—she was not inclined to take defeat without a battle—but eventually she resigned herself to the inevitable.

"Nowadays Ann and Lyle see their in-laws about twice a month. They feel this is often enough. In some ways their present home is less desirable than the other house. It is farther away from Lyle's place of work and his college. But he is content to spend the extra time on traffic-crowded highways. Within a few months now he will acquire his degree and next September he expects to start teaching in a public high school.

"He and Ann are enjoying their marriage and their home. Not long ago I called on them there. And I took the opportunity to congratulate Lyle on the skillfully built fence that he turned out in his first week of residence!"

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by
DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

A WHOLE HEART FOR RAMONA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

tricles. The venous blood enters through right atrium and passes through the right tricle to the lungs to be oxygenated and ified. The oxygenated arterial blood then ers the heart through the left upper cham-, or atrium, passes down through the left tricle and on out to circulate through the ly. In Ramona's heart there was a hole in wall which separates the two atria. Much he arterial blood returned from the lungs escaping into the right atrium. The cir-ition in Ramona's right ventricle was be-overloaded; that in the left ventricle was ng deprived. This condition is known medi-y as a "left-to-right shunt."

uch a condition is not necessarily fatal in lf. But the impairment to circulation it ses has serious results. Children born with defect are slowed down in physical devel-nent. By the time they reach the age of lve or thirteen, they may be retarded in wth as much as four or five years. In times t, they have seldom lived past adolescence, they are prone to infectious illnesses, par-ularly pneumonia. Blood infection is an-er possibility.

Yet at the time the surgeon made his diag-is, he did not consider that the operating niques then available were suitable in mona's case. All they could do was to ch over the little girl unceasingly, guard health as best they could.

The next three years were a repetition of the t three. During the winter, Ramona would tract one infection after another. Each uld drag her down still further physically. was too frail to romp like other children. en she started to school, her doctor con-red her too frail even to ride in the school . She had to be taken to and from school taxi, alone. She liked the taxi driver, but was distressed at being set apart from the er children.

During these years, however, and years pre-ing them, scientists had been working on artificial pump which would send the vital od through the body while the heart rested. the time Ramona was four and a half, her geon-doctor was himself doing open-heart erations. But in these early days the opera-n was very risky, the mortality rate ex-nely high. It was employed only as a last ort in the most desperate cases.

Then came last winter, an unusually good e in Ramona's brief life. She had fewer in-tions than in previous winters. With spring, surgeon felt that she was in better physical dition than she was ever likely to be again. w the mortality rate for the operation was longer prohibitive. The surgeon believed time had come to repair Ramona's heart.

There is perhaps no harder decision for parents to have to make—the immediate risk of an infinitely precious life, even though the alternative is invalidism and death in early years. But Mr. and Mrs. Smith had every confidence in the surgeon. They chose the operation.

The first step was for Ramona to go into Presbyterian Hospital, New York City, for a last, thorough diagnosis. This constituted a minor operation in itself, and was conducted under light anesthesia. For it included, besides X ray and fluoroscoping, the insertion of an exploratory catheter into the heart. (This technique, made possible by the work of Columbia Medical Center's Nobel-prize winners Dr. Dickinson W. Richards and Dr. André F. Cournand, has been an immeasurable help in surgical repair of heart defects, because of the accurate diagnosis it affords.)

I have never got over my surprise that I should have been born into the most estimable place in all the world, and in the very nick of time too.
THOREAU

The exact location of the hole was determined. The operation was scheduled for April 8.

The next step was to round up the blood donors. The surgeon computed that seventeen to nineteen pints of blood would be needed. Ramona's own blood would, of course, circulate through the pump and her body. But there must be blood to prime the pump-oxygenator, and blood to replace what Ramona would lose during the operation. Twenty-odd donors must be found, to allow for some rejections after blood matching.

Mr. Smith took his problem to a woman in the Personnel Department of the Republic Aviation Corporation, where he works. "We'll call the Intercounty Blood Bank at Jamaica," she told him. Republic and some five hundred other Long Island and New York City industries and organizations belong to this blood bank; Mr. Smith himself is a member. Still, the Smiths could hardly believe their good luck when they were told the Intercounty Blood Bank would take over the entire task of finding the donors.

Some seventy telephone calls to persons with blood type A, Ramona's blood type, produced twenty-three people who said they would be glad to help. Seven were New York City firemen, a group of men always notably generous in responding to appeals for blood. Four of the volunteers had to be rejected because their blood, though of type A, contained a Kell factor (named for the person in whom this factor was first found) antagonistic to a Kell factor in Ramona's blood. Nineteen met the requirements.

Donors are entitled to receive $17.50 for each pint of blood they give. But according to Controller Grassi, of the Intercounty Blood Bank, all but four of those who gave blood to Ramona refused payment. The firemen asked credit for the New York Fire Department, a member of the Intercounty Blood Bank. Others asked for family credit, which is good indefinitely.

A week before the date set for the operation, Ramona moved into the Children's Ward of Presbyterian Hospital. The surgeon wanted to make further tests. Also, this gave Ramona a chance to get well acquainted with the special nurses who would care for her after the operation. Ramona's parents would not be able to see her until she was past the danger point, unless the operation went badly. It was important that when the little girl came out from the anesthetic there should be someone at hand whom she knew and trusted. The nurse chosen for this shift was a pediatric nurse who had had special training in the care of patients after heart surgery. She was young, pretty, vivacious. Ramona took to her at once.

Ramona understood that she would be put to sleep, and while she was asleep her surgeon friend would cure her of the wheezes with which she was afflicted. It would hurt for a while, but after that she would be as well and strong as her schoolmates. The big selling point from her standpoint, however, was that she wouldn't have to go to school by herself in a taxi any more. She would be able to ride on the school bus with the other children.

By April 7, all was in readiness for the operation which would take place the next morning. At 2:00 P.M., eleven blood donors started arriving at the hospital at half-hour intervals. They gave blood for "perfusion"—the blood that would be mixed with Ramona's in the pump-oxygenator—and "infusion"—blood to replace what Ramona would lose during the operation.

Simultaneously, Ramona's father and mother arrived in the Children's Ward for a last visit with their little girl. When visiting hours ended at 6:00 P.M., Mr. Smith returned to Long Island, to the Smiths' two younger children. Mrs. Smith tried to eat some dinner, though she had little appetite. Then she went on to Bard Hall, a residence for medical students, where she was to stay overnight.

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The operation is to begin at 8:00 on Tuesday morning, April 8. But it is 5:00 A.M. when the first of the several teams an open-heart operation requires comes into the operating room. The task of this team is to install the pump-oxygenator and make sure it is in perfect working order. A surgeon is in charge, one of the three surgeons who perfected the open-heart technique as it is carried out at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center.

Set up on a movable steel table, the pump is a futuristic-appearing group of plastic tubes. On the left side rears up a tall tube about two inches in diameter and two to three feet high. This is the "mixing" tube. Here oxygen will be bubbled through Ramona's blood as it is drawn from her body. A wider plastic tube slants down from the top of the mixing tube. This is called the "debubbling chamber." From it, the blood will run down into the helix reservoir—a very wide plastic container inside of which are plastic coils, slanting downward. The coils are kept in a water bath in which a constant temperature is maintained. The pump proper is made of plastic rather than glass, for plastic causes less damage to the blood corpuscles and there is less likelihood of the formation of clots.

In front of the pump is its small motor, with a low steel cabinet on either side. The cabinets contain fingerlike contrivances which will wave back and forth constantly when the pump is in use. The fingers at the left of the motor will propel the blood into the vertical mixing tube as it is drawn from Ramona's body. Those at the right will propel the blood back into Ramona's body as it emerges from the coils. Perfect operation of the pump obviously is vital. When Ramona is on the pump, three surgeons and a technician will be watching it. Should the electricity go off or the motor fail, the pump can be operated by hand.

At 6:30 A.M., another team makes its appearance, bringing in the tall rack on which bottles of dextrose solution and "infusion" blood—to replace what Ramona will lose during the operation—will be suspended.

The oscilloscope, a recording machine, is rolled in. This is a steel cabinet about five feet high, with squares of yellow glass set into its front. While the operation is going on it will display, simultaneously, an electrocardiogram and an electroencephalogram, and also the pressure in Ramona's arteries and the pressure in her veins. Before and after the operation, it will show the pressure in each of the four chambers of Ramona's heart. This will enable the surgeons to know whether or not the circulatory imbalance has been corrected.

The anesthesiology team will be responsible for following the encephalogram, which has proved to be the best indicator as to whether the brain is receiving an adequate supply of blood during the period when the machine takes over. Failure here could mean irrevocable damage to the brain if not death. A cardiologist who has been in touch with Ramona's case from the beginning will follow the cardiogram and the blood-pressure recordings.

Also at 6:30, Ramona is wakened gently by her special nurse. They make a joke together over the fact that this morning Ramona will have to go breakfastless. Ramona is given an injection. Then, happy and unafraid, the friendly nurse beside her, Ramona is taken to an anteroom of the operating theater.

7:00 A.M. The anesthesiology team arrives. It consists of four specialists and assistants. For the anesthesiologists, in addition to administering anesthesia and monitoring the encephalogram, are responsible for keeping Ramona's lungs in a proper state of expansion—both while she is using them, and during the period when the machine will be breathing for her—and for regulating the flow of infusion blood and dextrose solution.

After Ramona is sufficiently drowsy from the injection, tracheal anesthesia is started, applied through a tube inserted in her mouth and down her throat.

Promptly at 7:00, too, the day-shift nurses come on, replacing those from the night shift who had been helping to set up the machines. The day nurses begin laying out rows of instruments of all kinds, arranging in orderly fashion sterile towels, gauze pledgets, sponges, rubber gloves and the countless other objects that may be needed. In this operation, there can be no question of something forgotten for which a nurse must scurry down the hall.

And at 7:00 the eight remaining blood donors report at the hospital's blood bank. From six of these is drawn the blood that will be used to prime the pump. The two other donors will stand by until the operation is over, in case an emergency should arise and further blood should be needed.

THE BARGAIN

or

A Prelude to Finding a Hole in the Thumb of a Lavender Glove

By GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

The suit was a steal at $22.50.
Now, doesn't that prove to her
mate she's thrifty?
***Of course* she's not counting the**
hat and blouse
And the shoes and purse you
would think her spouse
Would certainly understand
she'd need
To go with a suit of lavender
tweed.
And what of the new coiffure?
Oh, that
She had to have to go with the
hat.
But the suit was a bargain, was
it not?
It goes with those lavender
gloves she's got!

7:30 A.M. Ramona's mother enters the hospital, goes to the lounge in the adjoining Babies' Hospital. She had planned to meet her husband here, and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Mellevold, of Floral Park, Long Island, at 9:00 o'clock. They are to wait together. But Mrs. Smith had been unable to sleep, and had risen early. She felt that she had to get as close to Ramona as she could.

The spectators' balcony overlooking the operating theater begins to fill with doctors and nurses. Columbia-Presbyterian is a teaching hospital. The professional men engaged in the operation on Ramona are donating their services. Other professional persons are allowed to watch.

8:00 A.M. The doors of the operating theater are swung wide. The operating table with Ramona on it is pushed in, wheeled to the center of the amphitheater, beneath a great spotlight. Lights go on behind two large X rays of Ramona's chest, in a case behind the artificial pump. Underneath Ramona is a mattress through which fluid circulates. It is important that her body temperature shall remain normal, and an electric control can make the fluid warmer or cooler as desired. Following Ramona into the theater comes an anesthesiologist with tanks of oxygen and an oxygen bag. In an open-heart operation, the right amount of oxygen at every stage is tremendously important. The oxygen will be fed through the bag. This anesthesiologist will regulate the flow by squeezing the bag with an expert hand.

Ramona lies on the table as if in a normal sleep, her dark hair spilling over the snowy sheet that covers the fluid-filled mattress. With tracheal anesthesia, no mask is necessary. The tube in Ramona's mouth does not impair the view of her pretty, childishly round face. But the round face is deceptive. Ramona's body reveals the damage done by the imperfect heart. It is pitifully small; as white almost, as the sheet beneath it; and thin to the point of emaciation. The rib case stands out, the legs are little white sticks. One spectator feels serious qualms. Will it be possible



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and and watch while knives cut deep into is fragile structure?

But now the four surgeons of the operating am come in, gauze-masked, white-gowned. /ith utmost gentleness, they fasten rubber raps around Ramona's wrists and lower gs. These are to hold in place the electrodes hich will convey to the oscilloscope a con- ant stream of messages as to the way the ild is standing the operation. Her right arm padded, then bound up out of the chief sur- on's way. Four more electrode needles are serted gently just beneath Ramona's scalp.

Now in the theater are: four operating sur- ons and two operating nurses; four anes- esiologists; two technicians at the oscillo- ope; three surgeons and a technical assistant ho will have charge of the pump; the cardi- ogist who will watch Ramona's blood pres- re; an anatomist who will record Ramona's art sounds before the operation, and record em after the operation; two circulating urses. In an adjoining laboratory, four tech- cians are waiting. As the operation proceeds, ey will be constantly analyzing samples of amona's blood, a further check on her con- tion at every stage.

8:12 A.M. An operating surgeon starts pre- uring Ramona's torso. Using sterile gauze edgets held in slender forceps, he washes it st with soap and water, then with alcohol, en with ether; ending with a coating of tinc- re of Merthiolate. By 8:19 Ramona is a ight orange color from neck to knees.

Next comes the "draping." Sterile towels e laid over her thighs and along her sides, aving an oblong of orange. A rack is placed ross her shoulders, to support the upper end a sterile sheet. It has a hole above the sur- cal area, is tucked under her sides. The erile towel laid lightly over her face while is was going on is removed. Ramona now divided into two parts, so to speak. On one le of the sheeted rack can be seen her dark ir and pretty face. The rest of her is a ummylike swathing of sheet and towels.

8:29 A.M. All the electrical connections are ade. Points of light move across the yellow ass squares of the oscilloscope. The surgical am gathers close about the operating table.

The surgeons cut first in Ramona's upper ighs, to prepare the two femoral arteries d right femoral vein. Through the left ar- y, the blood will be returned to Ramona's dy from the pump. Through the right ar- y and vein, a constant check on arterial d venous pressure will be recorded. The rgeons probe so delicately and carefully, th such fine little cuts, that there is after no sense of shock or violation. The blood ssels reached, they are lifted up a little, ry carefully, on instruments slipped under- ath. A small nick is made in each one, a nder catheter inserted, clamped off for w. An anesthesiologist by the bottle rack rts dextrose solution dripping through the theter in the femoral vein. This prevents ood from entering and clotting in it.

Muffled voices come up to the glass-encased ectators' balcony, through an amplifier on wall. Mingled with the voices is a steady ump. The pump technician is tapping the er of the pump with a stick, to remove air bbles from the plastic tubes and coils. Air ding its way into Ramona's body could use serious trouble or death.

Blood has been oozing from the cuts that posed the femoral vessels. Citrated blood dripped slowly into her body to replace it. As operating nurses remove the sponges with hich the blood is sopped up, the circulating rses weigh them, report the amount of blood s to the anesthesiologist at the bottle rack. tients with a heart defect may suffer as much m overtransfusion as from undertrans- sion. Hence the anesthesiologist must return ctly as much blood to Ramona's body as is ained from it.

8:51 A.M. The femoral arteries and vein are dy. The surgeons have worked with marked re and deliberation. Yet with every minute t goes by much has been done. The operat- g team relaxes for one minute before the six mbers take their stations for the major task. ere will be no moving from stations until operation is finished, no matter how long may last. (Chest surgeons have kept their stations, without moving from them, for seven- teen hours or longer.) The chief surgeon, who has been Ramona's own doctor for three and a half years, stands on her right, immediately by her heart. Directly across from him at Ra- mona's left side stands the first assistant. (He also is one of the three surgeons who worked out Columbia's open-heart technique.) Next to him stands the second assistant, the third assistant standing to the right of the chief surgeon. Two operating nurses at the end of the table complete the group.

8:55 A.M. The first cut is made horizontally across Ramona's chest, at a point where the scar will be hidden by her breasts when she is grown. Again there is no feeling of shock, only of absorption in the skill with which the sur- geons work, of fascination in the dramatic scene below. For on one side of the sheet there is the tranquil face of the sleeping child; on the other side, the surgeons cutting and spong- ing away blood, cutting and sponging away blood, gradually making the incision wider and deeper. An electric cauterizer coagulates the small veins and arteries as they are severed. The larger ones are tied off with silk thread. As the surgeons go deeper into the chest wall they seal the area off with moist- ened sterile towels. Ramona sleeps on quietly, unconscious alike of the six people working with intense concentration on the other side of the sheet that is reared above her head; of the two anesthesiologists, just behind her; of the steady tap, tap on the pump filter.

9:15 A.M. The chest is open. One can see a pink mass—Ramona's lungs—moving up and down, pumping strongly. Its action is due to expert manipulation of the oxygen bag, which keeps the oxygen supply constant. Otherwise the lungs would collapse when the chest cavity is penetrated. The chief surgeon spreads the ribs apart with a metal retractor. Now one gets a glimpse of the heart, covered with a thin membrane called the pericardium, where it lies just below the lung mass. Very gently the

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surgeons move the lungs aside, exposing Ramona's heart in its entirety.

"That's a big heart for such a little girl," a doctor in the spectators' balcony murmurs. But it beats regularly and strongly while the chief surgeon and the first assistant slit the pericardium; tie long silk threads in the edges of the slit and then with utmost gentleness work the pericardium back and down, freeing the heart surface. As they work, more sterile towels are tucked in at the sides, constantly narrowing the field of view.

9:30 A.M. Now nothing can be seen of Ramona's body except her heart, nestled in its bed of moistened sterile towels; contracting and expanding, contracting and expanding. Receiving the venous blood; pumping the arterial blood through the network of blood vessels. The chief surgeon and the first assistant are both working on Ramona's heart, rapidly now but always with care, cleaning away all vestiges of blood with gauze pledgets held in long forceps. Under their manipulation the heart tosses and tumbles, rolls this way and that way, but keeps working with the utmost regularity, never losing a beat.

Now the two men are putting tapes around the *venae cavae*—the two great veins which carry the venous blood into the heart. The anesthesiologist at Ramona's head crouches above her with the alert tensity of a runner poised for the starting signal. His left hand is on Ramona's temple, to get the pulse there, his right hand squeezes the oxygen bag. He watches the surgeons' every move, while also receiving constant reports from the recordings of the oscilloscope and from the blood samplings, to guide him in administering the oxygen.

9:40 A.M. A pause now, while a surgeon applies a miniature stethoscope to Ramona's heart. For a second or more the spectators in the balcony hear the thud, thud of Ramona's heartbeat. In this procedure, Ramona is making a contribution to science, as well as benefiting from one of its ingenious devices. These recordings, from a stethoscope applied directly to the heart, are of tremendous value in making diagnoses and in evaluating the results of heart surgery.

Zero hour is approaching. Ramona is given an injection of heparin, so that her blood will not clot in the pump. At the same time, the bottle of citrated infusion blood is removed from the rack, a bottle of blood containing heparin is substituted.

The chief surgeon is pushing a catheter through the right atrium of Ramona's heart, at the apex of the right chamber, into the inferior *vena cava*, the three other surgeons assisting. Then another catheter into the superior *vena cava*. For a brief period, eight rubber-gloved hands are engaged on and around Ramona's heart. (The inferior *vena cava* is the venous trunk line that brings blood back to the heart from the legs and abdominal region; the superior *vena cava* brings the venous blood from the upper part of the body. Both empty into the right atrium.) By now, the towels tucked around Ramona's heart have taken on the color of Mercurochrome.

One can feel the mounting tension, even though there is no change in the calm precision with which those in the operating theater are doing their work. The heparinized blood collected from this morning's donors is running up through the mixing tube of the pump, spilling over into the debubbler and forming a slender red ribbon down through the plastic coils of the helix reservoir. The pump-oxygenator is being primed.

The four members of the pump team take their stations. One surgeon will manage the connections between Ramona and the machine. The two other surgeons of this team will watch the operation of the pump itself, a technician standing by to help.

The man of letters must make up his mind that in the United States the fate of a book is in the hands of a woman. WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

The crucial moment is at hand. The two catheters in the *venae cavae* sprout out from Ramona's heart like willow branches; yet its steady beat has not faltered once. The first assistant ties knot after knot of silk thread around the catheters, so that they cannot possibly slip out of position.

10:07 A.M. The last knot is tied. The chief surgeon adjusts the retractor which holds the sides of the chest apart. An anesthesiologist lowers the spotlight. A voice comes through the amplifier: "Are you ready to go on the pump?" The first assistant answers "Yes."

10:10 A.M. The clamps are being removed from the catheters that will convey Ramona's blood to and from the pump. Except for the watchers at the oscilloscope, all eyes in the operating theater go to the vertical mixing tube. The thin red column is becoming a thick column of dark red blood, filling the tube. The pump is working perfectly. Now it is carrying the full task of oxygenating the blood from the veins, and pumping it back into and through Ramona's body. The dark red blood shoots up strongly through the tall vertical tube, goes through the debubbling chamber and runs down through the coils of the helix reservoir. a lighter, brighter red. Ramona's heart has not lost a single beat, though it beats less strongly now. The tension relaxes. A critical moment has been passed safely.

The chief surgeon makes a single strong, decisive cut into the heart. The first assistant holds the severed sides apart, the two men peer closely into the interior of the organ. The spotlight is lowered again until it all but touches the chief surgeon's bent head. Another careful little cut or two and the hole in the inner heart wall is reached. The chief surgeon sews the sides together with silk thread. This will hold until the tissue joins of itself, in about two weeks' time. (The surgeon used running stitches. Had ordinary stitches been employed,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 192



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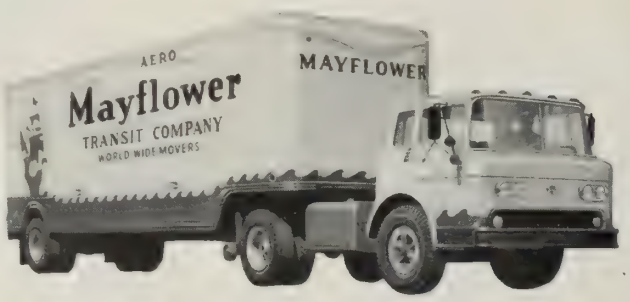
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These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 p.m. and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 190

around nine would have been required. A big hole in the heart of so tiny a girl.) All the while Ramona's blood shoots up through the mixing tube in a steady stream, down through the coils, into her left femoral artery and through her body, bypassing the heart.

10:25 A.M. The chief surgeon says, "We're about through." The hole in the heart has been mended. The surgeons are getting ready to sew up the incision in the heart muscle. The spectators' balcony and the passage leading to it are crammed with doctors and nurses, those at the rear standing on tiptoe, trying to get a glimpse of the scene below.

10:29 A.M. Blood is started back into Ramona's heart through the inferior *vena cava*. Another tense moment. But the beat is growing stronger now. Without a miss, Ramona's heart is again taking up its work of pumping her blood.

10:30 A.M. Ramona's special nurse goes to the lounge in Babies' Hospital to report to Ramona's parents and grandparents. She is able to tell them that the most perilous part of the operation is already successfully accomplished.

10:32 A.M. The catheter in the superior *vena cava* is removed gently. The pump is stopped. The surgeons close the holes that were made in inserting the catheters through the right auricle; the tapes on the big veins are removed. The chief surgeon carefully works the pericardium back up over the heart again, tying the slit sides together with the long retaining threads that had been left in them for this purpose. After all the cutting and sewing to which it has been subjected, Ramona's heart is beating as strongly and regularly as before.

"That's a good heart—a very good heart," says one of the doctor spectators approvingly. It was a good heart, but for the one defect. Now that it is a whole heart, it should serve Ramona long and well.

10:45 A.M. The surgeons are gently teasing the lungs back into their proper place. They pause to take a bit of tissue from a lung for biopsy. Often a defective heart has a damaging effect on the lungs. There is no reason to think that Ramona's lungs have suffered as yet. The surgeons sew the cut tissue together; take a full minute to examine the stitching closely, making sure that no gap is left through which air may escape into the chest.

10:51 A.M. The chest contents arranged precisely as they had been before, the head surgeon removes the clamps which held the incision open, pulls the chest together, preparatory to closing it. The severed breastbone is held together firmly with stainless-steel wire, the soft tissues of the chest wall are closed with silk thread.

There are still many things to do. Tests must be made of heart action, blood pressure and many other things. It is 12:05 before Ramona is carried to the recovery room, trailed by technicians bringing the oscilloscope and the temperature-control mattress, both of which must be reinstalled. As the mattress is slipped beneath her, she whimpers and begins to wail softly. This is a good sign. At once, eight doctors surround Ramona's bed. The first assistant begins issuing crisp directions for postoperative care.

1:00 P.M. The first assistant, in street clothes, is sitting in the dining room of Harkness Pavilion, part of the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, bowed head resting on his hands. The stand-by crew, which will watch over Ramona until she is out of danger, has taken stations. Her special nurse will not leave Ramona's side nor remove her eyes from the child. After her eight-hour shift, she will be relieved by other nurses with special training in open-heart cases. A chest surgeon will keep a twenty-four-hour vigil, round the clock, snatching such sleep as he can get on a cot placed beside Ramona's bed. Three anesthesiologists are assigned to Ramona, each on an eight-hour shift. At least one cardiologist will be on duty round the clock. Other cardiologists undoubtedly will be dropping in, for an open-heart patient is of special interest.

The first assistant straightens up briskly as the other guests approach the table.

"An open-heart operation is a strain," he admits. "You don't think about it while the operation is going on. All you think about is the patient and what you are doing. Then after it's all over, you get the impact."

One reason for the extremely complicated procedures in Ramona's case, the chief surgeon explains, is that the open-heart technique is still new. "In a few years' time, we may be doing it in an entirely different way. Perhaps someday it will be simplified to a point where it can be carried out with ordinary operating room procedures."

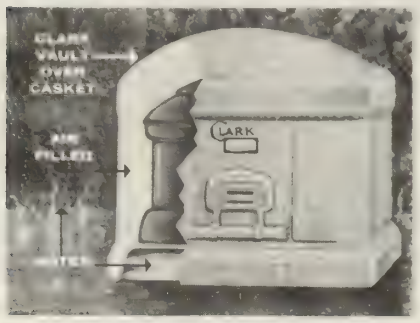
Today, though, an open-heart operation is high drama; a succession of daring risks, offset by endless precautions. It requires a very large cast. Counting the workers at the blood bank in Jamaica who found the donors, the workers at the blood bank at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Hospital who drew the blood, and the diagnostic teams, sixty-three men and women played an immediate part in the operation on Ramona. And back of the incredibly smooth intermeshing of intricate machine and human skills and intelligence lie long years of study and practice; long years of dreaming and experimenting and striving by a multitude of scientists. To the end that a frail, sickly little girl may be able to romp and play; may have the same chance as any other bright, pretty little girl to grow to lovely radiant womanhood.

And how did it go with Ramona? Within two weeks she was up and playing with the other youngsters in the Children's Ward. This winter, Ramona is riding to school on the school bus, with the other children. END



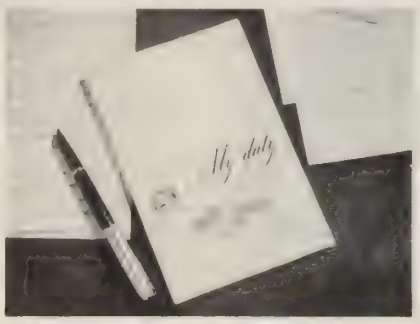
Someday, you'll be the one who must take charge...Will you know:

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- whether the closest relatives are expected to greet callers at the home?
- how to select pallbearers?
- when to decide date and hour of funeral service?
- how to go about selecting a cemetery plot?
- why it's important to select at the same time a proper grave vault?
- how to be sure it protects against water in the ground?



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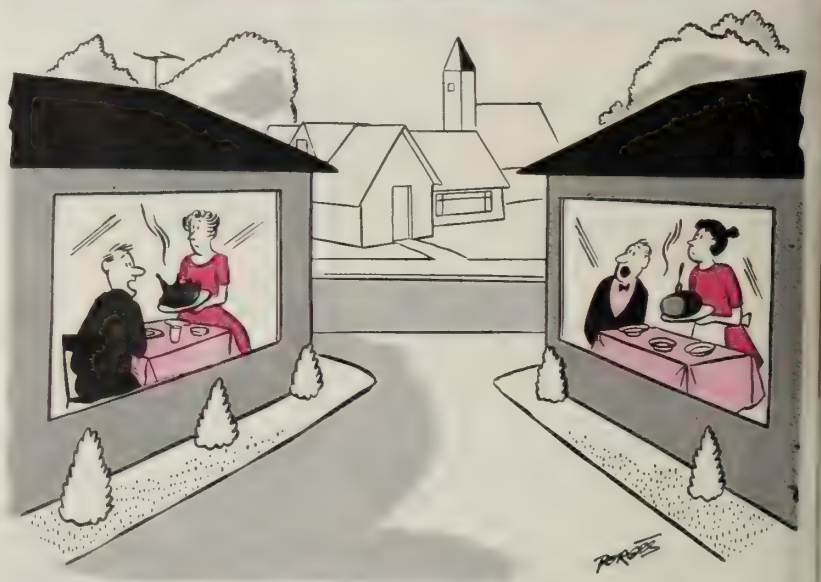


Send for FREE 32-page booklet. "My Duty" answers above questions and many more you will face when you are the one who must *take charge*. It also tells how to write those difficult sympathy notes and includes many beautiful poems that have brought consolation to millions. Write, today, for your free copy. The Clark Grave Vault Co., Dept. LHJ-39, Columbus 1, O. Copr. 1959.



CLARK

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"Why can't we have roast beef?"

"Why can't we have roast chicken?"

With a little imagination...and Log Cabin Syrup



You can fix fabulous French toast sandwiches! Remove crusts from 8 slices of bread. Place ham slices between two pieces of bread and dip quickly into mixture of 2 slightly beaten eggs, ¼ cup milk and ¼ teaspoon salt. Sauté in Presto's new automatic Control Master Fry Pan, turning until brown on both sides.

Presto Fry Pan browns evenly because controlled heat keeps temperature constant. Control Master detaches, so Fry Pan can be washed completely under water. Drain sandwiches on paper towel and serve hot with lots of tempting Log Cabin poured on top. There's real maple sugar blended into every golden drop of Log Cabin!



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Recipes Tested and Approved by General Foods Kitchens

10 WAYS A CHILD MAY TELL YOU

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

ODD HABITS

One odd habit, especially if it is temporary, does not spell trouble any more than one isolated antisocial act makes a delinquent, or one retarded response a mental defective. But in Norman's case there was a whole pattern of them.

Norman was a bright, alert boy of eleven. His parents described him as friendly, serious-minded and helpful around the house—and so tenderhearted that he didn't like to eat animal crackers because it made him feel bad to think of the animal! But his parents were concerned—and rightly—because he had developed some odd habits.

Every so often he would clap his side repeatedly with his hand. This habit persisted for over a year. And he would sit down on a chair and then get up at once and sit down again, either once or several times. He also repeated some phrases several times: "That's fine. That's fine. That's fine." He explained that he had to repeat these words and actions because once they got on his mind he had to carry them out. If he tried not to, then he would worry; if he did them, he felt comfortable. He never appeared to be depressed or tense or anxious. At first his parents considered these merely "bad habits" and tried to stop him with punishment. Of course this didn't help because he didn't want to do these things in the first place. So they wisely sought psychiatric help.

It then developed that his dreams were filled with anxiety and violence. The most vivid dream remembered by this gentle boy who couldn't bear to eat animal crackers was that somebody had murdered his grandfather.

Norman's basic trouble was a tendency to morbid anxiety, and his abnormal behavior was built as a defense against that.

In his case advice, guidance, education or improved living conditions would not have been enough. Thanks to good technical psychotherapy, a serious neurotic process was uncovered and arrested.

VIOLENCE

As children are exposed to more and more violence—through TV, movies, comic books—it becomes increasingly difficult to tell whether a child who is violent in his behavior and his play is showing a dangerous tendency or merely imitating the "heroes" we allow to be set up for him.

Many intelligent parents know from common sense that violence in children is something to be taken seriously, but they are afraid that if they say so the "experts" will call them "overanxious," "overconscientious," "overprotective." As an "expert" who has made a special study of young people in trouble, may I align myself on the side of parents' common sense? It is *not* "perfectly natural" or "desirable" for children out of diapers to be habitually violent and aggressive and destructive. This kind of behavior, even in play, if persisted in, is a danger signal.

One form of violence which usually spells serious trouble ahead is the setting of fires.

Twelve-year-old Jimmy, by the time he was brought to me, had set eleven fires—three of them in schoolhouses. Although he was aloof and timid, inclined to keep things to himself, he did finally confide in me that he set his first schoolhouse fire because he was having trouble with his schoolwork and this seemed one way out. But back of his trouble with studies was a sexual problem he had never discussed with anyone before. He was restless and he got a thrill out of stirring up excitement. Something had really gone wrong with this boy, but because it was caught in time it came out all right.

In contrast is the case of a seventeen-year-old boy whom I did not see at the time of his first delinquencies, but only later, after he had strangled to death a fifteen-year-old girl whom he had driven in his car to a lonely place.

Starting from this event I went back over his life—with him and his parents. I learned that he had always been a "model boy," obedient to his parents, "a great help around the house"—but that at the age of seven he had set fire to the house. His stepfather and mother accepted his explanation that he had done this "for excitement" and had let it go at that. There was no doubt in my mind, however, after exploring this act of violence with him, that he had done it out of unconscious resentment toward his stepfather and mother, which he could find no acceptable way of expressing.

When this fire setting brought him no relief from his deep-seated troubles, he tried playing hooky from school. Then he cut up his mother's underwear with a razor, took women's underwear off neighbors' washlines and tore it up, broke into a house, ransacked bureau drawers and ripped up the women's underwear he found there. He did these things, he said, because it gave him a feeling of power. Actually it seemed fairly clear that he was trying to punish his mother and drive his stepfather away. There is no doubt in my mind that a dreadful murder could have been prevented if this boy had had professional help at the time he set his first "signal fire."

To illustrate what I mean when I say that no set of rules can supplant a parent's good sense, let me give the example of a fire-setting that was without significance.

Seven-year-old Laura came to see me with her mother. She had set a fire in a big apartment house. By a miracle, no great damage was done and no one was hurt, but her mother wanted to know what was behind this destructive act. I asked Laura to show me what had happened the day of the fire. She sat down on the floor. "I was playing house, like this," she said. She explained the various activities of a housewife, dusting the furniture, taking care of the children, going to the telephone, answering the door.

Finally I asked her, "What about the fire?"

"Oh," she said, looking at me with round big eyes, "that was when I was cooking."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 197



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Ask any WOMAN

By Marcelene Cox

Too often "planned parenthood" ends when the child is born.

Note to cold sufferers: An account of your virus doesn't inspire us.

A teacher, testing a little girl, asked if she knew the meaning of the word "conquer."

"Of course!" answered the child. "Conquer means to hit her on the head."

His dish may be a gourmet's delight;
But not to his wife when her kitchen's
a fright.

The driver who weaves about in traffic may finish his life pattern too soon.

When raising rabbits, it doesn't take long to get double your bunny back.

Where-is-ers?
It is one woman's opinion that when a man opens a drawer, cupboard, closet, refrigerator his eyes automatically close.

Contemplating marriage . . . show the real you before either says "I do."

The word "disperse," as defined by a sixth-grader: "Disperse is not mine."

Once a child goes off to boarding school and returns, he never again can use a small quantity, or just *one*, of anything. It takes a handful of paper towels or napkins for one spot, and a sinkful of water and a half box of soap to wash a few dishes. His money needs have doubled and the water necessary to get him clean each day would float the house away if it weren't for efficient drainage.

Our realtor friend, when hard pressed for a parking space near a customer, escapes a parking ticket by leaving his car's hood up.

To escape a lion or man-eating shark
A man can learn the art;
But he'll always be a sitting duck
For cupid with a dart.

AMAZING NEW DISCOVERY is made by doctors who looked inside a living person's stomach to determine why

BAYER BRINGS FASTEST RELIEF

the fastest, most gentle to the stomach relief you can get from pain!



Doctors found Bayer Aspirin has astonishing action never before known

Instant Flaking Action

so you get relief without delay

The medically designed glass beaker above represents the area from your mouth to your stomach. It illustrates what doctors saw in the stomach of a living person: that Bayer has an astonishing *instant flaking action.* Therefore, a Bayer tablet enters the stomach —*not* whole—but in soft, tiny flakes. As a result, there's no waiting for relief until the tablet disintegrates. Bayer Aspirin is ready to go to work instantly—*without* delay—to make you feel better fast.





Men who know medicine recommend Aspirin!

In medical journals, eminent doctors consistently acclaim aspirin for its great and ever-growing values.

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In personal interviews, hundreds and hundreds of doctors said *they* recommend aspirin. So buy the *best* aspirin the world has ever known—*Bayer* Aspirin!





Why Grapefruit keeps your vitality high!

For Vitality—Get Your Vitamin C The Natural Way! To keep your youthful vitality, you must get a fresh supply of Vitamin C every single day—because it's one vitamin your body can't store up. And it's equally important to get your Vitamin C *as nature intended*—in combination with the other vital nutrients and health benefits found in fresh Florida grapefruit. That's what's meant by *Vitality* Vitamin C!

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No Wonder The Smart Set Goes For Grapefruit! As your doctor will tell you—grapefruit can play an important part in helping you look and feel youthful—healthy—full of life! For in addition to natural Vitamin C—grapefruit and grapefruit juice provide other important vitamins and minerals—help maintain your alkaline reserve—fight fatigue and give you quick energy.

• • •

It's Smart To Be Trim! And fresh Florida grapefruit is satisfyingly *low* in calories. Grapefruit is loaded with *flavor*...not pounds! Enjoy fresh grapefruit through the day—as a sparkling appetizer before meals—in hearty main dish salads—instead of rich desserts. Get your Vitamin C the *natural* way—in delicious fresh grapefruit from Florida.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 194

She had lighted some paper to prepare food "for the baby." The flames had spread rapidly and started the fire.

Further study of this little girl revealed nothing wrong. My prognosis was that she would probably be a good housewife someday, and that her parents had erred in not teaching her more about the danger of playing with fire.

The parent who sees a marked tendency toward violence in his child would be well advised to try keeping him away from the violence-inducing influence of certain TV shows, movies and comic books for a time; and if this doesn't help, outside advice should be sought.

Preoccupation with violence or violent acts may directly produce sexual excitement. That always indicates an abnormal psychological development. It is not natural but pathological, and it requires special treatment. Here, again, parents who are trying to arrest such tendencies in early stages must be aware of the bad influences to which children are exposed nowadays. (Day after day, recently, large newspaper ads for a movie house frequented by the younger set said: "ON STAGE! NEW KIND OF HORROR SHOW. ACTION takes place in AUDIENCE. We warn you this is the MOST! See Monsters Torture Beautiful Girls. Plus Horror Movie." The illustration accompanying this text showed a half-nude girl chained to a rock in a position that only a sadistic adult could think up. Only if adults realize that such sadistic sexual abnormality is morbid and contagious will they learn to keep their children away from it. It would be helpful, of course, if this sort of thing could be kept away from children.)

IRRESPONSIBILITY

Francis, aged fourteen, came from a sheltered, well-to-do environment. He had good intelligence, but used it in only a superficial way. He didn't play with other boys, preferred doing what some adults do—going to movies and the theater, eating in restaurants, living beyond his means.

He didn't steal, but he did run up bills like an irresponsible adult, buying presents for his friends, charging things freely to his parents' accounts. He was often scolded for this, but that didn't bother him. He loved the life of a big shot, never seemed to feel tense or apprehensive, displayed usually a cheerful "I don't care" attitude.

This boy's parents felt there was nothing really wrong with him and it was only upon the urgent advice of his school headmaster that Francis was brought to me. With me he was charming. He didn't exactly lie, but told only those parts of the truth that suited him. When the whole truth finally came out I learned that he had developed very early an antagonism toward his father, whom he nevertheless tried to imitate in many ways. He had never known real, just authority, and I believe that he, like so many boys who are neglected by their indulgent parents, was drifting toward either delinquency or severe personality disorder.

Treatment in such cases—whether it is given by psychiatrist, clergyman, school counselor or even by a parent suddenly awakened to his own responsibilities—must be twofold. First, one must find out what the young person is trying to prove—for he is certainly working hard to prove *something;* and second, one must find what is good and sensible and constructive in the young person's aim and help him find acceptable, effective ways of achieving this. (He wants to be a "big shot." All right. A big shot is a success. There is nothing wrong with being successful. What about being a *real* success—by getting better grades, doing well in sports and extracurricular activities? Boys like Francis will consider such advice unspeakably "square" unless the adult giving it has taken the trouble to build first a relationship of trust and respect before giving it.)

CHANGE IN PERSONALITY

Though all children go through stages—we sometimes say of a child that he or she doesn't seem the same person from day to day"—the normal, well-developing young person has a basic personality pattern that changes only gradually, with growth.

Whenever there is a sudden, sharp change in a child's personality, it may well indicate that unless attention is paid there will be serious trouble in the future.

Outside help may be needed when an alert, active child becomes habitually bored and listless; when a neat child loses all interest in appearance; when a friendly, outgoing child becomes withdrawn; when the child who loved his hobbies loses interest in them.

These abrupt changes may indicate a loss of energy due to some physical cause—such as diet deficiency—or an anxiety too heavy for the child to carry without his putting aside everything else. In any case, he needs help; he is letting us know. If we don't respond to this call, he may send out a really devastating one.

HOMOSEXUALITY

Homosexuality is always an interfering factor in an individual's healthy, happy development. Therefore any definite signs in young people should be taken seriously.

Modern clinical research shows that the majority of adults who are called homosexual are not exclusively so. It has also been shown that many homosexuals are not incurably so, certainly not if they are given good professional help in childhood or adolescence.

There are, of course, many false alarms. The term "latent homosexuality" is bandied around widely nowadays by glib interpreters of psychological tests. I know a number of cases where worried parents, on the strength of such test results, have sought treatment for very young boys and girls who, as shown by careful clinical study, had nothing whatever wrong with them.

The most beautiful thing we can experience is the mysterious. To know that what is impenetrable to us really exists, manifesting itself as the highest wisdom and the most radiant beauty which our dull faculties can comprehend only in their most primitive forms—this knowledge, this feeling, is at the center of true religiousness.

ALBERT EINSTEIN

I Believe

published by George Allen and Unwin

Physical signs such as wide hips or slightly indicated breasts in boys are not usually signs of homosexuality, but just stages of physical development in normal growth. The parent who is too conscious of "early sexual stages" may be overconcerned and may subject the child to unnecessary therapy.

Some children, however, long before puberty, do show little behavior signs which point to a disorder of sexual development in the direction of homosexuality.

Harry was seventeen when I saw him first. I learned that he had preferred playing with girls since the age of eight. Even when alone he preferred girls' games—such as jump rope—to boys' games—though he disliked being called a sissy and often disobeyed his mother just to prove he wasn't one. He liked girls' dresses and went through his mother's and sister's bureau drawers inspecting underwear. As he grew older, and nothing was done to help get him on the right track, these interests increased. He was vain, and postured in front of the mirror, tossing his head like a girl. It was noticed that he had "the little winning ways of a girl" and that he was effeminate in gait, posture and speech. He blushed easily.

By the time I talked with him he considered himself an irremediable homosexual, called male adults "dearie," sought the company of other males similarly inclined, was interested in books and plays only as they portrayed the liking of men for men.

His pattern of behavior was so deeply set by the time he came to me, and he was so attached to it, so disinclined to change, that I could do very little for him. But treatment at a much earlier stage might have saved Harry and his parents a good deal of unhappiness.

Children with homosexual tendencies should be competently studied and diagnosed and, if necessary, treated. Repression and strict educational measures will not suffice when there is a neurotic development needing professional attention.

DELUSIONS

Eleanor, a pretty girl not yet fourteen, came to me with her parents because they felt she was daydreaming too much. They did not think there was much really wrong with her, but they wanted advice about how to organize her activities. After telling me general things, she confided that she thought a lot about something in her room at home. She felt that what she heard on the radio and on TV had in a mysterious way some bearing on her own life. "I know," she said matter-of-factly, "there is a connection between the radio, the TV and the light in my room. It is a general hookup." She elaborated this in baffling detail.

The belief that machines are influencing the functioning of one's brain is a form of delusion that has been known for centuries. Every new scientific discovery is adopted by unbalanced persons to express their peculiar morbid feelings. When I was a medical student only electricity or magnetism was cited; now schizophrenic patients tell me about radar and electronics working on them. Eleanor was a case of schizophrenia. Early recognition of such a disorder is obviously of the greatest importance.

TRUANCY AND RUNNING AWAY FROM HOME

Usually these acts do mean there is something wrong not with the child but with the child's general situation. The child who has found his place in the family, in school and in his group does not take to flight.

If it is adventurous and playful, if many other children in the school do it (a group temptation), and if it does not really harm his schoolwork, "playing hooky" may not have any deep meaning. But if it is cunningly maneuvered, if he seems to be determinedly running away from something—schoolwork, school situation, home situation—then it should be taken seriously.

An isolated incident of running away may not mean much. Parents are ill served when told by psychologists that every running away is an emergency situation. If a child runs away once and the matter is taken up constructively, there should be no cause for alarm. But repeated running away is always a sign that a child is facing an emotionally intolerable situation. Usually both child and situation have to be corrected.

Now, in a more cheerful vein, let me cite some things young people do that alarm their parents but which, taken by themselves, usually have no great significance.

Stealing. In a very young child "taking things that don't belong to him" is quite natural—more so than *not* taking them, when you come right down to it. Even among children up to the age of six or seven, a tendency to swipe something now and then is not a symptom of anything deep and dreadful. Though it should be made clear to a child that he can get in trouble this way, and though every reasonable effort should be made to make him understand the confusion that would result if nobody respected anybody else's ownership of things, still I think there may be more danger in punishing a child too severely for "taking things" (I am reluctant to apply the term "stealing" to the occasional, casual thievery of small children) than in letting him off easily—the first time or two.

Planned, deliberate thefts, especially those that involve breaking into buildings or any other kind or threat of violence, are something else. Children who become involved in this sort of thing need the most serious professional attention.

Stammering. Some children go through a period of stammering at about the age of three. It is a transitory thing and requires no treatment.

The real disorder of stammering begins at about five or six. It is a disability which is disturbing to the one who has it, but does not indicate anything more serious in any other sphere. In contrast to enuresis (bed wetting), for example, it is not so clearly correlated with pressures from a disordered family or from the social environment in general. The ideal procedure would be for teachers to discover this disability and for the school to refer the child for remedial-speech training.

Refusal to go to school. Entering school is as important a landmark for a child as puberty.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 199



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 197

w problems for parents may show up then. e often comes with great force and as a mplete surprise: the child simply announces t he won't go to school. Why not? He has cided he doesn't want to. No coaxing helps. e parents have read just enough "child chology" to believe—wrongly—that they t have to find out what his reason is for using. So they thresh out the entire situan with him—and talk and talk and talk. e child says little except "No." If by any nce they succeed by some ruse or threat in ting him to school, he goes through the ne routine the next day, throwing in for d measure the announcement that he n't eat, or maybe he gets sick at lunch and ost throws up. What is going to become of s child? Has he stepped over the subtle ndary that divides normal obstreperous- s from serious trouble?

here is probably nothing seriously wrong h this child. Other things being equal, he eventually learn to face a social situation school as we all have to. There may, how- r, be something wrong with the family life. their own doubts and uncertainties the er and mother may have created in their d a feeling of insecurity which he is express- They have probably allowed him to get idea that he can "talk them down" if he s hard enough.

However many of these tests of strength parents may have lost in the past, they ld be well advised to win this one—and n to devote a little time to figuring out t they can do to help their child under- d that certain things in life simply have e faced and accepted. And perhaps by r own example of self-discipline they can him find new courage to meet life's s.

iculty of concentration. Parents and teach- often complain that children nowadays n't concentrate well." Sometimes there be an emotional reason for this: excessive dreaming, insufficient motivation for learn- Though everything possible should be e to help a child strengthen his concentra- , the lack of it is no cause for alarm—nor surprise, when we consider how today's dren are exposed through the mass media flood of stimuli which the child of twenty s ago did not have.

mb sucking and nail biting. Both of these ts are socially disturbing, but even if they ist beyond early childhood they are not ssarily portents of further trouble.

is not wise to attempt to break these ts by mechanical means such as putting -tasting substances on finger tips. One has ouse in the child an interest in getting rid ese habits, and do what one can to help ove the child's general emotional situa-

umb sucking is more passive and exists cess in some withdrawn children. It is an tile habit and represents an attempt at consolation. To get rid of it therefore re- s help for the child to grow up and find r ways to relax.

il biting is a manifestation of more essive attitudes. It is a nervous habit which express a conflict sometimes accompanied some unspent aggression. An attempt ld be made to ease the child's tenseness. is fails, parents should seek advice.

g. Whether this is something to be con- d about depends on how often it hap- and under what circumstances. What the child lie *about?* What does he hope in? How much of the lying was provoked verambitious or overstrict parents? Fre- tly a child's lying is an elaborate act of ession to get his own way.

e father of an eleven-year-old boy once ked me effusively for seeing his son so . He said he appreciated particularly my g the boy play the violin for me, thereby uraging him in his music lessons.

is was news to me. I had seen the boy with his father, when I had advised otherapy for a simple behavior disorder. ned out that the boy had been using the of his visits to me to cover up absences from school and from home. This boy needed help, and discipline, but there was nothing very wrong with him. Like many other young people nowadays, he had been given too much leeway. A properly watchful parent would have caught on to the deception much sooner. Many parents invite lies from their children by being so gullible—by not taking the trouble to check up.

There is a kind of hysterical lying which spells a definite personality disorder and needs psychiatric attention.

Susan was fourteen. For several years she had been telling elaborate stories about having been the victim of sexual attacks. She said two boys had tied her up in a basement and done "bad things" to her. Other boys, she said, had lured her to an isolated spot and kissed her "and all that junk." She described petting parties among girls and finally accused a married uncle of having kissed her, touched her breast and told her she'd have a baby from that.

When I asked her about these things she said, "I don't know what is true and what isn't. I can't tell the difference any more." Actually this girl was ignorant about sex, sex relations and pregnancy. Her lies came close to delusions and she needed psychiatric help.

Restlessness. Some children are constantly on the move. When they know what they are doing, this is usually harmless and can be influenced by educational means. But sometimes this motor restlessness is beyond the child's control. Reports from teachers are important in such cases because teachers frequently know the difference between the exuberant child who won't sit still and the compulsively restless one. In these latter cases a search for more serious trouble must be made. Sometimes an electroencephalogram gives a hint of an organic disturbance of the nervous system.

Temper tantrums. Many perfectly normal children have found out that they can get what they want by throwing tantrums. Parents who are too lazy or uninterested to hold out for what is right in the face of a child's tantrum may find the tantrums becoming habitual. This doesn't indicate some deep problem in the child, though it can develop into a very unattractive habit and cause trouble when the child comes up against outside authority.

The child who cannot control his tantrums, however, does present a serious problem; the child who becomes violent, who scratches, bites, throws things.

Sometimes something more is at work in these cases than just the provoking situation. These attacks of ungovernable temper may have an explosiveness similar to epileptic seizures. Such conditions are not only serious in themselves; they indicate deeper disturbances which need study and treatment.

Preoccupation with sex. Some young people nowadays take a lively interest in sex much sooner than their parents think they ought to, but this doesn't necessarily mean there is anything seriously wrong—with the young people. The fault may be in the sexually charged atmosphere of our time: the emphasis on sex in comic books, picture magazines, movies—and in the advertisements for movies, which are sometimes more suggestive than the movies themselves.

Parents who are disturbed about their children's sexual precocity would be wise to take an interest in what they are being exposed to outside the home.

A fifteen-year-old girl was brought to me by her anguished mother who had discovered that her daughter had had sex relations with a friend. The mother told me at length how carefully she had brought up the girl. She and her husband wanted to know, "Mustn't she be neurotic? Maybe she is really *insane!* Should she maybe be committed to a mental institution?"

This girl was very pretty, but slightly underdeveloped in comparison with her schoolmates. A nineteen-year-old boy had played on her susceptibilities and told her that her figure would not develop unless she fell in with his plans. In a culture that puts so much emphasis on obvious sexual attractiveness, is it surprising that some girls will do almost anything to attain it?

Masturbation. According to modern clinical science, the physical harm from masturbation is practically nonexistent. On the other hand, the emotional harm from worrying or brooding about it is still greatly underestimated.

One boy, having broken his resolve to stop the habit several times, actually wrote his resolution in blood on a piece of paper and hid it under a stone in the country.

I have known many cases where parents scared their already scared youngsters even more. One father passed his little boy's hand through a flame as a deterrent! Another threatened to cut off his son's hand. One mother looked at her little son in the tub and said, "I can see you've been playing with yourself!" One boy was so impressed and alarmed by the "dangers" of masturbation that he masturbated almost constantly to ease his tension!

Early worries about masturbation may cause neurotic developments. One boy felt that his "soul was damned"; he developed a number of compulsive symptoms like having to swear against his will, to look in certain directions and repeat certain acts. He required psychotherapy. Other children are so crushed by their feelings of unworthiness that they drift into serious careers of stealing. That may happen even when the state of the family and the whole atmosphere is very good. Tommy, aged fourteen, had a long history of stealing and burglarizing. Nothing seemed to stop him. He was regarded as incorrigible and uncommonly self-assertive. What he really was, however, was hopeless and crushed. He had not told anybody, but he had brooded about autoerotism until he was absolutely sure he'd "go out of his mind" and "go insane" and that he was "absolutely lost."

Parents should discuss masturbation with their children calmly, and only in connection with the whole subject of sex—its physiology, morality, its place in our lives. It is better to do nothing at all about masturbation than to do the wrong thing.

Undressing. Sally was a five-year-old girl whose parents brought her to me fearing she was on the road to becoming a sexual delinquent. It seems that one summer afternoon she had been playing in the garden with a six-year-old playmate. Both were active, exuberant children. The boy had suggested that she take off all her clothes. It was a hot day and she did. Then, clothes under her arm, she walked down the street to a park. Nobody paid any attention to her. But in the park a policeman saw her and brought her home. He was alarmed, and so were her parents. Had she been molested? The child was given all the routine examinations and was observed in the playroom while playing with the other children. Nothing was found wrong with her. She just did not understand why people should not take off all their clothes on a very hot day and go to a park where it is cooler. I had a hard time convincing her parents that the incident had no significance. Now, years later, they send me Christmas cards telling me what a fine and well-adjusted girl she has become.



"Don't worry, dear. At one time or another all men say they want to go to the moon."

Nightmares. Nightmares have less significance in young children than in adolescents and young adults. In young children any shocking or frightening situation of the day before may precipitate a nightmare more or less independent of the child's general emotional situation.

In children over the age of, say, ten, frequent nightmares may indicate a state of anxiety to which attention should be paid. Without making too much of it, parents should try to find out what is bothering the child. If they are unsuccessful and the nightmares persist, along with other indications of an anxiety state, professional help is needed.

As in all these matters, the important thing is to know your own child, to see him as a whole person and not just as a symptom or a collection of symptoms. Sometimes a child will use anxiousness as a half-unconscious method of getting attention—in which case a wise parent will pay attention to the child and ignore the symptom.

"*Low I.Q.*" So-called intelligence tests have their uses—and their misuses. They do not always measure a child's intelligence so much as what he has learned. They should be evaluated in the light of the child's whole situation.

For example, we hear it said that intelligence tests show that 60 per cent of all juvenile delinquents are of substandard intelligence. This is misleading. Many children so classified do not suffer from substandard intelligence but from substandard training, education and family and social conditions. When parents are told their child has a low I.Q. they are apt to view him as a pretty hopeless case.



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This has deprived many children of better education and has affected and blighted their whole lives. Actually many children have ability far beyond their training and beyond the limits put on them by intelligence tests.

If a child is severely retarded, that is, of course, a serious matter. But he should not be judged so on the basis of one test, given and graded by someone who knows nothing about his life situation.

"*Backwardness.*" An alarmed father consulted me about his fourteen-year-old son, whom he had found surreptitiously reading a book which he'd brought along to show me. It was a beautifully illustrated collection of fairy tales. The father was sure that must mean his boy was very "backward." My study of this boy revealed nothing wrong at all. He simply enjoyed reading this book over and over. I reassured the father and told him how one of the greatest European psychiatrists, when he visited this country, brought along only one book, an illustrated edition of The Last of the Mohicans, which he had read as a child.

"*Rudeness.*" A mother brought her twelve-year-old son to see me because of this episode:

While his middle-aged father was sitting in his armchair peacefully reading the paper the boy had gone up to him and said, "Daddy, I feel like saying something real mean to you!" His father interrupted his reading to say, "Go ahead and say it if it will make you feel better." Whereupon the boy said, "You are the ugliest man in the world!"

I found nothing wrong with the boy. He had heard other people make aggressive remarks against authority and it occurred to him to imitate them.

The fault lay with the father, who encouraged him to say "something mean"—and then took it overseriously. Many parents have absorbed as gospel a whole trend of deep-sounding but utterly misleading theories. They have been told that all children, as part of their normal development, are supposed to show deeply ingrained, egoistic attitudes; cruel instincts are supposed to lurk in their unconscious from the beginning; fears and anxieties are "inevitable" and resentment and hostility unavoidable. All this is assumed to be natural. The only remedy for these children is supposed to be expression in word or deed of basic aggressive feelings. It is incalculable how much harm these fallacies, widely taken for granted, have done to American children. For one thing, they have prevented parents from recognizing whether something *is* wrong with their children and whether they are being exposed to bad outside influences. Instead of exerting that control over their children which leads them to self-control, parents have reacted to a whole hex's sabbath of terminology with which they have been inundated: "You must let the child give vent to his emotions"; "He must express his feelings"; "He must have an outlet for his aggressions"; and so on. All this is unproved, misleading and educationally harmful.

To go from the particular to the general, may I say that in my opinion there is no safer, no better—in fact, no other—way of preventing adolescent delinquency and disturbance than by respecting and safeguarding children's essential rights. About 4 per cent of all American children between the ages of seven and fourteen have something seriously wrong with them and will cause trouble in the future. In the highest socioeconomic strata the percentage is less; in the lowest, it is more.

Children have the right to health, to education, to protection and to happiness. We cannot leave out a single one. Health means not only physical health but mental health as well. Psychiatry is advanced enough to recognize, diagnose and treat children's psychological troubles, but there is urgent need of better and more facilities in the community. Three-shift schools certainly do not safeguard the right to education, nor does locking retarded children in institutions with no provision for thorough remedial education. Since children have become an important group of consumers, they need protection against the pressures of society directly on them. This includes all kinds of outside influences, from healthy entertainment and reading matter to alluring mass advertising and direct-sales appeals for arms and other merchandise which they cannot judge or evaluate.

The right to happiness, finally, requires something positive, the intangible free gift of something of ourselves that is more than just the supplying of needs.

THE VISITATION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

ever had a similar experience, we drew our conclusions about Flo in approving silence.)

The monstrosity was the first thing I thought of when the letter came. I always had to help move it and invariably ended up with mashed fingers or a sprained back. The monstrosity, as mother called it, was a bed in which Uncle Shad had slept during some dim period in history. We kept it in the cellar, but when Cousin Dolly came it had to be erected in the guest room for her. Cousin Dolly's reason for wanting to sleep in "deah papa's bed" was beyond anybody's comprehension, but it was nonetheless very positive.

The monstrosity was a formidable creation in stained oak with a headboard that reached almost to the ceiling. At the top of the headboard there was a grotesque array of massively carved curlicues which gave it a top-heavy appearance. It seemed to lean forward at a perilous angle, threatening to crush the sleeper to death in case he survived suffocation among the voluptuous feather mattresses. Altogether it must have weighed about even with the Great Pyramid of Giza.

Sitting there at the breakfast table, mother and I were, as often, thinking about the same thing. "Now, girls," she said, "you'll have to give me a little help. First we'll do the monstrosity and *that* will be out of the way."

She had risen from the table, chin up, speaking briskly, ready for the siege. Things got mother down pretty often and sometimes pretty far, but never for long. She launched into a plan of action, rattling off a list of errands, chores and side issues which nobody could possibly be expected to remember. But we knew that she was talking to herself and getting things straight in her mind.

"Perhaps," she said after a bit, "we better wait until your father comes home noon and let him help with the monstrosi She saw the horror in our faces: mother daddy always fought violently when moved furniture together. "Oh, well, I pose we can manage it ourselves. Flo help." Delayed irritation stung her. can't that old woman sleep in twin beds anybody else?"

"It's just as well she can't," Anne "Imagine what two of her would be."

Mother looked a trifle alarmed in spi herself. "Don't be disrespectful, Anne. dear"—she turned to me—"you go up and get the bedding off the twin beds. the hammer with you, but don't try to the springs until Flo and I come up —

"Now, mother," Anne interrupted her. fore anything else, I want to know who ing to do Uncle Shad this year. I've bee ing him since I could toddle and it's not

"Doing Uncle Shad" was a matter of erently yanking dock and Jimson weed his grave in the corner of the yard. He w last of the family to be buried there. C Dolly had once been quite stern with about the condition of "deah papa's place," so we always tidied up, befor came.

Anne watched mother closely and wh saw her hesitate she said quickly, "Tom almost five, mother." Mother looked fully at Tommy, who was maneuvering sly pinch at Anne's leg. "Anybody," Anne, "can pull weeds, and he can get ivy just as bad as I can."

"All right." Mother was going to co mise; that was how she forced peace

. "You and Tommy will do it together this
ar and next year Tommy can do it all by
mself."
"Was his name really Shadrach?" Anne
ked irrelevantly.
"I'm afraid so," mother answered and
lled Flo. They went down to the cellar to
surrect the monstrosity.
On my way upstairs I heard Anne and
mmy on the front porch. Anne was coach-
g him in a low voice:
"Cousin Dolly is off her trolley."
They started for the cemetery, Tommy gig-
ng and chanting delightedly, "Coz-zen
lly is off-fer trolley!"
The monstrosity grew heavier by the year.
nly by mother's ingenuity, Flo's giant
ength and my agility did we manage to get
headboard up through the cellar head,
ich was on the outside of the house, into
hall and halfway upstairs. At that point
e of the casters caught in the stair carpet
d I was pinned against the wall. While Flo
s trying to keep me from being crushed and
other struggled with the caster, a car drove
to the front gate. In a moment Mr.
aridge, the postmaster, appeared looking
shed and somber. He had driven out from
village.
"Telegram, Grace!" He waved a scrap of
per. "The telegraph operator in Portertown
uldn't get you by phone, so he called it in to
."
"Thank you, Harry." Mother sighed and
ewed her attack on the caster. "Either the
is out of order or the Cutler children have
the receiver off the
k again. I haven't
rd the phone ring
morning."
The Cutlers were on
five-party line and
a flock of children
seemed to do
hing but play with
telephone, and
n they left it off the
k they threw the
le line out of commission. We never took
telephone for granted.
Would you mind reading it to me, Harry?"
her asked, and with a furious jerk pulled
caster loose, ripping the stair carpet. Flo
d the headboard off my shoulders and
her sat down on the steps. "Well, Harry?"
Mr. Claridge looked perplexed. "Grace, I
w I took this down right, but I'm blessed
t makes sense." Shaking his head, he
ded the scrap of paper to mother.
was from Cousin Dolly, of course.
her read in silence and bit her underlip,
ch was what she always did before she
re. But Mr. Claridge saved the moment.
d news, Grace?" he asked sympathet-
y.
"Oh, no, Harry," she replied with deadly
tness. "It's just that we were expecting a
in of George's—but you remember Dolly,
urse—and now it seems that she has put
coming down for a while."
"How long's that?" Flo was apathetic.
"It could be a week or it could be a month,"
mother.
"We gonna stand here with this headboard
the come?"

other stared at the headboard for a long
ent and then her eyes snapped with
sion.
"Harry," she said briskly, "just help Flo
this thing upstairs. Would you mind?"
paused to smile charmingly at Mr.
idge, who hustled himself to the head-
d. "And this is the last time I intend to
gle up and down stairs with this monster.
an just stay in the guest room now
——" She stopped and bit her lip.
"Till the Lord takes a hand." Flo's voice
heavy with meaning. She and mother
anged a glance of delicate understand-

ddy didn't ask when he came home at
for dinner whether or not the monstros-
ad been moved, and pretended, in case it
't, that he had to get straight back to
. He did mention, though, that he sup-
mother had heard about Cousin
's latest plan. I wondered how he knew
about it. Mother sighed sharply and didn't answer. Daddy recognized the sigh as I've-had-just-about-enough-of-your-family-George and changed the subject.

But just as he was about to leave he remarked that he thought it very inconsiderate of Cousin Dolly to expect mother to put herself out for an extra guest; that we were of course glad to have Cousin Dolly; but that after all, Mr. Dunn was not a friend of the family's and anyway, where would two of them sleep?

He kissed the top of mother's head and started for the door.

"George." The deadly quiet of her voice galvanized him. "*What did you say?*"

He turned, stricken with confusion. Tommy ran quickly to him and, flinging a protective arm around the back of his knees, he glared at mother. Daddy ignored him and stared helplessly at the look on mother's face.

"Will you kindly answer me, George?" she said.

"Why, Gracie darling, I thought you said you had heard."

Anne and I exchanged a wondering look. The tingling atmosphere brought Flo silently to the door. Daddy swallowed and plunged into an explanation.

"She couldn't reach you by phone so she called me at the bank. I sent the Carlton boy down with the message. Hasn't he come? Probably stopped home for dinner first. Anyhow, Dolly's coming tomorrow and she is bringing Clarence Dunn along with her."

Mother's mouth fell open and she stared at daddy, speechless. Then she turned instinctively toward Flo.

"She telephone Mistuh George *after* she send that telegram, Miss Gracie. She gonna come after all and bring that 'ere beau with her."

"Isn't he the old charmer who's been after her money for the last hundred years?" Anne asked.

But mother's mind had swept aside everything and had leaped ahead to the bed situation. So had mine. It couldn't be done unless the twin beds were brought back into circulation; and even then it was going to be tricky.

"The beds," mother said, staring fixedly at nothing, waiting for her mind to begin working again.

"They can both sleep in the monstrosity," piped Tommy, and Flo hissed at him.

Daddy buttoned his coat. "Darling, I'm terribly sorry," he said and kissed her again, this time on the temple. Mother glanced at him with vague displeasure and turned toward Flo, who made crooning noises and said we would make out all right and for mother to finish her nice dinner. Daddy sent a look of appeal to Anne and me. I nodded a we'll-manage and Anne winked at him. He looked doubtful and left. The Carlton boy appeared with his message a few minutes later. He was thanked coldly and sent away.

The next twenty-four hours were a nightmare of cleaning, scrubbing and waxing, ordering food and dressing chickens, cooking, baking, arranging flowers, and polishing glass and silver.

By evening Uncle Shad was done to a *T* and Anne's poison ivy was breaking out. Tommy didn't catch it. Flo set a basin of chicken feathers on the back porch for a minute and Tommy got into them and flung them all over the yard. Mother made Anne pick them up because she was supposed to be looking after Tommy. Then Tommy went prancing through the hall shouting, "Coz-zen Dolly is off-fer trolley!" until mother heard him and smacked him. Anne dug her poison ivy and grinned.

The bed maneuver was appallingly complicated. I don't remember how it was managed. But I do remember that when daddy came home mother asked him coldly if he would transfer his cousin's father's bed from the guest room to the cellar. Daddy warmly assured her that it would be the greatest pleasure in the world, and did so with Flo's patient help and Tommy's loyal hindrance.

Nature kindly warps our judgment about our children, especially when they are young, when it would be a fatal thing for them if we did not love them. GEORGE SANTAYANA

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But that was only the beginning for daddy!

During all the years of Cousin Dolly's visits, if daddy happened to be at home on the last mad day of preparation, he would manage to busy himself beyond calling distance: he usually patched the chicken-house roof; and if he didn't mother would invent some endless errand just to keep him out from underfoot.

But the next morning as he started for the chicken house, his pockets sagging with roofing nails and a hammer in his belt, Flo stood in the back doorway and watched him. As she leaned against the doorjamb with her arms folded and her head cocked to one side, her eyes narrowed slowly and glinted like steel.

"Mistuh George," she called softly, "I wonder, sir, would you mind running down that big red rooster? He slipped out of the coop and to save my life I can't catch him."

When daddy good-humoredly delivered the rooster to Flo, she turned from the range where she was stirring something and thanked him extravagantly. As he started for the back door again, Flo called out:

"Yes'm, Miss Gracie, I'm coming!" She turned toward daddy with an ingratiating murmur: "Busy as you are, Mistuh George, I hate to put any more on you, but if somebody don't stir this pudding it's going to scorch, sure." She stood aside from the range and handed the spoon to daddy. "I won't be a minute, sir. Thank you, sir."

As she passed me in the dining room where I was polishing silver, she steadfastly avoided my eye. If mother had called Flo, I would have heard her too.

A moment later she entered the kitchen again and took the spoon from daddy, chuckling: "Know what they say, Mistuh George? They say men make the best cooks and you know, I believe it. This old pudding's smooth as satin." She sobered then and shook her head. "Poor little Miss Gracie, don't know one end of a tool from the other, up there struggling with that old door."

"What's this, Flo?" Daddy turned in the doorway.

"The closet door in the guest room sticks something awful, sir. Poor little lady going to tear up her hands with them old tools."

Daddy sighed faintly and strode upstairs to plane the guest-room-closet door, and the next time I saw him he was carrying a wing chair upstairs, and the next time a rocking chair downstairs. As the hours advanced I saw him once or twice head for the back door, but before he even reached the kitchen somebody called him. My most vivid recollection of him that day was standing in the hall with a scrub bucket in one hand and can of paste wax in the other, turning like an uneasy weather vane in the eye of a hurricane as mother called from upstairs, Flo from the kitchen, Anne from the living room and Tommy from the porch.

At first he had gone about amused at all the bustle and indulgently assisted with all the little chores; but his amusement wavered after a while and gave place to astonishment and astonishment gave place to concern; then he began to look harried and at last he was plainly appalled. He acquired a mashed finger, a rip in his trousers and a burned wrist; he was festooned with cobwebs and smudged with dust, and he smelled of yellow soap and furniture polish. As a final touch to his overall aspect, an exceedingly dirty dust rag drooped from his breast pocket, where he had absently tucked it, handkerchieflike.

At one point he said to mother, "Gracie, my dear, I really do think you had better stop and rest for a while."

"Are you," mother inquired as she stitched the rip in the stair carpet, "stark, raving mad; or are you attempting to be funny? Your cousin's train, we assume, arrives in two hours. Please find me some carpet tacks."

The telephone rang then. I answered it and got a mixture of the telegraph operator in Portertown and Mrs. Cutler's children who had also answered. I told the telegraph operator to wait a minute and crossly advised the Cutlers to get off the line. It silenced them, but they didn't hang up: I could hear their wheezy old clock strike the half hour. But when the telegraph operator gave me the message the Cutler children began to fight and all I caught was that the wire was from Cousin Dolly (who else?) and involved a change of plan. The words "will advise later" were clear enough.

"What is it, dear?" mother called wearily.

I hesitated only a moment. "Nothing," I said. "Wrong number."

Everything was done at last. Swept and garnished. Mother collapsed on the hall sofa and daddy brought her a cup of coffee and sat down beside her. She sipped the coffee gratefully.

"You know, George," she murmured reflectively, "if I had the strength, I'd throw this at you."

"Yes, darling, I know," said daddy.

They sat quietly for several minutes, mother sipping coffee, and daddy with his fingers laced and his thumbs revolving, the way he did when he was thinking nineteen to the dozen.

"How in heaven's name," he asked at length, meditatively, "have you stood it all these years? I never had any idea it was like this. This tremendous, this Herculean preparation. And then, when she comes, she is so critical, so viciously unappreciative! Taking all of it for granted. And *you!*" His voice rose. "You! Taking *you* for granted! And I'm no better. How have you stood it, Gracie? And how have you stood me?"

Mother answered crossly, close to tears, "Because I love you, you jackass."

He bent his head and sighed miserably. "Well, you know," he murmured, "I was really thinking of you. It seems to me I've given you so little."

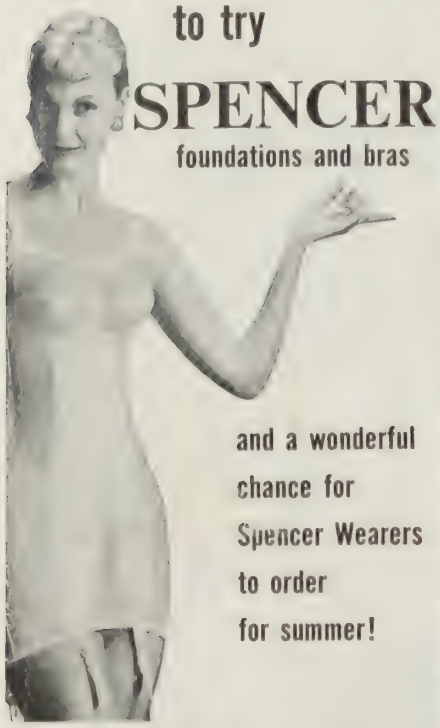
"Oh, George, the money? We live such a nice life; the kind of life we all like," she told him. "What could money add to it?" She turned the cup around in the saucer, slowly and thoughtfully. "I can think," she went on reflectively, "of only one thing in the world that I want that costs money." She meant the Meissen soup tureen, of course, and daddy knew it.

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Gazing steadfastly at his hands, he mut-
ed harshly, "Solid brass with a cast-iron
n!"

"What?" His tone of voice startled her as
uch as the phrase.

"I was merely describing the *kind* of jackass
am," he explained. Then he jumped to his
t and strode down the hall and snatched his
t from the rack. "If I knew how to get in
uch with that rattlebrained, wasp-tongued,
d-mannered female Croesus, I'd tell her that
he ever again *presumes* to ——"

'George!" Mother was stunned. "You
n't do that!"

'And why not?"

"Why, she's—she's your cousin."

"And you are my *wife!*" he shouted and stamped to the front door. His mouth was grim and his eyes looked the way they did the time Tommy kicked mother in the shins.

"Where are you going?" mother asked in alarm.

"Out, my dear," he replied shortly and jammed his hat on his head and slammed the door behind him. From the living-room window Anne and I watched him go down the front walk to the car, the dust rag flying from his pocket.

"He's going to derail the train," Anne stated matter-of-factly.

"Girls," mother called, and when we stepped into the hall she held out the coffee cup, which was empty, and said, "Take this to Flo, please, dear. Now, I think," she went on, obviously trying to think something, "I think we had better dress. Yes. Cousin Dolly's train will be here in an hour. If she's coming today. And I presume she is." She glanced uneasily toward the front door. "That is, if your father ——" She didn't finish, but looked at us in vague alarm. I took the coffee cup to Flo, who was washing up the last odds and ends. She moved on cat feet between the stove and sink, her mountainous shoulders heaving with soundless mirth.

"Flo?" I said.

But her only answer was to gasp for breath and surrender herself to another silent earthquake of amusement.

Thirty minutes later we were dressed and assembled in the hall waiting, presumably, for daddy to return with the car so that we could meet the train. Mother kept putting on her hat and taking it off again and Tommy kept moaning, "Why did God make company?" and presently: "Where's daddy?"

"I wish I knew," Mother sighed fervently, and at that moment daddy's car pulled up before the front gate and the telephone began to ring. We all jumped to our feet and collided with one another in a scramble for the door and the telephone.

As mother opened the door for daddy, Anne grabbed the telephone and I grabbed Tommy to keep him from jumping on daddy, who entered wearing his hat at the same wild angle as when he left, with the dust rag still drooping from his breast pocket and carrying in both hands the great Meissen soup tureen.

While Tommy kicked me in the shins and Anne argued furiously with Mr. Claridge on the telephone, mother stood before daddy clasping her hands and weeping:

"Oh, George, you *are* a jackass, and a solid-gold one!"

Flo stood in the doorway at the other end of the hall, arms folded, and her face bore not the slightest trace of expression.

"But which came *first*, Mr. Claridge?" Anne was squeaking with irritation. She put her hand over the mouthpiece and said, "The

Don't, like the cat, try to get more out of an experience than there is in it. The cat, having sat upon a hot stove lid, will not sit upon a hot stove lid again. Nor upon a cold stove lid.

MARK TWAIN
Following the Equator

telegraph operator at Portertown phoned two telegrams to Mr. Claridge because they couldn't reach us by phone. But he doesn't know which one came first."

"What's the difference?" I asked.

"Only that one says she's never going to speak to Clarence Dunn again and she's arriving tonight and the other says she and Clarence have eloped."

Anne's announcement fell with a thud in the hollow silence that followed. Presently daddy spoke.

"I can hardly think it makes any difference one way or another," he said. "Just thank Mr. Claridge and tell him to forget the whole business. And when you've done that, please leave the phone off the hook."

"Are you hungry, darling?" mother said.

"Yes," yelled Tommy.

Mother glanced vaguely at Tommy. "I was speaking to your father," she murmured and took the Meissen tureen from daddy and turned toward Flo. "Here, Flo. Be very careful with this. We'll have supper now. We won't wait for Miss Dolly."

"Oh, boy, fried chicken!" Tommy shouted.

"No," mother corrected him quietly, "we will have soup tonight, if Flo can manage that."

"Yes'm," said Flo and her eyes slipped toward daddy. "I expect I can manage most anything you want, Miss Gracie."

She moved majestically down the hall, holding the tureen proudly as though it were a trophy. She turned in the doorway.

"What if Miss Dolly come?"

"There'll be plenty," mother said. "It's such a nice big tureen."

"Big enough," daddy murmured, "for her to submerge her head and take a deep breath."

Flo failed to smother an explosive shriek of laughter. Recovering herself, she said, "Mistuh George, you favor them big puffy dumplings or them little slippery ones?"

"Whatever Miss Gracie wants is all right with me, Flo."

"Yes, sir," she said softly.

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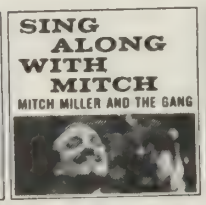
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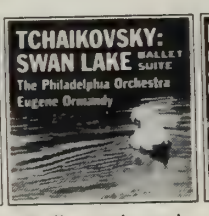


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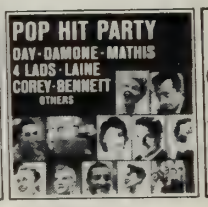
62. Blue Skies, Mean to Me, Nearness of You, 9 more



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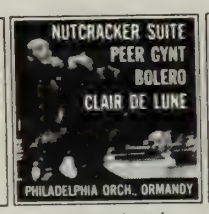
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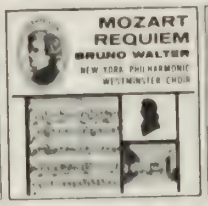
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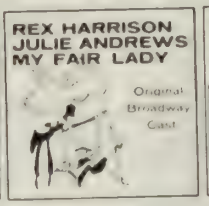
17. Romberg's romantic operetta is always a joy to hear



22. Mozart's last work—called "an opera for the angels"



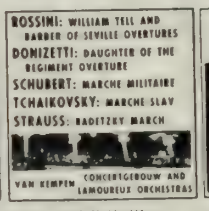
1. Make the Man Love Me, Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, 10 more



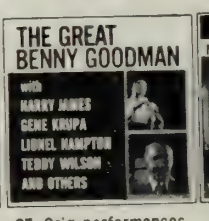
48. Rain in Spain, I Could Have Danced All Night, etc.



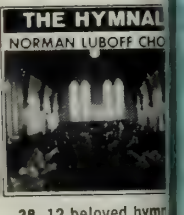
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61. A hi-fi thriller. Six stirring overtures and marches



27. Orig. performances of 11 Goodman Classics in Swing



38. 12 beloved hymn —Let Him In, Swe Hour of Prayer, e



7. Jezebel, High Noon, I Believe, Jealousy, Granada, 7 more



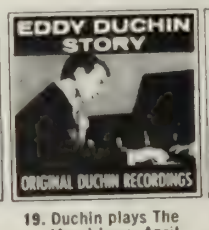
10. Schweitzer's interpretations of three Bach organ works



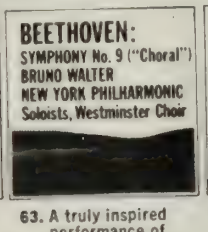
21. 13 Jazz Greats perform Honeysuckle Rose, Laura, etc.



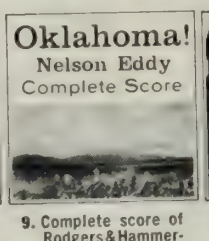
50. 3 popular sonatas played with rare keyboard artistry



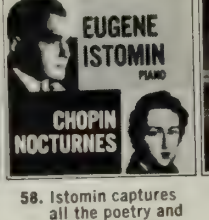
19. Duchin plays The Man I Love, April Showers, 13 more



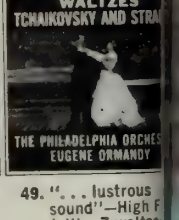
63. A truly inspired performance of this majestic work



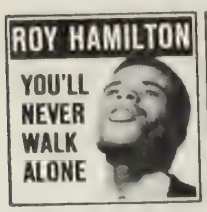
9. Complete score of Rodgers & Hammerstein's great hit



58. Istomin captures all the poetry and passion of Chopin



49. "...lustrous sound"—High F delity. 7 waltze



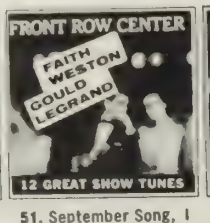
29. The "Big Voice" sings Ebb Tide, I Believe, 10 more



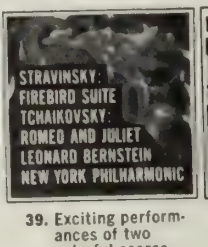
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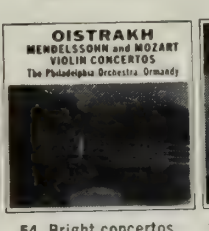
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Ladies' Home Journal

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VOL. LXXVI NO. 4

April, 1959

JOURNALITIES



Daphne du Maurier

One of the great storytellers of this or any other month, DAPHNE DU MAURIER has turned out another short chiller (*The Alibi*, page 66). She is perhaps best known for that unforgettable novel, *Rebecca*, but *Frenchman's Creek*, *Jamaica Inn* and *My Cousin Rachel*, among others, will also be long remembered. In private life, she is Lady Browning, of Menabilly, Par, Cornwall, the wife of Sir Frederick A. M. Browning, a lieutenant general in World War II and a leader of the Allied air-borne forces. In an essay Daphne du Maurier once extolled the delights of an existence built upon doing nothing, but she apparently doesn't believe in this way of life for herself. Besides having written some sixteen books, she is the mother of three children. Sailing and walking are her recreations. On cold days she bundles up in a warm, scarlet, gold-braided military greatcoat which belongs to her husband and takes solitary walks along the rugged Cornish coast, plotting, we like to imagine, her next bit of suspenseful literature.



Jan Westcott

The Queen's Grace (second part on page 64) is JAN WESTCOTT's sixth novel and there are six children, four girls and two boys, in her big old house in Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia. The house is usually jumping, she says, because four of the children are in their teens. "I write during the peaceful hours of the morning, from nine to twelve, unless it is school-vacation time or one of the children is sick. Several of them can get sick at once, but they never seem to have a debilitating disease which puts them peacefully to sleep or allows them to turn off their radios. Myself, I succumb almost never, except that last year, while trying to finish *The Queen*, I got the mumps." Her husband, Robert Barden, is a doctor. She took three years to write *The Queen's Grace*—"and I couldn't have done it without the help of Otelia Baskerville, our cook and general factotum, who takes care of all of us."



Jan Spiess

"Occupation 'writer' seems to others a very pleasant way to make a living," JAN SPIESS tells us. "It is, if you like living on a seesaw—in the depths one day (a rejection), on the clouds the next (JOURNAL likes *Good Wives of Skilley Road*, page 62). I was born in Sante Fe, went to a variety of schools and ended at the University of California—good marks in literature and history, bad in mathematics. By some quirk of fate both of my sons are fine mathematicians, and they like to write too. I wrote my first short story when I was ten—I remember my heroine was fainting all the time. I have covered reams of paper since with every type of writing except science fiction, and—who knows?—I may still do that." Having given up the "difficult two-way stretch" of a commuter's life, Jan Spiess and her family have settled—permanently, they hope—in midtown Manhattan, New York City.

Printed in U.S.A.

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Behind the beauty of carefree "Ban-Lon" sweaters is a remarkable difference which explains their super softness, luxury, stability, and resistance to pilling. Unlike ordinary sweaters, these easy-care flatterers are knit of filament yarn with a special crimp, a unique permanent wave that keeps them smartly in shape without shrinking or stretching, assures automatic wash-and-wear performance, eliminates blocking. Choose your "Ban-Lon" sweaters—from a wide range of styles and colors—at leading stores.

Pandora *designs the beautiful, carefree "Ban-Lon" sweaters worn by the mother and the children;* ***Puritan*** *styles the father's smart easy-care "Ban-Lon" sportshirt.*

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BAN-LON Quality Garment

For Your Protection
Sweaters which carry this trademark must pass rigid quality and performance tests

"EVERGLAZE" MARKETING DIVISION, WILMINGTON, DELAWARE, SUPERVISES THE INTERNATIONAL MERCHANDISING OF THE "BAN-LON" AND "EVERGLAZE" TRADEMARKED PRODUCTS OF JOSEPH BANCROFT & SONS CO.

OUR READERS WRITE US

What Dr. Spock Didn't Tell Us

Cumberland, Maryland

I am left in a state of utter exhaustion from laughing, literally until the tears came, at Mr. Atkinson's "What Dr. Spock Didn't Tell Us" (January). I now have a whole new appreciation of the stages my children are bound to go through before the dreadful day when they, suddenly, no longer are children.

He missed one affliction I have enjoyed the most (depending on my mood at the time!), namely, *Dictator's Delirium*, a chronic ailment occuring in most youngsters at about 15 to 20 months—or whenever they learn to be most convincing with *no*. As an example of D.D. Personified, see Joseph, 17 months.

CYNTHIA J. HODGES

South Elgin, Illinois

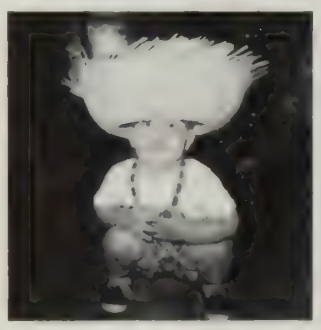
It is hard to believe that B. M. Atkinson, himself an acknowledged parent, could author a Survival Kit for the New Parent without mentioning the two most frequent childhood diseases:

Winter Complaint. This affliction manifests itself only during the coldest months. It is characterized by a small child, legs crossed, screaming "Hurry! Hurry!" while wearing snow pants (bib and straps), overalls (trap-door style) and galoshes (hidden zippers) all thickly encrusted with snow.

Rider's Nap. This always begins late at night. As you approach your driveway the children sink into oblivion on the rear seat of the station wagon, not to awaken until you have hoisted them out, carried them into their beds, removed their clothing and buttoned them into one-piece pajamas. This occurs more frequently each year in direct proportion to the size and weight of the child.

MRS. M. J. STERNBERG

Columbus, Ohio



D.D.P.

Don't forget:

Epiglottis Stentoris. Although alarming in acute cases, this is a common childhood disease, persisting into adolescence. Stiffening of the vocal cords prevents production of any sound at a volume less than a low scream. By a process known to psychologists as *Automotive Osmosis*, the symptoms are later transferred to the horn of the family automobile.

Scholar's Complex. This mental aberration occurs in varying degrees and for various lengths of time. The sufferer is convinced that only his teacher knows anything (known psychiatrically as *Infallibilitas Mentoris*), his parents usually being the immediate point of comparison.

DONALD J. PEARCE

Chicago, Illinois

I became hysterical.

MRS. M. N. SHAPIRO

▶ ***As did countless other parents, judging by our mail. ED.***

Oh, Mother!

Pensacola, Florida

Dear Sirs: I am thirteen years old. I enjoyed "What Dr. Spock Didn't Tell Us," and was moved to write the following *Teen-Agers' Guide to Parents.*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 39

Our Own "Grandma Moses"

Ridgway, Pennsylvania

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: The JOURNAL published my first poetry, and I love you beyond measure. I thought you might also like to see some of my art.

I have never had a lesson, being self-taught. My mother said I drew my first picture at three and a half, of my grandfather, wearing a hat with fat roses upon it and also an apron. I painted and wrote all through my childhood; then when I was twenty, I was hit by a train, leaving me practically stone deaf and with a bad curvature of the spine. I married, though, and had one child—and I am very happy.

God never closes one door but what He opens another!

Faithfully,

EUNICE LoNCOSKE McCLOSKEY

▶ ***Mrs. McCloskey has exhibited her paintings in Pittsburgh's Carnegie Museum for thirteen years, now has two water colors at Everyman's Gallery, Philadelphia. In 1958, she was elected her home town's Woman of the Year. ED.***



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I set
a record
in my
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Illustrated, left to right: La Scala and Rendezvous.

George L. Smith starring in "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs."

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There's a bit of beautiful deception here. For here are shoes with all the fashion and femininity of spring's *open* and airy look . . . yet with all the gentle support, fabulous fit and heavenly feel for which Red Cross Shoes are *famous*. The secret? The all-but-invisible vinyl or lace inserts that discreetly complete the vamp.

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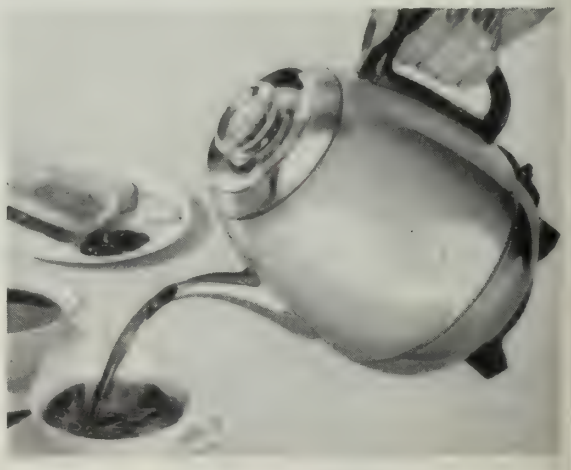
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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
BRUCE GOULD
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EDITORS



BERNIE LASHUA

Though it was an illiterate Indian half-breed who designed and built this first schoolhouse in Vermont, and the school was so crowded pupils had to stand up to study and recite, Greek was taught from the start, as well as how to "rite" and "sypher."

THE RAGGED BEGGAR STANDS AGAIN

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sleeping;
Around it still the sumachs grow
And blackberry-vines are creeping.

So wrote Whittier in "School-Days," and so stood the little schoolhouse when last I saw it. Those who passed by—and they would not be many—would, if they noticed it at all, see only another gray-weathered deserted cabin, its windows hanging crookedly and the shingles peeling from the roof. One would hardly wonder whether, or when, it might have been a schoolhouse.

There are many such abandoned one-room schools in Vermont, and sometimes "summer folk," cruising through that rarely beautiful state that still retains more simplicity than most, pick them up to restore and expand as cottages, in which to escape the noise and heat of city summers. But this one stands too near the road. Building, in Vermont as elsewhere, has become expensive, and the ragged beggar would appear too far gone, soon to lean and fall to the earth, no longer even to sun itself, its boards rotting to humus—sumac, blackberry and goldenrod covering it all.

But this will not happen. A few miles away in the central area of the big town of Springfield, where nationally known industries, machine-tool and gear works draw their power from the falls of the Black and Connecticut rivers, stands a big, new, beautiful modern school. Beam by beam and board by board this cabin will be set up near it, restored exactly as it was completed in 1790, the first schoolhouse to be erected in the last of the New England states to be settled, and the somewhat recalcitrant fourteenth state of the Union.

Since 1885 no child or youth has attended "Eureka" school, nor has the little wooden building served any other purpose. That it still stands, though so long unoccupied, even raggedly, after more than 70 years through arctic winters, blizzards, sleet storms, muddy springs and summer rains, is testimony to the work of the men who built it, or, as they used to say (and old-timers still do), "raised" it.

America was new. Vermont was very new, and Vermont was very poor—as, relatively speaking, it still is. But, like the rest of the United States, Vermont was imbued with a new idea nowhere stronger than in New England and among the sturdy descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. Every child was to have an education. Every child was to learn to read, and "rite," and "sypher," even if his parents could not.

The free public school open to all was born in America; it was built into the earliest foundations of this nation. Never before in the world had such a notion been entertained. This, more than anything else, it seems to me, marked the birth of American democracy, as it has been the bulwark of American patriotism.

So when they raised a schoolhouse, by vote of the town meeting and the very early statutes of the states, they raised it to the glory of God and the United States of America—the two being closely conjoined in the early American mind. They built, though with the primitive means and materials at hand, structures that were to last, as America was to last, "for the ages."

An illiterate half-breed, son of some French *voyageur*, perhaps, and of an Indian mother, hewed the beams and boards of the Eureka schoolhouse, and the old settlement took its name from the school. Fisherman, huntsman and woodsman, he had wandered down from Canada to the wild, mountainous, heavily forested country, threaded with streams, dappled with lakes, and abounding with fish and game. He built himself a log cabin. When talk of the school was heard, it was he who, fired with enthusiasm, felled the straightest trees, hewed the beams, adzed the wide boards for its interior walls and floors, and the clapboards for its exterior.

The settlers would have liked to build it of stone, but masons were rarer than carpenters and joiners, and wooden buildings are warmer. But the half-breed grooved the exterior clapboards to simulate blocks of stone. So legend has it, and it is probably true. His name is believed to have been Betterganeau. Vermont has, I am sure, more historians, scholarly and amateur, than any other state, searching through every old record, talking with every old-timer who remembers his grampa, putting two and two together and checking with other researchers to see if they've found the same things.

Scores of towns have their histories, sometimes running to several volumes, often written in a pedestrian manner, but invaluable source material. The Vermont Historical Society publishes an excellent quarterly, and its editors encourage continuous research, which is done not only by college professors and teachers but also by housewives, storekeepers and all manner of people, cooperating to keep and transmit the Vermont tradition. In a highly organized—and, to my mind, overorganized—society, this tradition of independence, personal and local responsibility, self-government, and uncoerced co-operation and mutual aid is now

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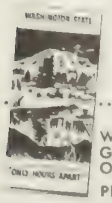


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WASHINGTON STATE

fading as it is everywhere else, with universal mobility and national and even international interdependence. Town meetings, which Lord Bryce declared to be the purest examples of democracy in the world of his times, still meet, but the number of matters with which they deal are dwindling as the state and Federal governments increasingly undertake tasks that were, for generations, left to the decision of the communities, in meeting assembled.

But one thing has not faded out, and that is the tradition of education. With less than half a million inhabitants this state, apart from public elementary and high schools, has far more universities, colleges and private schools than many a state three or four times as populous. And it draws students from all parts of the Union. This tradition may also account for the fact that per capita Vermont has contributed more names to Who's Who in America than any other state.

It is therefore appropriate that public-spirited (and historically minded) citizens should restore, and thus keep in memory for contemporary school children, Vermont's first school.

The Springfield area was one of the first to be settled in what was then a beautiful but forbidding wilderness—apportioned, incidentally, by no less than four grants from the British crown. Bounded on the east by the Connecticut River that separates it from New Hampshire, on the west by New York State, and on the north by Canada, it was claimed or desired by all three, and the tussle over it resulted in its declaring itself, and becoming for a few years, an independent republic.

Its southern neighbors, Massachusetts and Connecticut, gave it, on the other hand, its first settlers. They came, first, up the Connecticut River, and then along the first road built for military purposes as a defense against then turbulent Canada. This road ran past and through the present town of Springfield—home of the now retiring U. S. Senator Ralph Flanders.

Those were preindustrial days, and the yeomen settlers sought out the plains and hills on which to carve farms out of the forests. Modern Springfield, harnessing rivers for power, lies on the streams, several miles away from the original Eureka. Many of the first settlers were, as one might expect, officers and soldiers.

But they were also farmers and craftsmen. In 1785 there was a considerable community, living no longer in log cabins but in frame houses, with a tavern, stores, a church, a parsonage.

Parsonages in those early days were often schools too. In "Smiley Manse" (where Senator and Mrs. Flanders now live) Mrs. Smiley first taught the children of the parish their letters (and the strict Puritan discipline and catechism).

But still the settlement needed a school building. And in 1790 it was ready.

Well constructed as its endurance testifies, it was not made for many pupils. When I paced it off I estimated that its one room (apart from a cloakroom) was about seventeen by fifteen feet. It was heated by a fireplace (stoves had not yet been introduced). There were no desks. The children and youths sat on plank benches around the walls, atop the backs of which another narrower plank served to write on, by pupils who *stood.*

The school was many months without a teacher, who could hardly be produced by a state without even an elementary school! Then a young Yale graduate, a classical scholar, who felt he had a "call" to teach and was looking for a post on his own legs, discovered the brand-new but pupilless building with the pyramid roof that set it apart, and reportedly cried, "Eureka!" Of course he got the job; probably, according to more or less contemporary records, for $3 a week. He would have boarded with the family of a pupil for less than that.

School was free and open to all, but attendance was not then compulsory, and on family farms, where everything had to be done by human labor and a horse team or oxen, every strong child was a "hand"—boys in the barns and fields, girls in the house where even the clothing was spun, woven and made. So without any payment for tuition it was still a family sacrifice to spare a child of ten or twelve for the four terms (including a summer term) that then made up the school year. But the children flocked in.

The first teacher, young Mr. Searles, was, as I have recorded, a classical scholar with an especial passion for Greek. Nowhere in Vermont was there then a high school or college-preparatory school. The nearest college was ancient Dartmouth, Daniel Webster's college, across the Connecticut River some fifty odd miles from "Eureka." Yale and Harvard were flourishing centers of learning. Eureka's first teacher—and his early successors—decided that among these backwoods children and youths were some who showed great intellectual promise, who might become clergymen, teachers (the two most esteemed professions then) and community, state and national leaders. So he kept them, with the consent of their parents, beyond the elementary classes, and taught them, among other things, Greek!

When that became known, maturer youths who had had no elementary education at all started going to school, to make up for lost time. Old letters record that at one time there were 125 pupils in that little room, most of them standing as they learned, and seated in relays, and that one (and probably many others, but I shall stick to recorded facts) was twenty-one years old.

SPRING MORNING

By DINA SIMON

I could wish that I had sooner
waked in hell
Than this great gong of morning
stir me from my sleep
And you not there.

I could wish the piercing sweet,
the yearling birds
Had sooner broken-throated lie
than without you
I submit to listen;

That fourth-month majesty of
purple lilac candles
Suffer completest snuffing out in
their intolerable incense
Than they should light a day
In which I know you'll not
return.

There was no gymnasium or playground. Children who walked ten miles or more to and from school at a time when roads in the modern sense did not exist, through snowdrifts and muddy ruts, and at home were perpetually busy with farm or indoor work, hardly needed physical exercise!

Dartmouth records show that forty-four Eureka students went from that one-room elementary and high school to that college. How many more went to other universities and colleges is unrecorded. But among Eureka's college men are names familiar to all who have followed the history of the Green Mountain State.

What teachers those must have been—some of them clergymen who both preached and taught—who in a room crowded like a sardine box could give backwoods children the rudiments (or, as we say now, the "basic skills") of education and also introduce them, in Greek, to the Dialogues of Plato! One thing is certain: for them, teaching was not a "job." Like the ministry, it was a "calling," far above, far nobler, far more important than the arts and devices of making money.

What parents—who, rawboned, chapped-handed, suffering continual discouragements, did not insist that their offspring acquire only "useful" knowledge, immediately applicable as a means of earning income in everyday life! To what use could they put ancient Greek, which a Greek peasant of their times and ours could not understand?

I don't know that they asked themselves the question, depending rather on the conviction and advice of the teacher and the requirements, then, for college entrance. But if they did, the teacher could give them an answer. To train the brain, which requires exercise and disciplines no less than the hand—something that would be quite clear to those yeomen, even to the illiterate half-breed in a pre-push-button epoch. Mr. Betterganeau could neither read nor write, but he knew how to fell the *right* tree, to handle an adz, to make a mortise that would hold without glue. He had learned, one may be sure, not only by doing but by using his eyes, brains and memory—i.e., experience.

Greek cannot be learned by ear, by half attention. It is very precise and logical, and its study a discipline, among other things, a discipline in memory. It is not the only such discipline, nor am I here advocating the resumption of classical education as a requirement for college entrance. But studies of equally rigorous disciplines must be substituted. A really educated, working mind is not created by catch-as-catch-can. And without such minds, even if their number is limited, affairs of state cannot successfully be conducted.

I wonder, now, what the Springfield parents, teachers and pupils will think as they enter and pass this first Vermont schoolhouse. Will it be only an interesting antique, to be cherished with some amusement? Or will it not only be a reminder of the early pioneers who believed in free public education, but also testify to things of permanent educational value—regardless of lack of classroom space, posture desks, stainless-steel kitchens, bright lunchrooms, gymnasiums and playgrounds and all the amenities that, however we may criticize waste, we all take for granted?

I hope it will be a reminder, and that, though empty of pupils, it will continue to teach. What?

First, that free public education was a radical experiment that must always justify itself by its results and that its foundations were laid by work and sacrifice.

Second, that great or even good teachers are not to be described by the number of credits they acquire in pedagogy, but by devotion, dedication, and the girls, boys and youths upon whom they leave their mark, in eager disciplined brains and becoming behavior.

Third, that no education worth the name can be achieved without effort. Those with a passion to learn and improve themselves—regardless of improvement of worldly position—will learn no matter what the level of the schools they attend. They will learn even without formal schooling, as Thomas Edison did, and thousands of others. But alas for those in whom the desire has never awakened! They may graduate with degrees, but they will never know the joy and inward satisfaction of learning for its own sake. They will continually be running to catch up with inferior satisfactions that leave them frustrated.

Fourth—with a view to present times and the future—that America's pioneering period will end only when, or if, this nation becomes senile, indolent, and given over to the pursuit of luxury.

We limit our territory, but there are no limits to the frontiers of the mind and of constructive action. And in whatever realms those frontiers may lie, their conquest will always require the pioneering spirit. This spirit does not slavishly watch and compete with what others may do. It serenely creates its own patterns. Its virtues are faith, fortitude, willingness to take risks, and natural co-operation with others. Its mental qualities are discipline and the ability to be taught by experience and the experience of others, even of others who lived long, long ago. This spirit always edges freedom with contempt for luxury.

And if these qualities are cultivated in a cabin schoolhouse, it is still, to paraphrase Walt Whitman, a great schoolhouse—perhaps the greatest one. END



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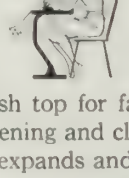
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WHAT CAN BE DONE TO PREVENT CANCER?

By PETER BRIGGS

Many contributing factors of cancer are definitely known today. Others are so strongly suspected that avoiding them is only common sense.

What can I do—or not do—that will greatly cut down the risk of getting this most feared of all diseases?

Can I do anything about the danger of breast cancer? Probably. A number of observers have shown a lower rate of breast cancer among women who have borne children than among those who have had no offspring. There also seems to be a much lower rate of breast cancer among women who have nursed their children. In any case, it is natural to have children and nurse them. Science suggests that it is also a good way to avoid breast cancer. Self-examination of the breast, of course, should be routine for all women.

What is the most general of the known causes of cancer? Protracted exposure to the sun definitely relates to cancer of the skin. This is more likely to be a danger to sailors and farmers, but too much exposure to sunshine by anyone with light skin can be dangerous.

What can be done about overexposure to X rays and radiation? Women who have been X-rayed while pregnant have been shown to be twice as likely to bear children who will get leukemia. Doctors who regularly handle X-ray equipment have a terribly high rate of leukemia, nine times that of other physicians. Only a doctor can decide when, and when not, X ray is justified, but the known facts make it obvious that caution is common sense.

Does weight have anything to do with cancer? Yes, if life-insurance statistics can be believed. Overweight people die more often—and earlier—from cancer than people of normal weight. No one has shown that fat causes cancer—but why take a chance that is statistically all against you?

When should I suspect a sore of being cancer-dangerous? Any chronically irritated area is in danger of becoming cancerous. Any sore that does not heal in what, to common sense, is an ordinary time should be seen by a doctor. Gallstones are related to cancer of the gall bladder. Long-standing infections anywhere can lead to serious trouble. Chronically infected burn scars often break down into malignancy. Cancer of the cervix often follows any chronic irritation in that area. Any long-standing sores in the mouth are, of course, something to be professionally looked into.

Why are goiters dangerous? Because any sufferer from goiter trouble is four times as likely as the average woman to get cancer of the thyroid. Goiters are ordinarily caused by lack of iodine in the food. The areas in the United States where iodine is lacking, chiefly the Middle West, are well known to all doctors. The use of iodized salt in such areas is a partial preventive of goiters.

Does circumcision help prevent cancer? Yes. This has been well proved. Cancer of the cervix is rare among Jewish women, and of course the Jewish religion requires circumcision of all males. The Jewish ritual, it has been statistically proved, plus the religious emphasis on cleanliness, usually prevents cancer of the penis. Circumcision, of course, is widely practiced in modern times among people of all faiths.

Should I give up smoking to avoid lung cancer? Although there is still considerable discussion among scientists about the relation of smoking and lung cancer, the statistics indicate that until the matter is settled giving up smoking is simple common sense.

GUARD YOUR FAMILY
FIGHT CANCER WITH A CHECKUP AND A CHECK
AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

What about the food additives, the dyes and the antibiotics, that are put in everyone's food? There is constant danger from these sources and the Food and Drug Administration does as well as it can to police an enormously complex field. New laws now demand that additives must be proved safe before they can be added to the food we eat.

I have heard about strange types of mouth, skin and stomach cancers that seem to be unique among certain different tribes and races. Except for our national habit of smoking cigarettes, Americans seem to have no proved general habits that might be considered causes of specific cancers. (Unless it is our habit of living in air polluted cities which seems to be one of the causes of increased lung cancer. We get enough vitamin B, thus avoiding the liver cancer which is so common among the Javanese. We don't chew betel nuts, like many Asians, and thus avoid cancer of the cheek. We don't eat our food unusually hot, like the Chinese, and thus are not so likely to get cancer of the esophagus. (Chinese women, incidentally, do not get this cancer; but, then, they do not sit down to eat until their husbands have finished and the food has cooled.)

What about cancers arising among industrial workers from the strange fumes and chemicals they encounter? Research in this field is constant and precautions are numerous. There will always be dangers in any new processes, but accidents, statistically, in this country are likely to be few.

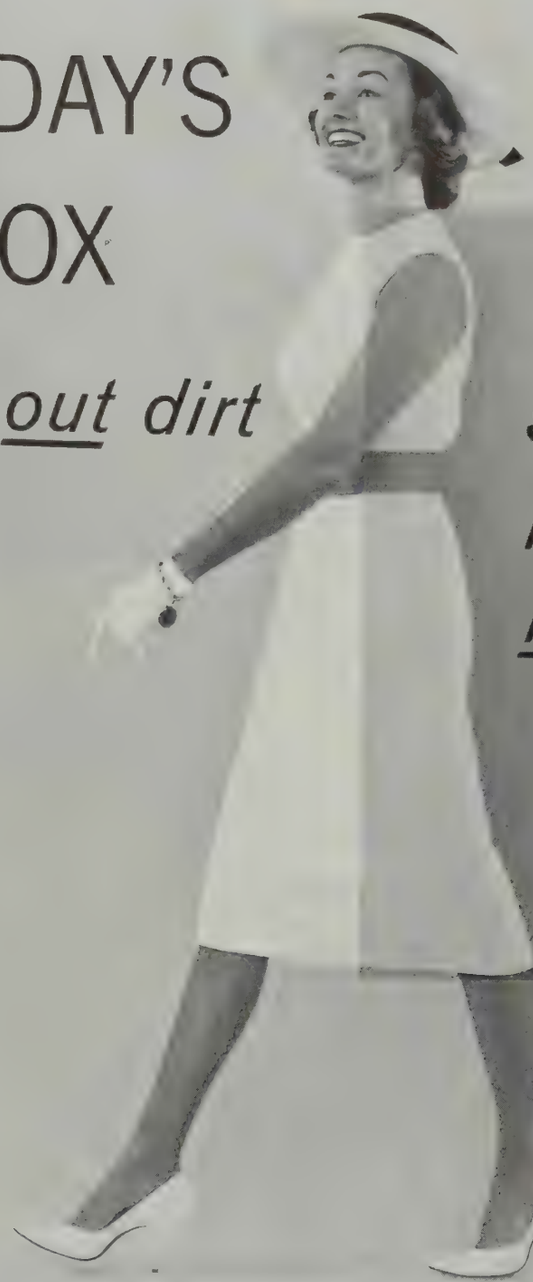
What is the best method of all for preventing cancer? Periodic examination for it, particularly as you get older, to catch it before it gets a foothold. And naturally, for women, periodic self-examination of the breast. EN

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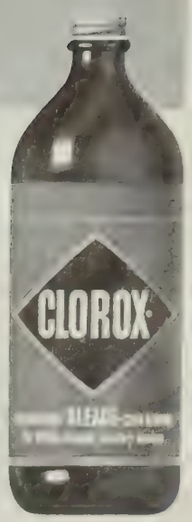
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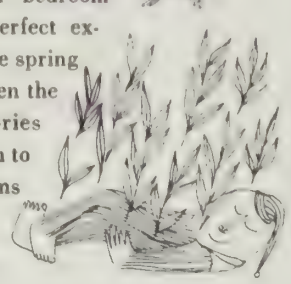


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the bed with the withdrawing personality

The bed that folds back into a wall compartment was invented in 1909. Known the world over as the Murphy Bed, it served a useful purpose for one-room apartments, for slapstick comedy situations and for getting rid of relatives. Also for that small minority of people who prefer to sleep folded into the wall. While Fieldcrest has no objection to the Murphy Bed, and in fact makes sheets and blankets well suited thereto, we cannot claim any great enthusiasm for this bed with the withdrawing personality.

We believe beds and bedrooms are to be seen, not hidden in a wall, and we devote ourselves to making them outstandingly beautiful. No greater glory than the new "One Look" fashions for bedroom and bath which Fieldcrest has been pleased to assemble for you. In "Breath of Spring", for example, sheets, blankets — yes, even bedspreads — have all combined in a floral fantasy. Your bedroom becomes a perfect exhalation of the spring spirit, and even the bath accessories join in the fun to give both rooms "One Look".



Underlying the frivolity, of course, is the rigorous perfection that Fieldcrest has always demanded of itself in each of its products . . . the smooth strength of its sheets, the airy lightness of its blankets, and so on down the line.

So unless you are fanatically loyal to beds that conceal in the wall, won't you have a look at "Breath of Spring" — either in its separate components or as a total bedroom and bath decor.

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FASHIONS FOR BED AND BATH



DR. SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHERS

"The romantic yearning for the parent— and the later renunciation— plays a vital role in creating some of the finest attributes of human nature."

Parents can keep children's unconscious rivalry within bounds

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.



MASTORY COLLINS

If a father is self-confident, has no doubts about whether his son loves him, then the boy will be comfortable about where he stands.

Parents wonder whether children in the three-to-six-year-old period, when they are subjected to special tensions, should be managed with special consideration. I suppose the answer depends on what you mean by special consideration. I think parents can better understand their children's behavior and are in a better position to cope with it if they know something about the strains that are likely to be experienced at this age. But there is no way to ward off these strains altogether, and the attempt to do so can create new difficulties.

Around the age of three and four years a boy's increasingly romantic and possessive attachment to his mother makes him gradually more aware that she already belongs to his father. This arouses feelings of jealousy and antagonism. In his childish way he assumes that his father knows all about his rivalrous feelings and reciprocates them. This is frightening, because his father is so much bigger, and also because the boy admires him greatly and is dependent on his love. (To imagine this predicament in adult terms, picture a man hopelessly in love with the wife of his best friend and boss who, he believes, has superhuman strength, is a mind reader, is very jealous, but in whose house he has to live.)

A little girl, because of her growing romantic attachment to her father, finds herself in a correspondingly uncomfortable rivalry with her admired mother.

Sometimes a conscientious father, who has heard that a little boy is apt to picture his old man as a stern, vengeful figure, resolves to lean over backward to be a genial playmate with his son and to avoid being the disciplinarian. A father is particularly likely to take this position if he remembers his relationship with his own father as having been strained. He wants his son to love and enjoy him more than he ever did his father.

A mother may have the same kind of concern in rearing her daughter.

This aim sounds sensible enough at first glance. But child-guidance experience has shown that it usually does not work out as intended. One way of explaining it would be to say that a boy by his basic nature feels that his father *is* primarily a father and only secondarily a pal. All his experience tells him that his father is bigger, stronger, wiser than he. Therefore, he has to be in a dependent relationship to him—for protection and guidance. He realizes, too, that his father cares very much how he behaves, that he is pleased when he is co-operative or skillful or brave. He senses that his father is disappointed when he is timid or clumsy, irritated when he is rude, disobedient or destructive, no matter how hard the father is trying to conceal these negative attitudes. To a degree, a boy's guilt, when he has misbehaved, demands some form of discipline. As for the rivalry, remember that it's the boy's own antagonism toward his father which is the main factor that makes him imagine that his father is antagonistic to him, no matter how thoroughly agreeable the father actually feels.

What this all adds up to is that a boy's very nature insists that his father is a somewhat awe-inspiring and slightly threatening figure.

Then what happens when a father is trying too hard to be only a friend? We have found, when the boy's unconscious attitudes are gradually revealed through months of child-guidance work, that such a father often seems more rather than less threatening than the average. Why should he seem more so?

When a father is hesitant to say what he expects, and always suppresses any irritation, this leaves the boy uncertain about his own behavior, and apprehensive about what the paternal anger would be like if it ever exploded. (Most of us imagine an unknown danger as worse than it turns out to be—whether it's the first trip to the dentist, childbirth, battle or examinations.) We can put it another way by saying that since he senses that his father is occasionally holding back on his anger because he's afraid to let it go, the boy accepts the father's estimate that it is a very dangerous thing. (Perhaps you yourself were once subordinated to a teacher or boss who was suppressing his anger, and can remember how uneasy it made you.)

If a father is the usual self-confident kind who does not have doubts about whether his son loves him and who has no hesitation about being the leader—or even the disciplinarian when the occasion demands it—then the boy will be quite clear and comfortable about where he stands. The boy will have had occasional experiences of meeting his father's firmness and disapproval. He will find that he comes through these episodes safe and sound and a little bit wiser. This has a reassuring effect, just as it will be reassuring to him to find that he can ride a bike, keep afloat in swimming, hold his own with the other boys. The fact that his father isn't afraid of his own feelings teaches the boy not to be too afraid of them either. The fact that the air is cleared after a moment of firmness or disapproval or anger is a relief.

There's another angle of the Oedipal situation that we ought to consider for a minute. The father who has heard about the rivalry that his son may feel toward him may think that it is fairer, more tactful if he himself refrains from claiming his wife's attention too obviously. Perhaps he keeps from showing much physical affection for her, or breaks off his conversation with her when the boy wants to talk to her, or is hesitant to butt in when he finds them together. He may avoid taking her out alone, except when the child is tucked in bed and asleep.

Experience shows that this degree of consideration for the child's feelings is apt to misfire. If he gets the impression that he has first rights to his mother, it only makes him more possessive, more jealous of his father's attentions to her. He'll be apprehensive of what he assumes *must* be his father's resentment. It eventually creates more difficulties for him when he is a little older and has to face the realities.

A boy in the long run gets confidence in himself as a male, learns to enjoy rather than fear competition with other males, becomes appropriately bold with the opposite sex, not in beating out his father for his mother's attention but in patterning himself after his father, in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

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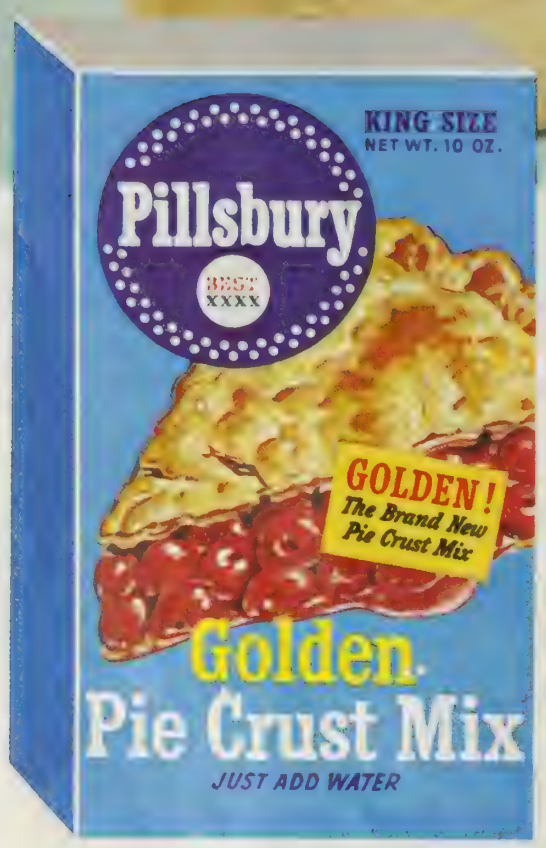
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DESSERT PIZZA

1 pkg. Pillsbury Golden Pie Crust Mix or Sticks
1 8-oz. pkg. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese
½ cup sugar
2 eggs
2 tablespoons lemon juice
Kraft Pure Peach Preserves and Kraft Pure Strawberry Preserves

Prepare pastry for two-crust pie following the directions on the package. Form into a ball. Flatten to ½-inch thickness; smooth edges. Roll out on a floured surface to 1 inch larger than 14-inch pizza pan. Fit loosely into pan; trim pastry edge. Prick generously with fork. Bake in a hot oven, 450°, 8 to 10 minutes until golden brown. Cool.

Combine the cream cheese and sugar, mixing until smooth and well blended. Add the eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in the lemon juice. Turn into baked crust. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°, 10 to 12 minutes. Cool.

Lightly score to divide the pizza into 4 sections. Spread peach preserves on 2 opposite sections. Spread the remaining sections with strawberry preserves.





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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

feeling that he is a chip off the old block. So the old block must be impressive. The father needs to show himself—at home even more than outside—to be an agreeably self-confident male, reasonably masterful in protecting and providing for the family, comfortable in assuming his share of the discipline of the children, successful romantically with his wife. (Needless to say, the parents should not tease the child by being deliberately ostentatious with their mutual affection.)

From what I have said about the relationship between father and young son, you'll be able to guess what I'll say about mother and daughter. In her unconscious mind a little girl feels that she is at the short end of an unfair rivalry. But it does not follow from this that a sensible mother should show her daughter extra consideration in the sense of being unnaturally patient and long-suffering in dealing with her day by day, or by minimizing the signs of her own affection for her husband.

Two months ago I quoted from a letter in which a gentle mother expressed bewilderment at her four-year-old daughter's flashing-eyed defiance. She added that by contrast the girl was all peaches and cream with her father and was making a great show of taking care of him. When a child starts with a sense of having being treated a bit unfairly and then finds that the parent is willing to put up with rudeness or disobedience, it confirms the child's suspicion that the parent is guilty, and it unleashes further disagreeableness. The conscientious mother in the letter was assuming that, in some way which she didn't understand, she was failing her daughter. But in being willing to accept the blame and the unpleasant behavior, she was getting in deeper and deeper. (If I were she, I'd give my daughter a talking to about politeness and obedience and who's boss, and I'd check her firmly each time she forgot.) What keeps a little girl's unconscious rivalry within bounds is to find her mother a self-assured, unguilty, firm but friendly individual.

NATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL WEEK

MAKE EVERY WEEK SUNDAY SCHOOL WEEK

APRIL 13–19

A mother does her daughter no favor in letting her gain the impression that she may be displacing her. (You sometimes see a girl in the full bloom of adolescence taking great delight in showing her affection for and understanding of her father when, because of menopausal or other troubles, there is a lot of grumpiness between her parents.) Such a short cut to success is apt to leave her a somewhat guilty, anxious, disagreeable person who may have trouble becoming detached from her father later. In the long run, a girl will gain more confidence in herself as an attractive girl, prepare herself for eventually falling in love with an appropriate man of her own age, by looking up to her mother as a fine example of romantic success, and identifying herself with her.

To round out this discussion, I'll add a few points about the father's relationship with daughter, mother's with son.

A daughter needs acceptance by and appreciation from her father, not only as a child but specifically as a girl. There are occasional cases in which a father was looking for a son, never got him, but instead treated his daughter as a son. He showed his enjoyment mainly when she was acting like a boy. We see how hard it is for such a girl as she grows up to get satisfaction from most of the jobs (including wifehood) that women do.

On the other hand, it doesn't help a little girl to grow up if her father lets her carry her

Kids love 'em and they're GOOD for them!



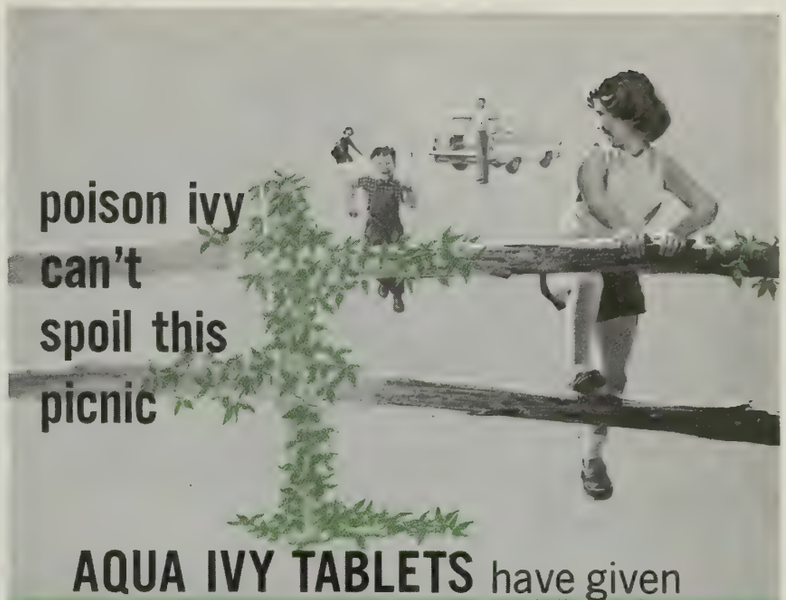
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Important facts about diabetes and diet

Not long ago, a famous tennis player was guest of honor at a dinner. He polished off his steak and vegetables with good appetite. But when the pie à la mode arrived, he waved it aside. "I'll skip this course," he said. "I'm diabetic, you know."

Today, if you have diabetes, you can pursue almost any career, as long as you follow the diet and medical program your doctor advises.

The diabetic's diet often includes nearly all foods found in a regular well-balanced diet, but in exactly specified proportions. High carbohydrate foods are limited. But you don't have to give up desserts—if you choose the right ones!

Delicious D-Zerta Gelatin helps gratify your desire for a variety of desserts. It's made without sugar. One full serving has only 12 calories. Enjoy it at mealtime and between.

You can buy D-Zerta Gelatin in six refreshing flavors. It combines well with many foods for refreshing entrees and salads.

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romantic attentions to him as far as she wishes or if he responds to them with too much romantic enthusiasm of his own. It's good for his attitude toward her to have a flavor of chivalry and tenderness. But child-guidance work shows that if she is allowed to snuggle with him in a romantic mood, engage him in tickling games, climb into his bed, the effect is apt to be both stimulating and disturbing. And if he shows he has more fun passing the time of day with her than with his wife, then he is pulling her out of her orbit.

The corresponding points can be made about mother and young son. She lets him take the initiative in showing his manly devotion through helpful and chivalrous acts, and responds with gracious appreciation. She enjoys his rare compliments and admires the exploits that he tells her about. But when he carries his physical ardor beyond a hug, she tactfully distracts his attention. She doesn't dazzle him with deliberate displays of her lingerie or her nudity. She doesn't let him sleep in his father's bed when the latter is away on a trip, sensing that this will stir up hopes in his unconscious mind which will only backfire when his father comes home.

Perhaps at this point you have a feeling of impatience that I've used so many words to recommend a set of parental attitudes and procedures which are only what sensible parents have always used intuitively. It certainly is true that billions of parents since the beginnings of our race have brought their children up well without knowing about the Oedipus complex.

On the other hand, a certain proportion of children in each generation have been switched off the main track in passing through this phase, as history books, novels and our knowledge of our friends show. And if everyone is to share in our newer knowledge about where the neuroses come from, I think he should be equally clear about what makes for successful character formation too.

Or perhaps you are impatient with Nature for using such a complicated pattern of development. Why is it necessary for little children first to get romantically attached to their parents, only to become so worried by the implications and so frustrated by the realities that they try to renounce the whole quest by the age of six or seven? We only know, from studies of different individuals who were either successful or unsuccessful in traversing this stage of development, that the romantic yearning for the parent—and the later renunciation—plays a vital role in the creation of some of the finest attributes of human nature: the spiritual quality of adult love and marriage, human idealism in general, religious belief, artistic creativeness, scientific curiosity, even the stability of society. That's quite a list and will take some explaining.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—Ed.

LONELINESS

By MARY CARTER

My loneliness is no lament
That keens at night, a wailing wind.
My loneliness can still rejoice,
Fling life a challenge with firm voice.
It's love I feel but cannot share,
A song suspended in mid-air,
A sweetness just beyond my reach—
That's loneliness, if I must preach.
It's life with beauty so replete
That only I am incomplete.

Dirtiest Ovens SPARKLE

IN LESS TIME... WITH LESS WORK

this quick EASY-OFF Way!



DOES YOUR OVEN LOOK LIKE THIS?

Greasy-grimy . . . can smoke and cause a dangerous fire

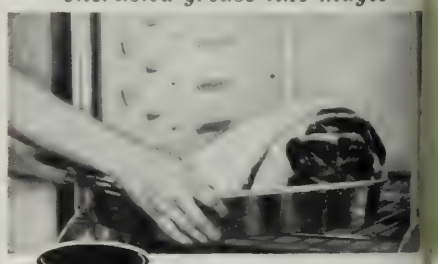


APPLY EASY-OFF OVEN CLEANER

and let set . . . then . . .



JUST WIPE... *EASY-OFF cuts black encrusted grease like magic*





A clean oven bakes better roasts better . . . makes you a better cook

Depend on ® EASY-OFF OVEN CLEANER

GRAVY MASTER sign of good gravy

NEW! *Instantly relieves pain of*

BURNS



New discovery! Amazing pain-killer stops agony at once. Cooling. Contains benzocaine, "blocks" pain. Fights infection, speeds healing. For cuts, itching, too. Greaseless lotion. Save on large size.

SOLARCAINE A Plough product



Why you need a kitchen extension phone

First, it's a great help in running the house near shopping lists and at your finger tips r calls to the plumber or other repairmen.

Next, it saves you trouble. Biscuits won't urn, or a pot boil over, because a telephone ll took you out of the kitchen. And you can ll keep a watchful eye on playing children.

It saves you lots of steps, too. Your husband, like you, will find it one of the most useful phones in your house.

And when all your work is done, it's easy and fun to take a break and chat with a friend on your handy kitchen extension.

Fact is, extension phones in the places your family works, sleeps and plays help so much and cost so little.

SPRING-A-LING!

IT'S KITCHEN TELEPHONE TIME!

Drop in soon at your local Bell Telephone business office and see the colorful kitchen phones on display there. One of them will be just right for *your* kitchen!

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

new CANNON colors



You can do wonderful things with Cannon colors. Constant use, countless washings can't dim their fresh and sparkling looks. That's the beauty of Cannon's exclusive *Carefree* colors.



Bring the outdoors in! Hang a weathervane with lively Cannon colors, highlighted by Peach.



Bank a pretty screen with Fern Green and a Taffy Stripe. Every Cannon color is *Carefree* — every stripe and solid, every charming print.

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TRADE MARK CANNON

..exciting ways to use them

CANNON BEAUTI-FLUFF TOWELS IN CAREFREE COLORS THAT STAY BRIGHT FOR YEARS



Bathe in a garden abloom with Hyacinth Blue Cannons and other lovely Carefree flower tones.



Keep it personal with wallpaper and Cannons monogrammed in Fern and White. *(monograms are extra)*



Try a fluffy bouquet of Hyacinth Blue, White and Pink Whisper in a flowerpot stand — so delightful!



It's all done with bamboo, brass and most-for-your-money Cannons. Key tone? Hyacinth Blue.



Show your Cannons on a Victorian hat rack. Let them glow in Peach, Empire Green, Yellows.



Arrange bright towels on a wicker screen. Try Peach, Green Mist, White. Cannon colors mix well.



See how pretty china knobs look with your heavenly-soft Cannons in a Hyacinth Blue scheme. *(monograms extra)*



For a smart look — pigeonhole fingertip towels. Above, Fern Green makes so many colors sparkle.

CANNON BEAUTI-FLUFF TOWELS HAVE A SPECIAL FEEL AND BEAUTY THAT LAST



DESSERT FOR TONIGHT... from your family's favorite gelatin flavor. Add fresh fruit if you like, but glorify your creation with a crest of snow-white Reddi-Wip. It's delicious because Reddi-Wip is made from the finest of farm-fresh cream... delicately flavored with a hint of sugar and vanilla.

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UNDER COVER

By Bernardine Kielty



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"Now stop fretting, dear. If you did have one, it would just get in your way."

The first voice in the earth's history was that of the frog! A bold statement, but probably true, according to Charles Bogert, in *Natural History*. At any rate, the early frogs had eardrums and could hear; and their precedence in time is unquestioned. Frogs have been in existence for nearly 200,000,000 years—a good 100,000,000 years ahead of those later creatures that "swarmed down out of the trees," as he says, to "chip at stones, fidget with fires, and build atom bombs." Mr. Bogert's article, *The First Voice of Spring*, is typical of the fascinating pieces in this magazine of the American Museum of Natural History (New York). Other fine nature articles come out in *Audubon Magazine* (1130 5th Ave., N.Y.) . . . And in *Animal Kingdom* (New York Zoological Society, Bronx) appear the best animal pictures to be found anywhere. . . . These three magazines are a joy and a delight for all ages.

As for a book on natural history, I know none better than PATHS ACROSS THE EARTH, by *Lorus* and *Margery Milne* (Harper). Did you know, for instance, that except for bats, Australia has no native mammals of the types found elsewhere in the world? That penguins lay their eggs, standing with their backs against the biting Antarctic wind, at temperatures descending from 64° below zero to 77°? That all chimney swifts from North America converge in winter in one single remote valley of Peru? . . . Another attractive book for the amateur naturalist is THE LIVING FOREST, by *Jack McCormick* (Harper)—the complete story of American forests from root to treetop, from insect to owl, from pests to men.

•

Sometimes—some few extraordinary times—a novel comes as a literary "experience," a profound communication in the realm of one's reading. I have recently read three short novels which had just such an overpowering effect. They are Lawrence Durrell's JUSTINE, BALTHAZAR and MOUNTOLIVE (Dutton), which, with a fourth, are to make a single unit, much as Proust's series of novels made *Remembrance of Things Past*. They tell the same story from different points of view, but behind them all is the brooding city of Alexandria, intense and mysterious; a woman, Justine, who is the very heart of allure; and a group of strange *dramatis personae* whose relationships are traced through a gossamer web.

Each book is tantalizingly elusive, written in passionate poetic prose (Durrell is a poet); and together they uncover a pulsating alien world—a modern world, to be sure, but undreamed of in our philosophy. Their impact—on this reader at least—was devastating.

•

Two books of special interest to JOURNAL readers are THE NEW PARENTS' SURVIVAL KIT; or What Dr. Spock Didn't Tell Us, the hilarious spoofing of parent-child tangles by *B. M. Atkinson, Jr.* (Simon & Schuster); and IN ALL LOVE AND HONOR, by *Scudder Parker* (Abingdon Press), which tells the story of the Parkers' marriage, some of which came out in a 1954 *How America Lives* ("We Started Life Over").

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"That's the first time either of them has used the library in years!"

National Library Week, April 12–18, underlines the importance and the enchantment of the written word. *Build a library in your own home if you can. Give your children close acquaintance with books. Remember the usefulness of the public library.* If there is another institution in your town more important (outside the church), what is it?

Captain's Table Quality



No matter how you enjoy tuna, you'll like it even better when it's Star-Kist, the captain's-table tuna . . . the real good meat from the sea. It's the prime kind of tuna you can serve like meat to please the captain at your house. You'll know it's Star-Kist when you see the fisherman with the earring.

Tuna New Orleans

Sauté one quartered tomato, ½ cup chopped green pepper, one 6-oz. can of mushrooms and 1 tbsp. of chopped onion in 2 tbsp. butter for 5 min. Add one can of cream of celery soup. Heat for 5 min. Add 1 Family Size can Star-Kist Tuna. Heat for 2 min. Serve over hot rice. Garnish with tomato. Serves 4 to 6.

Chunk Light and Chunk White in new Family Size.
All styles in regular size, including Solid Light and Solid White.

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LOOK FOR THE FISHERMAN WITH THE EARRING

TUNA

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....Let's plan a platter party...



with this exciting
RCA Victor

Ames Brothers
Preview Album

Only from French's— Six great Ames Brothers recordings in one wonderful album: "Two Sleepy People" . . . "Seventeen" . . . "I Can't Give You Anything But Love" . . . "Rag Mop" . . . "Moonglow" . . . "When My Sugar Walks Down The Street"! It's a BIG $1.29 value—and it's all yours for ONLY 50¢—with the label (or reasonable facsimile) from a jar of French's Mustard.

Spectacular $1.29 Offer— Only 50¢

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I enclose 50¢ and the label (or reasonable facsimile) from a jar of French's Mustard. Please send my Ames Brothers Preview Album to:

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A-2





French's Cheesebusters

Bring on the burgers—double ones, filled with a melt-in-your-mouth blend of Cheddar cheese and sunny French's Mustard. *Light and lively menu:* Just add a salad bowl, brownies, and Cokes-on-the-rocks!

Recipe

Allow ¼ pound ground beef for each hamburger. Press gently into 2 thin patties, about 4 inches across. Spread the following filling on one patty, leaving ½ inch around edge for sealing. Top with second patty, pressing edges together. Broil on each side. Sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper. *Filling:* cream together ¼ lb. butter, ¼ lb. Cheddar cheese and 3 tbsps. French's Mustard. Spread generously between the two thin hamburger patties. Serve on roll.

Serve a French's party platter!

French's Good and Plenty Pizza

A hearty new man-sized pizza with a meaty, stick-to-the-ribs filling . . . and a spicy crust of gold! *Crowd combo:* Roll out the pizza. Toss a salad. Sundaes for the sweet tooth. And you've got a party!

Recipe

Pizza Crust

2 cups biscuit mix
2 tbsps. French's Mustard
½ cup milk

Measure mix into a bowl. Stir mustard into milk; blend into mix. Knead 1 minute on board dusted with biscuit mix. Roll to fit 12-inch pizza pan. Prick surface with fork. Bake in very hot oven (425°) 5 to 7 minutes. Remove from oven; lower oven to moderate (375°). While crust bakes prepare sauce.

Pizza Sauce

2 cans (8 oz.) tomato sauce
1 tbsp. sugar
1 tbsp. French's Minced Onion
2 tbsps. French's Mustard
¼ tsp. French's Oregano
1 lb. bulk pork sausage meat, well cooked and well drained
1 cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese
2 tbsps. grated Parmesan cheese

Mix tomato sauce, sugar, onion, mustard, oregano; bring to a boil; simmer 10 min. Pour into partially baked crust. Sprinkle with half of Cheddar cheese, then sausage, then remaining Cheddar; top with Parmesan. Return to oven; bake 12 to 15 min. longer or until cheese melts and crust is deep golden brown. Yield: 6 servings. Serve at once.





French's Barber-Pole Franks

Mustard, dog, and bun all in one! For a big-deal meal, serve with Instant Potato Salad, Chocolate Cake. M-m-m!

Recipe

8 frankfurters, large size
1½ cups biscuit mix
4 teaspoons French's Mustard for dough plus enough to fill frankfurters
⅓ cup milk

Place franks in boiling water; let stand 8 min. Put biscuit mix in bowl. Blend mustard with milk, add to mix. Roll into 8" square, ¼" thick. Cut in 8 one-inch strips. Split franks; fill with French's. Wrap dough in spiral around each frank. Place on greased cookie sheet. Brush with butter. Bake at 450° F., 10-12 min. Serve at once.



Friendly Warning French's mustard has a flavor, color and texture all its own; you *can't* get best results with any other mustard! No wonder more women use French's than any other mustard!

On food . . . In food . . .

no other mustard has the light and lively flavor of

FRENCH'S MUSTARD



Have you taught her the 3 secrets of being regular?

If you have, she'll thank you the rest of her long life!

Today's mothers know how much it means to grow up with good eating and sleeping habits. With regular bathroom habits, too.

The 3 keys to regularity are remarkably simple. *Use* them as well as *teach* them . . . and set a good example! Here they are:

1. **Follow that urge!** Don't put it off! Failure to *follow that urge* is the most important single cause of interrupted regularity.

2. **Let your bathroom time be the same time every day.** Pick the time that's most natural to you. (After breakfast, perhaps.) Important: This little interval should be kept relaxed and unhurried.

3. **Drink 6 to 8 glasses of liquid a day—count 'em!** If you drink 2 of them before breakfast, you'll encourage normal regularity.

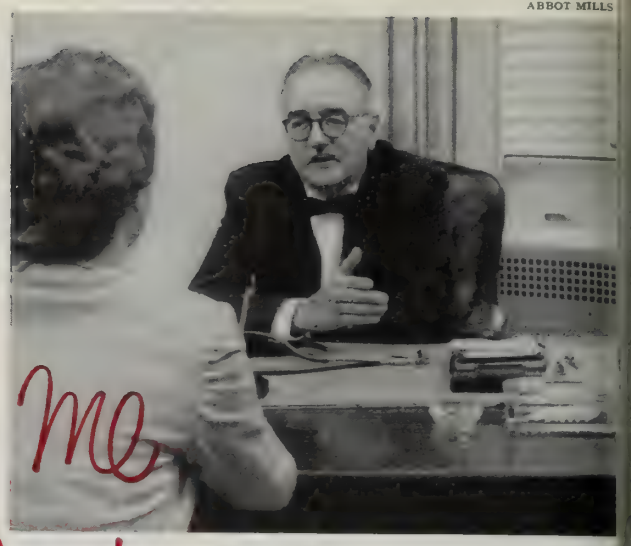
Also important: Exercise . . . bulk in your diet . . . and regular sleeping and eating habits. *Before you take a laxative, give Nature a chance to correct herself.*

Remember, however, even the most regular person may run into unavoidable upsets of schedule, which can upset her normal regularity.

If a laxative does become necessary, you'll find that today's Ex-Lax provides the closest thing to natural action . . . helps you gently toward your normal regularity—overnight. Taken at bedtime, it won't disturb your sleep. Keep today's Ex-Lax on hand for emergencies. It's chocolated, pleasant-tasting, pleasant-acting. Is today's Ex-Lax in your medicine cabinet? It belongs there.

Copr. Ex-Lax Inc., 1959

ABBOT MILLS



Tell me Doctor...

There are many questions which women would like to ask a trusted physician, but there is not always the opportunity. In this series, Tell Me Doctor, Doctor Schauffler will discuss some of the problems which have been sent to him by readers. The situations are all real, but all the names are fictitious.

By GOODRICH C. SCHAUFFLER, M.D.

"I thought I knew all about adolescence, Doctor, but Doris has me stumped. I can't do anything with her now. What is going to happen in the next few years? I wish you'd give her a good talking to!"

"How nice to see you again, Mrs. Ellsworth!" The doctor came around his desk to shake hands with a well-dressed, attractive, fortyish woman. "It's been a long time! I saw your Doris' name on my appointment list, but I didn't know you were going to come in too."

"I wanted to explain about Doris, see if you can't help me with her. I thought I knew all about adolescence. After all, I've had one daughter go through it. But Doris has me absolutely defeated!"

"Let's see, Doris would be about thirteen now?"

"Yes, fourteen next August."

"Has she started to menstruate?"

"Oh, yes, she began when she was eleven. She seems to just float through that. She's very tall and well developed for her age too. Lots of people take her for sixteen. I've wondered if maybe her glands are overactive."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, I never saw such a change in a girl. She used to be just as sweet and biddable as Martha, her older sister. But for the last year she has been so stubborn and ornery I can hardly bear it!" Mrs. Ellsworth's voice took on a shrill, edgy note.

"How does she get along in school? Is she unhappy there?"

"That's a breeze for her too," Mrs. Ellsworth replied rather bitterly. "She's in her last year of junior high, gets excellent grades and scarcely has to open a book as far as I can see. Her teachers rave about how cooperative she is. She makes a *very* good impression—when she's away from home!" Mrs. Ellsworth took a handkerchief out of her handbag, mopped her face and neck. Yet it was not overly warm in the consulting room.

"I take it that the story is different at home?"

"It certainly is! She argues over every little thing I ask her to do. Like setting the table, or helping with the dishes. If I don't happen to be feeling well, it seems to me she makes a special effort to be exasperating."

"Does Doris start these arguments wit you, appear to be inviting them?"

"Doris doesn't invite anything, so far as am concerned. She ignores me most of th time. When I pin her down she acts a though I hadn't a brain in my head. If sh has no respect for me now, what will hap pen when she starts going out with boys Her father is no help. He says I pick on he Oh, I probably do say too much, but sh makes me so *furious*. I thought maybe yo could talk to her. She might listen to you.

While Mrs. Ellsworth was pouring out he woes, the doctor had been observing he closely. Now he said, "You mentioned no feeling well. I hope you've been seeing doctor."

Mrs. Ellsworth replied with some emba rassment, "Well, no, I haven't. There isn really anything you can put your finger on I do have headaches every now and then, low, pressure-type pain. And backaches, th same kind of pain, as if something we pressing on my spine. One thing has pu zled me. I gain weight all of a sudden, f no reason I can see. Then I lose it just suddenly. But most of the time I feel fine

"Do your feet and ankles ever swell, an your fingers?"

"Why, yes, I guess they do. At least, som times my most comfortable shoes get to fee ing tight, and my fingers feel tight at time too, in my rings. And my tummy appea to bloat. You know, get big and heavy."

"That's when you notice those sudde weight gains, I imagine. Do your breas ever bother you?"

"They certainly do!" Mrs. Ellsworth wa becoming interested now. "They get terrib tender at times, especially just before period. Now that I think about it, that when everything seems to get swollen up But it always goes away. I haven't though these things were worth bothering about.

"Tell me about something else. Do yo ever feel depressed?"

Mrs. Ellsworth gave the doctor a startle look, hesitated and then said agitatedly "Oh, Doctor, I do! Dreadfully, horribly de pressed! Sometimes it's almost unbearable I feel as though nobody loves me or need me, as though I've lost contact with every one. There have been times when I've actu ally thought of taking too many sleepin pills or jumping off a bridge."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 37

KEEP FRESH!



You can bathe wearing Tampax!
Shower wearing Tampax! Swim wearing Tampax!
Millions use it. Worn internally, it's the modern way!

TAMPAX

SO MUCH A PART OF YOUR ACTIVE LIFE

Tampax® internal sanitary protection is made only by Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



A new kind of lipstick with a light touch–no greasiness



New Cutex

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Here's a completely new kind of lipstick that *feels* as beautiful as it looks! Beautifully creamy, yet you won't feel a touch of greasiness from the minute it glides on! Light and moist as a delicate mist, it has all the brilliant color and glow you could want. Give your lips a *new* excitement...a *new* delicacy...with Cutex Delicate Lipstick. In the new slim, elegant Nugget Case...in gold, aqua, or pink! 79¢ plus tax.

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ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING WOMEN IN THE WORLD: PARIS



JACQUELINE HUET—lovely, glamorous, busy! The devoted mother of a young daughter, she is also a successful stage actress and a popular television personality. Her proudest television achievement—a special show for children she writes herself! "I often feel tired," she says, "But I must never show it. I find Pond's Cold Cream acts almost like a 'tranquilizer'—keeps my skin soft and smooth all day long."

She's busy...
yet she's beautiful...
she uses Pond's



Pond's beautifies as it cleanses—replaces the moisture modern living drains away. This fabulous cream actually moisturizes *below* the surface. From deep within your skin it keeps sending freshets of moisture upwards . . . *and goes on moisturizing long after you tissue it off!* Use Pond's to deep-cleanse at night, to moisturize under make-up all day. Your skin will stay wonderfully soft and smooth . . . glow with an exciting new beauty.

WITH POND'S COLD CREAM YOU NEED NEVER BE TOO BUSY TO BE BEAUTIFUL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

The doctor nodded sympathetically. "I ink I know how you feel," he said. "I've had enty of descriptions from patients. A woman o was in the office the other day told me at at those times she feels as though she were rrounded by a yellow haze, a jaundiced oud between her and the whole outside rld. Do these spells, by any chance, occur ht to ten days before your period?"

Mrs. Ellsworth's eyes opened wide. "Yes, y do! Do you mean that isn't uncommon? e wondered if I was losing my mind!"

"Not if it's what I'm guessing it is. Has it curred to you, Mrs. Ellsworth, that you ght be starting menopause? I saw you wipe rspiration away several times. Have you en having hot flashes?"

"I do break out in a sweat now and then—t Doctor, I'm only forty-four, and my pe-ds are just as regular as they ever were."

"How about the flow? Have you noticed y change there?"

"Yes, it has been getting scantier. That's other thing. I thought that in menopause periods become irregular and heavier."

"Many of my patients report heavier bleed- and irregularity, as you mention. But there is ide range of patterns for the ceasing of ovu-ion and menstruation. A number of women aracteristically have dribbling or spotting for onsiderable number of days before or after period. Some stop menstruating quite ab-tly. Others just bleed less and less until it ers out altogether. Some suffer severely m cramps, others feel scarcely any discom-t in connection with the period itself."

"That's me—I haven't had cramps for a g time. My worst pain seems to come in the ddle of the cycle, between periods."

"That is the time when you ovulate—that is say, when your ovary releases its monthly m. Some women react more to ovulation n others do, especially when they get a little er. It is my idea that as she nears the end her reproductive life a woman may have re trouble producing an ovum."

"Are the bloating and weight gains con-ted with all this?"

"It all seems to be related, though we don't w exactly how or why. The bloating, we w, is due to salt-fluid retention. What we n't know is why it so often complicates the menstrual period. Even young girls oc-sionally have it in mild form. Women ap-r to be particularly prone to this condition hey approach the menopause, and I gather t you have quite a case of it. I should gine it is pressure of this extra fluid that ac-nts for the pains you speak of."

"But couldn't these symptoms be due to mething else than menopause?"

"I can see that you aren't going to give up r preconceived ideas of menopause with-a struggle, Mrs. Ellsworth," the doctor d with a smile. "But I believe we ought to out, don't you? I'll be glad to talk with is. First, though, I would like to know t the situation is so far as you are con-ed. Suppose you go down to the end of the . Mary-Ann—yes, she's still my office se—will tell you what to do."

Mrs. Ellsworth said apprehensively, after examination was finished, "It seems to me, tor, that some of these things you have n doing are tests for cancer."

"An examination of any woman in her ies should include tests for cancer, Mrs. worth. That is our way of satisfying our-es that you don't have one! I checked your sts carefully. They are absolutely all right. the rest of it—not a sign of serious trou-We won't get the report on the Papa-olaou smear test back until tomorrow, but pretty sure it will be negative. There is olutely nothing to indicate trouble."

"I'm glad to know that, at any rate."

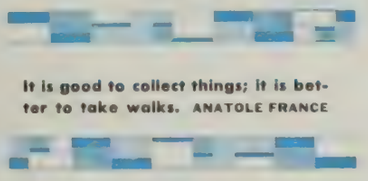
"Yes, it's always a fine thing to get cancer d out. Your urine is clear, and your blood sure is low rather than high. There is noth-to indicate anything wrong with your kid-s that *could* cause the bloating and swelling. In fact, I don't find anything out of the nary except some more or less routine als that ovulation is on the wane. For in-ce, your breasts are losing a little elasticity. r uterus is smaller and more solid. The vaginal smear I took will give a rough indication of your ovarian activity. I don't put as much faith in this test as some doctors do, it isn't sufficiently accurate. But I believe the smear will show that your estrogen output is tapering off. I shouldn't be surprised if before long you will cease ovulating entirely. In other words, you are definitely entering a sort of sphere of release. For most women, it's actually 'a change of life' for the better."

"Oh, dear, Doctor, how is my husband going to take this? I don't want any more babies, but I'm not ready to become unsexed either. My husband is far from being senile!"

"There isn't the slightest reason to be concerned about that factor, Mrs. Ellsworth. My friend Robert Latou Dickinson reported long ago that for the average woman the peak of her interest in normal sex and her healthy reaction to it, come between the ages of forty-five and fifty."

"That is certainly news to me."

"It's quite interesting, I think. My own explanation is that it is because of the normal woman's greater maturity. She has learned not to be afraid of a lot of things that bothered her before. In many instances—and I imagine that before long this will be true in your case—she doesn't have to be concerned any more about pregnancy. Patients have told me that they never truly found themselves in their marital relationship until they were in the middle forties." The doctor chuckled. "One of my patients told me of attending a club meeting of women in their late forties. The speaker, a young Ph.D., counseled them earnestly that they must find a new, sexless basis for harmonious companionship with their husbands. He got the shock of his life when these very



It is good to collect things; it is better to take walks. ANATOLE FRANCE

respectable wives and mothers informed him he didn't know what he was talking about!"

Mrs. Ellsworth smiled appreciatively. "At least, it's a relief to know that my depressions and irritability are due to change of life and not to something worse."

"Well, frankly, I think your glandular changes have had a good deal to do with the fact that Doris' adolescent quirks have hit you so much harder than Martha's did when she was going through the same thing. I wouldn't be surprised if your overly emotional approach has made Doris more stubborn and rebellious than she would have been otherwise. I know I have observed this quite often when a woman entering menopause has a youngster entering adolescence. You can get some spectacular upsets in family relationships then!"

"There have been times when I sensed that the trouble with Doris was my own fault," Mrs. Ellsworth confessed. "But I didn't seem to be able to do anything about it. I suppose you'll start me on estrogens now?"

"Perhaps, later on. But we doctors are not giving hormones quite as indiscriminately as was done a while back. I don't think estrogen would take care of all your troubles at this time. I'd like to tackle that salt-fluid-retention business first of all. I believe it has a good deal to do with your discomforts. In the ten days before your period, cut down on your fluid intake to the point of thirst. By fluid, I mean everything that's wet. No salt at all, though you may use a salt substitute if you wish. I'd like you to take these tablets—they are diuretic. They will help eliminate extra fluid and salt through your kidneys."

"But what about the depression spells, Doctor? Wouldn't estrogen help with those?"

"I hope you won't think I'm being mean, but I would rather not give you sex hormones now. They might confuse the picture as to what is really causing your difficulties. Your depressions *could* come from pressure of extra fluid on the brain. I will give you a bit of thyroid, however. Your low blood pressure indicates that you may be somewhat low in thyroid. Thyroid often seems to help in menopause even when a woman has no demonstrable thyroid lack. And I'm going to give you some pills that I call optimizers. They are combinations of nonhabit-forming drugs like Dexedrine or Benzedrine, together with very mild medications such as aspirin empirin, phenobarbital. I've found these pills quite helpful for making things look rosier for the moment. If you have a backache or headache, you can take a little plain or buffered aspirin or empirin.

"I'd like you to try this program for two menstrual cycles. If it doesn't seem to work, then we can think about sex hormones; and I'll have a better idea as to which ones to use. Estrogen isn't the only sex hormone we have now for menopause, you see. It is the best for hot flashes, and for depression, too, when the depression is caused by a low estrogen balance. However, if you continue to feel depressed and uncomfortable at the time you ovulate, it will be more effective to suppress ovulation entirely with progesterone. Then there's a combination of estrogen and a male hormone, testosterone, that is proving helpful to lots of people.

"The truth is, though, that you will be better off if you can get along without sex hormones. Then your ovulation and periods will cease in the way Nature intended them to. You may even be through with the whole menopause business sooner. That's why I'd like you to try our simple program first.

"One thing more: try very hard to avoid anything that's complicated or tiring or confusing during the ten days before your period. Particularly, stay out of arguments with Doris then! You can't win, you know, when your nerves are tied in hard knots."

While Mrs. Ellsworth dressed, the doctor had Doris come into his consulting room for a little chat. Doris was indeed well developed, with a poise considerably beyond her years. She promised, besides, to be an extremely pretty girl. The doctor could understand why Mrs. Ellsworth had worried about not being able to control her daughter.

Doris had a closed, wary look on her face, as the doctor apologized for keeping her waiting so long. "I suppose mother was giving you a big earful about me."

"Why should she do that?"

"Well, I'm not the least bit sick. So I figured that what mother dragged me here for was to have you give me a lecture. She seems to think I'm hopeless. I guess I do get mad and talk back sometimes. But honestly, it seems to me that for the last year she's done nothing but pick and nag at me."

"The reason we took so long was that I was giving your mother a physical examination, instead of you. Someday I'd like very much to talk to you about yourself. But you look to me like a pretty sound, healthy character. I think that right now your mother needs medical attention a lot more than you do."

The wary expression on Doris' face was replaced by one of concern. "Is mother sick?"

"Not exactly. But she *is* entering menopause. Do you know what that is?"

"It's when women stop menstruating. I guess it can be pretty rough. Is that why mom has been so naggy?"

"I think it is, Doris. And she realizes now that she *has* been irritable. She's going to try hard to stop it, and I will be giving her medicines that should keep her in a better frame of mind. But she may not always be able to help herself. These symptoms last for only a few years at most. Then a woman gets cheerful and happy again. But while it's going on, she definitely needs understanding and love from her family. It would help your mother a lot if you would do the little things she asks you to do without arguing."

"I'll try. But I wish we could get away from these calamity sessions every so often."

"It will help to stop those sessions if you'll pitch in and try to keep the family as happy as you can. Especially since you feel you have been a little at fault yourself this past year. Just try extra hard if your mother starts getting emotional.

"But do you know something? From now on, I don't believe she will."

Next month Dr. Schauffler discusses the possibility of a "sterilized" woman's becoming pregnant.—Ed.



What clothes to pack for a trip to Europe?



A typical question from the mailbag of Mary Gordon, TWA Travel Advisor

Planning a trip abroad? Here's the answer to a question which may be on *your* mind.

To travel right, travel *light!* Take basic outfits that you can dress up or down. Stick to the simple styles that go anywhere... in the smartest way. Plan around one color and coordinate your accessories so that you will need only *one* suitcase. Your weight allowance is 44 pounds, Economy Class or 66 pounds, First Class.

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OUR READERS WRITE US

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

When a girl reaches thirteen, which is the age of reason, her parents, the mother in particular, start going through a variety of bewildering phases, some of which, for the benefit of the teen-age girl, are listed. The parents usually recover when the girl reaches the age of twenty.

Jealousy An obsession on the part of the mother that she is growing old and ugly while her daughter remains young and beautiful. Accompanied by violent outbursts that the girl is absolutely not to wear orange lipstick, green eye shadow or bronze streak in hair. Usually dies down when girl develops skin trouble.

Friendliness. Following the jealous stage is an outburst of affection, particularly for the daughter's friends. The daughter is reading a thrilling story when the mother barges in and cheerily chirps, "Why don't you ask Gwendolyn over for a while?" Mother remembers only that Gwendolyn is the girl's best friend, and the fact that her daughter is absorbed in a book and can think of nothing more repugnant than being friendly could not matter less.

Amnesia. Failure, on the part of the mother, to remember that she has told her daughter eleven times to be good at the party, not eat too much, and come *straight home* when it is over. Considered incurable.

Mental Illness. Failure of the mother to understand why the daughter does *not* want a red chemise, does not like the Smith boy, is *never* going to speak to Selma Jane again, does *not* want her room painted powder blue. Attempts at reasoning are scorned.

Love. The ability of the mother to love the girl to distraction, even in her most impossible moments, such as when writing derogatory articles. At the time of this writing, there is no known cure.

Sincerely,
GAIL BROCKETT

TV and Children

Princeton, New Jersey

Dear Bruce: I am sure your readers will be interested in a report called "Television and the Child" (Oxford University Press), which was discussed in a recent Manchester Guardian. Here are excerpts from the newspaper item:

"Four years ago the Nuffield Foundation [in London. *Ed.*] decided to find out something objective and reliable about the effects of television on children. Before this inquiry, impressions about these effects were mostly personal and not scientifically reached. The two most general ideas might be put thus: television is bad for children because they watch it passively, because it contains too much horror and violence and because it gives them canned entertainment too easily; against this, television is good for children because it stimulates them, teaches them, gives them more general knowledge, and strengthens home life.

"The remarkable thing about the Nuffield Foundation's report is that it shows almost all ideas about television to be false, or exaggerated.

"What is left is very interesting . . . and may be summed up in the statement that the more intelligent the child the less use it has for television, and the less intelligent the more satisfaction it gets from television. But even here there is a limit, and only the child with definite 'problems,' unhappiness or backwardness is liable to become an 'addict.' This finding, which runs throughout the report, and is confirmed by every possible test, is not perhaps so much a gloomy discovery about the quality of television as a confirmation of the fact that active and independent minds have other occupations and better sources of furnishing themselves. It is noticeable how little good clever grammar-school children get from television, most of which is already below their own attainment. Nothing is more striking than that nearly all children prefer Westerns, crime thrillers and adult plays, that comparatively few are interested in children's programs, and still fewer in 'informational' programs of any kind.

"The part played by parents is clearly shown: intelligent parents, like intelligent children, depend very little on television for entertainment; in other houses, the set may be left on indiscriminately. Parents who are fond of television tend to defend it as a good thing, which educates their children and holds their family together.

"One of the most definite and encouraging results of the report is that although television causes some temporary change in reading habits, it does not lessen reading at all in the end. (Heavy readers of comics tended to become heavy viewers; children with many interests found less reading time only temporarily.) Nor does it make much difference to outdoor play and pursuits, which keep a strong hold."

Sincerely,
GEORGE GALLUP

Meat-and-Milk Cooky

Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

Dear Editors: The problem of various infant abnormalities has been beautifully outlined in your magazine, but little in the way of practical suggestions is forthcoming.

As the mother of two boys with dietary problems, I have found a partial solution to the problem of diet restrictions by inventing a meat-and-milk cooky. I hope it will bring new pleasure into the homes of children who cannot handle fats or carbohydrates but need to chew. It would also be a good idea for children who love to chew crackers but won't eat meat or drink their milk.

MEAT-AND-SKIM-MILK COOKIES

3½-ounce jar strained baby meat
⅔ cup powdered regular dry skim milk (nonfat)

Add the milk slowly to the meat while stirring. Mix well. Drop by the teaspoonful onto an ungreased cooky sheet. (I used a shiny aluminum one to make the cookies easy to remove.) Bake 20–25 minutes in 325° F. oven until set and slightly brown. Watch carefully. Move immediately from the cooky sheet with a spatula. Store in refrigerator in jar or plastic bag.

My baby is bursting with health from eating many such cookies!

Sincerely,
NANCY I. ROUSE

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Van Nuys, California



Lori.

Dear Sir: Enclosed: a picture of Lori—the baby in our house. This one really knows how to enjoy life, don't you agree?

Sincerely,
BARBARA CROWDER

Those Asian Girls

Berkeley, Illinois

Dear Sir: I have just finished reading an article explaining why our American servicemen are attracted to Oriental girls. The keynote seemed to be simplicity and tranquillity. Our American way of life is so complex and noisy that sometimes I feel as though I'd like to go off on a desert island to refresh my soul, so to speak.

Don't you think that we can achieve this tranquillity and simplicity right here in our own homes, with a few basic changes?

Sincerely,
MRS. A. GUENTHER

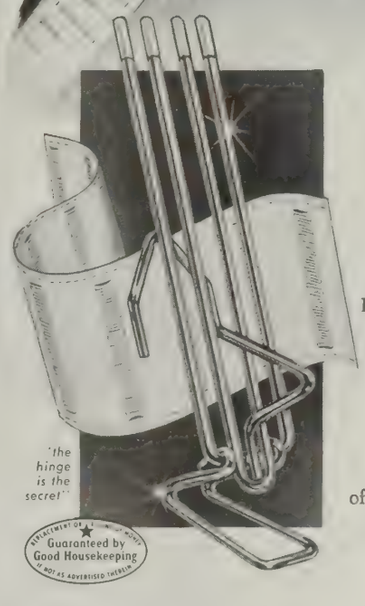
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Skillet Pie Recipes

New easy crust. No cutting in shortening—just *pour* Wesson Oil, *stir* and *roll.*

2¾ cups *sifted* all-purpose flour, such as Gold Medal
2 teaspoons salt* ½ cup Wesson Oil ½ cup milk
**When using self-rising flour, omit salt.*

Mix flour and salt. Pour Wesson Oil and milk into one measuring cup (but don't stir); add all at once to flour. Stir until mixed. Shape into ball.

Place half of dough between 12-inch squares of waxed paper. (Dampen table top to prevent slipping.) Roll dough ⅛-inch thick. Peel off top paper. Cut in 5-inch squares or circles, using canister top.

Use 2 cups *thick* cooled filling. Place a large spoonful on each square; fold over to make a triangle or half-circle; seal edges with fork dipped in flour.

Fry pies 4 to 5 minutes in 1 inch of Wesson Oil heated to 350°, turn to brown both sides. Drain on paper towels. Serve warm. Can be made ahead and kept warm in low oven. Makes 8 to 10 pies.

Cherry or Blueberry Filling. Thicken cooked or canned fruit with sugar and cornstarch or use a canned prepared pie filling.

Apple-Cheese Filling. Stew apple slices with sugar and cinnamon. Drain. Mix with bits of cheese.

Chili Filling. Use canned chili; chili with beans, well drained or your own thick homemade chili.

Chicken Filling. Mince cooked chicken, mix with chopped pimiento, parsley and enough mushroom soup to moisten.

Other Filling Ideas. Creamed tuna; hash; mincemeat; strawberry preserves and cottage cheese; sliced bananas and jelly; pineapple and brown sugar.



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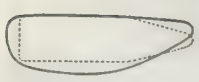


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Seward Hiltner is Professor of Pastoral Theology on the Federated Theological Faculty of the University of Chicago, currently on leave for study and teaching in New Zealand. He has published nine books and more than two hundred articles.

Simon Doniger is editor of PASTORAL PSYCHOLOGY, *a magazine for ministers, and a lecturer on child guidance at Hunter College in New York. For thirty years he was director of a child-guidance agency. He is a fellow of the American Orthopsychiatric Association.*

FIFTH OF A SERIES

SEX and RELIGION

ARE YOU GUILTY?

By SEWARD HILTNER and SIMON DONIGER

There is real guilt about sex, and there is false guilt. Real guilt should be heeded. False guilt should be understood and eliminated. How can we distinguish the one from the other?

One part of the problem is posed by a reader who comments on the first article in this series on sex and religion by Reuel L. Howe. A woman with two children, married for five years, she writes:

"My childhood was in a very strict and religious home where sex was never discussed. I was always very ashamed for even thinking of such things and would often pray for days for God to forgive me for even letting any question of sex enter my mind. I thought I would be damned. The first years of my marriage were difficult, but my husband was so understanding that we are very happy now. But even now I feel as though I had been divided in half. One part of me cries 'Dirty! Nasty!' while my other self insists 'Beautiful and clean!' Why is it so hard to break away from the ideas you have had as a child? Thank God the moods of shame come less often, and maybe soon I will never be ashamed of our love at all."

Here is a woman who is using sex responsibly and lovingly within her marriage relationship. In her head she knows that this is right and good, that it is as God intends. Yet a part of her still feels that her sexual expression is dirty and nasty. She traces this part, quite correctly, to her early life when she was taught to be ashamed of sexual feelings.

Why does her feeling of guilt and shame about sex persist, when she knows it is not justified and that it came from false teaching in early life? Her letter makes it clear that her feelings of false guilt are diminishing. But why was she not rid of them immediately?

When the images of the past that come into memory are pleasant, we usually regard them as a good thing. "How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood" is positive as I take out a few minutes from middle age to meditate upon the old mill stream or the pies my mother baked. And yet even pleasant memories would not be good if I lived entirely within them and paid no attention to the present. Pleasant memories are good only when they are dealt with as history and not as substitutes for the present.

When memory brings back to us something that is unpleasant, we ordinarily regard that as a bad thing. And so indeed it is, as demonstrated by the married woman who wrote the letter. Her memory of her childhood conviction about sex as evil now serves a negative purpose in her married life. But let us note that she would be much worse than she is if she could not remember her past. If she had completely forgotten what she had been taught about sex in her childhood, she would now possess no key with which to unlock her present sense of false guilt. Thus her difficulty is caused by something in her past, and it is unpleasant to remember that, but at the same time this capacity for memory gives her hope of release from the chain that the past has put upon her.

But when she knows that her present feeling of guilt is false, and that it came from poor teaching in childhood, why is she not automatically and immediately free of it? Our answer is that she is not yet entirely able to see the past *as* the past, but instead still confuses the past with the present. It is not the past as the past that is her present problem, but the chain which the past puts on the present.

Where false guilt is involved, it may sometimes be necessary to use special procedures like psychological therapy in order that memory may bring out more clearly just what the past situation was. The purpose of this is not to live in the past, but to help the past to be the past (rather than the present).

Sometimes it is possible to deal with false guilt on our own without special procedures. We may let our memory take us back to those situations of earlier life in which we first developed the kind of attitude or feeling that we do not now like. Such a process may be painful, since we now wish things had been different. But what we ordinarily find, in so casting back our memory, is something we had not expected. We find that, even though the present results are poor, there was something positive in the situation back there.

For example, here is a second young married woman who is now disturbed because she is unable to respond to her husband warmly and affectionately, either in sexual relationships or in ordinary social life. As she explores her own past, she recalls a dismal early life. Her mother had been deserted by her father, and had to work to eke out a precarious existence. She herself had had long periods alone as a child, and when her mother came home she was usually tired and impatient. Through her memory she sees that it was her mother's fatigue and impatience and discouragement that made her withdraw and become phlegmatic. She realizes that she did not develop a capacity for warm relationships because that early relationship with her mother did not permit it.

But she discovers, through memory, something else as well. True, her early development of a kind of unemotional shell is causing her trouble now. But suppose she had not, as a child, had this? Suppose

CONTINUED ON PAGE 45



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

that she had had no device for protecting herself against her mother's rejection of her? In that case, she would have been far worse off. Her becoming phlegmatic—saying to herself, "I don't care"—*did* protect her in childhood. Unfortunate as it may be if it persists into the present, it had some positive value in the past, granted the nature of the situation she confronted.

As her memory reflects in this fashion, some new and constructive light is shed upon her present situation. She wants to be warm and affectionate to her husband, but the chains of the past have bound her. She rightly regrets those chains, and the early-life circumstances that made her phlegmatic and overly reserved. But now that she sees her early pattern as having positive intent, she no longer need feel so negative about it. It is not that she was wrong or perverse all along. The difficulty, then, is not so much with the past as past, but with the past when it is not disentangled from the present. She recognizes now that, all along, she wanted to be warm and affectionate, but that circumstances in childhood prevented it. Very well, there is no basic question of an inherent capacity to be warm and affectionate. There is only a question of separating the past from the present, and recognizing that the past had something positive as well as negative in it.

We may now return to the married woman with the false guilt about sexual relations with her husband. As her memory takes her to her own childhood, she realizes that she was taught that sex is wholly wrong. She rightly regrets the early circumstances that produced that result. But the chances are very strong

Most people take better care of their automobiles than their brains—they seldom put cheap fuel in their cars. ROSCOE BROWN FISHER

that her memory will disclose something else as well. Granted the nature of the early-childhood situation as her living in a repressive and "Don't do it" kind of environment—suppose, then, that she had not developed any kind of negative feeling about sex at all? In that case, her life *then* would have been an impossible contradiction. So long as her early environment was what it was, her developing a negative feeling about sex had some protective and defensive value for her. Bad as this later turns out to be, it had a positive intention then. If she recognizes that fact, she can more easily discern the difference between the past and the present. She can recognize that her present guilt is false, but that there was a good reason why the false guilt developed.

In trying to deal with what she recognizes now as false guilt, our woman is in danger of feeling guilty because she feels guilty! She may say to herself, "I know I should not feel guilty, but I still do. I am ashamed of feeling guilty." In her case she knows that there is not *now* any moral reason for her to feel guilty about sex relations with her husband. She knows that these feelings are due to teaching in her childhood. She must go a step further, and through memory recognize that her reaction in childhood had some kind of positive intent—even though it had an eventual negative result. As she does that, she need not feel ashamed for feeling guilty. Granted her early situation, it is understandable that she should feel guilty. When the feeling of guilt becomes understandable, its falsity may be exposed and it may be helped to disappear.

There is, of course, such a thing as real guilt which needs to be heeded and not eliminated Let us consider a case of this kind.

A young man in his twenties comes to a counselor because he is having difficulty in his occupation. Although he seems to have the brains and the skill to do an effective job, he is not doing it. He does not receive personal satisfaction from his work. He does not feel he is respected by other employees. And he

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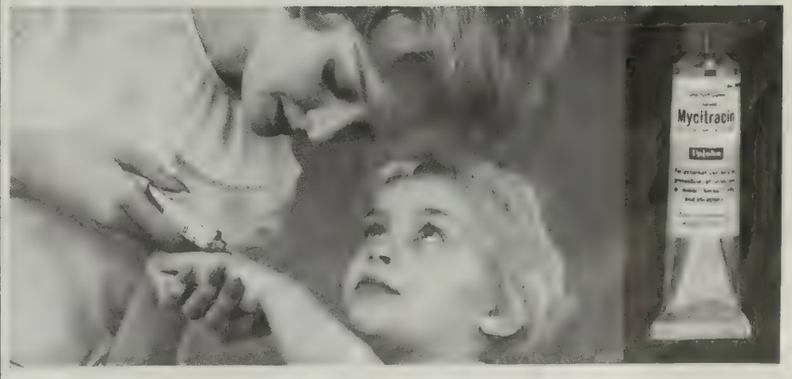




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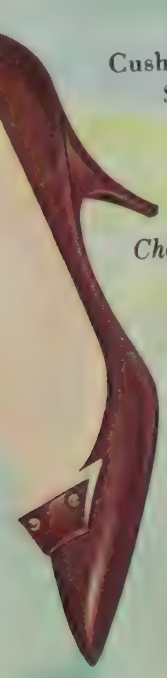


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

fears he may be in danger of being discharged. As his story continues, he points out unemotionally that he is rather promiscuous sexually, but he feels that this is "natural" and has nothing to do with his vocational problems. As the counseling proceeds, he begins to see that he has brought many attitudes and feelings to his work, and his relations to the people with whom he works, that are self-defeating in character. He then begins to see that he has been exploiting fellow employees, that there is a good reason why they are not fond of him. And about that time he begins to raise questions about his sexual conquests. These, too, have exploited other people. And by being casual they have prevented him from understanding the real nature of sex in his own life. He develops a sense of guilt about his sex life.

This sense of guilt performs a constructive function. It is easy to see that it now prevents the young man from exploiting women as he had previously done. But it is equally important to note that it prevents him from "flattening out" sex in his own life. Of course it would not be constructive if it made him turn away from everything sexual with revulsion; that would be false guilt. But the function performed by the sense of guilt is to make him rethink sex to the end that it may achieve its proper purpose in life. He has been misusing it, to the detriment of himself and others. The sense of guilt makes him ask: How can it be used properly?

Judaism and Christianity both hold that God intends sex to occupy a deep and important place in the life of mankind. Rightly used, sex is to be rejoiced in, not to be ashamed of. But where it is not being used rightly, then there *should* be a sense of guilt—to recall one to the true purposes of sex in human life. This should teach him to amend his life and behavior, to the end of his own fulfillment as well as to the benefit of others.

It should be a matter of great concern to us that our values are so confused that our cultures pay television and movie actors more than we pay our schoolteachers, and we hardly notice the absurdity.

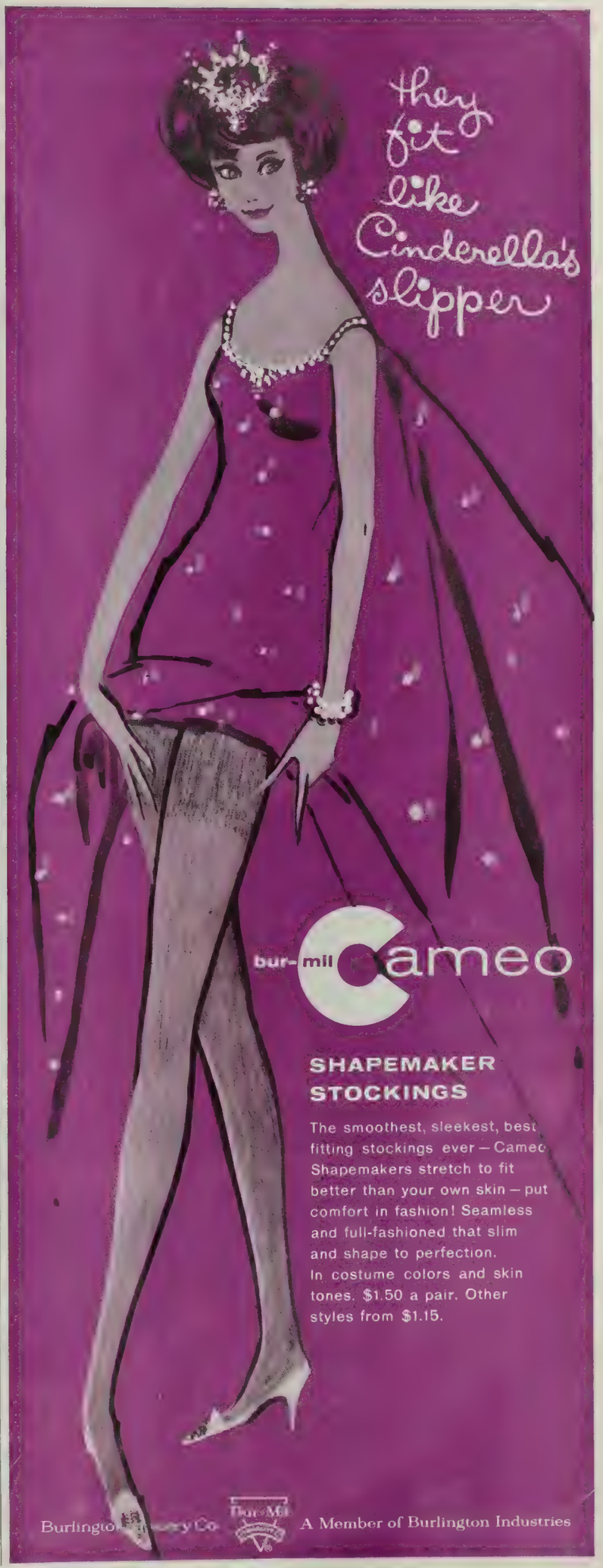
BROCK CHISHOLM
Can People Learn to Learn?

Some social analysts believe that our present society does not have enough sense of real guilt about sex. They believe we are misusing sex not only by promiscuity or perversion but also by exploiting it to sell automobiles or breakfast food. They do not deny that there is still a problem of false guilt, but they believe we are minimizing the problem of real guilt. One noted psychologist believes that we have talked so much of late years about not having "repressions" that we have failed to build inner controls into people that will enable sex to perform its proper function in their lives.

The crucial question is: How can we distinguish real guilt from false guilt? It is clear that the real guilt must be heeded, that it should produce in us an amendment of attitude and behavior which will be more deeply fulfilling for us and will prevent exploitation of others. And it is equally clear that false guilt should be diminished and eliminated. How can we tell the difference?

There are two ways in which we can proceed if we wish to know the difference between real and false guilt. The first is to examine our own feeling or behavior in the light of the convictions of Jewish or Christian faith about the meaning and purpose of sex in human life. Where sex is being used in a responsible relationship of love and mutuality, free from fear or exploitation, by a man and a woman who contribute to each other's fulfillment as well as enhancing their own—then Judaism and Christianity believe the will of God is being followed. Where these conditions are present, but there is still a sense of guilt, then that

CONTINUED ON PAGE 49





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sense is false. Where any of these conditions is not present, then there ought to be a sense of guilt. It is real, and it calls for change and amendment of life.

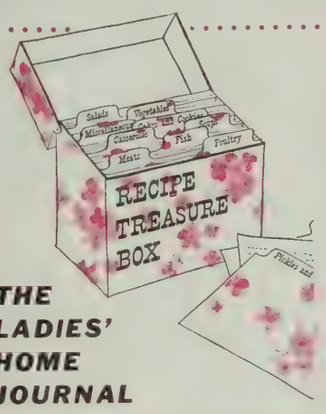
The second way in which we may discover the difference between true and false guilt is to explore the function the guilt is performing in the life of the person—just as we have done with the married woman and the promiscuous young man. "By their fruits ye shall know them" is true in relation to the sense of guilt, true or false. In both instances the sense of guilt is trying to convey a message, but it is a different message in real guilt from that in false guilt.

In real guilt the message is: Change, repent, rethink, alter your behavior and your way of viewing life. In false guilt the message is: Something from the past is enchaining your present, examine it and be freed from it.

It is very often difficult to tell in advance whether a sense of guilt is real or false. But as one proceeds to ask what the message is that is being conveyed, then he can make the proper distinction.

The sense of guilt in human life is a complex matter; and we must not oversimplify. But suppose it were not complex? Suppose that every feeling of guilt meant precisely the same thing? Then people would either be overwhelmed by a sense of guilt—so that they would neither drive an automobile nor engage in sexual relations with a spouse—or they would ignore all the warnings of guilt and as a result be highway demons or Don Juans. We *must* learn to distinguish the warnings according to their nature, according to the message they try to convey to us, in regard to sex or anything else.

Strange as it may seem, therefore, our capacity to experience a sense of guilt is a mark of our humanity. If we had no memory and no imagination, we should have no sense of guilt, only an animallike sense of vigilance before clear and present dangers. But if we had no memory and no imagination, we should not have the depth and complexity and richness that give our human life its unique rewards. END



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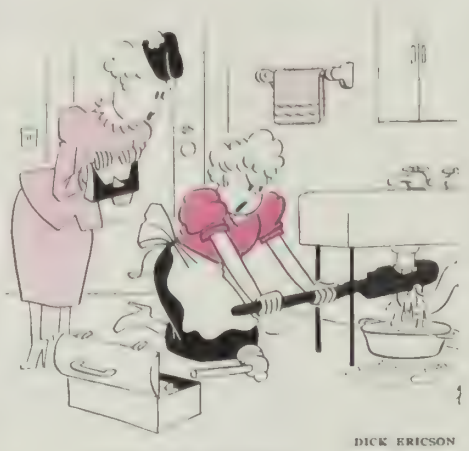
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THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER



DICK ERICSON

"I used to be the 'let George do it' type . . . but then I married George."

Another foreign biggie visited our town and was astounded by the ladies' frizzled hair and reckless rouge. "Do they think this charms the men?" he asked incredulously. He left town before the ladies reacted.

Our country club's dance-band maestro says my dancing reminds him of his orchestra's music. "Both are returning to fashion," he says, "both are revivals." Shucks, I'm a poor man's Fred Astaire when the music's danceable.

At the bridge table we counted up and found almost everybody in town we know has a beloved Absent One who died prematurely. "They're no farther away," said my favorite matron, "than a friend traveling in Asia."

"I'd put in a bigger vegetable garden," muses Betty Comfort, opening a glass jar of green beans, "if I could get my husband to dig and weed more enthusiastically. He saves his enthusiasm till my vegetables are ripe."

These brave-new-world teen-agers certainly understand machinery. Our youngest during the holidays operates a movie projector and a slide projector simultaneously, alternating our frazzled family movies with our flabbergasting slides, like a juggler.

What a topsy-turvy world we live in! A man who wears earlaps or an old flight helmet in zero weather is deemed more eccentric than a bareheaded sniffler.

"How deplorable," says our lunch table's most audible spokesman over his mulligatawny, "that it takes a trip around the world to convince some diehards it's one world. Can we afford $2000 apiece to convert 'em?"

Without asking the Government or Secretary Benson for a dime, my Lady Love has decided not to plant any sweet corn this spring. For two years raccoons from the valley have stripped and eaten all our corn.

Probably the most winsome airplane stewardess we saw on our trip around the world was Pan American's Betty Corea, whom we met in Bangkok. We thought she was a half Asiatic beauty, but it turned out she's an all-American girl born in Muskegon.

"I've never been so baffled," confides Peter Comfort, emptying the mailbox, "as by a brave-new-world gadget our youngest gave me on my birthday, a battery-operated charcoal-fire blower. I think I'll give it to a mermaid as a hair dryer."

My Dream Girl and I find it impossible to throw away Noel cards with snapshots of friends and their families. We've filled an album with them, and it gives us a rough idea how much we like people, unsociable though we may be.

Our new Seurat print over the fireplace—"Sunday Afternoon on the Island"—cost us only $19 for the picture, airmail, but they asked $22 for the simplest sort of frame. If it weren't blasphemous I'd thumbtack it in place.

"Look at that hussy's neckline!" said our most righteous matron at the country club. "She acts as if she discovered décolleté!" We stared open-eyed; her own neckline was a good inch lower.

Our town's foremost cynic advises American missilemen to emulate the Russians: "If we miss the moon by 5000 miles let's pretend we were aiming at the sun."

I've talked my Dream Girl into a guided trip this summer to Russia and five of her "satellite" countries. (But I had to butter her up first with Spain, Italy and England and a couple of comfortable Scandinavian stops.)

Our town's most stubborn nonconformist keeps asking, "Who gets the dollars inflation steals from widows and orphans?" He argues the average boy whose dad dies is only 11½; of every ten new widows, eight are under 60. (You guessed it; he's an insurance man.)

Most cherished gift Admiral Rickover ever got: a chunk of ice from the North Pole, brought back by the submarine Nautilus' commander. In his refrigerator, no doubt; I hope he doesn't accidentally chip it into a highball.

We ritzed the town for two parties by serving quail eggs as hors d'oeuvres. "What a delicacy! What a luxury!" our guests exclaimed. Until candor forced us to confess they're 49 cents for a tin of six at the supermarket.

I'm fighting a losing battle in my support of the doctrine of Inconspicuous Stowage against the policy of Constant Clutter. If I want to tidy the clutter I must do it alone, and then my family calls me a perfectionist, the ultimate squelcher.

We're trying to taunt our town's richer hostesses into reviving the "salon" idea, so creative souls, art and literary enthusiasts, intellectuals, Army people, teachers and other eggheads can meet for a sip and a snack. (We may have to offer cider and hot dogs once a month ourselves.)

How can we convince our young that the word "teen-ager" is not an epithet? Teen-agers are cute; often they're even more attractive than that. God loves 'em and we love 'em, and we wish they weren't so standoffish.

Our neighborhood matrons are plotting a "progressive dinner," like the ones that plagued their mothers when they were girls and liked to eat soup at one house, meat at another, dessert at a third. "That way," one explains, "we can turn three times as many kitchens upside down. Our own kitchens."

My Lady Love, who implacably remembers all anniversaries, has written in my engagement books at home and office the birthdays of all twelve members of our three immediate families. (She even reminds people of their own forgotten wedding anniversaries.)

. . . When both my red-haired children applaud this page of trivia on the same day,

. . . And I turn on the tiny Japanese radio from Junior and its first tune is "Poor Butterfly," first phonograph record I ever bought,

. . . Or I rediscover in our freezer a big Chinook salmon our son-in-law caught a year ago,

. . . And my Dream Girl finally gives me a new kaleidoscope after I've hinted for one for years,

Then I'm ready to challenge the ten glibbest bachelors in town to a debate.

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Even with the best will in the world—this wife faced failure

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph. D.
Pennsylvania State University Department of Psychology

HUSBANDS WHO WON'T TRY

Lynn and Carol were married four years ago, when both were twenty-one. He was a junior in college, and she had just completed nurse's training. Even after he graduated and got a well-paid job, she continued to work so they could save for a home.

A year ago they made a substantial down payment on a home and furnished it, using Carol's savings. Then they felt they were ready to start their family, and Carol became pregnant. Some time before the baby was due, Lynn was offered a better job at a higher salary, which required him to take a four months' training course in a distant city. However, he came home weekends twice a month, and Carol was well and happy.

A month after the baby was born, Lynn finished his training and returned home. He displayed no interest in his son, and to Carol's astonishment and dismay announced that he was in love with somebody else and wanted a divorce. Carol refused even to consider the matter until they had consulted a counselor. Lynn reluctantly agreed, on condition that he tell his story first. Briefly, this is what he said:

"I'm not in love with Carol and never was. She's sort of dumb and not very warm-natured. But she's a good kid and we got along all right until I went away for this job training. Then I met Marjorie and that was it. She has everything and I'm not giving her up. I know it's tough on Carol, but it can't be helped."

She said, "It was really Lynn's idea to get married when we did; I thought we ought to wait awhile. But his parents increased his allowance and urged us to go ahead, because they thought marriage would help Lynn settle down and do better in his studies.

"He never seemed interested in other girls, but he wasn't much for staying at home. We usually went to the movies once a week, and visited with friends another night. Most other nights Lynn went bowling, or out with the boys. I never begrudged the money he spent on himself, as he did take care of most of the living expenses. I would never have got pregnant if I hadn't thought he wanted a baby too. The news about Marjorie was a complete shock. When he told me he wanted a divorce, it was like being hit in the face."

In sudden crises, time can be a great ally. We discussed with Lynn several alternatives, designed to delay separation. First of all, we suggested that he give up Marjorie and try, with counsel, to make a success of his marriage. This he flatly refused. Then we proposed he continue his marriage on a basis of affection for six months, and postpone decision about Marjorie until then. This also he refused. We suggested that he continue to live at home for six months, but avoid sex relations with either Carol or Marjorie. This he declined—on the ground that it would be disloyal to Marjorie. Then would he at least agree to remain at home for six months, to try to help Carol adjust to the idea of a divorce? His reply to this was to ask if he would be guaranteed a divorce at that time.

Finally we pointed out to him that even if he left his wife, as he threatened, he still wouldn't be free to marry Marjorie, as he had no grounds for divorce and Carol was not ready to divorce him simply so he could marry another woman. When he realized this, he discussed it with Carol and they agreed to stay together on a friendly basis for six months. Since Marjorie lived some distance away, he wouldn't be able to see her often, and Carol naturally hoped she might win her husband back again.

But Lynn lived up to neither the letter nor the spirit of the agreement. Far from maintaining a friendly relationship, he avoided Carol as much as possible, taking most of his meals away from home and staying out late at night. In less than two months, he gave up the pretense and moved out altogether.

By this time Carol was reconciled. She decided Lynn had been a sorry excuse for a husband, and she could learn to live without him. By exchanging baby-sitting services with neighbors, she was able to get out more and to resume former activities and friendships. She has several admirers, and now her divorce is final, dates frequently. In time, she will undoubtedly remarry.

I have had no news of Lynn since the divorce, but I cannot predict a successful marriage for him, to Marjorie or anyone else. He has never learned to give, to share, to communicate. Without communication between husband and wife there can be no understanding, and without understanding there can be no identification, none of that sense of belonging that is so precious in a happy marriage.

Carol was eager to try to make her marriage work. Lynn was not. Under the circumstances, failure was almost a foregone conclusion. For the success of counseling depends first and mainly on the willingness and determination of *both* partners to try. Without this attitude, the counselor's efforts will be futile.

THE UNWELCOME PREGNANCY

She was twenty-one, well groomed and attractive. Her reluctance to discuss the situation (as she consistently labeled it) became the more understandable as her story unfolded. For she was in love with and virtually engaged to one man, but pregnant by another.

About a year earlier, she and John had started dating whenever he was home from college. By midsummer they were deeply in love, and in the late summer became intimate. After a few experiences, they jointly agreed to refrain until they were married or at least formally engaged.

When John returned to college, each agreed to the other's having casual dates, especially for special occasions. Within a month Peggy met Giles, who soon became infatuated and urged her to break off with John. Peggy wasn't interested, but was flattered. After a Halloween party, overwhelmed by too many cocktails and Giles' open adoration, she yielded to his entreaties to spend the night at his apartment. Next day she was completely miserable, for she realized she had betrayed the man she loved. Giles meant nothing to her, and she resolved not to see him again.

But after a month Peggy began to fear that she was pregnant, and in another month the fear became certainty. In panic, she telephoned Giles the news. He accepted full responsibility, and proposed that they marry—provided she could learn to love him. Otherwise he suggested an abortion, which he would pay for. At first Peggy inclined toward abortion, since she wanted to conceal the facts from her parents. But then her conscience interfered.

After days of torment, she telephoned John to come home. She confessed fully, and asked what to do. When he had rallied from his shock and hurt, John wanted to know which one she loved. Peggy said she had never loved anyone but John. Then he proposed that they be married, on condition that she tell her parents the whole story. He was willing to let everyone else, including his parents, assume that he was the father. Peggy agreed, and John returned to school.

It was at this point that Peggy sought counsel. Her dilemma is complicated by the fact that she is involved with two men, but she is more fortunate than many unmarried mothers-to-be, because she can marry if she chooses. Her problem is to decide between Giles, whom she doesn't love but who is the real father, and John whom she loves but who, she fears, may come to resent having to support and help rear another man's child. She has now rejected the idea of abortion, and the remaining alternative of having the child in secrecy and placing it for adoption she felt intolerable.

The unmarried mother's problem is never easy, for herself or for her parents. All too often, parents react in anger, outraged by grief and shock, and fearful that their shortcomings as parents are somehow responsible for their daughter's plight. But regardless of her weakness and faults, what the girl needs now is all the affection, support and practical help they can provide.

We cannot prescribe a solution. We can point out the desirability—or lack of it—of various possibilities.

Marriage. If the prospective parents love each other, a marriage can and should be arranged, regardless of practical difficulties. Then the only problem is the outside reaction to the baby's prompt arrival. If the two don't love each other, but the father is willing, marriage may still be the best solution. Perhaps a better relationship will develop. Even if the loveless marriage ends in divorce, the baby will have a legitimate name.

Abortion. Peggy was fortunate in that she was able to evaluate in advance her reaction to having voluntarily submitted to abortion. She knew her conscience would torment her, though she probably did not realize the depth of emotional conflict she would have experienced. Abortion is illegal and socially disapproved, of course. But quite apart from these considerations, it is a serious physical hazard, and is often followed by profound emotional disturbance.

Adoption. The Salvation Army, many churches and private agencies maintain maternity homes for girls in Peggy's situation. By entering such a home early enough, a girl can probably maintain secrecy, despite suspicions and gossip. Her parents should co-operate. Then the child can be placed for adoption, through the home or another agency. Though the idea may be hard to accept, it is a feasible solution, less likely to produce painful consequences than abortion, or even than a forced, loveless and unsuitable marriage.

DO YOU AGREE?

I must make up my mind between two boys. How can I tell which one I love best?

You can't; you aren't really in love with either. You are only in love with love and perhaps yourself.

ASK YOURSELF:

Do I Give Him a Fair Deal?

It is very difficult for a wife to be objective about herself, and even more difficult for her to be realistic about her relationship with her husband. But if you are dissatisfied with your marriage, an honest appraisal of your attitudes toward yourself and your husband may help you see ways to bring greater happiness to both. Weigh each question carefully before answering "Yes" or "No."

Do You Find it Hard To:

1. **Be cheerful and good-humored?**
2. **Keep your temper under control?**
3. **Meet people and make friends?**
4. **Avoid jealousy or envy of others?**

In Respect to Your Husband, Do You:

5. **Regard him as a selfish person?**
6. **Frequently find fault with his suggestions?**
7. **Usually try to get your own way?**
8. **Occasionally withhold your love to punish him?**
9. **Dislike many of his hobbies and friends?**
10. **Ever criticize him to friends or relatives?**
11. **Find it hard to confide in him?**
12. **Drag his relatives in when you argue?**
13. **Feel he is a poor money manager?**
14. **Tell him you wish you were single?**

If you have a very happy marriage, you probably answered "No" to 12 or more of these questions. The average wife scores 9 to 11. But a score of 8 or less can only mean one of three things: you don't love your husband; or one of you is badly maladjusted; or you have stopped trying to make the marriage work. If he is getting along all right in his job, if he gets along with friends and if he isn't interested in another woman, the probabilities are you are putting less in the marriage than he is. Make a realistic effort to recognize your faults and correct them. It may be later than you think.

*PLUS TAX. ©1959, BUXTON, INC., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



Whatever it is a lady has to carry…it all fits beautifully into this smart new clutch purse. Holds more without showing it, costs but $5.* The slim Clutch Purse by **LADY BUXTON**

best for your money



actual size

PUBLIC AFFAIRS DEPARTMENT
Edited by MARGARET HICKEY



There are pleasanter ways (suggests Britain's "Pleasant Amenities Society")—



© ROBERT LEE

To cherish in pride—a heritage of beauty.



—to leave one's mark on a country.

IT'S EVERYBODY'S JOB TO KEEP IT

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

By MARGARET HICKEY

A few years ago American travelers began reporting with increasing indignation, "Wherever you drive these days—highways, parks, forests, cities, towns—you follow a trail of trash. Everything from gum wrappers and tin cans to blown-out inner tubes and broken-down automobiles is being discarded along our roadsides. The country's a mess. Doesn't anybody care?"

Some people cared. Some communities were organizing crusades against the tide of litter which threatened to turn America the beautiful into one vast, shockingly unsightly public dump. They pointed out that it was costing taxpayers $50,000,000 a year just to clean up the country's major highways. "Who pays such staggering bills? *We* do, the taxpayers. What the trash tosser really tosses away is money—his own money."

Most Americans just weren't really aware of the litter problem. Once they became aware, they stopped littering. With a few—a heedless, uncaring minority—sterner measures had to be taken. All 48 states now have antilitter laws, and they are being realistically enforced. The state of Ohio, for instance, says, "We reduced our cleanup costs $351,946 in three years." Litter on a test stretch of highway in Maryland decreased 33⅓ per cent in six months.

Great cities like New York—shocked into effective, citizen-sparked action against its sidewalk-litter problem (137 tons of it miss the litter baskets in the Times Square area alone each day) when a celebrated and widely traveled lady novelist called it "the most disgustingly filthy city in the world!"—found that people responded to the appeal, "A cleaner city is up to you!"

Business and industry from coast to coast lent enthusiastic (and seldom publicized) support to Keep America Beautiful, Inc., a nonprofit organization with headquarters in New York City. Among its sponsors are the automotive "big three," major steel and oil companies, food, soft-drink and cigarette manufacturers as well as concerns creating glass, tin, paper and plastic containers.

For its "strikingly effective" work in New York's "Big Sweep" cleanup campaign, a Keep America Beautiful citation was presented to Young and Rubicam, Inc., as "The first advertising agency to undertake voluntarily a position of community leadership by mobilizing civic resources and initiating a comprehensive campaign of public education in local litter problems . . . establishing a challenging precedent for other agencies in other U.S. cities."

Near-priceless time and talent are being donated to the crusade by stage, movie, television and radio stars; by advertising agencies, writers, artists newspapers, magazines, radio and television networks. Civic and service organizations lend hard-working volunteers. In Jersey City, New Jersey, for instance, a little pack of Cub Scouts undertook a community cleanup project with enthusiasm undimmed by the fact that only others' eyes could ever be gladdened by their accomplishments—all the members of the pack are blind.

So it is increasingly clear that people *do* care about keeping America beautiful—all sorts of people, everywhere. And we know now that the job to be done is everybody's job.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, DEFEATS A HATED TITLE—"AMERICA'S MOST LITTERED CITY."

Third largest of America's cities, Metropolitan Los Angeles, California, is a sprawling, 4866-square-mile "community on wheels." For 6,300,000 people, it registers 3,131,715 cars, counts 3,926,700 tourists a year. Within the borders of Los Angeles City alone lie 6000 miles of streets, highways and freeways. Twelve miles of new streets are added each month in an effort to keep pace with the mushrooming growth. And of the city's budget, a staggering $5,000,000 a year must be earmarked for cleaning those streets.

In one startling week a number of things happened to focus attention on a problem Los Angeles wasn't really aware that it had.

A passenger in a speeding car tossed a newspaper out a window. The wind caught it, ballooned it into a sudden blizzard of outspread pages. One of these pages plastered itself across the windshield of a following car. With its driver's vision abruptly cut off, the second car's brakes screamed, it swerved, crashed through a guardrail and plunged seventy feet into a ravine. An ambulance rushed the driver and his passenger to a hospital, both seriously injured.

Fire swept through dry brush in the Santa Monica Mountains, blackening acres and threatening homes. The mountain patrol of the Los Angeles Fire Department (with 130-plus square miles to keep watch over) pointed out tersely that far too many of these fires are caused by illegally discarded trash or burning cigarettes carelessly tossed from cars.

It was announced that the bill for cleaning up the city's 4253-acre Griffith Park came to $2100 every Monday morning.

The Los Angeles County health officer reported the rat population at an all-time high.

A suburban housewife noticed that the wind was whipping papers and trash out of an uncovered rubbish-collection truck, leaving a trail of litter all along her street. Checking into this, she found that almost all the collection trucks arriving at city dumps were uncovered. A prominent visitor from New York said (he spoke regretfully, it was quoted, but that didn't take CONTINUED ON PAGE 57



For the gentlest care in the world today

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CASHMERE BOUQUET

Gentle Power—Gentle Feel

UMMM! THE SOAP THAT SMELLS AS GENTLE AS IT IS. That's your promise of personally tender skin care. Cashmere Bouquet's rich, deep-cleansing lather is beautifully free of harsh, irritating detergents. And, regular Cashmere Bouquet is so long-lasting, too! So economical, too! Get your whole family started on...

Luxury on a high-flying cloud—this fabulous "angel wing" negligee in pink peau de soie. Specially designed by Scaasi to match the delicate pink luxury of Soft-Weve, the bathroom tissue that has everything . . . superb "facial tissue" quality—luxurious 2-ply softness—and now a "See-through" wrap that *shows* you the delicacy of Soft-Weve's "negligee" colors!

The most noticed little luxury in your home

Soft-Weve®

2-PLY TISSUE BY SCOTT



NEW! "See-through" wrap

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

away the sting), "California is one of the dirtiest states and Los Angeles one of the most littered cities in the nation."

Like many other Los Angeles dwellers, movie director Henry King put down his newspaper one morning of that week and began composing a letter to the editor. A busy man—he has directed 80 motion pictures in 40 years—tall, quiet, meticulous Mr. King is not much given to writing such letters. But today's paper carried an appeal for public support of something he felt deserved to be supported, a "Let's clean up our city" campaign. There were photographs—littered streets, garbage-strewn (and rat-infested) alleys, heaps of rubbish piled high in blatant violation around the base of a city NO DUMPING sign, vacant lots turned into fire hazards by trash scattered through heavy growth of dry, uncut weeds. All these represented scenes his keen director's eye had deplored all too often on recent location trips.

Half a century ago, the beauty and clear sunny climate of Los Angeles had attracted the brand-new motion-picture industry. Now it was rapidly becoming just what the New York visitor called it, "one of the most littered cities in the nation." No one likes to see what happen to the "glamour capital of the world" or, more important, to the place he lives in, works in and loves.

"Eyesores and health hazards are created by indiscriminate trash-tossing," Mr. King wrote. It was good to know that people were organizing to do something about the problem.

Los Angeles Beautiful had been organized in 1949 by "a handful of do-gooders, including me," said its executive director, Frederic Chase, who wanted to do something to prevent the early harm and beauty of our community from being swallowed up."

The city's then mayor, Fletcher Bowron, said, "I've been such groups come and go. I give this one about a year at the most."

"This," said committee chairman Mrs. Valley Knudsen, "made us mad. It was such a challenge that just remembering it pulled us through a lot of dark days when it didn't seem we were making any progress."

In the beginning the organization had focused on beautification of the city. Its members encouraged the planting of street trees in downtown Los Angeles, and the rehabilitation of homes and parks in older neighborhoods. They urged that the growing maze of freeways should be landscaped, "islands of beauty" created along 40 miles of abandoned streetcar rights of way. But as they worked, one fact became increasingly clear. "You can't have a beautiful city unless you have a *clean* city." Their job: make the city aware of that fact.

Sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce, manned by volunteers, Los Angeles Beautiful went into action. Pictures, posters, newspaper, radio and television stories saw to it that the people of Los Angeles heard about the campaign. Transit-company buses wore big, brightly eye-catching "Don't be a Litterbug" posters. (In their first six months they traveled 500,000 miles.) School children wore equally tiny miniatures of the poster design as lapel buttons. "The children were our effective campaigners from the start," chairman Knudsen says.

"We should have an identifying theme song for our campaign. A sort of jingle. Something catchy, easy to learn and remember," suggested the head of the radio-and-television committee. Members thought about it, talked about it, tried a variety of tunes. They weren't catchy enough, or simple enough. "We'll have to find something as familiar as . . . well, as 'Musician's Call,'" one man said. He whistled the five notes, broke off to a chorus of "That's it!" from the rest of the committee. (Gilbert and Sullivan fans may also recognize it—appropriately enough—as "Here's a Pretty Mess.")

Known as "Litterbug Rag," the jingle was so successful that it was adopted by the national Keep America Beautiful organization, which has printed and distributed 500,000 copies of the sheet music, and more than 2000 records.

Sidewalk litter containers in Los Angeles were drab, unpainted and little used by pedestrians. "Maybe that's because they can't really see them," a volunteer worker said. "Wouldn't a striking color be more effective?"

This problem was turned over to experts too—members of the Society of Motion Picture Art Directors, designers of Hollywood's fabulous movie sets. "You couldn't buy their talents," Mr. Chase says appreciatively. "They gave them. They said, 'We'll be glad to help; this is our home too,' and went to work researching color combinations, practical types of paint, effective locations."

"Did you ever notice how many objects there *are* on downtown street corners?" one designer asked after his investigations. "Mailboxes, fire and police call boxes, newsstands, signs of every description—street signs, highway-route signs, one-way-traffic signs, no-parking signs, bus-stop signs, to mention a few. Your sidewalk litter container has to be distinct in color from all these things to really stand out and to avoid confusion."

Final color scheme O.K.'d by the city officials (who had their ideas too): desert gold and a brilliant, glowing green. It worked. The drop in sidewalk litter was immediately apparent. Collaborating with metals and plastics experts, the Hollywood designers are now working out plans for the "perfect" sidewalk litter basket—attractive, durable, inexpensive.

But sidewalk litter was not the city's No. 1 problem. That place was reserved for litter tossed from cars—and the $5,000,000-a-year cost of cleaning it up. Los Angeles Beautiful put into effect its "Carry a litterbag in your car" campaign. Service stations in the area set up containers carrying signs in fluorescent yellow-on-black. "Empty your litterbags here," they appealed to the motoring public. "A cleaner community is up to you." ("This last we borrowed from New York City's excellent campaign against sidewalk litter.")

The wolf will hire himself out very cheaply as a shepherd.

RUSSIAN PROVERB

Business firms distributed litterbags to their customers. One autopark chain gave away 500,000. "We left one in every car with the suggestion, 'Won't you use this to help keep our city clean?'"

"We adopted an all-over policy of appeal and gentle chiding, rather than making monsters out of citizens who thoughtlessly threw things from car windows," campaign director Chase explains. "We didn't think that just scolding people would help much."

Perhaps the most effective appeals were those made by Hollywood stars. "Name talent donated help beyond price in our campaign," Mr. Chase says. The mother of one seven-year-old describes the effect in her household:

"Driving Johnnie to school one morning, I started to toss a crumpled cleansing tissue out the car window. 'Don't!' Johnnie said firmly. 'That's litterbug stuff. We aren't supposed to do that any more.'

"'Did you learn that in school?' I asked. He nodded. 'And Bing Crosby says so too. I saw him.' I thought he was romanticizing, but it turned out he *had* seen Bing and heard him talking about litterbugs, on television. It made a real impression."

Bing Crosby's appeal for a cleaner, more beautiful community: "Hello. Ever gone to a favorite picnic spot and found it looking like this?" (The camera focuses on messy picnic litter.) "Driven along highways looking like this?" (Scene of depressingly littered roadsides.) "If everybody carried a litterbag in his car for unwanted trash, it would be easy to keep America beautiful. Won't you help?"

Like the catchy Litterbug Rag, Bing's filmed appeal was adopted by Keep America Beautiful for national use. So were the "Litterbugs affect your taxes" appeal of blond Joan Caulfield, and the recorded-for-radio statement of William Holden: "Let's face it—if we're not litterbugs, there won't be any litter, so let's work together to make our roads, parks, beaches and streets the cleanest in the



Today's ban® rolls on the most effective ingredients yet discovered to stop odor and check perspiration!



No Doubt! Ban *really* keeps you safe. Ban stops odor a full 24 hours! Ban checks perspiration round the clock! You never need fear embarrassing perspiration and odor again! You *know* you're safe with Ban.

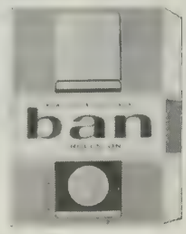


No Doubt! Ban can't irritate any type of normal skin. Ban can't harm even the most delicate fabrics. Ban lotion is really effective, yet Ban's strength is gentle. You and your clothes are always safe with Ban.



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22% MORE ACTIVE INGREDIENTS



No Doubt! Ban rolls on the most effective ingredients yet discovered to stop odor and check perspiration . . . and actually 22% more active ingredients than the average of leading deodorants. Next time, buy Ban!

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Shelton Stroller *You'll fall in love this Spring—with the exciting new Shelton Stroller. See the graceful little dress you reach for most often, so wearable it acts like a wardrobe. Designed for the easy life—100% nylon jersey smart enough to drip dry, look fresh without pressing, do away with wrinkles. Make this* your "care-free fashion"!



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For FREE fashion folio, write to Department K, Shelton CASUALS, 1350 Broadway, New York 18.

world." Gordon MacRae, Nat "King" Cole and television star Johnny Carson were others who recorded their suggestions on how to overcome that "most littered city" title Los Angeles was still smarting under.

One top star—quite clearly too thoughtful and fastidious a person to act on the line of reasoning he presented—summed up the most widely held opposition view: "I don't think people will stand for regulation of their minor bad habits. After all, this is a free country, isn't it?"

An eight-year-old Mexican-American boy has perhaps the best answer to that view. "It *is* a free country," he says. "And in a free country you can do what you want—so long as you don't do things that hurt other people. Litterbugs who mess up the country *do* hurt other people."

Pretty, dark-eyed Cyd Charisse helped along the "Carry a litterbag in your car" campaign by displaying the very special one that her car carried. Created by Oscar-winning costume designer Helen Rose, it was whimsically glamorized with ribbons, roses and sequins, rechristened a "Glitterbag." "During the holidays a lot of these turned up under Christmas trees as gifts," a schoolteacher smiles. "Youngsters found it was fun to work out their own imaginative 'custom' versions."

Big John Wayne, star of many an action movie, thought that the job to be done in the city—in any big, overcrowded city—went far beyond a mere cleanup, though that was certainly a first step.

"When I was a kid," he said, "Los Angeles was a small city and its suburbs were country towns. Now it is all one great industrial, business and residential complex. These days you have to drive miles and miles to escape the city and then, more often than not, you are apt to find your stretch of countryside filled with other city refugees. No, these days we're pretty well stuck with the city and our only course is to try and make it as habitable as possible. This involves eliminating smog, reducing noise, leaving room for public recreation, and of course doing all we can to make it beautiful."

Teams of Los Angeles Beautiful volunteers surveyed the city for trouble spots—littered streets and alleys, trash put out for collection in disintegrating containers, messy weed-grown lots and yards, stores where litter was swept out into the gutters, junk yards which were not fence-enclosed as city regulations demanded, buildings in unsafe or unsightly condition, and many other common violations. These were noted on litter maps and owners of the properties were sent post-card appeals: "Won't you join in the campaign to make ours a cleaner, more beautiful city?"

"We found very few who were un-co-operative once they understood what we were trying to do," says Mrs. Louis Jaques, who headed this survey committee.

Early in its survey, Los Angeles Beautiful decided, "We can't cite property owners for allowing bad conditions unless we also cite them for creating good ones."

A good many communities, businesses and homeowners were the surprised—and pleased—recipients of Special Achievement awards from Los Angeles Beautiful. Among those cited were two young designers who remodeled and landscaped a small, old house on a suburban street which was—"well, a little past its best days." Neighbors looked thoughtful. Soon houses all along the street began to present bright new faces to passers-by. Olvera Street, oldest in the city, and a real tourist Mecca with its quaint Mexican shops and restaurants won a citation for antilitter achievement and for beautifying the street by planting glowing orange-red coral trees.

The committee engaged in the fight against inadequately covered rubbish trucks was making progress too. They found that some communities in the area had ordinances requiring that trucks be properly covered, but the ordinances were seldom enforced. Even when there were, truck owners found it cheaper to pay a five-dollar fine every few months than to spend up to $40 for a tarpaulin to cover each truck. There was no such ordinance in the city of Los Angeles itself, nor did the state of California have such a law. Here was a problem demanding co-operation from government.

"And they gave it," says Mrs. Knudsen. "At our request, Mayor Norris Poulson has appointed a liaison committee of city department heads to work with us on all phases of the cleanup campaign. Many people thought that the truck-covering matter was one for the state rather than for individual communities. A new bill was drafted and presented in the state legislature. We all worked hard calling the bill to the attention of other groups and communities in the state and asking their support of it. The bill became law. Then we had a new job: alerting the truck drivers to the existence of the new law before enforcement it began. After this period of education, enforcement was strict. Judges co-operated by imposing fines heavy enough to discourage that earlier notion, 'It's cheaper to pay a fine than to buy a tarpaulin.'"

The percentage of uncovered rubbish trucks arriving at Los Angeles twelve disposal sites dropped from 73 per cent to 15 per cent. The rate is still dropping.

A further step taken by the city government gave Los Angeles an important, newsworthy "first." They created—as a municipal post—the country's first full-time co-ordinator of city cleanup and beautification activities. Coordinator Ben Morris, Jr., acts as liaison man between departments of the city government and all volunteer agencies working in the field.

Suburban communities worked at their own local campaigns. Northridge, on the fringes of the sprawling, commuter-crowded San Fernando Valley (often called "the bedroom of Los Angeles"), won congratulations for a carefully planned and briskly executed Clean-up Day. Volunteer workers removed 100 tons of litter. "Now let's *keep* it this way!" they say, eying their tidy town.

Does Los Angeles Beautiful feel that it has succeeded in its campaign to rid itself of the hated "most littered city" title?

You won't hear a negative answer these days.

"With enforcement of the new truck-covering law, traffic accidents from this cause have been all but eliminated. And—knowing now what can happen—individuals think twice about throwing accident-causing papers, bottles, and so on, from their cars while driving."

The war on litter helped cut rubbish fires 57 per cent.

The Los Angeles City Health Department reports that the rat population is now at its lowest point in years.

A newspaper survey found that street litter had decreased by at least 30 per cent—"and that was the halfway point in the campaign."

In four months the cost of cleaning state highways in the area (it includes Los Angeles, Orange and Ventura counties) was down $25,000 from the cost

CONTINUED ON PAGE 191

SPRING SONG

By LOUIS GINSBERG

I do not know what secret must
  Have hid in field and hill
To climb out of the dreamless
  dust
  Up many a daffodil;

Or what old urges must begin
  With meadow to abet
Such delicate transactions in
  So many a violet.

I know not what compulsion
  makes
  Bravado clamber up;
But in the face of Death it
  shakes
  Uncounted buttercup!

Don't try to brush bad breath away—*reach for Listerine!*

Listerine Stops Bad Breath 4 Times Better than Tooth Paste!



Tooth paste is for teeth—Listerine is for your breath.
You see, germs in the mouth cause most bad breath.
No tooth paste is antiseptic, so no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does . . . on contact, by millions.

Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste—nothing stops bad breath as effectively as the Listerine way.

Always reach for Listerine after you brush your teeth.



Reach for Listerine

. . . . Your No.1 protection against bad breath



Beautiful Hair

B R E C K

COMBINATION OFFER OF HAIR SET MIST WITH BRECK SHAMPOO

Each one of the Three Breck Shampoos – for dry, oily or normal hair – is now offered in combination with Breck Hair Set Mist. Select the Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition. A Breck Shampoo leaves your hair soft, lustrous and beautiful.

Breck Hair Set Mist is a soft, fine spray that holds hair in place for hours. It sprays on gently, evenly, leaving the hair soft, never stiff or sticky. Always good to the hair, Breck Hair Set Mist brings out the natural beauty of your hair.

A 65¢ Breck Hair Set Mist with a $1.75 bottle of one of the Three Breck Shampoos – both for $1.75 plus 5¢ federal tax.

■ *Breck Shampoo for Dry Hair* ■ *Breck Shampoo for Oily Hair* ■ *Breck Shampoo for Normal Hair*

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Journal About Town

ELIZABETH HIBBS

EDITED BY EILEEN SHARPE

50 years ago in the Journal

In April, 1909, the sedate William Howard Tafts were settled in the White House, replacing the zingy Teddy Roosevelts; the immortal Casey Jones was composed, and so was I've Got a Pain in My Sawdust. Texas Guinan was an unknown appearing in one-night stands in the West; Freud's writings first began to appear in America, and player pianos were all the rage.

The April, 1909, JOURNAL was the biggest yet—116 pages, with Lettie Lane paper dolls in color. Editor Bok lashed out against "a national malady—the fidgets" and the insanitary red plush in Pullman cars.

"An evil American habit," according to Madame Melba, "is sending to Italy, France and Germany any girl who shows the slightest degree of musical talent. Most of them succumb to bankruptcy, misery and shattered dreams."

Fashion: "It is a real economy to buy an underskirt several inches too long. Shorten it, and then as it wears out around the bottom, cut off the ragged edge and sew on a new one."

Writes A Plain Country Woman: "In the preparation of food, the arranging of rooms to live in, the cleansing of garments for the family to wear, there is a more complete sense of life than in any other thing a woman can do. Women with many servants stand on the outside; there is a pang of intense life they will never feel."

"Can my baby wear just bootees with her first short dresses?" a mother asks Dr. Coolidge, who replies, "Unless you want her to have poor digestion, cover up her little legs with long woolen stockings pinned to the diaper."

"Keeping the kitchen stove clean is one of a housekeeper's hardest tasks. After blacking the metal, try slipping brown paper bags over each hand for the polishing."

WHAT WE DO
WHERE WE GO
WHOM WE MEET

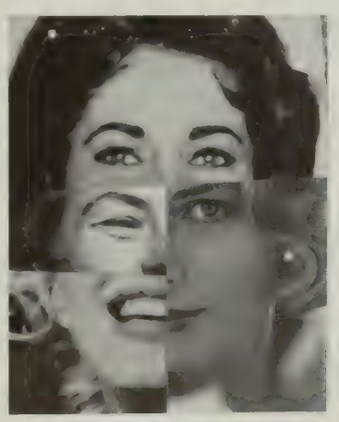
We got talking to a good-looking girl who was soaking her feet in the Beauty Department. It seems she was getting a demonstration of the foot treatment they figured out here for the average housewife, who covers about nine miles a day. This girl, ***Rosanne Botham***, isn't a housewife quite yet, we gathered from her engagement ring, but she's already doing her daily mileage helping to guide half a million visitors a year around Rockefeller Center. She told us how she spots honeymooners. They both wear brand-new shoes. Couples celebrating anniversaries hold hands. In a place famous for its pretty faces, college boys in the tours miss many of the celebrated sights they're supposed to be seeing, Rosanne remarked. We asked her which of all the sights her visitors liked the most, and of course it was the overwhelming view on a clear day from the observation tower. "That's where I tell them what ***General de Gaulle*** asked after he'd stood there looking for five minutes without saying a word. All he wanted to know was, '*Ou est* Coney Island?'"



ABBOT MILLS

The Beauty Department's Dotty Robinson gives guide Rosanne Botham a beneficial hotfoot.

The fascinating fact about beauty is that no one agrees on it. ***Peter Briggs*** was sunk deep in study of a British science magazine. "Scholars are debating it," he said, "but can't find a formula. Why not ask the editors?" Editors debate it too. Cited for sheer



Beauty?

physical beauty: Liz Taylor, Grace Kelly, Ingrid Bergman, Marilyn Monroe, any one of whom could launch a thousand ships and a few fireboats. Top vote getter for spiritual beauty: Helen Keller. But ***Donald Stuart*** votes for phosphorescent Maria Callas; ***Anne Einselen*** for sad-eyed Soraya of Iran; ***Neal Stuart*** for serene Mrs. John F. Kennedy; and ***Nelle Bell*** said the most fascinating woman *she* ever met was Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan, "about eighty, but ageless." Women were objective about the whole thing. Men, as we've happily noted before, are subjective and personal. ***Bruce Gould's*** list was unhesitating when we asked about favorite beauties: "My daughter, my wife, my mother." And ***Glenn White*** gave us his own masculine rule on the matter: "The most beautiful woman in the world is the woman a man loves."

Expert ***Gladys Denny Shultz*** *tells us medical opinion would scoff at birth dates' affecting the future. Still, we want to recommend April as a month to be born. Four presidents were—Jefferson, Monroe, Buchanan, Grant. No President was ever born in June; no one knows why. Most Presidents were born in October and November; but beyond choosing a month wisely, the best qualification is still to be born a boy. However, last April 150,535 females and 158,663 males were born and no girl baby is going to brood with a stag line like that—and the diamond as her birthstone.*

Vacation idea: a friend in Margaret Davidson's home town of Ames, Iowa, disconnected the telephone, ordered a big supply of books and food, assigned chores to the family, and spent a restful week at home.

This month's cover began in Paris when ***Wilhela Cushman*** was presented with a branch of lilacs by a flower-shop owner and had a vision of a hat (that's how fashion editors' minds work). Next step: to milliner ***Paulette*** who designed it, while our editor worked with ***Castillo of Lanvin*** on more spring fashions. To cap the story, model ***Monique LeFebvre*** came in to pose looking as romantic as a Renoir girl who might dabble languidly in an impressionist lake. Monique, we should say, is a skilled water skier and skin diver. Final test of a hat and a fashion editor's judgment: our model looked so poetic a Paris gendarme stopped traffic for her.

Nora, Dave, and a $416 shirt.



ABBOT MILLS

"I have been playing a song by ear," wrote a reader, "handed down in my family since it appeared in the JOURNAL *in 1904, and while in Scandinavia this summer I found it caught on and was asked to send a copy of it. Can I?" Librarian* ***Julie Ditchy*** *says that In the Twilight, a melody that lingers in E flat, is now on its way to Sweden and possibly to hit-parade status there.*

Neighbor *Dave Garroway*, who works a floor below our Workshop, took the elevator upstairs the other day to consult *Nora O'Leary* about a shirt. It all began in Mexico when he bought a handsome striped fabric for $5, and almost ended in New York when a tailor quoted $55 to make it up for him. "I rented a sewing machine instead," he told Nora, "cut apart one of my old shirts as a pattern, and went to work." Mastering his machine and matching his stripes like an expert, Dave came out with a prize production. He needed only a little postscript advice on how to make a stubborn seam lie flat. A good job, Nora assured him. Figuring cost of fabric, sewing machine, the shirt he cut up as a pattern and Mr. Garroway's gold-plated time, the shirt came to possibly just under $416; but as a beacon of man's indomitable spirit, we salute it.

The Good Wives of Skilley Road



Gina came to the white-pillared house as a happy bride—
it was only later that she learned the terrible secret
Dan had not dared to tell her.

By JAN SPIESS

Monday morning was sultry. The sun, barely risen over the low Connecticut hills, struck down through a haze of heat. Skilley Road, winding from Clark Mason's colonial mansion to the young Joneses' house-made-from-a-barn at the dead end, was thick with dust.

Enoch Winter drove his three cows out of the ramshackle barn beside his house and down the road to the lane that led to his pastureland. The eight houses on the Road were hidden by trees and curves, but he knew them so well that they sprang into his mind. The oldest house had been built in 1773. The newest one, completed eight years ago, was the replica of an even older house. All except his were owned by men who went to New York to work every weekday. In an hour the gray dust would be churned into clouds as the commuters drove off to the station five miles away.

Sometimes, recognizing the changes on the Road, he felt like a stranger, even though he had been born fifty-two years ago in the house his grandfather had built.

Enoch had had plenty of offers for his land—the house with the woods behind it, and the pasture—but he refused to sell. His roots were deep in his land and the money he was offered was so much it didn't make sense.

Only last Saturday Gregory Burdick and Clem Elkin, who lived on the Road, had come to ask him to sell to them. Mr. Burdick had lived on Skilley Road for twenty years. He had a little clipped mustache with lines cut at each side as though he was always smiling, but his eyes were hard as flint. Mr. Elkin was on the radio in New York. The two men had a plan for Enoch's land. They wanted to divide it into the three-acre plots that the new zoning law required, build houses and sell them to more people from the city. At first they asked him pleasantly, but when Enoch said, "I ain't aimin' to sell," Greg Burdick looked up to the window of Ruthie's room.

"You could do a lot for your girl with the money," he said, as if he were dangling carrots in front of an old horse's nose.

"I can do for her with what I've got."

He had turned his back on the men and started off to the barn to water the cows, the old hound beside him. Greg Burdick shrugged and the two men left talking busily in low voices.

Now Enoch gave the gate a push to be sure that it was fastened tight and started down the lane. He breathed deeply of the early-morning air. Most times this was the best of the day for him, but this morning there were hard lines between his eyes.

Dern it, he thought, *why can't they quit pestering me? I've told 'em all I don't aim to sell.* He looked across the Road to a massive brick house with white pillars framing the wide, gracious doorway. The lines in his face softened. *I wish Mr. Moore would git home*, he said. He could talk to Dan Moore, man to man, without giving up any of his pride, and when they finished he'd know better where he stood. He quickened his pace. The sun was higher now. A full day of hard work lay before him.

Gregory Burdick stirred in his half-sleep, waiting for the whir of the alarm clock. For a few minutes more he would be secure in the warm bed, the darkened room, the hush that filtered out the infernal cawing of the crows over Enoch's corn patch. The yammering they made was as sickening as the guttural sounds old Mr. Carney made when he called Greg into his office.

"Can't have deadwood here," the old man had said last week. He'd said the same thing the week before when he called Greg into his office. "You'll have to make a better showing next week, Burdick. A salesman doesn't stand still. He either goes ahead"—here an impressive gesture—"or he goes out of my firm."

Someday soon Greg would say, "I'm going out, Mr. Carney." The old fool would begin to hedge and beg, but Greg would be firm. "Sorry, Mr. Carney, I'm going into business for myself, a land deal in Connecticut." He moved impatiently. Enoch thought he wouldn't sell, but maybe "smaht" old Enoch was going to be "outsmahted." Before the summer was over Greg and Clem would see to it that he climbed into his broken-down old truck with his fat wife and crazy daughter and drove off Skilley Road. Not that he had anything against old Enoch. He was really doing Enoch a favor, in the long run, to buy his land and give him the push that would send him into some back country where he belonged. The alarm clock whirred. His wife, from her bed, put out her hand to turn it off.

Another day, Lucy Burdick thought. It swept down at her relentless as the train where in an hour she would wave Greg away. She tried to remember when she had opened her eyes and seen a day stretch before her to do with as she pleased. Not for a long time, not since things had been going badly for Greg. She turned on her side, whispered softly, "Curly, Curly," scratching her fingers on the sheet. A tiny pug leaped to burrow beside her.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 127

THE JOURNAL'S
COMPLETE-
IN ONE ISSUE
CONDENSED
NOVEL

© 1959 by Jan Spiess Cook

At the weekend parties, Clem Elkin inevitably began to prowl after the third drink.







"How dare you!" she whispered
"I never gave you a moment's notion
you could come here."

The Queen's Grace



Henry VIII with Anne Boleyn, his second queen, in ancient steel engraving.
Actually Henry was six feet three. His hair and carefully shaped beard were auburn.

He was a man who spelled danger for any woman foolish enough to lose her head over him. And Katryn knew it. Part Two of a new novel telling the story of a girl who actually lived.

By Jan Westcott

SYNOPSIS OF PART I. Katryn Parr, almost sixteen, was frightened; she had secretly promised to wed Hugo Burlingame, about to leave with his cousin, Tom Seymour, to serve Sir Francis Bryan. Katryn was afraid to return to Kendal and tell her mother of her betrothal. On Hugo's last night at home, Katryn, hoping for a secret meeting with him, encountered Tom Seymour instead. She was infuriated by his insolent, mocking tone and the wicked gleam in his eye. She hoped passionately never to see him again.

Katryn's mother, Maud Parr, having spent her daughter's dowry arranging a marriage for her son William, wrote a distant kinsman, Lord Borough, for help in planning Katryn's future. With his unmarried sons, Thomas and Henry, Lord Borough, fifty-five, rode to Kendal. A rich widower, his attentiveness excited Katryn. But if he spoke to her, what could she say? She was betrothed! When Lady Parr brought up the subject of marriage for Katryn, Lord Borough said, "She is not for my sons, Maud. I want her for myself."



Katryn Parr as a contemporary artist painted her. This portrait hangs in the Victoria and Albert Museum in London.

II Katryn Parr was married in Kendal church the second of November. The day was cold. The helm clouds wreathed the mountaintops; the sun sent shafts of gold into the valleys. Winter had come to Westmorland.

Three days later, she mounted the new mare Lord Borough had brought her; she rode away from the gray castle, through the village where men and women and children came out of the small houses to wave their good wishes. She brushed away the tears with her gloved hand. She was leaving Kendal.

In a short three weeks she had left her home and become a woman, a wife. She glanced at her husband, taking her eyes for a moment off the rutted track. She should not show tears, she thought. She remembered her mother's words: "A wife is happy only if she loves her husband."

But there was no time to speak now; many miles had to be covered before dusk. The troop rode on; she was left alone with her thoughts.

It had been three weeks ago to the very day that her mother had called her in, early in the morning, and told her of what had transpired between her and Lord Borough the night before, saying how fine a family he had, and that she was proud that such a man as Lord Borough had spoke for Katryn. It showed that she was a good girl, and proper brought up, or else Lord Borough would not be so willing to take her without a dowry.

She said, "We should go down on our knees and thank the Lord for His blessings."

She was surprised at the alacrity with which Katryn knelt, and cried, "Bless me, madam!"

Maud Parr was touched. "Why, my child, thou hast always my blessings!" She laid her hand on Katryn's head. "Katryn," she said, "I bless thee forever from my heart and, no matter what haps, I shall always love thee." Then she added, "Prithee do not weep. There is too much to do to weep. We must sort out of the chests the cloth and furs that can be recut. That court robe of your grandmother's that lay away for so many years. We could line a cloak of Kendal cloth with the white fur; 'twould be magnificent."

Katryn sat back on her heels. "Aye, it would truly."

"Use the water and towel," Maud Parr said, "and have some of the ale. And then we'd best be around and busy."

The whole castle was busy. Lord Borough left the next day, for he had much to do, he said, afore he was wed. "I shall bring you jewels," he said. "If I must send to London I shall bring you topazes to match those eyes."

"Thank you, my lord," she whispered. For a second her eyes gleamed like the topazes he spoke of. "You need not bring me aught." She bit her lip; she knew what she should say. "Save thyself," she added.



Gainsborough Hall, Katryn's first home as a bride, is now a museum, open to the public on weekdays.
It is in the town of Gainsborough in Lincolnshire.

He put his hand in her red-gold hair. "I love thee, Katryn."

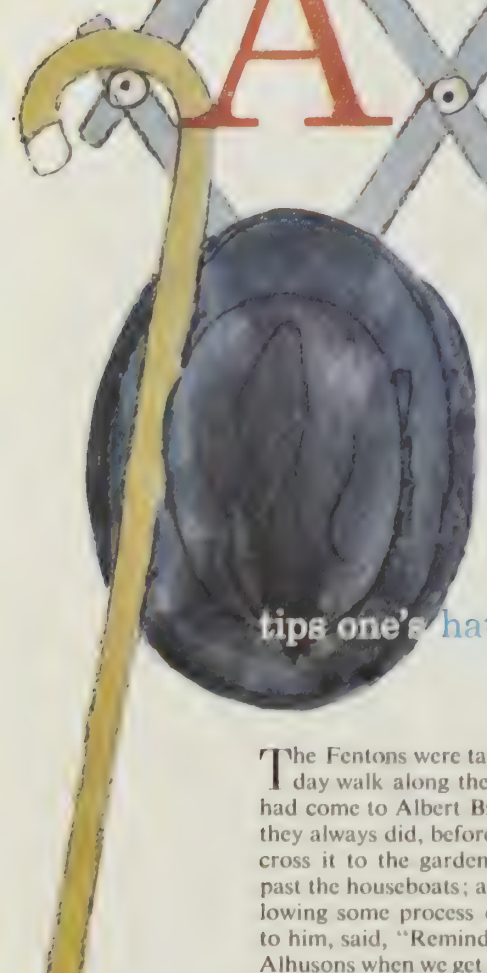
He said it just the way Hugo had, she thought. She set her mouth stubbornly. It was bad enough, what she had done, and now she owed it to her future husband never to think again on the man she had formerly dreamed about.

She kissed Lord Borough and bade him Godspeed. She stood on the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

The Alibi

By DAPHNE du MAURIER



If one is maddened by the smallness of life,
how does one begin creating violent drama?
One chooses a door at random,
tips one's hat and asks to rent a room.



The Fentons were taking their usual Sunday walk along the Embankment. They had come to Albert Bridge, and paused, as they always did, before deciding whether to cross it to the gardens, or continue along past the houseboats; and Fenton's wife, following some process of thought unknown to him, said, "Remind me to telephone the Alhusons when we get home to ask them for drinks. It's their turn to come to us."

Fenton stared heedlessly at the passing traffic. His mind took in a lorry swinging too fast over the bridge, a sports car with a loud exhaust, and a nurse in a gray uniform pushing a pram containing identical twins with round faces like Dutch cheeses, who turned left along the bridge to Battersea.

"Which way?" asked his wife, and he looked at her without recognition, seized with the overwhelming, indeed appalling, impression that she, and all the others walking along the Embankment or crossing the bridge, were minute dangling puppets manipulated by a string. The very steps they took were jerking, lopsided, a horrible imitation of the real thing, of what should be; and his wife's face—the china-blue eyes, the too heavily made-up mouth, the new spring hat set at a jaunty angle—was nothing but a mask painted rapidly by a master hand, the hand that held the puppets, on a strip of dead wood, matchstick wood, from which these marionettes were fashioned.

He looked quickly away from her and down to the ground, hurriedly tracing the outline of a square on the pavement with his walking stick, and pinpointing a blob in the center of the square. Then he heard himself saying, "I can't go on."

"What's the matter?" asked his wife. "Have you a stitch?"

He knew then that he must be on his guard. Any attempt at explanation would lead to bewildered stares from those large eyes, to equally bewildered, pressing questions; and they would turn on their tracks back along the hated Embankment, the wind this time mercifully behind them, yet carrying them inexorably toward the death of the hours ahead, just as the tide of the river beside them carried the rolling logs and the empty boxes to some inevitable stinking mud spit below the docks.

Cunningly he rephrased his words to reassure her. "What I meant was we can't go on beyond the houseboats. It's a dead end. And your heels"—he glanced down at her shoes—"your heels aren't right for the long trek round Battersea. I need exercise, and you can't keep up. Why don't you go home? It's not much of an afternoon."

His wife looked up at the sky, low-clouded, opaque, and blessedly, for him, a gust of wind shivered her too thin coat and she put up her hand to hold the spring hat. "I think I will," she said; and then, with doubt, "Are you sure you haven't a stitch? You look pale."

"No, I'm all right," he replied. "I'll walk faster alone." Then, seeing at that moment a taxi approaching with flag up, he hailed it, waving his stick, and said to her, "Jump in. No sense in catching cold." Before she could protest he had opened the door and given the address to the driver. There was no time to argue. He hustled her inside, and as it bore her away he saw her struggle with the closed window to call out something about not being late back and the Alhusons. He watched the taxi out of sight down the Embankment, and it was like watching a phase of life that had gone forever.

He turned away from the river and the Embankment, and, leaving all sound and sight of traffic behind him, plunged into the warren of narrow streets and squares which lay between him and the Fulham road. He walked with no purpose but to lose identity, and to blot from present thought the ritual of the Sunday which imprisoned him.

The idea of escape had never come to him before. It was as though something had clicked in his brain when his wife made the remark about the Alhusons: "Remind me to telephone when we get home. It's their turn to come to us." The drowning man who sees the pattern of his life pass by as the waves engulf him could at last be understood. The ring at the front door, the cheerful voices of the Alhusons, the drinks set out on the sideboard, the standing about for a moment and then the sitting down—these things became only pieces of the tapestry that was the whole of his life imprisonment, beginning daily with the drawing back of curtains and the early-morning tea, the opening of the newspaper, breakfast eaten in the small dining room with the gas fire burning blue (turned low because of waste), the journey by Underground to the City, the passing hours of methodical office work, the return by Underground, unfolding an evening paper in the crowd which hemmed him in, the laying down of hat and coat and umbrella, the sound of television from the drawing room blending perhaps with the voice of his wife talking on the telephone. And it was winter or it was summer or it was spring or it was autumn, because with the changing seasons the covers of the chairs and sofa in the drawing room were cleaned and replaced by others, or the trees in the square outside were in leaf or bare.

"It's their turn to come to us," and the Alhusons, grimacing and jumping on their string, came and bowed and disappeared, and the hosts who had received them became guests in their turn, jiggling and smirking, the dancing couples set to partners in an old-time measure.

Now suddenly, with the pause by Albert Bridge, and CONTINUED ON PAGE 171

© Daphne du Maurier 1959
This is from the
Daphne du Maurier collection
THE BREAKING POINT
soon to be published by Doubleday & Co., Inc.

He looked at the woman who sat there, posing, with he
lank hair and her dumb eyes, and he only knew that his life had change



How it feels to earn

More than half goes for taxes—living takes a fourth—
charity gets a ninth—a twelfth is saved for a rainy day.

No one becomes a millionaire today by working hard on the job. As told to BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN

Claire and Jack O'Rourke (these are not their real names) live in an attractive Georgian-style home laced with ivy and banked with evergreens in a fashionable Chicago suburb. Their ten-room house with three handsomely landscaped acres is flanked on either side by much grander homes. A simple painted sign "O'Rourke" indicates the driveway of one of the country's most successful executives.

This writer had arranged to visit the O'Rourkes one Sunday morning to discuss how a self-made man spends a salary check of over $16,000 monthly.

In response to my ring, Jack O'Rourke opened the door himself. He is a well-knit man of medium height, somewhat younger looking than his fifty-odd years. He gave my hand a firm, friendly shake, helped me off with my coat.

"Claire," he called up the graceful stair which curved down to the large foyer, "our visitor is here!"

In a moment his wife came down the stairs, a slim blonde in a tweed suit and loafers. Her glance, like her husband's, was alert and humorous; her hair was short and casually arranged, her only make-up a touch of lipstick.

"Exactly like yours," Mr. O'Rourke remarked, laying my new hat on the hall-closet shelf.

"I know." She smiled pleasantly, as top-executive wives are always supposed to do. "I noticed." But as soon as we settled ourselves by the fireplace in the long living room, she remarked, with great seriousness, "Jack says you're going to write an article about how we spend our money. I don't see why. He makes a great deal and we live very comfortably. Most people would be very happy to be in our position. I can't see why he has agreed to discuss our money with JOURNAL readers."

"Two hundred thousand a year is a terrific sum of money," her husband agreed. "Handling it wisely is a big job. Perhaps other couples would do it differently. It's true my monthly salary check is over $16,000, but four times a year I sit down and write a check of around $27,000 for taxes—it's pretty painful and I always wait until the very last day. In 1957 we paid a total of $107,965 for income tax.

"We give away ten or twelve per cent of our total income to charity, close to $23,000 last year. This is very difficult, deciding which appeals are the most worth while. Other tax-deductible expenses absorb $12,000. We put about $18,000 into savings and spend the remaining $45,000."

"You make $200,000 and we live on $45,000," summed up his wife. "That's still a lot of money."

"We live well," remarked her husband thoughtfully, "but not extravagantly. We don't have a chauffeur or a yacht. We get along with one servant. I'm president of one of the larger companies in the U.S. My salary is one of the highest in the country, yet chances are I will never become a millionaire.

"My father had a small lumber business in Michigan. He ran into trouble, had a bad break and went broke. So after graduating from college with a engineering degree I was on my own. I became $150-a-month salesman for a machinery-manufacturing firm. They sent me here to Chicago and for the first six months I was here I didn't make single sale.

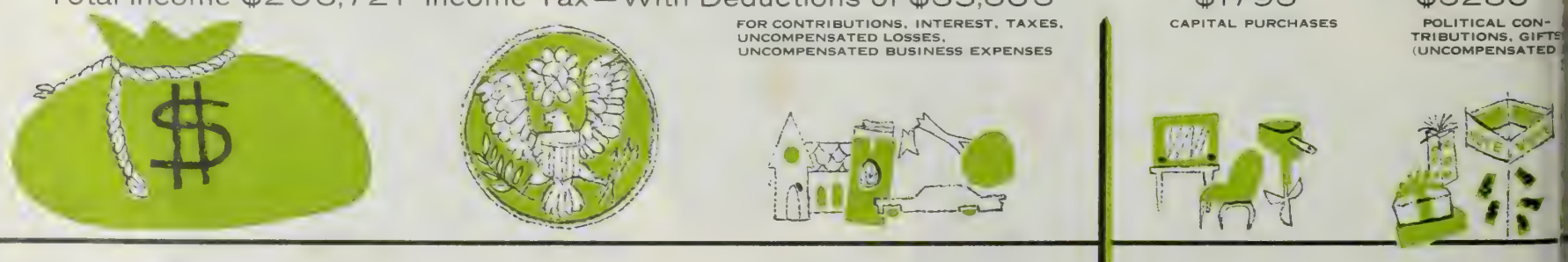
"Then I got a couple of lucky breaks. My second year in Chicago I made between $15,000 and $18,000 in commissions and got married. Claire had just finished Wellesley and was working in an advertising agency. She's a very honest, straightforward kind of person who always tells me exactly how she feels."

He looked at her with obvious affection and continued: "Then the depression hit and sales stopped. My company fired people by the dozens until only a handful of us were left. I remember one weekend Claire and I were down to rock bottom financially. Our salary had been cut to a very low point and wasn't coming through on time."

WHO MAKES BIG MONEY?

Last year 5111 families in the United States reported incomes of $200,000 or more—208 of them with at least $1,000,000 to account for. The whole group represented .008 per cent—8 in every 100,000 families reported such riches to Uncle Sam. However, most such large incomes come from investments. Mr. O'Rourke estimates that fewer than 100 men make $200,000 in salary alone.

Other men whose companies pay them salaries in the same neighborhood as Mr. O'Rourke's are David Sarnoff of R.C.A. (who also gets $200,000), Henry Ford II (paid $185,000 in salary and $185,000 addition compensation), Benson Ford (with $120,000 and $100,000 additional), Thomas J. Watson, Jr., of I.B.M. ($151,260 salary, $131,325 additional salary, plus director's fee of $6000), and William S. Paley, of C.B. ($299,807 in salary and $35,584 to be paid or set asi for a pension plan). The highest-salaried man in Busine Week's survey of 1957 executive incomes was Arth Homer, president of Bethlehem Steel, with a sala totaling $623,336.



$20,000 a year

"But we never yelled 'Help' to our parents," Claire added. "There was some food in the icebox and we ate an awful lot of fruit and vegetables that we were able to pick up at a bargain. Remember that was in the spring of '33 when food was really cheap."

"It was obvious to everybody that our firm was headed for bankruptcy," went on Mr. O'Rourke. "So the few of us left were doing everything we could to hunt up ideas for new products. Finally I hit upon a good idea and hopped in my car and drove to Detroit to see the president of the company. He was interested, so he and I worked out the manufacturing and marketing plan for this new product. We took some samples around to a dozen companies and got several orders—big ones too. Right from the beginning the new product caught on like wildfire, even in the middle of the depression.

"In a few years, I left this firm and joined my present company as a kind of floating idea man, with no specified responsibilities. I wasn't very popular, I can tell you. This was in 1940."

"You earned $25,000 a year and it seemed like a fortune," put in his wife. "We had five kids and three servants."

"All this changed when the war came," he said. "One of the first things Washington did was to restrict the use of steel essential to our products. I was chosen to go after some munitions orders. That business came through, but in the process I wound up in the War Department as a civilian employee. I stayed in Washington for over three years while Claire remained at home with the kids. Maintaining two residences and with three children in private schools, I soon ran into financial difficulties, for my salary stopped completely and the Government paid me only $8000 a year.

"We were living on a scale of about $40,000 a year under wartime prices. To support us during these war years, I sold the stock that represented most of our savings, and stock prices were depressed then. Later some of this stock was split and all of it skyrocketed in price. If I had held on, that stock would have been worth nearly one million dollars today."

Ruefully he added, "That was a mortifying mistake. I should have held on to the stock and borrowed the money. But who knew how long the war would last?

"Still, I don't regret a minute of the time I spent in Washington. As a civilian in the War Department, I met many of the business leaders in the country and acquired a very thorough knowledge of industry. Without that experience, I probably wouldn't have this job today.

"Except for that one bad year during the depression, and during the war when my earnings were very low, we have always lived within our means."

"This house looks bigger than it actually is," explained his wife, as she glanced around the graceful living room with its comfortable, traditional furniture and soft pastel colors. "Once an aunt came to visit and later told her friends about our antique-filled mansion on a big estate. Actually, for our neighborhood, this is CONTINUED ON PAGE 187

ARE INCOME TAXES JUST?

By T. COLEMAN ANDREWS, *former U. S. Commissioner of Internal Revenue*

The editors of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL *asked Mr. Andrews to comment on the accompanying article, in the light of his recent experience in the Internal Revenue Service, his years of service as an officer of the American Institute of Accountants, and his work in the accounting and auditing study group of the first Hoover Commission in 1948. He is an Independent Democrat, and ran as an independent candidate for President in 1956.*

Mr. O'Rourke is incontrovertibly right when he says that the income tax penalizes the person who earns his or her way.

He is equally right when he suggests that this evil levy has made us a nation of liars and cheats. The fast-buck artist is favored, and the great American sport seems to be not basketball, football, baseball, tennis or golf, but finding a way around the income tax.

But the mistake of all mistakes would be a tax plan, such as Mr. O'Rourke seems to suggest, which would penalize the fellow with venture capital—the man who risks his money to erect business buildings and factories that provide jobs for workers and give men with managerial talent the opportunity to apply their wizardry. I differ with Mr. O'Rourke on this point.

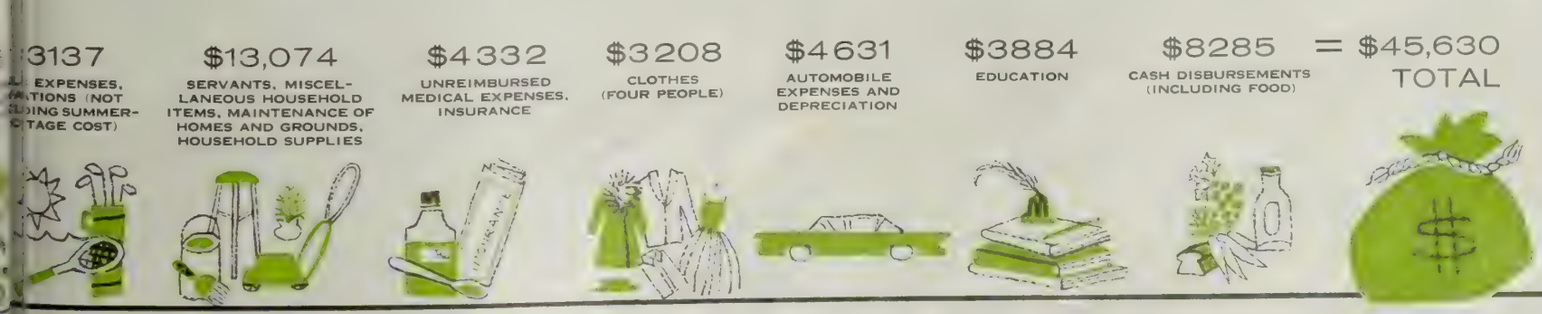
However, the income tax is everything that Mr. O'Rourke says it is—and then some. Few people realize how vicious it is.

To illustrate, let's consider Mr. O'Rourke and his automobile requirements. He allows about $2000 a year to replace one of his cars. He should figure that this car actually costs him $12,000, because it takes that much of his earnings to provide $2000 after taxes at his top rate of 84 per cent.

The inflation which follows wasteful spending and confiscatory taxes is even more vicious. Again, consider Mr. O'Rourke, or maybe his successor.

At the present rate of taxes and momentum of inflation it will not be many years before the value of the dollar will be down to 25 cents and Mr. O'Rourke's job will have to pay $650,000 per year if its holder is to enjoy the same standard of living that Mr. O'Rourke does on $200,000 per year.

This is what the "steeply graduated income tax" is doing to its victims today, and promises for the future.



VING EXPENSES ..... AND THIS MUCH SAVED $17,763


The
Charley is handsome, courteous, intelliger
"Poor honey,"
Charley said,
holding me close,
"you look awful!"

Sandwich Maker

By Lenore Turovlin

If you have a minute, I'd like to speak to you of money. And men. Oh, nothing boring, like taxes, or reciprocal trade agreements, or foreign-aid programs. I leave all that economic jazz to my constitutionally elected representative in Washington, heaven help him. No, what I have in mind is more a discussion of the stubborn, one-sided, irrational attitude of American husbands toward money in the homes—or, more accurately, the *lack* of money in the home.

In all the stories I read, there are two extremes: either abject poverty, with a beautiful heroine reduced to robbery, murder and worse—or abject luxury, with two in help plus the gardener. If money, per se, is ever really the problem, why, there's always an unexpected legacy, or the daily double at Hialeah, or first prize in a jingle contest.

What about real life? Like mine, for instance—you couldn't find a realer life anywhere, and the only problem I *ever* seem to have is money. Not enough, to be specific. I have everything else—my health, my energy, my sons in the morning (ages three, five and seven) and my husband Charley at night. He is handsome, pleasant, courteous, cheerful, helpful, intelligent, loving—a blooming Boy Scout, until the subject of money comes up.

Now, since everything has to have a profound psychological explanation these days, it's only fair to tell you that Charley's father was never driven to the poorhouse, nor was his mother frightened by an empty pocketbook. No, *I* am the person responsible for his money trauma.

You must understand that Charley is an aeronautical engineer, with a mind to match. He is systematic, logical and orderly, like his drafting table, equipped with slide rule, T square and perfectly sharpened 6H pencils. With Charley, everything always comes out even. With me, nothing does.

I was a mere bride, still innocently rubbing the orange blossoms out of my eyes, when Charley proudly presented me with a checkbook for our joint bank account. For five delirious weeks I signed checks gaily, never paying the least attention to those funny little stubs. I didn't even know what they were *for*. And so, inevitably, the black, bleak day arrived when a check bounced back marked "Insufficient Funds."

"Good heavens, Jean, what have you *done?*" Charley asked in pained surprise as he leafed through the canceled checks. "Haven't you ever heard of the decimal system?"

I burst into tears.

"What kind of checks are these?" he went on relentlessly. "Cash—fifteen dollars—for *what?* Another cash—twenty-five dollars. Who do you think you married, the Secretary of the Treasury?" He regarded me thoughtfully for a moment. "You never had to work for a living, *that's* your problem. And you simply don't know the value of a dollar."

Well, that ended the joint checking account.

There is an American myth, originating in the mists of Victorian sentimentality, that fascinates me: No man of pride and substance will allow his wife to work. If he can't support her himself, by George —— I never did learn what the alternative was, but presumably it is just too awful to contemplate. That's the popular folk tale, though it bears no relationship to published statistics on working women, the accepted facts of American life, or—least of all—to my husband's attitude. Charley often tells me how much *good* it would have done me to work for a living.

Early in the game I tried to explain that he had seized me, young, charming and a good cook, straight out of college, before I ever had a *chance*. Then, as time passed, I felt that with three boys, a big house and a small allowance, I put in an honest day's work.

"It's not the same thing at *all*," Charley disagreed. "You're completely protected and sheltered. You don't know what it means to go out into the world and *earn* a dollar ——"

I gave up. So, almost from the very beginning, Charley held the financial reins tightly. And let me tell you, "tight" is the word for Charley.

He's got budget envelopes, bankbooks, account ledgers, and every bill, receipt and canceled check back through the ten years of our marriage. I live on a strict allowance, which now, after a couple of cost-of-living increases, comes to $42.50 weekly. It covers everything—milk, magazines, newspapers, even lipstick—but most of it goes for food.

The food bills in my house are formidable. My boys are all like Charley, big, tall, muscular blonds with voracious appetites. Prices being what they are, it takes some ingenuity to pay for the rivers of milk that flow down their gullets, and the millions of calories needed to fill them up. What's more, I supply three meals every day, since Charley scorns the company cafeteria and brings his lunch from home.

Early in bridehood, still fresh from my home-economics courses, I started packing Charley's lunches. He would come home beaming, and tell me how all the fellows gathered round at lunchtime, watching suspensefully to see what Jean had made *today*. And after sniffing the chopped liver on onion rye, or the smoked salmon and dill butter on black pumpernickel, they would return to their inevitable peanut butter, drooling jealously.

Well, nothing improves the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 165

loving—until the subject of money comes up. Then he's a big pain in the neck!

THE 10 MOST INFLUENTIAL WOMEN IN

Equality with men is guaranteed to Russian women by the constitution. For the average woman, this equality includes the "right" to operate steam shovels, drive trolley buses, tote heavy luggage as a bellhop, sweep streets, shovel snow from midnight to dawn, dig ditches, lay railroad ties, or do any other job which may be required of her. Every second worker in Russia is a woman. Women constitute 75 per cent of the nation's doctors, 70 per cent of teachers, 46 per cent of farm laborers. Almost 4,000,000 women have received the equivalent of a technical college education.

The Russian Mary Doe works 46 hours a week, with Sunday off. She used to work a 48-hour week in the Stalin regime, but under Khrushchev she gets off two hours earlier on Saturday. But she still has low wages, no choice of representative in government, and poor housing. She is expected to work, also to cook (often on a stove shared by three or four other housewives), do the wash, clean the house (which may be only one room), and, of course, bear and raise children. A Soviet mother who raises ten or more children becomes a "mother-heroine" and receives a gold medal on a red ribbon, plus a pension for life. The 50,000 mother-heroines in the U.S.S.R. are Very Important Women, at least in their own locales.

A Soviet woman can climb to more lofty peaks of public importance by toiling in the ranks of the Communist Party. But it is no easy matter to join; members are an elite representing less than 4 per cent of the population; 1,414,456 are women.

The most powerful woman in Soviet politics is Ekaterina Furtseva, until recently a member of Khrushchev's ruling fourteen-man Presidium. A great many other women hold lesser political offices. Within limits, they exert considerable influence over the lives of 200,000,000 ordinary Russians—at least in carrying out, if not often in shaping, Kremlin policies.

Furtseva's influence and that of the Minister of Health, Maria Kovrigina, are reflected in a number of measures. Maternity leaves for working women have been extended from 77 to 112 days. Women are now eligible for pensions at 55 rather than 60, and in the case of especially depleting labor, at 50. Factory workers under the age of 18 now work only six hours a day (six days a week).

Innumerable women hold important—and unusual—jobs. Physiologist Ada Kotovskaya trained the dog Laika for flight into space aboard Sputnik II. Sea captain Valentina Orlikova has taken Soviet ships to the United States, Canada, Cuba, Iceland, Sweden, Norway, Finland, Poland. Dr. Zinaida Lebedeva directs the Central Institute of Tuberculosis.

It *is* possible to achieve success without being a Party member. Galina Ulanova, the prima ballerina, is not, and she probably enjoys the greatest popularity of any woman in the U.S.S.R. However, she lends her name at every chance to further the regime's program and subscribes vocally to all Party aims. This is essential for success in Russia. There is no room at the top (or at the bottom either) for the individualist, the nonconformist, the innovator of new styles, trends or philosophies. A Soviet woman, or man, gets ahead only by following the line laid down by Kremlin leaders for politics, ideology, art, religion (or rather, atheism), and for every other aspect of human endeavor.



MOST POWERFUL WOMAN IN THE SOVIET UNION. Ekaterina Furtseva is the first woman who was ever named to the Presidium of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, the ruling group under Nikita Khrushchev. Some attributed her rise to a romantic attachment with Khrushchev (a persistent but unproved rumor); but Mrs. Furtseva has worked determinedly ever since she became a member of the Komsomol, Communist Youth League, at 14—three years under the prescribed age. She was voted into the Party at 20. Mrs. Furtseva is married to Nikolai P. Firyubin, Deputy Foreign Minister in Moscow, and has a 16-year-old daughter. She completely overshadows her husband in prestige. Typically Russian in her flat Slavic face and round figure, she has recently lost 15 pounds. Her straw-colored hair is tied back in a braided bun, and her pleasant smile reveals several gold teeth.



MINISTER OF HEALTH Maria Kovrigina has headed all Russia's hospitals, doctors, clinics, laboratories and experimental stations since 1954. She is one of the two women (Furtseva is the other) included among the 130 members of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, the body that under Khrushchev has superseded the secret police as source of the real power in the U.S.S.R. These two women used their influence to legalize abortions several years ago. Because of Russia's strangling shortage of living space, and appalling maternity death rates, women in significant numbers were submitting to abortions to limit the size of their families. It was therefore considered an "expression of mercy" to permit them to undergo abortions as legal operations by regular surgeons at hospitals, all of which are government-run.



A PROFESSIONAL PARTY WORKER and a Russian-style fis waving speaker, Nina Vasilievna Popova has made a career out being a member of the Communist Party. Her rise in the ranks h been steady; she has served a number of times as deputy to t Supreme Soviet, and in 1956 rose to a post as candidate (junic rank) member of the Central Committee of the nation's Part organization. She spends fourteen hours a day in her preser job as chairman of the Soviet Council of Friendship Societie She is the Kremlin's official greeter—a sort of solemn fema Grover Whalen. It is up to her to translate Nikita Khrushchev policy of somewhat lifting the iron curtain into invitations to del gations, mostly from Asia, which will carry back favorable impre sions of the Soviet Union and win friends for the Red Star stat



PRIMA BALLERINA Galina Ulanova rises at 9 A.M. and eats breakfast prepared by her maid. Daily practice, costume fittings and rehearsals take 3–4 hours at the Bolshoi Theater, then her chauffeur takes her for a drive in her green Volga (Russia's newest car). In the late afternoon her masseuse arrives for a daily treatment. She and her husband, who is chief designer for the theater, live in a spacious apartment on the ninth floor of Moscow's most modern apartment house. Her salary is 6000 rubles ($600) for dancing three times a month (and 1200 rubles for each extra performance). But she has privileges money cannot buy: a privately owned car, a country house, trips abroad. Such privileges are rare for anyone who is not a Party member. Ulanova's smile is marred—by American standards—by a prominent gold tooth. Even a Ulanova cannot buy cosmetic dentistry in Russia.

HERE ARE WOMEN WHO HAVE WHAT MONEY CANNOT BUY IN RUSSIA: GOOD APARTMENTS, SOME CHANCE TO TRAVEL, MAYBE EVEN A CAR OF THEIR OWN.

By IRVING R. LEVINE *Former N.B.C. Moscow Correspondent, Author of Main Street, U.S.S.R.*

RUSSIA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEVINE AND TASS



THE NEAREST SOVIET EQUIVALENT TO A CONGRESSWOMAN. Varvara Efimovna Fyodorova attained her status by her skill as a loom operator in a textile mill where she has worked for 28 of her 48 years. She began by tending two looms, worked up to four, then six and then eight. Finally, "inspired by the Stakhanovite movement," she managed to work twelve looms all by herself. Her reward was election to the Communist Party, and fame. In 1958 she was elected to the Supreme Soviet, the nation's highest "legislature." Getting elected was easy; approved by the Party, she ran on a ballot that presented the voter with no other name. Her major function, like that of all deputies, is to occupy her seat (absenteeism is frowned upon) at the ten-day sessions which usually meet twice a year, and to vote a straight "*da*" (yes) on all measures which are presented by the Communist Party Presidium, the fourteen-member group that really governs the U.S.S.R.



ONLY 24. Larissa Semyonovna Latynina is the world's greatest woman gymnast. The all-round gymnastics champion at the Melbourne Olympics, she won four gold medals and one silver—more than any other contestant. More important, many growing girls like her looks in contrast to the husky figure, able to do any man's job, that has been glorified in statue and painting as the ideal Soviet woman. Times are changing in Russia, and torsos may too. Larissa is training to be a teacher and is a deputy to the Kiev city council. She lives in a two-room apartment with her husband, a mechanic on the Dnieper River fleet of passenger and cargo ships; has a baby born last January.



DEPUTY MINISTER OF EDUCATION Ludmila Viktorovna Dubrovina has an enormous job. Khrushchev's decision to cut the years of compulsory schooling so youngsters can go into factory and farm work sooner has imposed a huge task of school reorganization. But then, Ludmila Dubrovina is used to taking on big jobs. She was a sector chief of the propaganda and agitation section of the Central Committee—which propagates Party line on everything from how to plant corn to the proper evaluation of Stalin's historical position. She was a leader of the "Pioneers," an organization to imbue teen-agers with appropriate Communist ideals and sift out those who show promise as future Party members. She has handled all kinds of assignments, from eulogizing Lenin on an anniversary of his death to participating in a delegation sent to Prague to mark the Red Army's "liberation" of Czechoslovakia. Despite all this, the government encyclopedia omits her biography, her picture is almost never published.



RUSSIA'S MOST FAMOUS WOMAN ARTIST. Tatyana Nilovna Yablonskaya, is living proof of the fact that a creative person in the U.S.S.R. can achieve importance only by using his or her talents to conform to Party programs and prejudices. Her early portraits and landscapes were criticized for "formalism"—greater concern for the *form* than for the *content* of the painting. She changed her ways and devoted her unquestioned talents to "socialist realism"—paintings easily understood by the masses, optimistic, and representing only laudable phases of Soviet life. Her popular painting, "Grain," depicts a group of healthy, happy women shoveling grain into burlap sacks. It would be considered calendar art in the Western world, but it has brought her financial rewards and numerous honors.



FAME AND FORTUNE came to Galina Evgenievna Nikolayeva as a novelist. First she wrote poetry. Then she won the Stalin prize for literature for Harvesting, a novel about "an ordinary Soviet woman going through hardships and evolving a stronger, more mature person." Her latest, Struggle in the Road, is a best seller promoting the wisdom of policies laid down by Khrushchev since Stalin's death. It concerns two men: factory director Valgan, a Stalinist demagogue; and factory chief engineer Bakhirev, conscientious, hard-working and sincere. Needless to say, Bakhirev wins and Stalinist Valgan is exposed and demoted. Nikolayeva's income this year comes to 80,000 rubles ($8000), extremely high by Russian standards.



ASTRONOMER Alla Masevich is at 36 one of the Soviet Union's most prominent scientists. She is a vice president of the Astronomical Council of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, which co-ordinates all astronomical work for the one sixth of the earth's surface covered by the U.S.S.R. She heads the 92 observatories that trace the Sputniks visually and photographically, and it has been at her recommendation that Russia has not reported sightings or recordings of America's earth satellites to Washington; she says that no signal of sufficient clarity has been observed. She is married to a metallurgist, and has a five-year-old daughter. She is, of course, a member of Russia's privileged class, earns 4200 rubles ($420) a month. Her family lives in an ample fifteenth-floor apartment. On the balcony she has a small telescope with which to spot Sputniks over Moscow.

"I SEE WOMEN YOUNG...
AND IN MOTION"



CASTILLO OF LANVIN

Born in Madrid, Antonio del Castillo, designer of distinction in America and Europe before he joined Lanvin in Paris five years ago.





LEOMBRUNO-HODI

Coat of palest coral tweed lined with pale honey-colored silk shantung. The wide shoulders, back with a pleat and a bow make a prophetic silhouette. The slim two-piece dress to match the lining ha a wide needlepoint belt in beige-and-white wool with a Wedgwood design. The blouse can be worn separately with the suit. Cartier's gold earrings and bracelets.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN

CASTILLO

designs a universal spring travel wardrobe for the Ladies' Home Journal.

"*Every fashion should leave a woman free to go about the business of daily living,*" *this talented designer believes,* "*free to run a comb through her hair, to get into a car or to rush off in a jet plane.*" *He stands for the young, the current, the new in fashion, and yet he is convinced that* "*even for the most elegant woman, a good suit should last four years—easily.*" *In fact, he calls this* JOURNAL *wardrobe a five-year plan.* "*Fashion is always in evolution,*" *he says.* "*The new—if not extreme—adds spirit and change and projects long life into your clothes.*" By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



Coral-and-beige fine-line tweed, year-round travel suit with a sash waistline worn with a cloche in pale beige silk, a big leather travel handbag by Hermes.





Black is always the basis—this silk-crepe sheath with the crushed waistline, widened bow-tied shoulders and straight-swept neckline is for any season. A dress to change with many accessories: one of the loveliest, Castillo's embroidered organdy coat for dinner and evening. Diamond pin by Cartier.

The celebrated

MAINBOCHER

creates three beautiful fashions, basic to spring and summer, for the Ladies' Home Journal.





MAINBOCHER
Man of the arts—painter, musician, editor and illustrious fashion designer. Born in Chicago, Main Rousseau Bocher.

This great designer believes that every dress must have "something intangible, something more than needle, thread and fabric." He thinks that "any woman with discernment about fashion and about herself can outfit herself with only a few costumes. It takes thought, more than money; time to eliminate and to be sure." Thoughtfully, he has designed a short evening dress, darling of today's world and not limited to a season; a hyacinth-blue piqué coat of great distinction and a heavenly blue eyelet cotton to wear with it. Ideas to delight and inspire any woman.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor

"A dress should have life in itself," Mainbocher says.
This navy-blue taffeta is a dress for a party, a dress to dance,
to dine, to go to the theater—beautifully fashioned of deep loops,
lovely in movement. This silhouette imparts grace,
makes the waistline small, the legs slim and attractive.

"I'M ALWAYS THINKING OF THE WOMAN"



"The apron dress is very American," and Mainbocher feels strongly about its return to fashion. He gives this blue Swiss eyelet embroidery an easy cut-back neckline and beautiful slimness.



Mainbocher designs a hyacinth-blue piqué coat of taste and distinction. He believes in width of sleeve below the shoulder line, indication of height of waistline. This is a forever coat, for any summer. Bracelet and pins by Tiffany.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELM CUSHMAN

Wonderful

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



Around $50.00 Silk-shantung suit with a waist-length jacket by Linker; straw breton, $16.95, John Frederics; leather bag, $10.95.



$29.95 Career checks—silk-and-cotton fabric in a town dr with a rayon-linen collar, wide belt by Dan Keller; straw-cloth h $12.95, from Mr. John's junior collection; plastic patent-leat bag, $5.00, by Arnold Garay; gold earrings and cotton glov

BUYS

PAINTING BY JACK YOUNGERMAN, PARSONS GALLERY



Around $25.00 Scroll-printed piqué coat with a velvet collar worn over a linen-weave rayon basic sheath, by Jerry Gilden. Deep white straw-cloth hat banded with velvet, $10.95, by Elizabeth Marks; leaf pin, $1.00.

The fashions on all these pages are presente you because they show you the trends of the se and serve as a guide as you shop. You will many of them in stores throughout the nation. H ever, if you do not find identical styles in your shops, we believe similar ones will be avail

A good buy means lots of fashion for your money, and at the same time dependable wearability and an assured future. We give you pleats, polka dots, checks, a coat-and-dress costume, shown with accessories right for the silhouettes and the season.

By RUTH MARY PACKARD



Around $30.00 Suit with pleats, a Dacron-and-rayon easy-keeper by Stefan; straw sailor by Elizabeth Marks, $5.95; handbag, $5.00.



LACQUERED COMMODES BY TOMMI PARZINGER

$29.95 Polka dots of fashion—a linen-weave rayon-and-viscose suit by Alvin Handmacher combining black and beige, worn with a shiny black straw breton, $16.95, by John Frederics; three-ring twisted gold bracelet; beige calfskin bag, $12.95.

for Spring

Radiant Cottons

Each worn with a fabric-trimmed hat. . . . Each worn with short, short gloves. . . .
All looking radiantly fresh and pretty. Piqués, cotton satins, sheer voiles and bright prints
have never appeared in such heavenly colors—and the cost is so easy on your budget.
Wear them with colored shoes, short pastel gloves, and do trim your hat to match.

By NORA O'LEARY *Pattern Editor*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEOMBRUNO-BODI



This dressmaker version of the shirtwaist dress takes advantage of the beautiful plaid by its bias cut. The neckline and sleeves are tied with perky bows. Strips of fabric are pulled through slits in the crown of the straw hat and tied under the hair. Vogue Design No. 9731.



This charming black-and-white scroll print has a full skirt, a simple bodice. The sleev detail is made by following the line of the print. The same diamond shapes are used t trim her yellow straw hat. Yellow gloves, a black patent belt. Vogue Design No. 973



These mother-and-daughter dresses are made in a silky damask-print cotton. Both have full skirts and crisp white tucked touches accenting the necklines. Jaunty streamers and binding also made from the dress fabric trim both white bretons. Mother's dress, Vogue Design No. 4988. Child's dress, No. 2870.



Cotton satin and voile combine to make the most feminine summer fashion. The twin prints in a pansy design come in other lovely color combinations. We faced the entire brim of a pale, smooth straw with the cotton satin. The bodice has a low square neck, the skirt is full. Vogue Design No. 4990.



BAG BY ELIZABETH STRAUSS

This slim piqué sheath has a marvelous piqué-and-Irish-lace detail (to buy by the yard) that buttons on to the front. The matching hatband has been pulled through the brim and tied. Vogue Design No. 9730.



SHOES BY JEAN RANDLER

Tricolor combinations are again making news. This one in pale yellow waffle piqué combines turquoise and avocado green through the midriff. The hatbrim is filled with ribbon bows. Vogue Design No. 4991.



A slim blue basic dress, bright print jacket will be summer favorites. Flowers are glued to her straw hat. Dress, Vogue Design No. 9704. Jacket, No. 9692.

For back and other views, sizes and prices of Vogue Patterns, see page 125.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10c additional for each pattern ordered.

"We lost 101 pounds"

Here, straight from the dieters' mouths,
is the happy account of how losing 101 pounds has brought
double returns in good looks, good spirits and good times.

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN *Beauty Editor*

DEAR MRS. NORMAN

Your magazine has printed many diet articles which have greatly influenced us. Perhaps you would like to hear about the diet which my sister and I followed. I am 18 years old and she is 19. We are both college students.

In February, 1957, I weighed 217 pounds and Joan weighed 164 pounds. By September I weighed 152, and she 128. Together we lost 101 pounds in seven months.

Enclosed are some pictures of us taken before and after the diet. See for yourself the amazing change! We are very pleased with the results of our diet, and think other teen-agers might like to know how we did it. Thank you.

Sincerely,
RICHARD PESIKOFF
Riverdale, New York



"Wasn't I a sloppy sight, side view? Front was just as bad. I weighed 165 pounds and every ugly ounce of it showed!"



"Here I am, all 217 pounds of me, pictured with mother. By the way, mother jumped on our diet band wagon and lost 20 pounds herself!"

RICHARD PESIKOFF (*poking his crew-cut head over his sister's shoulder and smiling broadly as they enter the Beauty Workshop*): Before dieting, we couldn't have come through this door together. In fact, I would hardly have been able to make it alone. At 217 pounds a boy has to *squeeze* his way through life.

JOAN (*vivid blue eyes twinkling*): Yes, Richard was called Elly—that's short for Elephant—and I was Chubby, or Tubby, whatever took someone's fancy. We'd laugh and pretend not to mind, but a fatty gets tired of gluing a smile on her face all the time.

DAWN NORMAN: What do you feel is the biggest reward for having dieted your way down to such trim figures?

JOAN and RICHARD (*in unison*): Self-confidence!

RICHARD: Man, at this weight I feel as if I'm master of my own ship! I can do things and offer opinions without feeling everyone is snickering at me. It's a nice feeling to know you measure up to your friends, and that on occasion you can even surpass them!

JOAN: Naturally, it's exciting to receive so many compliments. A boy I had known all my life, but who hadn't seen me since I had reduced, asked to be introduced to me at a party. I was 35 pounds lighter, so *I* understood. But he was so embarrassed when he realized his blunder he could barely speak. He recovered quickly, though, and asked me for a date the next day.

RICHARD: (*straightening his trim Ivy League jacket*): Clothes make a big difference, even for a man. When I was fat my suits looked like full-blown balloons. Once, for a special occasion, mother bought me a pair of trousers in size 42. She had to return them for a 44. Between the time the second pair of pants were bought and the party, I had to have them let out three times. It was embarrassing—and expensive!

DAWN NORMAN: And your social life?

JOAN: A short girl in a size-16 dress isn't going to demolish the stag line, you can bet on that. I dated occasionally, but I always felt awkward and painfully self-conscious clumping around on the dance floor next to tiny-waisted girls who were my own age, but half my size.

RICHARD: I was a real wallflower! I didn't date because I knew *I* wouldn't be caught dead dating a *fat* girl, so why should a *slender*, *pretty* girl want to go out with me? I was afraid to ask them for fear of being turned down. I figured my morale was low enough without that.

DAWN NORMAN: Well, Richard, sports must have helped make up for your lack of social success—you don't need girls to play football or go swimming.

RICHARD: I always wanted to do push-ups like the other fellows and I'll never forget how proud I was when, after weeks of huffing and puffing, I finally managed to do *one* push-up without falling flat on my face. This year, at 152 pounds, I did 44 push-ups without stopping. I'm no Hercules; it's just that now there are 65 pounds less of me to push *up*. I used to love to play golf with dad, but by the time I did nine holes I felt as though I had been around the world in eighty days *on foot*. Dad would sail through eighteen holes easily. (He had already dieted and lost 40 pounds.) Now I can play right along with him and enjoy it, and CONTINUED ON PAGE 114



ROGER PRIGENT

"In seven months Joan lost 36 pounds, I lost 65. When the diet was over, we put on some new party clothes and went dancing. Did we feel glamorous! A year and a half has gone by, and as you see, above, we're still just as slim. And we intend to be forever after!"



HAANSEL CASSIDY

ABBOT MILLS

To the left is the wing that was brought back to earth, and the window that became a doorway.

n house's prayer

end of the house, before so ungainly off the ground, has in effect been brought back beautifully to earth.

The pines are purposely tall and narrow columnar types, and the hollies that provide a cushiony evergreen frame below are Japanese and American varieties. The basket-weave chairs are decidedly inexpensive and easy to manage, like the indispensable bamboo blinds. The floor of slightly separated 2 x 4's is self-draining and always dry.

A really keen carpenter can build a porch like this for $500, or about $15 a month in FHA home-improvement payments. The ideas here can be readily adapted to a variety of different houses—just one of many nice things about a porch.

RICHARD'S MEASUREMENTS

	BEFORE	AFTER
CHEST	42″	38″
WAIST	43″	31″
HIPS	44½″	39″
WEIGHT	217 pounds	152 pounds
HEIGHT	5′8″	5′9″
SUIT SIZE	40 (chubbies)	38 (regular)
PANTS	44	31

JOAN'S MEASUREMENTS

	BEFORE	AFTER
BUST	36″	34″
WAIST	29″	25″
HIPS	42″	37″
WEIGHT	164 pounds	128 pounds
HEIGHT	5′4″	5′4″
DRESS SIZE	16 (let out)	9 (perfect)

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"Wasn't I a sloppy sight, side view?
Front was just as bad.
I weighed 165 pounds and every
ugly ounce of it showed!"

"Here I am,
all 217 pounds o
pictured with m
mother jumped
and lost 20 pou



WHITE MANTILLA

he twentieth century are, of all the qualifications that the suggest that Matisse was the asso, still vigorous at seventy- because he was so precocious hand, with its unusual number egan to revolt against his own canvases belong to the "blue" 905, he would have expressed a vision of humanity, but he would not have been classed among the revolutionaries—those few who change the course of art. Yet some of the pictures of these early years are unforgettable: they have a poignancy and warmth that he was never to surpass after he became the ever-searching experimenter. *Woman in White Mantilla* deploys his rich palette, marked by Impressionistic and Pointillist responses, and exudes the poetic melancholy that Picasso felt in his generous reactions to the poor and the unhappy. Painted with love, this deeply expressive portrait is one of the most eloquent statements of a tormented romanticist.

From a commentary by Wallace Brockway in "The Albert D. Lasker Collection," published by Simon and Schuster, Inc.



HAANEL CASSIDY

ABBOT MILLS

If the porch seems to float, that is the effect we were after, and it is readily achieved by letting three heavy girders on recessed concrete posts carry the whole structure.



To the left is the wing that was brought back to earth, and the window that became a doorway.

Welcome Home to the Porch!

the answer to a problem house's prayer

Now in modern dress, the fondest residential appendage of all time returns to popularity—and not a minute too soon. By RICHARD PRATT

There is hardly one house in a hundred today that for various wrong reasons doesn't stick up too high out of the ground at some point or all around. One in a thousand is probably more like it now that at least a million split-level houses, including the one above, have been built by mistake on absolutely flat ground instead of on hillside sites where they were meant to go. But no matter how many, they can all be put to rights by proper porching and planting. And if they help to bring back the porch idea, and with it a new look at landscaping, the mistakes will have been blessings in disguise. Watch now for more new houses, too, with porches, and with something more suitable than foundation planting around them.

Let this be mostly about porching, which is my word for any built-on platform or deck, as for instance here, whether open or closed in. Also, it can mean any of porching's optional features such as trellises, lattices, arbors or other attachments placed there for privacy, protection, comfort, joy or just plain attractiveness.

The porch becomes a floating patio or garden off the ground, full of usefulness and fun throughout the year. The open-framed roof can be topped at will with either translucent or opaque panels for rain, sun and snow. This porch, as you see, makes possible a large glass-paned doorway in the place of a window, vastly increasing the indoor light and living of the house. And the whole main end of the house, before so ungainly off the ground, has in effect been brought back beautifully to earth.

The pines are purposely tall and narrow columnar types, and the hollies that provide a cushiony evergreen frame below are Japanese and American varieties. The basket-weave chairs are decidedly inexpensive and easy to manage, like the indispensable bamboo blinds. The floor of slightly separated 2 x 4's is self-draining and always dry.

A really keen carpenter can build a porch like this for $500, or about $15 a month in FHA home-improvement payments. The ideas here can be readily adapted to a variety of different houses—just one of many nice things about a porch.

Can this Marriage be Saved?



Most people acquire some strong notions about what they believe is "important" and what is "ridiculous" from one or both parents in their childhood homes. Then they take many of these beliefs into marriage with them. What happens when two people with widely differing notions marry? Some are able to talk their differences out. They have the kind of communication skill and flexible personality which will allow them to see new values in the other person's ideas and then to change their own ways. But there are others of both sexes who are blindly determined that they alone know what is "right." They really think they are helping their partners when they unceasingly use every punishment imaginable to try to force their beliefs on their mates. Nagging, threatening, and withholding sex and affection are some of the weapons often used. Tragically, many of these "strong-minded" people find out too late that they weren't really right in the first place, or that being right wasn't very important after all. In this month's case, though, the partners came to the American Institute of Family Relations in time to save their marriage. Their counselor was Mary Beth Foland.

PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D., *General Director*



DON ORSINO

"He walked in two hours late and put his supper on the table. He ignored me but kissed the children and settled them beside him while he ate."

SHE: "Recently I've had the awful feeling that I'm turning into a woman like my mother. I can hear the same whiny note in my voice when I try to reason with Paul. He provokes me beyond endurance."

HE: "If Angie can't get her way by one method, she tries another. She has refused to sew on a button or mend my socks for weeks when I did not follow her advice. And once she stopped speaking to me."

ANGIE TELLS HER SIDE: "Unless Paul and I can straighten out our troubles, our baby girl's adoption may be canceled," said forty-year-old Angie, mother of two preschool adopted children. Rosy-cheeked, short-waisted and on the plump side, she looked younger than her age except for the tired droop of her mouth. "We waited two years and three months to get John, who is now nearly five and is a darling, and it took us even longer to get a sister for him last fall. We've had Janie only six months and the agency requires a trial period of a year before the adoption becomes final.

"It would break Paul's heart and mine to have our little girl taken away. We tried for years to produce a family of our own before we were allowed to enter our names on the agency's list. So many people want to adopt. Our children are entitled to a happy home, and we faithfully promised they should have it. We aren't living up to our solemn obligation.

"The quarrels between Paul and me—I do the quarreling and he just sits and glowers—are mostly my own fault. I know that. For a long while I've been nagging and whining, despite all my efforts to be patient. I despise nagging women. My mother was one. I'm sure she nagged my father, who was a really wonderful person, into his grave. Daddy was a fat man with high blood pressure and she hammered away at him about the diet he detested. Mother meant well, I suppose. But daddy raided the refrigerator whenever her back was turned and got fatter than ever. Then, too, she picked on him endlessly about spending time and money on a run-down old farm; he bought the farm at auction and improved the soil so much that it was the biggest asset in the estate. Often when she complained, daddy would go out to the farm and stay there with the tenants as long as a week and work too hard.

"As a small girl growing up in Kansas, I resolved I wouldn't browbeat my husband when I married. I haven't stuck to my resolution. Recently I've had the awful feeling that I'm turning into a woman like my mother. I can hear the same whiny note in my voice when I try to reason with Paul. I can feel my body stiffening in the same way when he comes close to me. I just can't prevent it. Paul provokes me beyond endurance.

"Last evening he walked in two hours late without telephoning me and I managed to hold in my anger—I had to pick up a magazine to do it—but he showed no appreciation for my forbearance. He kissed the children and ignored me. He played with them awhile. He then went to the refrigerator and got out things for his supper. I'd fed John and Janie earlier, but he settled them in their high chairs beside him as he ate. Apparently the three had a jolly time while I stayed with my back turned, pretending to read, but hating him and myself.

"Most of my arguments with Paul revolve around our property and our building program. Paul does almost everything without consulting me, and I don't think it's right or fair. Our troubles date back a long way. Twelve years ago we bought a large building lot, one hundred feet by three hundred. This was before we were fortunate enough to get the children and I was working too. Nearly half of my savings went into the purchase. Paul, who spent one summer on a Wyoming ranch in his boyhood, wanted a place big enough to keep a horse—which of course he never got. I thought the lot was too large for us, the area unpromising and too far outside town.

"Well, I'll admit my judgment wasn't so hot and that it's lucky I let Paul have his way. Our land, only a piece of sand and brush on the side of a mountain, soon turned CONTINUED ON PAGE 119


Lamb
is for
Spring
MENU
SHISH KEBABS — ARMENIAN RICE
FRESH ASPARAGUS
LEMON BUTTER OR HOLLANDAISE
SPRING SALAD
PEPPER RELISH
SWEDISH CREAM
WITH STRAWBERRIES
COFFEE OR TEA

SHISH KEBABS

Have your butcher bone a 6–7 pound leg of lamb. Remove fat, membranes and tendons and cut meat into 2" cubes. You'll get about 18 cubes—enough for 6 servings. Place in a shallow glass baking dish. Sprinkle with 1 cup finely grated Bermuda onion, 2 tablespoons salad or olive oil, 1 tablespoon each salt and red wine vinegar (or, if you like, dry red wine), 1 teaspoon orégano and ½ teaspoon pepper. Rub mixture into the meat until it is well coated on all sides. Marinate in the refrigerator 8–24 hours. Do not stir. When ready to make kebabs, quarter 3 tomatoes. Peel and quarter 3 Bermuda onions. From each quarter peel off the two outer layers, saving what remains for salads. Remove stems from 12 mushrooms. Wipe caps with a damp cloth. Wash, core and remove seeds from 2 large green peppers and cut each into 6 pieces. Cut 6 strips bacon into 4 pieces each. Skewer lamb, bacon and vegetables together. Add ⅓ cup olive or salad oil to the remaining marinade and use to baste meat and vegetables as they cook. Broil on one side until brown but not crusty; turn skewers a third and brown, then another third. This takes about 15 to 20 minutes. Serve with Armenian rice. Makes 6 servings.

ARMENIAN RICE

Heat 6 tablespoons butter in a heavy kettle and add ½ cup uncooked fine egg noodles. Stir constantly until golden brown. Add 1½ cups long-grain rice which has been rinsed in cold water and drained. Cook for about 5 minutes, carefully stirring and turning so that the rice cooks evenly. Add 1 tablespoon salt and 3 cups rapidly boiling water, stir and cover. Cook for 20 minutes or until all water has been absorbed. Makes 6 servings.

SWEDISH CREAM

Mix together 2⅓ cups heavy cream with 1 cup sugar and 1 envelope gelatin. Heat gently and stir until gelatin is completely dissolved. Cool until slightly thickened. Fold in 1 pint commercial sour cream and flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla. Chill in refrigerator until firm. Spoon into serving dishes and top with sweetened fresh fruit or berries. Makes about 6 servings.

CURRIED KIDNEY LAMB CHOPS WITH STUFFED MUSHROOMS AND CHUTNEY PEACHES

Brush 8 boned and tied kidney lamb chops with a mixture of ¼ cup butter and 1 tablespoon curry powder. Broil for 8 minutes on each side. Set oven at 350° F. (moderate) and bake the chops for another 20 minutes. Serve with sausage-stuffed mushrooms and chutney peaches.

STUFFED MUSHROOMS

Wipe 20 medium mushrooms with a damp cloth. Snap off stems and trim openings. Mince stems. Sauté 1 pound sausage meat until well heated, but not completely browned. Drain on paper toweling and set aside. Remove all but 3 tablespoons sausage drippings from pan. Add stems and ½ cup finely minced onion. Heat and stir for 7–8 minutes until tender. Stir in ⅔ cup soft bread crumbs, the sausage and 2 tablespoons chopped water chestnuts. Season to taste with a little thyme, marjoram, salt and pepper. Stuff mushrooms. Place in a shallow casserole, pour a little canned chicken stock around—but not in the mushrooms. Bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F. Serve with chops. Makes 8 servings.

CHUTNEY PEACHES

Drain enough canned cling-peach halves so that everyone will have at least one. Place in a shallow casserole. Brush with melted butter. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., about 8–10 minutes. Spoon a little chutney into each and heat a few minutes longer.

BONED STUFFED LEG OF LAMB

Have your butcher bone a 6- or 7-pound leg of lamb. Make a stuffing as follows for filling the bone cavity in the leg: Mince, as finely as possible, ½ pound cooked Virginia-type ham, setting aside ¼ cup ham for garnish. Sauté the ham, 1 cup finely chopped onion and ½ clove garlic, crushed, in 3 tablespoons butter for several minutes. Add 1¼ cups soft bread crumbs and continue sautéing for a few more minutes. Remove from heat. Season with ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, ¼ teaspoon salt and a dash each of pepper, nutmeg and thyme. Slightly beat 2 egg yolks, and add to the stuffing and mix well. Salt and pepper the cavity of your meat. Cut several slits in outer surface of meat and insert thin slivers of garlic, using 1 clove garlic in all. Spoon the stuffing into the pocket. Fold the flap of meat from the shank end of the roast over the cavity on the inside of leg and fasten with a skewer. Bake, fat side up, in an open roasting pan in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., about 2½ hours. Remove from oven to serving platter. Sprinkle minced ham you have set aside on top and serve with Duchess Gruyère potatoes and cranberry-currant sauce.

CRANBERRY-CURRANT SAUCE

Mix together a 12-ounce jar currant jelly, ¼ cup vinegar and 1 tablespoon prepared mustard. Beat until smooth. Add 1-pound can whole-cranberry sauce, 2 tablespoons finely chopped mint, and stir until blended. Makes about 2½ cups.

DUCHESS GRUYÈRE POTATOES

Rice or mash about 6–8 freshly boiled and drained potatoes (5 cups). Add 1½ cups grated Gruyère cheese (you will need about ¼ pound), ⅓ cup hot milk, 4 beaten egg yolks, and salt and pepper to taste. Beat until smooth and fluffy, using an electric mixer. If you have a pastry bag and tube, fill with mashed potatoes, using a No. 1 star tube, and make rosettes, forming them on a buttered baking sheet, or use fluffy tablespoonfuls of the potato mixture. Broil a few minutes, until lightly browned. Serve on platter with lamb. Makes enough potatoes for 6–8 servings.

SWEDISH LAMB WITH DILL SAUCE

Season 6 pounds shoulder of lamb, cut into stew-size pieces, with salt and pepper. Roll in flour and brown well on all sides. Add 4 teaspoons dried dill, or dill seeds. Add 2 cups chopped onion, 6 cups water and 1 teaspoon salt. Cover tightly and simmer 1½–2 hours until quite tender. Make the sauce as follows: Remove meat from stock and set aside to keep warm. Skim any fat from broth. Heat 4 tablespoons shortening and stir in 4 tablespoons flour. Gradually add 4 cups stock and season with 4 teaspoons sugar and 1 teaspoon salt. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Beat 4 eggs slightly. Add a little hot sauce to the eggs and then stir into the remaining sauce. Blend. Season with 6 tablespoons chopped dill pickle or 2 teaspoons crushed dried dill and 2 tablespoons vinegar. Pour over lamb and serve at once. Extra sauce can be served in a sauceboat. Makes 8 servings.



Clip these recipes and add them to the 50 treasures you'll find in the new Journal Recipe Treasure Box. To order the Recipe Treasure Box, send $1.35 (Pennsylvania residents add 3% Pennsylvania sales tax), to LADIES' HOME JOURNAL RECIPES, *Dept. 4, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Offer good in U.S.A. only.*

Lamb is for Spring

Spring, for most of us, comes to the table with the first golden-brown, juicy leg of lamb, tenderly roasted, surrounded on the platter with sweet green peas. "When it is cut in beautiful slices a gravy issues forth which is as agreeable to the eye as it is exquisite to the palate."

Lamb lends its subtle flavor to countless herbs and seasonings which give full play to the imagination of the creative cook. The fresh taste of mint and the pungency of curry are probably the oldest friends of lamb; dill and rosemary add glamour and individuality to lamb dishes, as do nutmeg and orégano. Now, during the season when lamb is at its very best, serve it often, and in many guises.

You will want to try your leg of lamb boned, for instance, and stuffed with savory ham stuffing. Serve it with currant-cranberry sauce, young green beans, and a crisp salad of lettuce, water cress and anchovy fillets, tossed with French dressing.

On page 87 we salute the tulips outside the garden window with a platter of aromatic shish kebab. Don't wait till outdoor-cooking time comes around to make this delicious dish! On skewers string chunks of tender meat, spicy with marinade, alternating with tomato and onion quarters, and broil them; serve on a bed of fluffy Armenian rice pilaf.

And we have a thought or two for lamb chops—"A plump, tender triangular mass of bright brown meat," wrote Dickens happily, when asked to describe the perfect chop. Ours are brushed with curry butter, served with sausage-stuffed mushroom caps and peach halves, baked with a spoonful of chutney in the center.

Our delicious Swedish lamb in dill sauce glamorizes the inexpensive shoulder cut of meat. Serve the savory dill gravy—there will be lots—with little new potatoes in their rosy jackets; have fresh pineapple and coconut-frosted cakes for a refreshing, delectable dessert.

STUART POWELL





Noisettes of lamb—thick lamb chops boned and tied around lamb kidneys—are sophistication itself when brushed with curry butter before broiling. Sausage-stuffed mushroom caps and chutney peaches make perfect platter companions.

MENU

CURRIED KIDNEY LAMB CHOPS
SAUSAGE-STUFFED MUSHROOMS
CHUTNEY PEACH HALVES
CREAMED POTATOES
CUCUMBER SALAD
CHOCOLATE ICEBOX CAKE
COFFEE OR TEA

MENU

STUFFED ROAST LEG OF LAMB
CRANBERRY-CURRANT SAUCE
GRUYÈRE POTATOES
GREEN BEANS
GREEN SALAD WITH ANCHOVIES
MINT SHERBET WITH FRESH FRUIT
COFFEE OR TEA



Roast leg of lamb, boned to accommodate a well-seasoned ham stuffing, comes to the table regally crowned with a garnish of chopped ham and surrounded by toasted swirls of Gruyère potatoes. A tart cranberry-currant sauce is an elegant complement for the lamb.



MENU

BRAISED LAMB WITH DILL SAUCE
NEW POTATOES
PEAS WITH MINT
TOMATO ASPIC SOUR-CREAM DRESSING
FRESH PINEAPPLE
FRESH COCONUT CAKES
COFFEE OR TEA

Hearty chunks of lamb shoulder, slowly and succulently braised in a dill-flavored sauce, had its origin in the Scandinavian countries. Rosy springtime potatoes receive the extra sauce. A springtime dinner of little cost.

A New Look at Laundries

Now laundries go anywhere in the house; choose your room, fit appliances, and you're set.

By MARGARET DAVIDSON *Homemaking Editor*

Lighthearted laundries like these reflect a trend to locate the laundry where convenient to use. It's such a happy arrangement to clean clothes as they collect. The start of this revolution was the ingenious automatic washer with its own plumbing connections which freed it from the dungeon basement with its floor drain. Then came the dryer with twenty-four-hour drying weather which released the laundry from a nearby drying yard. As a result you can plan a laundry anywhere in the house, upstairs or down. These four all have one thing in common: they are located in rooms where other work goes on. Washing is done with hardly an interruption in housework. Dual-use areas save, too, when counting building or remodeling costs. For economy's sake, laundry appliances go best near other plumbing fixtures. A good location is near bathrooms and close to bedrooms where linens collect, like the hall-closet, sewing-room and guest-room laundries here. The fourth of our laundry quartet, in a cozy basement, is a recreation room too. Washers must have clean hot and cold water piped in and used water drained out, and need an electric connection. Dryers, too, require an electric connection for the motor; they use either gas or electricity for heat, and the speediest electric ones need a heavy-duty circuit. Most dryers need an outside vent to remove moisture or the room will be steamy, but some new ones condense their own moisture. The newest appliance, a combination that washes and dries automatically, calls for the requirements of two separate machines. These are points to remember as you plan.



Below linen shelves you can fit a 27" marvel that washes and dries. It loads at front, and controls are accessible. Set it to handle any fabric. Next to the washer-dryer is hamper space. Above is a sliding-door cupboard for supplies and linens. Louvered doors allow ventilation. They fold out of the way against the wall when you work.

STUART



Sewing and laundry are a natural combination. As you make new clothes and care for finished ones, all you need is here. Ironing board is at window. Mending has room. Table is handy for laying out a pattern or rolling up damp clothes for ironing. Practical—the washable wallpaper, vinyl floor, cotton-ticking café curtains. Automatic washer and dryer have special settings for all fabrics. Between, laundry tub of plastic strengthened with glass fibers has soap-storage room below. Portable sewing machine stows away in a tall cupboard.

Laundry goes to a gay and gregarious basement; its appliances are placed conveniently at foot of stairs. Tub unit has pull-out hamper and storage drawers built in under plastic counter. Yellow washer can vary its water temperature from hot for soiled play clothes to cold for crease prevention in synthetics. Matched dryer also has special setting for easy-care fabrics. Ironer rolls out for use under one of the plastic-shielded lamps. Storage walls are prefinished hardboard. Vertical panels fit in special tracks which also hold storage accessories such as racks, shelf supports, brackets and hooks used here for laundry aids and playtime gear.

DON'T OVERLOOK NEW LAUNDRY AIDS

- A versatile ironing table, shown in the sewing room, can be tapered at the end for finishing fitted garments or widened to full width for doing flatwork. It's done with fins that fold to reduce the width. A shaped pad and cover of heat-reflecting material are available.
- Another ironing table is rounded at the center back to give more ironing surface within easy reach. Both these are adjustable in height to suit the user.
- A hand iron with a built-in spray has pleased us, for it saves special dampening of dried-out areas and misplaced creases. The iron is used for steam and dry ironing too.
- A three-pound steam iron will appeal to those who feel less tired using a lightweight iron.
- A coiled electric cord, like those on telephones, can be attached to many irons. This stretches to the far end of the ironing table, yet on the backstroke the cord forms spirals instead of dragging across the newly ironed material.
- Iron-cord holders also save you from rumpling ironed materials by holding cords above the surface. Some holders have an electric extension that makes for more freedom in choosing ironing location.
- For wrinkle-free washing of synthetics, cool or cold water has merit, and new washers have settings for same. But when clothes are really soiled, warmer water washes cleaner.
- Successful drying of synthetics calls for a cool-off period at the end, and some new dryers have special cycles with this included.
- Washers are even more automatic with special dispensers for adding washing compounds—some even time additions of diluted liquid bleach in the wash water and water conditioner and fabric softener in the rinse water.

Since a guest room is generally unused from guest to guest, it is a possible place for a laundry. New appliances with muted color, mat finishes and concealed controls blend in here and a screen can mask them, if you wish, when guests are present. Hand basin is a new round one set in a colorful plastic top, serves for guest basin or laundry use. Cabinet below sink has one part for guest towels, one for supplies. On these appliances you dial your washing and drying conditions to order. Not shown, a guest closet (at left of sink) has a slot for ironing table.





*Evenings are "our time of day"—
the one chance we Garroways have to get
together as a family. By planning meals
that pretty much cook themselves,
I'm free for family fun too.*

DI PIETRO

I Love to Eat... But I Hate to Cook

By MRS. DAVE GARROWAY

AS TOLD TO JEAN ANDERSON



*I like company when I cook,
so Dave sits nearby.*

I do most of the cooking at our house for a very good reason. Dave wants me to. Actually, he's responsible for my learning to cook in the first place. Before we were married he asked me to prepare dinner one evening—out of desperation, I think. We'd been "doing the town," having lots of fun. But we weren't getting to know each other very well. You can't, surrounded by noise and people. So when Dave suggested dinner at my apartment, I agreed although I had hardly ever cooked.

That first meal is one I'll never forget. Of all things, I decided to make a cheese soufflé, never realizing it required any particular skill. I chose it, I suppose, because I had grown up in France and was used to really elegant ones. From my father, who is something of a gourmet, I acquired a real appreciation for good food but unfortunately little understanding of its art of preparation. So in all ignorance I blithely set about making that soufflé, visualizing a golden dish, light as a cloud and almost as high. Proudly I set my masterpiece in front of Dave, then watched it fall flat. Dave, I must say, suffered silently and nobly. He even suggested that I cook again, which I did—*after* I had enrolled in a beginner's cooking class.

Today I keep my meals simple whether I'm having company or cooking for "just us"—Dave, ten-year-old Michael and one-year-old Dave, Jr. Luckily, we all like food that's just plain good. Even dinner guests look forward to my rather uncomplicated but hearty menus. Stew, for example, has become one of my entertaining favorites. At first I found guests amazed that I would serve stew for company. But once they had sampled it, they were happy and soon helping themselves to more.

Cooking will always be a challenge to me. First of all, I'm a beginner. Second, I simply don't have time to work in the kitchen all day. The only way I can cook both quickly and well is to combine the efficiency of frozen, canned and prepared foods with some of the ingenious little touches I'm learning in my Epicurean Cooking courses. As an additional time and trouble saver, I make more of a dish than we'll eat at one meal, freeze the rest.

I have much to learn about the art of cooking. Still, when Dave says to me as he did one night recently, "You know, Pamela, you've never served a bad meal," I'm deeply proud and pleased. It inspires me to go into the kitchen and create something new—just for the family.

*This is Dave's idea of an elegant stew. He likes it, I think,
because he doesn't have to hunt around for the meat. It's all there,
right before him in big luscious cubes. Best with it are
Almond-Poppy-Seed Noodles and a mixed vegetable or green salad.*

Since we're weight watchers we go for the lighter, fruit desserts. This one is a family favorite because it's easy to make and easy to eat—a medley of fresh and frozen fruits in a honey-mint sauce.



STUART

FRUIT FROST WITH WALNUTS AND HONEY-MINT SAUCE

Thaw 2 packages each frozen melon balls, frozen sliced peaches and frozen pineapple chunks. Meanwhile, wash and remove stems from 2 pints fresh strawberries. Then slice berries in half. Or, if in season, use whole fresh red raspberries instead. Place ¾ cup shelled walnuts in a saucepan, add water just to cover and boil nuts 5 minutes. Drain, place on a shallow baking pan and dot with 1 tablespoon butter or margarine. Toast nuts in a very slow oven, 275° F., for about 30 minutes or until crisp and golden, then chop coarsely. For the sauce: Combine the juices of 2 oranges and ½ lemon, 2 tablespoons honey, 1½ teaspoons orange extract and ¼ cup finely chopped fresh mint. Set aside. Drain thawed fruits, top with half of sauce, pour remaining sauce over fresh berries and set both in refrigerator to chill for about 2 hours. To serve, stir half of nuts into mixed fruits, half into the berries. Now wreathe thawed fruits around a mound of fresh berries in a large fruit bowl. Garnish with drifts of flaked coconut and fresh mint sprigs. Makes about 8 servings.

HERBED BEEF STEW

Melt ¼ cup butter or margarine in a large kettle and brown well 4 pounds beef chuck cut into 1½" cubes. Add 1 pound mushrooms, sliced; 6 yellow onions, peeled and chopped; 2 cloves garlic, crushed; 1 tablespoon salt; 1 teaspoon dried dill; ¾ teaspoon basil; ½ teaspoon each thyme and powdered savory; 2 bay leaves, crushed; and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Sauté slowly, stirring occasionally, until onions and mushrooms are tender. Now add one 10½-ounce can beef consommé and two 1-pound-13-ounce cans tomatoes and simmer for 1½ hours or until meat is tender. Add 1 pound small white onions, peeled, and 1 bunch carrots, peeled and cut into 2" chunks. Cover kettle and cook 45 minutes more or until vegetables are done. Now mix 6 tablespoons flour with ½ cup cold water until smooth and add gradually to the stew, stirring constantly. Continue to stir and heat until gravy is thickened. Serve stew in a big tureen and garnish with a ruff of parsley or clusters of green peas artfully arranged (1 package frozen peas cooked according to package directions, drained and seasoned with 2 teaspoons butter and ½ teaspoon salt will do the trick). Makes 8 to 10 servings. The perfect accompaniment: Almond-Poppy-Seed Noodles.

ALMOND-POPPY-SEED NOODLES

Melt 1 cup butter (2 sticks) slowly so that it doesn't brown. Chop enough blanched, slivered almonds to make 1½ cups. Add almonds to the melted butter and sauté slowly until golden. Stir in ½ cup poppy seeds and ¾ to 1 teaspoon salt. Now cook two 8-ounce packages wide noodles in salted water according to package directions. Drain. Turn noodles back into the pan in which you cooked them, pour butter mixture over all and mix lightly. Makes 8 to 10 servings.

Cook 2 packages frozen mixed vegetables according to package directions but until just "crisp tender." Drain and chill. Mix with ½ cup each sliced stuffed green olives, sliced scallions and finely sliced raw cauliflowerets. (Here's a wonderful opportunity, too, for using up leftover cooked vegetables—carrots, beans, peas, and so on.) For the dressing: combine ⅓ cup olive or salad oil, 3 tablespoons wine vinegar, 1 tablespoon capers, 1 clove garlic, crushed, 1–1½ teaspoons salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Dress salad and let marinate in refrigerator about an hour before serving. Line a salad bowl with crisp lettuce leaves and mound salad in the center. Or arrange in lettuce cups on individual plates. Makes 6–8 servings.

LEMON-ONION CONSOMMÉ

For this you'll need 12 yellow onions. Peel and coarsely chop 7 of them, peel and thinly slice the remaining 5. Melt ¼ cup butter or margarine in a large skillet and sauté all the onions until tender. In a large saucepan, heat together three 10½-ounce cans beef consommé, 2 soup cans water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, the grated rind of 1 lemon, and 1 celery top. Season with 1 clove garlic, crushed; 1–1 ½ teaspoons salt; ¼ teaspoon each nutmeg and pepper. Add onions and simmer slowly for about 15 minutes. Remove celery top and, if you like, just before serving add ¼ to ½ cup sherry. Serve very hot. Top each serving with a Melba round and a sprinkling of grated Parmesan cheese. Makes 2 quarts soup.

COEUR À LA CRÈME GARROWAY

Blend together two 8-ounce packages cream cheese and 1 cup commercial sour cream until very smooth and creamy. Cut a 15" square of cheesecloth, rinse in cold water and wring out as dry as possible. Line a 1-quart heart or basket mold with the cheesecloth, smoothing out as many wrinkles as you can. Add cheese mixture and chill overnight or for about 8–10 hours. Unmold on a dessert plate and surround with a wreath of fresh fruit. Or for a special treatment, serve topped with Spicy Bing-Cherry Sauce. Makes 6 servings.

SPICY BING-CHERRY SAUCE

Carefully blend 3 tablespoons cornstarch with ¼ cup cold water until smooth and creamy. Now heat together slowly in a large saucepan: 2 cups syrup drained from two 1-pound-14-ounce cans Bing cherries, the juice each of 1 orange and 1 lemon, the cornstarch paste, 2 tablespoons light brown sugar, 3 whole cloves, 2 blades mace and ½ stick cinnamon. Heat, stirring constantly, until thickened and clear. Remove whole spices and add 1 tablespoon each orange extract, butter and lemon juice, and ½ teaspoon almond extract. When well blended, stir in the cherries and a few drops red food coloring. Heat sauce slowly about 5 minutes more, stirring occasionally, remove from heat and cool until "just warm." Serve over vanilla ice cream, sherbet or Coeur à la Crème. Makes about 2 quarts sauce.

SHRIMP WITH RED NEW ORLEANS SAUCE

Bring to a boil in a large pan 1 quart water, 2 tablespoons salt and 1 tablespoon prepared shrimp or crab spice (tied in cheesecloth). Add 36 large shrimp and simmer about 5–8 minutes or until done. Drain, shuck, devein and chill shrimp. If you can't buy fresh shrimp, use two 10-ounce packages of the frozen. (In some areas you can buy either fresh or frozen shrimp already shucked and deveined.) Cook frozen shrimp according to package directions, but add the shrimp or crab spice. For the sauce, mix together in order: ½ cup olive oil, ¼ cup each paprika and prepared horse-radish mustard, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, ¼ cup wine vinegar, 6 tablespoons finely chopped onion, 2 tablespoons chopped celery, ½ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon white pepper. Arrange chilled shrimp on a bed of crushed ice around little individual sauce dishes. To garnish: lemon wedges and parsley fluffs. Bring extra sauce to the table in a separate bowl. Makes 6 servings.



This is a recipe idea I picked up when Dave was doing a show in New Orleans. I went along for the ride, but spent most of my time recipe sampling. Worth the trip alone was this unique shrimp sauce.

When I entertain

Mrs. A. Felix duPont, Jr., tells her philosophy of entertaining to Nancy Crawford Wood



PHILIP STEARNS

Mrs. duPont, a charming, energetic and beautiful woman, says, "I believe in combining a variety of activities in my life. When you do a great many things, nothing is overemphasized." Mrs. duPont works enthusiastically and tirelessly on the board of directors of the National Association for Mental Health.

Mrs. A. Felix duPont, Jr., of Wilmington, Delaware, lives in a sunny, rambling, many-leveled stone farmhouse that is ideal for entertaining. There is a cheerful dining room, done in sea blue and yellow, for formal, seated dinners. Downstairs, a large study with an open fireplace and a big Early American pine table makes a perfect setting for informal buffet parties. "I've had a lot of opportunity to entertain," says blue-eyed Mrs. duPont, "if only at the coming-out parties and wedding receptions for my daughters! Once a month or so we have a Sunday-night buffet for a large group of friends. We have an occasional large formal party, too, but I must confess that I enjoy the informal kind of entertaining most of all.

"My husband and I have a busy life because we are interested in so many things. Our house is crowded with our children and their friends. We all love to ride and sail, and travel, and I devote a great deal of time to my work with the National Association for Mental Health. It is meshing all these activities that makes life so interesting, I think.

"We live so far out in the country that I always want to give people something special for dinner, when they have traveled such a distance. For a big crowd, we always have buffet service: a large casserole of beef in a spicy sauce, with another casserole of buttered rice; a platter of cold baked ham; a mixed vegetable salad with mustard dressing; a fruit compote, baked and then chilled, for dessert."

Here are recipes for two of Mrs. duPont's favorite party menus. CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

STUART



Tender chickens with a delicious sauce are served with green peas and tiny white potatoes. Small coquilles of scallops, mushrooms and tomatoes are baked and served hot as a first course for a seated dinner. There's a simple green salad, and a luscious dessert: a ring of meringue, "iced" with whipped cream and crumbled macaroons; the center filled with whole frozen strawberries.

NEW BUDGET BEATERS

—or how 1 pound of hamburger serves 4!



BUDGET BEATER—NO. 7

Mushroom Meatballs

Continental flavor — on a budget!

BLEND 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup with ½ cup water. Measure out ¼ cup soup mixture. Combine with 1 lb. ground beef, ½ cup fine dry bread crumbs, 2 tbsp. minced onion, 1 tbsp. minced parsley, 1 egg (slightly beaten), ¼ tsp. salt.

SHAPE into meatballs about 1½" in diameter. Brown in 1 tbsp. shortening in a large skillet.

ADD remaining soup mixture; cover.

COOK over low heat about 15 min.; stir occasionally. 4 servings.



BUDGET BEATER—NO. 8

Porcupine Meatballs

Sunday best — at pennies a serving!

MIX ¼ cup Campbell's Tomato Soup with 1 lb. ground beef, ¼ cup uncooked rice, 1 egg (slightly beaten), ¼ cup minced onion, 2 tbsp. minced parsley, 1 tsp. salt.

SHAPE into balls about 1½" in diameter (about 16). Brown in 2 tbsp. shortening with 1 small garlic clove (minced) in a large skillet.

BLEND in the rest of the can of soup and 1 cup water; cover.

SIMMER about 40 min. or until rice is tender, stirring now and then. 4 servings.



BUDGET BEATER—NO. 9

Swedish Meatballs

Party-elegant — picnic-thrifty!

BLEND 1 can Campbell's Cream of Celery Soup with ½ soup can water. Measure out ¼ cup soup mixture. Combine with 1 lb. ground beef, ⅔ cup fine dry bread crumbs, 1 egg (slightly beaten), 2 tbsp. minced onion, 1 tbsp. chopped parsley, 1 tsp. salt.

SHAPE into balls about 1" in diameter. In large skillet, brown meatballs in 1 tbsp. shortening.

ADD remaining soup mixture and 1 to 2 tbsp. minced dill pickle (if you like); cover.

COOK over low heat about 20 min., stirring now and then. 4 servings.





Good n' thrifty cooks cook with *Campbell's Soups*

For other Budget Beaters, write to Campbell Soup Company, P. O. Box 888, Dept. LH-4, Camden 1, N. J.



Now you can protect him from polio... why don't you?

Perhaps no medical development was ever so eagerly awaited as the vaccine against polio or infantile paralysis.

But when the vaccine was perfected and supplies became plentiful, a strange thing happened. Millions of Americans failed to take it—or neglected to get the three injections needed for their protection.

In fact, more than 35% of our people under age 40—the period when most cases occur—have not had any shots; only half have had the full series. *Of the pre-school children who are most susceptible, nearly one-third have not been vaccinated at all.*

To help correct this situation, the U. S. Public Health Service, the American Medical Association, the American Academy of Pediatrics, the American Academy of General Practice and The National Foundation (for Infantile Paralysis) are spearheading a drive for the conquest of polio.

You can strike a blow against polio!

If you have children, now is the time to provide them with protection—well in advance of the polio season which is at its height during hot weather.

Three injections—properly spaced by your physician—are 85 to 90 percent effective against paralytic polio. If your children completed their series of three injections a year or more ago, ask your doctor about a fourth "booster" shot at this time.

Remember, it is especially important to protect children under age five. Polio injections can be started as early as six weeks of age.

If you are under 40, see that you, too, are vaccinated. Polio isn't limited to children. Although it rarely strikes adults, it is usually severe when it does occur.

So, you could do no wiser thing than to call your physician or clinic *now*—and arrange for your family's injections.

If we all act immediately, we can face the summer of 1959 with the bright hope that there will be no polio epidemics!

For more information about this disease, send for Metropolitan's booklet, *ABC's of Childhood Disease*. Use the coupon below to order your free copy.

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THE QUEEN'S GRACE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

battlements and waved good-by with her shawl. When she could see only a dot in the distance, she still leaned on the stone parapet, deep in thought, and she smiled happily to herself.

On Katryn's wedding day it snowed. Great white flakes drifted down on the wedding party as they streamed down the hill to the church. After the ceremony the warmed bride-ale was drunk and the loving cup passed around. The banquet was a tribute to Maud Parr and the generosity of her kin and neighbors. After the banquet, when darkness fell, Katryn was taken upstairs. A huge old chamber had been cleaned and aired, and the straw mattresses shaken, and the new down mattress laid carefully on top. Katryn was put between the linen sheets. Two candles burned. The door closed on her mother and Joan and Cat Strickland, her cousin. Cat was twenty-seven, and a widow; Katryn, lying there waiting for her husband, could hear her giggling in the hallway. She put her hands over her ears. She rolled over and she felt herself sink deep into the feather bed. It was comfortingly warm. She waited for her husband.

The next day she was very annoyed with herself for her continual blushes. Even Meg, now her personal maidservant, received a hot blush when she asked in a whisper how m'lady liked marriage.

By afternoon Lord Borough took charge. "We're going riding," he said.

They rode to Lake Windermere. It was cold and blowy. When they stood on the trail beside the lake, looking across it at its encircling hills, Lord Borough seized her and held her tight. "This is you," he said. "This wild, wild land. And I love thee. Tomorrow I am going to take you home."

"It is best," she conceded. She was through with Kendal now.

That night she talked again with her mother. Maud Parr reminded her of the great household she would soon have under her command. She reminded her again of Borough's daughter, Lucy. "She is older than you by some seven or eight years. I'm afraid difficulty lies ahead for you."

Katryn said, "I shall deal with her."

Maud admonished, "But softly, Katryn. One can understand how jealous she will be, and the fact that she did not come to your wedding ——"

The two women both nodded. The sickness Lucy Borough had announced as an excuse not to come to Kendal to see her father wed might have fooled her father, but not his new wife or her mother.

Maud Parr said, "Be kind, Katryn. Try very much every day to deserve the Lord's blessing. Since you shall no longer have mine."

"No longer have yours?" Katryn whispered, her eyes wide and suddenly fearful.

"I mean," Lady Parr said, "that I shall not be able to lay my hand on thy head every night, as I have done since you were a wee bairn. Godspeed, my daughter." She said it once more, the next day at dawn. Then Katryn rode off from Kendal.

Lord Borough had sent a horseman ahead to warn the Fountains Abbey of their approach, and when Katryn saw it, just at dusk, with the bells of the tall tower ringing out for complin, she gasped in delight. The evening was still. Over the symmetry of square stone abbey, leafless trees stood gaunt and tall. Firelight glowed ruddily through the small-paned windows. Torches flared at the gates, and smoke curled from its fat chimneys.

"This is a famous abbey," Lord Borough said. "And you shall be comfortable after such a long ride."

She looked into the courtyard eagerly. It seemed full of men and horses. Lord Borough noted her glance.

"There will be other travelers, my dear," he said. "But you shall have the finest room, for I've seen to't. Tonight you and Meg will sleep well there. I shall probably have to share a room."

He is looking at me expectantly, she thought. "I shall miss thee, my lord," she said obediently, and was pleased to see his smile told her she had said the right thing.

She reined to a stop and Lord Borough dismounted and came to help her. At that moment, fifteen feet away she saw a long, lean face topped by a rakish hat, and from under that hat a one-eyed man had fixed her like a beacon. Still no warning raced through her mind, and it was not until she saw Hugo himself that she realized what dreadful coincidence had occurred. She and Hugo were met again, unexpected. She clung to the pommel with both hands, and Lord Borough's voice brought her to her senses.

"What's amiss?" he asked.

She dropped the reins. "Nought," she lied. "I'm of a sudden weary, I warrant, my lord."

She looked very white and stricken. Lord Borough made an exclamation of concern. To his right was a tall, black-haired man with Sir Francis Bryan's badge. "Here, sirrah," he said peremptorily. "My wife, Lady Borough."

Tom Seymour turned in response to the appeal. Katryn had bent over in the saddle, so Hugo would not see her. Tom Seymour tossed the reins of his own horse to his servant, and without a word lifted Katryn out of the saddle. She turned her head into his shoulder, but not before he had time to see whom he held.

"By God's most precious soul," he muttered. The oath reached her ears, muffled as they were in her hood. She even heard the hint of laughter in his voice. Aloud he said, "Lord Borough, may I assist you and her ladyship further?" Katryn, suspended in those arms, wanted to ask to be set down, and could not. Helpless, she felt him squeeze her, just as though he were mocking her plight. Yet his voice was respectful as he spoke with Lord Borough. "Let me carry her ladyship to her rooms. I fear she has fainted dead away."

Oh, the liar, she thought. *He knows perfect well I've not fainted!* She almost spoke; then she lay limp again.

She felt Tom Seymour move with Lord Borough stamping ahead. *Oh, I pray I get past Hugo*, she thought. She kept her head turned into Tom Seymour's shoulder; under her cheek she could feel the steady beat of his heart. She kept her eyes tight closed; a door banged behind them; now narrow steps must be ascended. Tom Seymour bore her with such ease. They were walking down a corridor. She heard Meg's excited tones. Meg bustled past, and was in the room when Lord Borough and Tom entered it.

"Lay her ladyship on the bed, if ye please sir," she said.

Tom Seymour laid her down gently. Meg pushed past him clucking. "Poor lass. The trip was too much, I warrant."

Katryn opened her eyes. The first thing she saw was a pair of blue eyes regarding her, mockery glittering in their depths.

"Art feeling better, my lady?" Tom inquired gently.

Lord Borough was holding her hand. She looked up into his concerned face. "All's well," she said shakily. Lord Borough removed his pouch and handed Tom Seymour a gold piece.

"Thank you, my lord," Tom said. "'Tis too much for so small a service, and one which I gladly performed. But I thank you and her ladyship, and mayhap 'twill bring me luck at the dice table tonight." He bowed deeply. "I hope you feel better, my lady," he said politely. Then he was gone, and she found herself listening to the quick tread of his boots on the stairway.

"What a knave he is," she said aloud.

"Aye," said Lord Borough heavily. "One of the new breed. Daring all, almost godless, disrespectful and unmoral." He walked over to the window. The room was above the gate-house and he could look down into the court. "Aye, there must be twenty of them down there, and this one the leader, save for his Sir Francis. I wouldn't put it past him to steal from the priests."

Katryn's eyes widened; she was thinking of Hugo. "I think they'd not steal," she said. "I don't think they're all rogues."

"You're young, too," he said heavily. "You're young."

This was an indictment she could hardly deny. For a second she was tempted to sit up and say that he had wanted her young. Instead Katryn closed her eyes, masking her face, leaving it in sweet repose, guileless. "I think I'd best retire, my lord," she said vanly.

Lord Borough said, "Acourse, and forgive me."

The faintest smile touched her mouth. This was ridiculously easy. Her woman's mind voted that and at the same time her young stomach stirred rebelliously. "I think a little food," she said, casting quickly about for something suitable for both a fainting woman and a starving one. "Some buttered eggs." Oh, the thought was delicious. "And some white bread."

Lord Borough nodded. He leaned down and kissed her cheek. "Good night, my sweet wife."

"Good my lord, the saints bless you," Katryn murmured.

Lord Borough closed the door. Katryn sat straight up. "Lock it, Meg," she said, and popped off the bed. She went over to the window and looked out. Down in the courtyard there were still some figures: men and grooms and their horses. There was a great peal of laughter and she leaned her elbows on the sill and watched until the bells rang forth calling all to the chapel.

Katryn wiped the last bit of butter and egg off her plate with the crust of a fresh-baked loaf. The fire burned merrily in the whitewashed rounded fireplace. The room was cozy and warm. She rested her feet on the hot bricks laid near the fireplace, which Meg would wrap shortly and put between the linen sheets.

Katryn had discarded her fear that Lord Borough would meet and talk with Hugo. Such a contingency was remote and knave that Tom Seymour was, he would not give her away, she was sure. Indeed, there was little or no danger, and it was well, too, for Lord Borough might conceivably reject her. His religious tenets were strong. He'd not be the man to keep a wife who had contracted herself to another, for how could children be born to such a marriage, he would think. Of course he didn't know how she prayed every night, and did penance. Surely in time the Lord would smile once again on her.

"You should get thyself to bed, madam," Meg said.

Katryn smiled. She could not accustom herself to Meg calling her madam. "I should," she agreed, and in the silent room, just on the heels of her words, came a new sound, a tapping, insistent.

Katryn whirled. Meg looked a bit frightened; her eyes searched the room, corner to corner. It was Katryn who went to the window, loosed the latch and swung the casement inward. A booted leg swung over the sill, then another. Tom Seymour swung by his hands for a moment, his legs slid into the room, and then his shoulders and arms, and finally his head.

Meg gave a cry of dismay. Then, seeing her mistress had actually admitted this man, she clapped her hands to her mouth, and her round, black eyes snapped and crackled. They continued to do so while her mistress and Tom Seymour had words, low and furious on Katryn's part.

"You villain," she whispered. "How dare you? I never gave you a moment's notion you could come here, like this ——"

Tom Seymour was closing and latching the window. He turned and said, "Oh, for God's sake, hush, hush, hush!" He sat down by the fire. Katryn stood glaring at him, hands on her hips. "If you'll cease your clacking tongue for a moment, Mrs. Katryn," he said lazily, "I will tell you why I came."

Something important it was then, she decided swiftly. She almost blushed.

He noted it; he said wickedly, "Did you truly think that I was nigh mad for a kiss from you? Or that I couldn't stay away from your bedchamber?"

"Of course not," she cried indignantly. "Oh, how could you think thus?"

"Something in your manner must have suggested it," he said. "But no matter." He turned to look at Meg. "Climb up on the bed, girl, and put the pillow about your ears."

Meg's spine grew stiff, and her beady black eyes snapped. Tom Seymour grinned. "I do believe," he said, "that she'd listen in any case." This thought amused him and he laughed. "My dear Mrs. Katryn," he said without preamble, "Hugo saw you and is aware you have got yourself wed."

There was silence in the room. Katryn's heart plummeted down to her shoes. "Oh, marry," she breathed. "Oh, by all the saints! What in God's name am I to do?"

Tom Seymour scowled. "Hugo is trying to make up his mind whether to speak with Lord Borough in the morn." He said it as though she should know how silly she had been. "How little able you are to read yourself, my lady. One should know what one values, what one wants."

She said passionately, "I know what I want now!" Her face was set and white, and her eyes gleamed, narrowed and calculating. She breathed hard. Here she was on the very threshold of stepping into Gainsborough Hall as its lady. She had already paid the price for it: wedding a man almost four times her age.

"I'll not kill him for you," Tom Seymour said.

"I think not of bloodshed!" she said.

"You look it. And you look just as guilty as Father Joseph down below when he wins at dice."

"Father Joseph?" she asked. Then she said, "I wasn't thinking of bloodshed, truly! But you could put something in his ale so he would sleep tomorrow morn!"

Tom Seymour shook his head. "I carry no drugs with me, my lady." He looked bored.

"I don't dare see him myself," she said hopelessly. Her eyes grew full of horror. "I must think."

"Sit down," said Tom Seymour, pushing forward a stool. "I can do nought with Hugo; he just listens to me and says nought, but he might listen to a priest."

He watched her while she digested what he had said, while she added and calculated and figured out what she must do. He almost smiled.

"Remember," he said softly, "you once loved Hugo. So you said."

Virtue spread across Katryn's face. "'Tis my duty to my husband not to think on Hugo."

"How convenient."

She gave him a reproachful look. "I don't expect you to understand duty," she told him. Then she pushed that thought aside, gazing at him speculatively. She rose, and retrieved her small purse. Tom Seymour looked into the dying flames. When she returned to his side, she held out three gold pieces, all her worldly wealth, a small pearl cross and Hugo's ring. "Will you help me?" she asked, very low. "I want you to see this Father Joseph you spoke of. Offer him these to tell Hugo 'tis God's will I'm wed."

Tom Seymour raised one black eyebrow. He studied her a moment. "No," he said flatly.

Her face fell. "Why not?"

"Because I have a peculiar conscience which I shan't trouble to explain to you. I subvert no priests, nor bribe a man of God, no matter whether he is bribable. I don't know exactly why, Mrs. Katryn, but it sticks in my throat." He got to his feet, and she saw he was on the point of leaving.

She cried, because there was not much time, "Take a note to Father Joseph for me then!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 99

Self-pity automatically excludes the sympathy of others, for they know they cannot hope to match the pity you feel for yourself.

BRENDAN FRANCIS

GOOD BROWN BEEF GRAVY

ready to serve in so many ways



Beef in Rice Ring. Brown 1½ cups diced celery and ¼ cup minced onion in 2 tbsp. shortening. Add 1 can Franco-American Beef Gravy, 1 cup cubed cooked beef, 1 tsp. prepared mustard, 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce, ¼ tsp. salt, dash pepper. Simmer 20 min. or until vegetables are tender. Serve in ring of hot buttered rice. (Mix rice with pimiento or parsley, if desired.) 6 servings.

⅓ the calories of homemade—made with lean, juicy beef

Nicest thing about these meat-and-gravy dishes is the way men dig into them. FRANCO-AMERICAN BEEF GRAVY adds the good roasting-pan flavor of homemade gravy—and it's always ready to use. Low in calories, too (about 25 per ¼ cup), because it's made from the juices of lean beef. Try this smooth brown gravy now in one of these tempting meal-makers.





Meatballs in Gravy. Lightly mix 1 lb. ground beef, 1 tbsp. chopped parsley, ½ tsp. salt, dash pepper; shape into small balls (about 16). Brown meat balls in 1 tbsp. butter with 1 can (4 oz.) sliced mushrooms, drained. Add 1 can Beef Gravy; simmer about 15 min. or until meat is done. 4 servings.



Meat Loaf. Mix 2 lbs. ground beef, ½ cup Beef Gravy, ½ cup minced onion, ¼ cup bread crumbs, 1 beaten egg, 2 tbsp. chopped parsley, 1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce, 1 tsp. salt. Shape into loaf. Bake 1 hr. at 350° F. Heat remaining gravy, and serve with meat loaf. 8 servings.

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4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97

He shook his head. He said, almost bored, Poor Hugo. He never stood a chance with ou and me as his rascally opponents, did he? Now, Mrs. Katryn. I'll give you a word of arning. Never, never commit to paper what ou wouldst not have known to any." For a ong minute he looked down at her. "I shall ell Father Joseph you will be waiting to see im before Mass tomorrow morn. I shall tell im you wish to see him alone, in the chapel. here's no harm in that; there must be much ou have to confess, after all. And I hope this all worth it."

Before she could say good-by, he had pened the window. She saw his hands reach ut for an unseen cornice, and then he was one. She ran to the window. She could hear im descending, using the thick ivy. Then she eard him drop the last ten feet.

She made Meg hush. She sat down before ie fire. The way ahead was clear, then. She ould see Father Joseph early tomorrow. She ould ask him to see Hugo: she would give im all the money and the few jewels she had. it failed and Hugo spoke out, she would ave to convince Lord Borough that Hugo as lying.

It was almost dark and it was very cold, a ep biting cold borne on a shrill wet wind. or several hours Lord orough had spoken of opping, and of con- nuing their travel in ie morn, but each time ey had pushed on.

Katryn was conscious ot so much of wea- ness as of discomfort. or a while during the orning, she had been oyed up by her suc- ssful speech with ather Joseph. She was le to bask in the re- embering of a task ne, and an unpleasant nsequence averted. ll was well; the sun one, even though ysically it did not, t hid itself behind eeping clouds, as ough to tell the visitor Lincolnshire that in- ed here was a land of arby sea and peat arsh and great rivers. ye, it was different m Kendal, much different. But soon they ould see the welcoming lights of Gains- rough Hall.

"'Tis on a slight eminence, nigh the river," rd Borough shouted across the wind. ainsborough Hall should be within sight, oming through the murk, its lights bearing tness of comfort and warmth for the re- rning lord. But there were no lights ahead, d he made an exclamation of anger. Katryn rned to look at him. "There are no lights," shouted, waving his riding crop.

She peered ahead too. For some reason dis- ay struck her. They rode on, the pace in- eased. Was it possible she saw a huge pile of use in the distance, through leafless trees, yond a graveled drive? She craned her neck see; a ghostly glimmering came from the o of a tall pile of house, now there, now ne. She shivered. Fearfully she tried to see ead, for indeed this was Gainsborough. ey were turning into the curving drive.

went up toward the house, the whisper- g sibilance of the river following them. There s a great oblong ahead. Brick it was; this ist be the new part. The great doorway, nked by two sets of windows twenty feet gh and almost twenty feet wide— there were torches in the polished niches beside the ors. Yet indeed there was a light high in the use, to the left. If she tilted her head back e could see it.

Lord Borough saw it, too, and even in the rk she could see the swift anger across his e. He leaped from the saddle, and was at doors, hammering on them with his whip. tryn, speechless, sat quietly on her horse, looking at the silent house. Finally one of the grooms was at her side. She dismounted, and came slowly to stand by her husband in front of the closed doors.

Then, slowly and without sound, they be- gan to open. Lord Borough took her arm. She glanced at him and tentatively put one foot forward. She was icy cold; her knees trem- bled. Lord Borough was impatient.

"Come, come!" he said peremptorily. "'Tis just that mad Lucy, forgetting. Soon there will be light and warmth. Come!"

She obeyed. She gasped a little, for what she saw mingled with his words. Fearfully Katryn fastened her eyes on the figure in black that stood before them, holding her candle high, shielding it with her hand. That candle played across a long, narrow face, and the face possessed a pair of eyes startling in their intensity. The mouth of the face was moving; the eyes had gone past Lord Borough and were fastened on Katryn. "Welcome to Gains- borough," the moving mouth said. The eyes stared at her. At this minute the candle flame sputtered and died, and Katryn uttered a cry of terror.

She would have turned and run if Lord Borough had not seized her arm. He pulled her close to him, and raised his voice. "Light," he shouted. "To me, Gib!" Gib was his per- sonal body servant, and Katryn heard Gib's feet, running across the hallway. It was a huge hallway. She had never seen anything like its immensity. Even in the light of one candle it stretched ominous and black all about.

A door crashed, and more feet could be heard. From the very back came a man with a torch. The torch came nearer. Lord Borough squeezed her waist. "Don't fret, sweet- heart," he said. "'Tis all explained. Lucy for- got we were coming. She is saving; she didn't light the torches or candles."

The man with the torch was close now. In its light Katryn could see the stairway, rising fifteen feet from her, a heavily carved stairway with painted scutcheons on it. And now she could see the glitter of paint on the paneling, gold and blue. She took a deep breath. Lighted, the hall would be beautiful.

"You see, my sweet," Lord Borough said, proud now, as her eyes roved over the im- mense hall. At the top of the stairs appeared more light. An older woman stood up there, with a branched candelabra which she set down on a sideboard.

"There's a gallery there," Katryn said ex- citedly. Galleries were wonderfully new. Ahead of her loomed an open door. Within was oak paneling, and Lord Borough was pro- pelling her toward it.

"We'll go into the winter parlor," he said. "'Tis a warm room, and we can sup there."

For a second she demurred; she would have preferred to go right to her chamber and change her wet clothes.

Then Lord Borough said, "Nay, I know what you think. But I wish to have Mrs. Daw- son properly arrange thy chamber, so that there are no more bad surprises." He said it jokingly, but he glanced at her, and she saw not his glance. Instead she saw the eyes of Lucy Borough, deep-set and satisfied.

Katryn narrowed her own eyes. She said sweetly, "Marry, we'll economize no more on light and candles, dear daughter." She swept ahead of Lucy into the parlor, showing her neatly who had precedence, showing Lucy her back.

But when Lucy came into the small cabinet, lighted now and with a fire blazing, Lucy said, low to her father, "I had the fires laid against your coming, my lord."

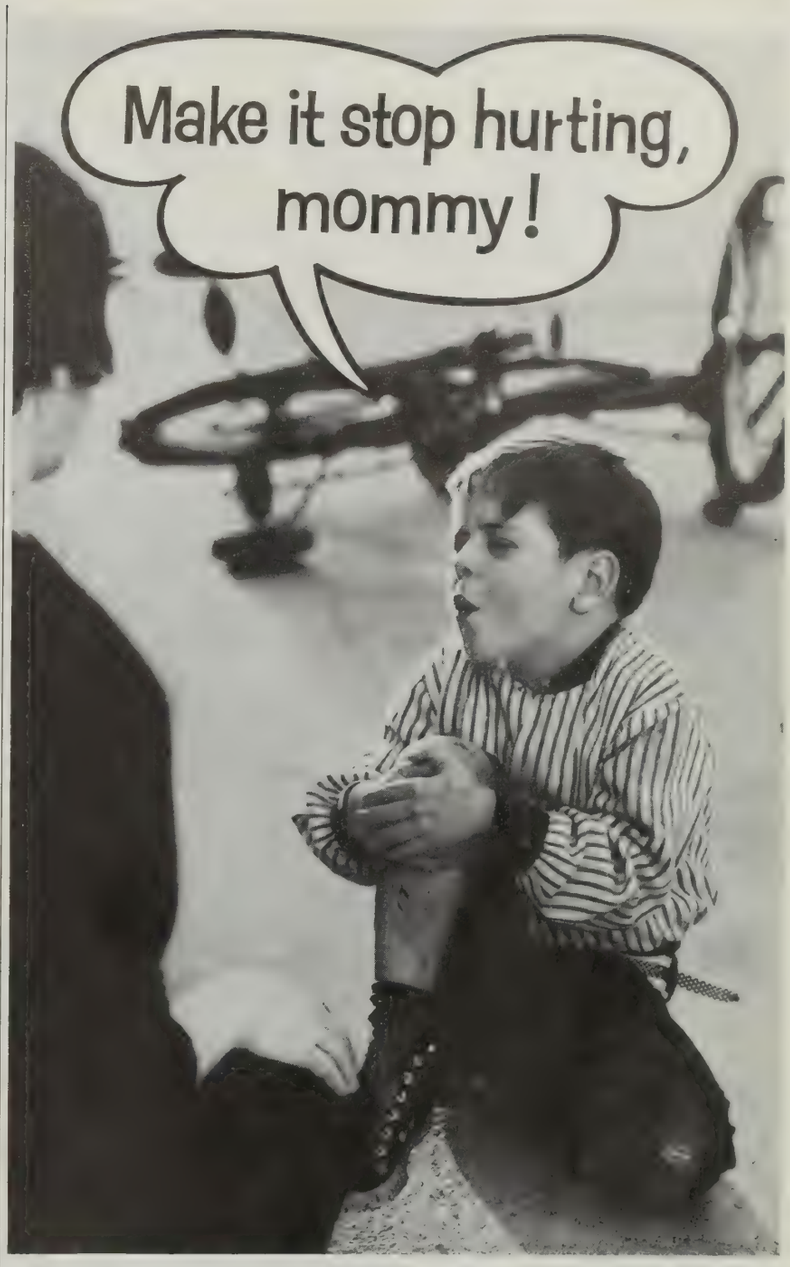
CONTINUED ON PAGE 101

TRANSIENCE

By JOHN IRVINE

The towers of Ilium are low,
And Lyonnesse the deep sea covers
And winds of centuries have piled
The whirling leaves on graves of lovers.

Look well on beauty while 'tis day,
Drink deep before the twilight closes,
So sang old Omar, and he sighed,
And sipped his wine—and smelt the roses.



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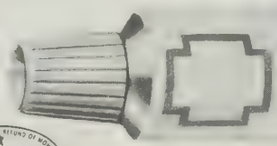
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Left: Toddlers' Nevabind Polo Shirt. Blue, toast, navy, red. Sizes 1-4 yrs. $1.69.
Center: Toddlers' Boxer Short. Blue, brown, navy, red. Sizes 1-4 yrs. $1.00.
Right: Snap-Fastened Two-Piece Creeper. Plasticized pants. Blue, red, toast, yellow. 6 mos.-2 yrs. $3.50.

Grammy sent me this Carter's dress set. Now we're sending Grammy this pictur
Can you guess who's in it? "*You're* as pretty as a picture with your lacy apron a
flyaway sleeves!" said Mommy. "And because your dress is Carter's soft cotton a
Dacron knit—long-wearing, no-iron and Carter-Set not to shrink out of fit—it w
still look fresh and pretty on Grammy's next visit!" When I'm bigger, I can *write*
Grammy. But at my age, says Daddy, a picture is worth a thousand words!

Carter's
THE WILLIAM CARTER CO NEEDHAM HEIGHTS, MASS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99

Katryn took the time to look at her closely. She saw the great ruby cross on a pearl necklace Lucy wore. How utterly and completely beautiful it was. And when Lucy curtsied to her father and then kissed him, Katryn saw gold-lace petticoats. *Marry*, she said to herself. She had nought so fine. Gold lace on one's ordinary petticoat. Or had she truly expected them? Why would one wear gold lace when guests were not coming?

Lord Borough was saying, "You did wrong, Lucy. And how oft must I command you not to revisit the dead past? How oft must I forbid you the room?" He bent his stern eyes on her, and yet his face softened. His voice was kinder, as to an errant child who has been punished. He sighed heavily. "You retire now, Lucy. You need sleep."

"Aye, my lord," Lucy said. Then she turned her black gaze on Katryn. She stood uncompromising, silent.

Angry, annoyed and her feelings hurt, Katryn stared back. *Mean horsy wench*, she thought. *Who does she think she is, flaunting gold lace? Much good it may do her, too, with those long shanks. I've never seen such an ungainly creature. And she must be twenty-five, at least.*

Katryn threw back her cloak. Her own dress was plain gray woolen, for riding, but it fitted neat and tight across high young breasts, and it was caught up at the side for fullness. She walked across the room. At the fireplace, alongside Lord Borough, she took her place. From that vantage point she surveyed Lucy and the silence in the small room deepened.

Then Lord Borough said heavily, insistent, "Kneel for your lady mother's blessing, Lucy."

Lucy, in her black gown, stood as thin and stiff as the black poker that rested alongside the fireplace. She gave her father a look of mute appeal, but it availed her not. Dropping her eyes, she knelt as she'd been bidden. For a moment Katryn was shocked. There was no need for this; she was too young to expect a mother's homage from Lucy.

Pity stirred in her; she laid her hand on Lucy's head. She said, low, "The Lord bless you and keep you this night. Sleep well."

Lucy struggled to her feet. She slipped out of the room like a wraith, and Katryn spoke impulsively: "Why does she wear black, my lord?"

Lord Borough's mouth drew down at the corners. "She mourns her mother," he said.

Katryn felt a kind of cold horror come over her. She said slowly, "But it's been two years!"

Lord Borough nodded. Then he said, "As God's my witness, Katryn, if you could help her, I'd be in thy debt forever more! If you could help her ——" He broke off, and flung out his hands. "But no one can. I have tried. Her brothers have tried. I shall explain it to you later, but not now, not now."

He looked to the doorway, and Katryn saw that Thomas and Henry were there. Lord Borough pointed his finger at them. "Just say good night," he said. "Then leave us."

There was a moment's silence. Thomas essayed a weak smile, which did not quite come off; Henry said, "We welcome thee, our little mother." He bowed. "In the morn we hope to show you Gainsborough."

"Good night, my lady," Thomas said stiffly. Then he, too, bowed and they were both gone.

Katryn felt a kind of chill go over her. Lord Borough smiled, his creased smile.

He said, "You find me peremptory? Strict? You will see I must be. But you, my little one, I adore." He took her hand and held it gently. "Fear not, my sweet. We will go upstairs to thy chamber now. I have had it redecorated for thee with new paneling and hangings. I pray you like them. Come now."

He took her arm. Outside in the great hallway lights burned on the brave blue and gold. The Gainsborough crest blazed over the entrance and its heraldic devices adorned the great stairway. At a low landing the steps branched both ways; elegant, Katryn thought Step by step she went up to the top.

The little desk was covered in pink velvet. The quills were plumed and pink. The inkwell was silver and the sander gilt. Katryn dipped the pen, and began to write.

My dearest mother: The messenger who will bring this should reach you afore Christmas, so this carries our best wishes and our heartiest greetings. The days have flown past with so much to do. I shall try to tell you all that has happed betwixt our leave-taking and my coming here.

The hall is beautiful, but I shall not describe it, for you heard what my lord said of it, and it is all true. I have a waiting woman, Mrs. Dawson, who is fat and kind, and Meg does extreme well. So you see I am well took care of. I have three gentlewomen too. They came last week, two of them, and one three days ago. Two are sisters, kin of the Cobhams, for Alice Cobham was my lord's first wife. They are all very respectful, and ofttimes I have to smile. Imagine me! At first I could not give them orders, but now it comes easy.

You should have seen the state of the manor here. All the chests needed repacking, and airing and fresh herbs. The stillroom looked as though it had never been cleaned. From buttery to pantry to kitchen itself, all was in miserable case. So I summoned all the servants, and I told them all was clean as a pin at Kendal and it shall be just as clean here. All the keys were handed over to me and every morn and every eve I make my rounds of inspection. My lord is very pleased, also, with the suppers and dinners I contrive.

Acourse the housekeeper, Mrs. Bell, and Lucy don't approve of what I do, but I have tried to be nice with them, albeit firm. I have tried hard with Lucy. I sent to Lincoln for two lengths of goods for new gowns for her, for she was still wearing black! I told her she must put her black things away. Instead I found her secreting them

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104



By MUNRO LEAF

How foolish can a Dare Dunce be? All anybody has to do is say "I dare you" to do something and this crazy creature will try. This stupid Dare Dunce was dared to jump down all those steps. When it gets to the bottom after it hits those steps and breaks its leg or arm, you can be sure it won't have that silly grin any more. If they just thought for themselves once in a while they wouldn't be Dare Dunces.

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1. Entries must be postmarked no later than June 15, 1959, and received no later than June 30, 1959. All winners will be notified by mail promptly upon completion of the drawing. Complete list of winners will be on file at The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago 54, Illinois.
2. This Sweepstakes void in Wisconsin, Nebraska, New Jersey, and any other state or locality where prohibited, taxed or restricted by law. Otherwise all persons in the United States, its territories and possessions may enter except employees of Quaker Oats, its advertising agencies, The R. H. Donnelly Corporation and their families.

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Blend Minute Mustard Sauce for meats or vegetables — easy with Kraft Mayonnaise

"Dress-up" dressing in a jiffy! Blend 2 tbsps. Kraft Salad Style Mustard with 1 c. Kraft Mayonnaise. Creamier, fluffier, Kraft Mayonnaise is specially made for blending. Try this smooth, marvelous topping on *Halo Ham Ring:* Combine ½ c. Kraft Mayonnaise, 1 beaten egg, ¼ c. chopped green pepper and a 10½ oz. can of cream of celery soup. Add 4 c. (1 lb.) ground, cooked ham and 1 c. fine dry bread crumbs. Mix well. Pack in 1½ qt. ring mold. Bake at 350°, 45 min. Unmold. Top with Sauce.

Refreshing on fruit salads: Orange Blossom Dressing made with Kraft Mayonnaise

Blend a bright and lovely dressing with 1 cup Kraft Mayonnaise, ¼ cup orange juice and 1 tsp. grated orange rind. Delightful! Kraft's is true mayonnaise. Made with lots of eggs and extra egg yolks, too. *But it takes more than eggs to make mayonnaise mix like Kraft's.* Only Kraft's own blend of oils and special beating process can give such velvet texture. Try Orange Blossom Dressing on this salad: fluffy Kraft Miniature Marshmallows and golden pineapple tidbits molded in strawberry gelatin.

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…serole with company airs! Chicken and …ables nestled in cream sauce enriched …easoned with delicious Kraft Mayon-… Top with flaky pastry triangles baked … 10 min. at 425°. For casserole, mix …o Kraft Mayonnaise, 1½ cups medium … sauce, 2 cups cubed, cooked chicken, …-oz. can sliced, drained mushrooms, …-oz. package frozen French cut green …, cooked and drained, 2 tbsps. chopped …nto. Blend and pour into 8 inch bak-…sh. Bake at 325°, 30 min.



Quick Pimiento-Hollandaise Sauce never fails with MIRACLE WHIP

Pimiento strips are the festive finish for this easy Hollandaise Sauce. Place 1 cup Miracle Whip Salad Dressing in double boiler over hot water. Let stand 10 minutes without boiling. Add 2 tbsps. lemon juice, mix well and serve. Light, lively Miracle Whip is America's favorite salad dressing. Its can't-be-copied flavor makes vegetables grand!



Cocktail meats are special and spicy with MIRACLE FRENCH

Party meatballs and franks win new fans with Miracle French's lively onion-garlic accent. For tiny meatballs, combine ¼ c. Miracle French with 1 lb. ground beef, 1 tsp. salt. Shape, using 1 tbsp. of mixture for each meatball. Simmer in Miracle French along with little franks. Hint: Flavor lamb chops by brushing on Miracle French Dressing frequently during broiling.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101

in her chest in her bedroom. I had to order her to remove them. But she is tractable, even though she is so odd. For when I said to her, "Why, folks will think you're daft," she gave me the most violent look.

That was the day I found out the mystery. When I got the keys I found all the locks right enough save one. And one day in the topmost story, I found the door for that. I was looking for a storeroom. And when I went in and the key turned, I was nigh mad with fright myself, for what should it be but the small chamber that had held my lord's wife for the last two years of her life. She was utterly mad, I think she must have been! There was a bed in it, with gyves, and you could see where she'd gnawed at them. It was horrifying. There was a prie-dieu, and I think that's where Lucy was the first night we came, up there praying.

I locked the door and the key is on my chain so Lucy cannot go in. But she is most strange. I think the reason she wanted to wear black was for penance, for her brothers have told me she always fought with her mother. So I said to her, "We'll lock the room, and we'll never go there again. You just lock it out of your heart, and we will make you some new gowns." She cried, "How can I?" And I said, "Well, I can. I can lock things out, and if I can, you can."

Katryn laid down her pen for a moment. She looked at the words she had written. Then she looked over to her gentlewomen, grouped about the fire. The room was pretty and just as it should be. If there was a locked room upstairs where a madwoman had agonized out her days, one should banish it. She picked up her pen again.

Lord Borough's two sons are very kind to me. Henry is gay and sweet with words and always busy; he is outdoors even in the most inclement weather. Thomas, my lord's eldest son, is quiet and reserved, much the opposite of Henry. He is in reality the manor's bailiff, riding out every day to supervise, and oversee what is being done and what is needed. I know it seems odd they've neither wed, but I sometimes get the notion that their father wishes to keep them about him, although they could bring their wives here.

She read over the last paragraph. *My handwriting is neat and clear,* she thought, *and I wonder if some of my disquiet is clear, too, for I do not want it to be.* Was there much more to tell? Should she say she was disappointed about the odds and ends of jewelry in the case that Lord Borough had handed over to her? That it had just a few chains and that Lucy had already taken all the best pieces, and always wore the great ruby cross? Every time Katryn saw that cross swinging over Lucy's flat bosom, she wanted to seize it. That witch, Lucy, she made every day unpleasant! Looking as though she hated her! It wasn't fair to ask normal, happy people to live in the same house with such a witch. Her mother was mad; Lucy probably was, too, going creeping around, listening at doors, and her voice such a whine one could barely tolerate it. In some distress Katryn picked up her pen and wrote furiously, words spattering across the white paper:

Ofttimes Lucy annoys and angers me so I don't know what to say, nay, nor how to control my anger. Yet I know, my dear mother, that she is my lord's only daughter and I know how he must feel about her, even though she's so queer and distrustful. Ofttimes I don't know what to do!

Another sigh rent her, yet she felt a trifle better. Looking down at her scribbled words, she decided to end her letter:

Pray send news back, and pray do not pay my messenger, for I've recompensed him enough. I have not said much about my lord, but I can tell you he is happy and well and so am I. With my greatest respects, your loving and obedient daughter,

KATRYN, LADY BOROUGH, K.P.

She rose. She said, "I go to the chapel to pray, and I shall include all of thee in my prayers. So, mind you, be good whilst I'm gone, and keep busy. When I return we shall practice some carols."

They all rose and curtsied, "Aye, my lady."

On the heels of such sweet homage, Katryn swept down the long gallery, her keys swinging at her belt, like the chatelaine she had suddenly become.

The chapel was small but artfully worked in dark wood, with an arch above the altar, and a stained-glass window through which the winter sun shone warm. Father Blake, Lord Borough's chaplain, knelt on the first step, and when he heard Katryn enter he rose rather laboriously.

She moved proudly, nearer now. Her hood fell back and she made no movement to replace it. He said, "Cover thy head, daughter. Hast thou forgot you are in the Lord's presence?"

The great eyes gave him a long level look. Then with one white hand she rearranged her hood. She stood before him; he got the swift impression of pride and impenitence. She blurted, "I have come to confess."

He nodded. "We shall seek the booth."

She said, "No, father. I want to speak with thee not as a confessor but as a friend."

Father Blake's face set in sadness. He said, low, "What is it you wished to speak about, my lady?"

"About Lucy, father, and how I can exorcise the devil in me that hates her so."

Father Blake said, waving his hand, "We should seek the booth."

"Why?" asked Katryn, impatient. "When you know me and I know you? Why must I be prisoned in that booth?"

"My daughter," he said, "thou hast much to learn of humility."

"I am repentful," she said. "Else why should I come?"

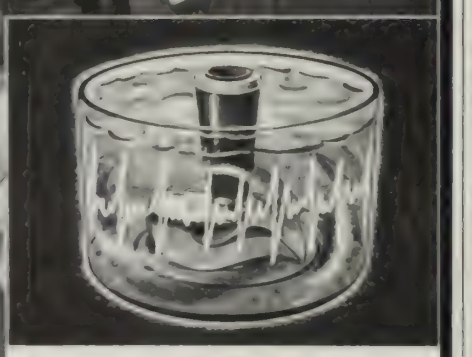
"Why, indeed?" he asked himself and her.

"Tell me," she said, "about Lucy, father, that I may be some measure of help to her and thus to myself."

He was silent a moment. Then he said, "She is not mad, if that's what you're thinking. She is the victim of wicked emotions. She is jealous; she envies thee. Her mother was a strange woman and she and Lucy were never close. It seemed difficult for Lady Borough to love Lucy. In turn Lucy worshiped her father. She should have been wed long ago. I urged it, but

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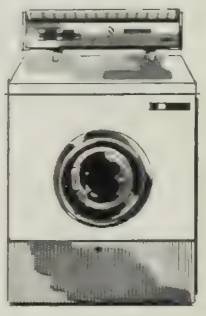
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o heed was paid to my words, for Lady Borough said Lucy was unfit for marriage."

His tired eyes searched Katryn's face. He ut a hand on her shoulder. "Kneel with me, ny daughter, and pray for forgiveness, for hyself and for Lucy. I want you to forgive ucy and her envy of you. When you are lone, you should feel free of thy burdens."

There was silence in the small chapel that ung heavy over their kneeling figures and ent heads. Finally Father Blake rose and Katryn, seeing from the corner of her eyes his obes move, rose too. She murmured a word f thanks.

She said, "And thou art sure, then, that he's not mad?"

"Not she. She is not the one," he said, hinking not on his words nor what they implied. "Go with God," he said, and turned ack to the devotions that her coming had interrupted.

Katryn made her way from the chapel hrough an old doorway into the oldest part f the hall. She stood vaguely conscious of the assageway that skirted along the great hall. She came to a flight of narrow steps.

Up there, at the top, was the locked room. She swallowed. Lady Borough must have een quite, quite mad to have had to be cuffed o her bed, by hands and feet. Mayhap she ad tried to do away with herself—or harm nother. Katryn gave the stairs another surreptitious glance. In the distance, was it posible to hear the mad cries of a demented oman? The words of Father Blake echoed in er ears, "She is not the one." If Lucy was ot, who was? Were they living with a madan they didn't know?

There is nothing so like a wise man as a fool who holds his tongue.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES

I must go on, she told herself. She gathered p her skirts. Then she stood paralyzed with ear. Someone was coming down the steps, omeone with a heavy tread. She knew she hould run, but she did not. Fear and curiosity eld her and she waited, hardly breathing, till t last she saw who it was.

"Thomas," she said. "Thomas!" She stared t him, and backed away.

His eyes, like Lucy's, were black and he azed at her blankly for a second. Then he aid, "What do you here, Katryn?"

She gave a shaky laugh. "You startled me. was coming from Father Blake."

"Oh," he said. "Well, do not stand here. ou'll catch cold."

This evidence of his concern was heartening. I know," she said.

They walked together into the great dining all. There they parted, Thomas going to his loset where he kept his accounts and Katryn p the great stairway to her chambers. When he was halfway up, she remembered she adn't asked Thomas what he had been doing here himself.

Katryn was removing the Christmas decoations. Holly and ivy and great pine branches ay piled on the floor. Snow lay on the bare ills and pasturelands. The banks of the rent were slippery with ice. All the gifts had een given, and Katryn had a new gold chain ith a gold pomander, and four new pairs of loves. She had a new gold damask underskirt rom Lucy, and had even been able to give ucy a kiss in thanks.

Katryn's mother had sent gifts for New ear's. Her sister Anne had sent six linen-and-ace handkerchiefs and her mother a purse for er girdle with three gold nobles. The familiar ace of her mother's messenger had made Katryn a little homesick. They had fed him, nd listened to the news from Greenwich, here her mother was staying.

Katryn had a letter from her cousin, Cathrine Strickland, whom everyone called Cat. Cat was widowed and had a son and she lived ear Kendal. She wrote it had snowed heavily ll during December: "From the windows you can see nothing but snow. We even had difficulty cutting the yule logs."

Katryn was reading the letter to her husband. "If this Cat is a widow, why don't you ask her to come visit us?" Borough asked.

"I wanted to, my lord," Katryn said joyfully. "May I write her back with her own messenger?"

"Certainly," Borough said. He was afraid she was lonely. "I'm sorry I must leave you so oft."

"I like you to be important," she said seriously. "I warrant most wives who see more of their husbands aren't as proud of them as I am of you."

Borough said, "My sweet wife."

Katryn was silent. Borough went on. "I shall be gone two weeks." He was the king's warden of Pontefract Castle, and it was his duty to see to its armaments, and check over its muster and rolls for the crown. "When I come back, we shall go to Tansfield. The manor is part of your jointure, and I wish you to see it." Lord Borough rose and went to the fire, and stirred it. "Wilt ha' wine?" he asked.

Katryn said that she would not relish it. The faintest shadow crossed her face. Borough swung around, cup in hand, to watch her. She looked pale, and she had been eating little. "You need fresh air and sunshine," he said flatly. "Promise me you'll ride out tomorrow. You could go part way with me."

The morning was frosty and clear. The January sun had outdone itself and its shafts fell warm on brow and cheek.

After the riders had covered about seven miles, Lord Borough called a halt, and leaned over from his high saddle to kiss his wife's gloved hand and whisper a word of farewell. Then, with a flourish of caps, they were gone down the rutted road and Lucy and Katryn were alone.

Katryn said nothing and wheeled her horse. Lucy trotted at her side, saying nothing either.



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The grooms were galloping ahead. Katryn called out to them, but apparently they did not hear.

Lucy said, "I told them to ride ahead."

Katryn checked her horse with her knees. "Why?"

"I wished to have a word with you," Lucy said. "You dismissed the cook's helper that I depended on, that was so deft with the medicine making and herbs!"

Katryn retorted, "Marry, he was about the kitchens half naked, dressed in a lewd fashion, and unfit to be wi' the maids!"

Lucy said coldly, "What have you done with him?"

"I should ha' had him soundly beat," Katryn said. "I sent him to take care of the pigs where he belongs."

"Oh," Lucy said with some relief. "Look you, m'lady, if I find fit attire for him, I should wish to have him in the kitchen, for which he's been well taught." She paused. "He is most odd, I grant, but I have taken an interest in him since he was young. And now no one can understand him save me."

Katryn shot Lucy an appraising glance. "If I consent, he must scrub himself and have the barber cut his hair."

"Pray try to be merciful." Lucy clenched her hands on the reins.

Katryn said sharply, "How dare you speak thus!" She spurred her horse, and as she did she felt a rush of blood to her head and she swayed in the saddle. She caught hold of the pommel. Lucy leaned over, staring at her. Katryn murmured, "I feel faint." She tried a deep breath, and her head cleared a little. She met Lucy's eyes and they were dark and full of venom. She bent over like a falcon ready to strike, and seized Katryn's bridle.

Katryn struck at her hand viciously with her whip. She was breathing fast in sudden, inexplicable terror. The grooms were nowhere in sight. She had struck at Lucy's arm, hard, bringing the riding whip down, and raised it again. Lucy backed away and Katryn spurred her horse and galloped ahead.

She could hear Lucy's horse coming behind. She shouted to the grooms, a long high shout: "Halloa, halloa, there!"

Merciful God, she muttered to herself, for one of them heard her. She saw them wheel their horses and at the same moment Lucy galloped up alongside her. Waves of dizziness went over Katryn. For fear of falling she checked her steed. There was no danger now, for the grooms were pounding toward them. She slowed her horse to a walk, and Lucy did the same.

Katryn could hardly speak. "Thou'rt mad," she whispered, her huge golden eyes fixed on Lucy's face.

Lucy sat stiff and frozen. "Nay, thou art," she muttered, holding her arm. "You struck me."

"Aye, and I'll do it more if you come near me," Katryn said. The grooms arrived. "I am faint," she said, low. "Pray lead my horse."

Katryn was well enough at suppertime to dine in the hall. She sat on the bench next to her husband's empty chair, her back to the fire. But halfway through the meal, she began to have pain and nausea again. "I'll leave you," she murmured. She stood unsteadily.

Thomas was very concerned. He gathered her up in his arms, Lucy and Henry running alongside. When he lay her on her bed, she looked up at his face, and then to Lucy and Henry. "Pray leave me," she muttered weakly.

The next morning she felt better. She washed, and Meg was poking up the fire, and Mother Dawson was brushing her hair, when Lucy knocked on the door.

She had brought breakfast for Katryn. It was carried by Wat, and Lucy had indeed dressed him fitly. Lucy said, "Oh, my lady, I hope you feel better this morn! And I have brought food. There is warmed wine, and a fresh egg cooked in butter, and neat little planchets of white bread. And in a hot pewter dish, sizzly slices of pork. I wanted to show you how well Wat cooks."

"Thank you, but get him hence," Katryn said fretfully. She realized that Meg and Mother Dawson were looking at her strangely, but she didn't care.

"He's but a poor speechless thing, my lady," Lucy said. Wat had gone. Katryn saw that Lucy wore a bandage of linen on her arm. Lucy gave a curtsy and withdrew. The door closed. Katryn heaved a sigh of relief.

Mother Dawson said, "Mistress Lucy says you struck her by mistake."

"I did it apurpose," Katryn said. "She was about to push me from my horse!" She bit her lip and sipped the wine. It tasted good.

Mother Dawson said mildly, "Mayhap you think too ill of her, my lady. I knew her when she was but a babe."

"I wish you'd strangled her in her cradle," Katryn said and Meg's eyes bulged.

"Nay, nay, thou'rt not thyself," Mother Dawson said worriedly.

Katryn felt a stab of pain. "I'm going to be sick," she cried. She pushed aside the tray and stood up.

After the retching was over, she sank down on the bed. She picked up the wine cup and smelled it. She knew now, suddenly, what was the matter! She opened her mouth to speak and shut it. Mother Dawson wouldn't believe her! Even Meg wouldn't! Here she was, in this great manor house, and she was being poisoned and no one would believe her if she told them!

White and worn, Katryn stayed in bed all day. In the afternoon a messenger arrived bringing a letter from Cat Strickland. She was coming. Katryn burst into helpless tears of relief.

Then she began to plan. She would stay in her room on plea of sickness and she would eat nothing but bread. Could the bread be poisoned? she wondered. She would ask Meg to get a fresh loaf right as it came from the oven, to make sure Wat had had no hand in its baking. And she would eat apples and nuts.

In two days she felt better. In a week she had had no trouble save a little dizziness. That week Cat came. Katryn flew down the great stairway, and Cat took her in her arms. They had known each other since they were little children. Cat brought Westmorland right into Gainsborough Hall.

Katryn wiped her eyes. "Thou'rt just the same," she breathed, "just as pert and pretty as ever!"

Cat bridled and tossed her head. "You are a flatterer."

Katryn giggled. Henry looked at her with surprise and relief. It was the first time he had heard Katryn laugh for some time. He made his way up the stairway behind the two women. Absently he noted Cat's neat ankle ascending the stairs ahead of him. Absently he became aware she was a widow, with a seven-year-old son, and that she was the mistress of the Sizergh Castle. When he laid down Cat's little box which he had carried for her, he took Cat's hand and kissed it.

"I'm glad you came here to Gainsborough," he said.

"Thank you," Cat said demurely, her round face full of good humor, her cheeks dimpled. "I'm glad, too!"

It was wonderful, Katryn thought, how quickly she had regained her spirits since the very minute Cat had set foot in Gainsborough Hall. She showed Cat all her treasures.

They had supper in the great hall. There was much laughter and songs and wine and beer. Henry was careful to give Cat fine choices of fowl and meat. Lucy sat up straight and smiled once in a while. But Cat was tired after her journey, and covered her mouth politely when she could no longer restrain a yawn. She and Katryn were going to share a bed, so Katryn suggested they seek it. Henry lingered over his good night and Cat was still smiling after he left the room.

She sat down on the stool before the fire and gazed at Katryn critically. "Henry said you had not been so gay in some time. What's been amiss, Katryn?"

"I've not felt well," Katryn said slowly. "And Lucy upsets me."

"Aye, I can see that. She is probably jealous, but she is rather pitiful."

Katryn said, low, "Do you think she would try to harm me, Cat? Sometimes I fear for myself at her hands! I've been so ill, so weak and faint and nauseated, and, marry, after a breakfast she brought me, I retched and retched! I am a little afeared ——" Her voice trailed off.

Cat rose. She patted Katryn's shoulder. "Why, Katryn Parr," she said slowly, and she was shaking her head in disbelief, "how could you not see what's the matter?" She giggled a little. "Look at thyself. Why, you're blossoming out and getting rounder, and you're going to have a baby!"

Katryn stared at her. "Marry, I never once ——" She shook her head from side to side.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

Never let woolen clothes or furs go a sevennight without being brushed or shaken, for moths are always ready to alight in them and engender; so always keep an eye on drapery and skinnery.

EDITH RICKERT
Chaucer's World
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

Cat said, "If I were thee, I'd go to chapel tomorrow. And, besides praying to our blessed mother for your babe, I'd go to confession and tell your chaplain you thought wicked thoughts about your daughter Lucy."

Katryn dropped her hands, and her eyes narrowed a bit. "I still think she would like to kill me." But her voice trailed off.

"Well," said Cat, getting up, "I'm going to try to like her, and make her like me. I'm going to try, and I think you should too. And now you'd best get thee to bed. You need sleep. When does Lord Borough return?"

"In two or three days," Katryn said. "Pray thee, Cat, say nought to anyone! About me and the babe!"

Katryn wakened early; she stirred luxuriously, for in the winter there was no greater luxury than to lie snug and warm in bed. She wakened Lord Borough. He smiled at her sleepily, and asked in a foggy voice what she did astir so early.

Katryn laughed. "I'm so hungry," she confessed. "You know what I crave? Woodcocks. Stuffed, with gravy. I could eat six woodcocks. I wonder why it is I crave woodcocks?"

Lord Borough, thoroughly awake now, laughed aloud. "You shall ha' them, sweetheart." He continued to chuckle, and drew back the bed curtains. "The sun's hardly up," he said, "and you're dreaming of food. That must be a big knave you carry." He chuckled again and, regarding her fondly, got out of bed. She heard him open the chest where he had laid his hunting jackets. After a while he returned, fully dressed. "Are you going to stay there in bed whilst I go hunting woodcocks?" he asked. "Or are you going to breakfast with me?"

"Acourse I'm going to breakfast with you." Katryn, yawning deeply, rose and dressed.

An hour later the hunting party galloped off. Katryn went back to the solar and sewed, for the whole household was employed in the outfitting of the expected babe. But when the sun was well up she put on her cloak and went out to the inner garden, sheltered behind stone walls. There were two stone benches. Katryn sat down on one of them and felt the sun on her face. Soon her needle was flashing back and forth.

But the day that had begun well proceeded badly. The great hall was being swept of its old rushes and new ones strewed, and in the work one of the men had become provoked with Wat and had cracked him on the skull with a broom handle. He lay unconscious, with his blood spreading through the pile of dirty rushes. Lucy rushed to Katryn.

Wat was carried to his pallet and his head cleaned and bandaged and an unaccustomed tot of brandy administered, and Katryn went back to her bench in the garden. A black cat was sitting on her sewing. She gave a cry of alarm, and Cat Strickland came rushing out. She shooed the cat away.

"'Tis a bad omen," Katryn said. She was moody and depressed.

Cat murmured, "We'd best go in."

Katryn gathered up her sewing and stood up. A crack of thunder rolled, and both women jumped. Katryn hurried toward the gate. "I hope m'lord soon comes home," she cried.

After dinner Katryn went to her room and lay on her bed, but unease plagued her. The hall was icy when she went out to descend to the coziness of the paneled winter parlor. A bright fire was burning there and she sent one of her gentlewomen to fetch wine and wafers. Katryn sat in the window seat, with cushions behind her back to protect her from drafts. She kept listening for the sounds which would herald the return of the hunting party.

"I wish by the Virgin I'd never dreamt o' woodcocks," she said to Cat.

The gentlewoman named Maud came over and solicitously slid a footstool under Katryn's feet. She thanked her, and reflected how sweet and pleasant a wench was Maud, and she had a hundred pounds for her dowry.

"Maud, I want to get thee wed afore the summer."

Maud smiled and straightened a little and Katryn told her not to drop a stitch thinking about a May wedding. Cat went on to say what a lovely month was May, to think on the sunshine and the fresh smell of the earth and the flowers, and all the time Katryn was listening for distant sounds. She pricked herself with a needle and swore a little oath.

Cat started for the door to listen, for something was amiss. There'd been no shouts nor horns, yet Cat could hear Henry's tread. She left the room and saw Henry. He was white-faced and he was saying something to Lucy. Cat's eyes flew back to Katryn, who was coming slowly down the hall.

Lucy turned. "It's my father," she said clearly. "He was thrown from his horse. He's in the abbey of the Franciscan friars down the river. He is dead." She raised her finger and pointed to Katryn. "You killed him." Lucy turned and made her way up the great stairway to her chamber.

In disbelief and horror Cat turned to Katryn and put her arms around her. Between Henry and Cat, they took her back to the room she had left, where the fire still burned bright and welcoming.

Katryn was dressed completely in black. Her veil covered her hair and her white face, and a sable pall streamed from her shoulders to the tips of her black velvet slippers. The great house was full of family and friends who had come to mourn and lay Lord Borough to rest under the floor of the great cathedral at Lincoln.

Katryn had prayed kneeling at the side of his bier and each time her lips stopped moving the remembrances of him would be like sharp agonizing thrusts. She would repeat her endless prayers. Henry would come and find her there, and lead her away.

"He suffered not," Henry said over and over.

"Aye, ye told me," she would answer.

"'Tis God's will," Henry said.

"If I hadn't wished for woodcocks," she cried out helplessly.

"Nay, nay, wench; 'twas the child you carry made ye wish, and that's the Lord's will too."

Katryn could neither believe it nor accept it. Each day was slowly mounting horror that what had happened was final. As the child she carried grew in her body, he would be forever fatherless. Wildly, Katryn wrestled with finality for the first time. There was nought she could do but accept. Vainly she beat her wings against the rock.

She ate almost nothing. Her huge eyes burned fiercely and full of desperate frustration. "If only I'd been there," she would cry.

"What could you ha' done?" Thomas would cry back, driven too. He rose to his feet, harried. "Oh, Jesus!" He threw back his head and implored his Saviour, flinging out his hands.

"It is almost supper," Cat put in, coming to stand by Katryn, who cried, "I cannot eat. Not a morsel!"

"Nonsense," said Cat, driven too. "I have lost my husband too. And I acted not this way!"

Katryn whirled on her, fury in her eyes. She caught her lip between her teeth and bit hard so the blood flowed. Thomas, transfixed with alarm, breathed fast.

Cat said desperately, "Look you, my lady. Tomorrow is my lord's funeral. Already there are guests within these walls! You cannot act thus!"

"I shall act as I please!" Katryn shouted. "D'ye dare challenge my right? I am the widow! I am the widow! Are you?" She pointed her finger at Cat and a great sob shook her body.

Cat flew to the door. "Henry!" she called desperately.

Katryn, suddenly overwhelmed, sank down onto the floor in a billowing heap of lace, and black gown, and bright head. Her shoulders shook.

"Oh, God, what shall I do?" she moaned. Her white hands beat at the floor rhythmically.

Thomas sank on the floor beside her, putting his arms around her. "Oh, my little one,



cried, "do not weep! I shall take care of
ee forever and ever. I shall take care of thee,
y sweet."
Katryn raised her head, tear-stained; her
es searched Thomas. She felt his hands on
r, and at his touch she recoiled sharply.
"Let me be!" she shrieked. "Let me be!"
Henry came bounding up the stairs and
ard this cry. Quickly he went to Katryn and
ted her up. She swayed back from him and
enry took her arm and steadied her.
He said, "Katryn, forgive me, but you are
side yourself. I am going to have your
omen prepare you for bed. Then I am going
give you a sleeping potion." He spoke
adily. "My father is dead, and this is no
y to mourn him." Henry dropped her arm.
t led her to a stool. She watched Henry
ce his brother's arm and lead him from the
om.
Katryn sat with her hands in her lap and
Cat undress her, and Mrs. Dawson began
brush her hair. Later Henry came with
ne, drugged a little, and Katryn drank it.
anding by the bed, in the darkened room,
enry spoke softly.
"Tomorrow," he said, "you will need
ength. Get it from the Lord and your saint.
member you represent an ancient house.
e motto is 'Noblesse oblige.' It is very old
d you must obey it."
She said, her lips barely moving, "I hear
e, Henry."
"Good night now," he said.
She slept. In the darkened room, with the
kept burning by her women, she slept.

The long night passed and the long, gray
wn heralded the day on which Lord Bor-
gh was to be interred in the tomb below the
hedral floor. All was in readiness—the
arers, the mourners, the guests, the stricken
nily, the choristers whose voices would im-
ore the Lord's mercy, the gaping hole in the
ulted tomb. For the living, there was sus-
iance. Huge platters of fowl and meat, great
ountains of white bread and cheeses and
low butter, and an even greater fire roaring
on the hearth. The hall full of trestle tables
and benches.

It was a dark day and torches flared in
their sconces on the walls. At the head table
tall candelabra shed light.

Katryn had been composed throughout.
Only Cat and Henry watched her narrowly.
She sat surrounded by her gentlewomen.
Lucy sat apart, with streaming eyes. Neither
of them ate, but drank wine. Cat thought the
meal would never end, but finally it was over,
and the food cleared away.

Thomas motioned to Cat. "Take Katryn to
the solar," he whispered.

There were few men and women remaining
in the hall. Katryn made her way through
them slowly, saying good-by. At the foot of
the great stairway she gathered up her skirts
in her hand and started slowly to ascend. Cat
came behind.

They paused on a landing halfway up the
stairway. Below Henry was standing with
Thomas, and three men dressed for riding.
They raised their crops in salute. Katryn
waved back. Then once more she began to
ascend. She reached the top. From below
Henry saw Cat hurry ahead of her and saw
Lucy slip out of the shadows. She was crying
and she burst out, as Katryn took the last
step up, "You killed my father!"

Katryn's eyes blazed with anger. Clumsily
she moved toward Lucy. "Ye lying witch!"

"I loved him!" Lucy cried despairingly. "He
was my father!"

"And what knowest thou?" Katryn's voice
was rich with scorn. "I was his wife! Aye, and
I carry him here!" She placed her hand on her
heart. She took another step toward Lucy.

"I hate you!" Lucy whispered low and vi-
brant.

Katryn laughed mockingly. "You're jeal-
ous!"

Wildly Lucy advanced on Katryn. Wildly
Katryn flung up her arms to protect herself.
Henry, below, gave a leap forward, pushing
aside the men in his way.

He heard Cat scream. He saw Katryn try to
regain her balance. At the top of the steps the
two black-robed figures swayed. He was too
late. Katryn's thin, high cry of anguish
pierced the huge hall as she began to fall,
down, down the great curving stairway. By the
time Henry reached the landing, she lay in a
little heap of black clothes at his feet.

The wind had died. The candles burned
steadily and the vapor from the torches on the
stair well rose straight up and, by a trick of
light, threw a shiny pool on the landing as
though the blood spilled that night lay om-
inous and uncleaned.

It lay below Thomas as he paced back and
forth. The house was almost still now. Death

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had struck twice. It had claimed his father and
the unborn infant of the woman who lay un-
conscious in a chamber nearby.

A door opened and Mrs. Dawson's white-
capped, white-aproned figure came rustling
toward him. Her gray eyes were strained and
sad. "The bleeding has almost stopped."

"Almost?" Thomas shot out the question.

"Aye," whispered Mrs. Dawson. Her hands
sought for her beads. "I go to fetch the
priest."

"I'll go," offered Thomas.

She shook her head. "Nay, m'lord. I shall."
She hurried off. Thomas waited alone in the
cold hall.

Presently Mrs. Dawson returned, the priest
in her wake. He told Thomas he would speak
with him as soon as he had seen Katryn.

Thomas remembered he was Lord Borough.
"I shall come too," he said and dismissed the
priest's protests. "I shall stand within the
door," he whispered.

The bed curtains were pulled back. Meg
had sprayed rose water in the room, and
thrown sweet herbs on the fire. The linen was
fresh and clean, but there was an odor to the
room which no perfume could dispel, the odor
of vomiting and blood, of pain, of sickness, of
death.

Thomas brought himself to look at Katryn's
face.

Her eyes were closed. There was a thick
bandage around her head, hiding the lovely
white temple. There was blood on the bandage
and under both eyes were heavy-bruised
smudges of deep blue. He cried out like an
agonized animal.

Mrs. Dawson plucked at his sleeve. "She is
mortally sick, my lord," she said. "Go thee to
the chapel and pray."

Over Katryn the priest was making the sign
of the cross. Thomas turned blindly and fled
from the room.

Had two days passed? Thomas thought. He
stood by Katryn's bed, looking at the bruised
face. But her breathing was quiet and even.
She had swallowed water, and an hour ago a
clear broth.

"She will recover, Thomas," Henry said.
He patted his brother's shoulder, trying to be
comforting, trying to soften him.

But I cannot be swayed, Thomas thought.
He nodded at Henry and left him, and went to
his room. He had been accustomed to sharing
a room with Henry, but now Thomas had re-
moved into his father's room, as befitted his
new estate. So there he went, to fetch his riding
crop and his keys. It was almost suppertime.
Henry was waiting for him in the hall.

They ate in silence. The meal finished,
Thomas took his leave. Henry went back into
the dresser and began to pick out choice
morsels of cold meat and cheese. These he put
on a pewter tray, along with a flagon of ale.
He made his way upstairs to the small room
where Cat lay asleep.

Henry knocked gently. It was a sleepy Meg
who opened the door. She took the tray from
him and thanked him. On the bed Cat stirred



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and sat up. She blinked at Henry with a warm sleepy smile.

"We were both snatching a nap," she said, rubbing her eyes. "Have you supped?"

"Aye," said Henry, looking at her fondly. He came to a sudden decision. He needed her, needed her badly. He set down the tray. "Leave us, Meg," he said.

Meg dropped him a curtsy and went out the door. Cat, yawning, got off the bed and came toward the table where he had set the tray. Henry intercepted her. He put his arms around her.

Surprised, Cat tipped her head back to look up at his face. Henry held her off and looked at her, soft and warm and sleepy. "I adore you, Cat," he said.

Her face changed, sobered. "I adore you, too, Henry," she whispered. Waves of happiness washed over her.

"Will you marry me?" Henry asked.

She nodded, not trusting her voice. Two big tears stood in her eyes; she blinked them away. The miracle of love had happened to her. Surely it was not time to cry. She raised her lips to Henry for their first kiss.

At ten the manor house was quiet. Thomas picked up the candle by the light of which he'd been working, tucked his riding whip under his arm and made his way toward the unused staircase.

Step by deliberate step he went up, paused by the door of the locked room to unlock it and went in, setting down the candle. In its light he saw Lucy, on her knees. He held out the whip for her to see. "Thou art full of evil spirits and it is my duty to exorcise them," he said.

"I know," she whispered. He looked at her closely in the unsteady light of the candle. Her eyes were huge and full of fear.

But he was not ready yet. "Take off your shoes," he said. "When you leave this house you go on naked feet to perform penance." He watched her trembling fingers pull off her slippers and her hose. With sudden violence he kicked them aside and raised the whip.

He struck her across the side of the arm. Lucy gave one short cry of pain. After that there was no sound save the impact of the whip and her little stifled moans. Finally they stopped too.

Thomas gave her a last blow. Then he leaned down and pulled her to a sitting position by her long hair. He twisted it about his hand and pulled her after him like a sack of grain. Thus he dragged her down the stairway and flung her out into the night, alongside the chapel door which he locked and bolted. There was no need to bar it. He knew Lucy would never come back to Gainsborough Hall.

Katryn opened her eyes and closed them again quickly, lowering the purpled lids against the stabbing pain of the light. A small sigh escaped her. Her head throbbed. She moved the toes of her left foot, rotating her ankle. Her leg was stiff and aching, but she could move.

She opened her eyes. "Close the curtains," she said, low.

Meg gave a cry of joy. "Oh, thank the Lord to hear you speak, madam!"

Katryn frowned. She did not bother to answer. It was too much effort. She felt so weak: her body felt like a piece of crumpled paper.

Memory reached into her now, swift and shattering. Her husband was dead. He was buried. And the night of the funeral Lucy had pushed her down the stairway. Terror and grief were for an instant one with her. She said, struggling with her body and her fears. "I lost my child!"

Meg leaned down. Was she crying? "Aye my lady. Aye, bless thee, my lady."

Katryn repeated, "I lost my child."

She saw Meg clearer now. Meg had taken her hand. "You shall be blessed with more childer." she said.

"Nay, nay," said Katryn. How could that be? Did not Meg realize that she, Katryn, knew she was a widow? She felt Meg put an arm around her and let her sink back onto the pillow. The blackness that had been threatening her dispelled a bit. Her eyes filled with tears. Soundlessly they slipped down her cheeks. She was whispering something. Meg leaned down close to hear.

"Why didn't I die?" Katryn was saying. "Why didn't I die too?"

Cat said, "Oh, Meg, this will pass. This will pass!" She held Katryn's hand—Katryn, who was still lying white-faced against her pillows with the tears rolling down her cheeks. Did she hear what Cat was saying to Meg? Cat couldn't tell.

If only Henry would return! Although the fact of his love was a miracle that lighted her days and nights, the tragedies of life at Gainsborough were taking heavy toll of Cat.

Henry had tried to spare her much. When Thomas told him what he had done to Lucy the shock had been shattering. On Henry's mind and heart a crueler blow could not have been inflicted. Anger at Thomas he felt, too, but he controlled it, for he saw that Thomas was different. Henry remembered all too well his mother's madness. Had Thomas inherited it?

He managed to say only, "Thomas, I am going out to find Lucy."

He wouldn't bring her back to Gainsborough, but he could see her safely to another manor house or a nunnery where she could recover. He set forth immediately, only telling Cat what had happed.

The trouble was that Cat had imagination enough to fill in the gaps in Henry's story. While she and Henry had thought that Lucy was praying and keeping vigil upstairs Thomas had confined her there. Pity for Lucy vied within Cat for concern for Henry. Although it would soon be April, no hint of spring seemed in the air, except the drenching rain. The wind was bitter cold and whistled mournfully.

Cat looked down at Katryn's face. "Courage," she whispered as much to herself as to Katryn. She held Katryn's hand tight and warm in hers.

Katryn slept all afternoon. About four Cat fed her some broth, but she slept after



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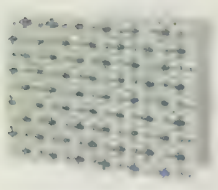


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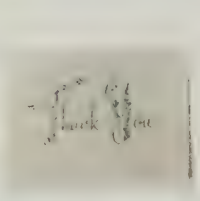
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oundly, quietly. Cat waited by the win-
ow.

At a half after five Henry rode back to
Gainsborough Hall. He had not found Lucy.

The next day Henry rode out again, and the
ext day and the next. He had told Thomas
luntly what he was doing, and that it was his
uty. Thomas took the reproof, saying nought,
ut his eyes were veiled and dark. Henry could
erceive malice in them. Troubled, he rode
ut once more the fifth day. He did not find
ucy.

On the morning of the sixth day the tension
ad heightened for Cat till it was almost un-
earable. She ran down the big stairway to
ay good-by to Henry. Almost desperately he
ook her in his arms. Thomas saw them as he
ame down the stairs. His face was unnaturally
ale and his eyes burned. "You have disgraced
our house," he said. "And I must ask you
oth to leave."

Henry dropped Cat's hands and clenched
is own. Cat cried, "Nay, Henry! Nay!" Like
thunderclap Thomas' words released her.
he cried again, "Nay, Henry! Let us leave!
t is best we be wed at Sizergh!" She grasped
Henry's arm. "Please," she implored.

Thomas said, "You have abused my hos-
itality by turning this house into a place
where you lie together. I've known it for a
veek."

Cat grasped Henry closer. Henry shook her
free. He eyed Thomas steadily. "Mayhap,
Thomas," he said, "'twould be best to leave
now. Mayhap 'twould be best to leave until
you come to your senses. Cat," he said, "go
hou up and pack thy things." He watched
ier leave them. He continued, "Thomas, I

Who is best taught? He who has first learned from his mother.

TALMUD

hall leave my packing to Peter. If there's
aught he forgets, pray honor him when he
eturns to fetch it. I also expect you to honor
our father's will, regarding Lucy's dowry and
ny own bequests, else I warn you I shall take
he matter to the courts. Aye, even to London.
go now to say farewell to Katryn. Mind you
ake good care of her or you shall answer to
ne. Further, I think there is no need to say
good-by. You have forgone it by your in-
excusable allegations and actions." Henry
urned on his heel and mounted the steps.

Katryn had had some porridge and was
propped up in bed. Her clean white bandage
ooked like a coif about her red head, and her
yes were only partly smudged with blue
hadows.

"You look better this morn," Henry said
heerfully, taking her hand.

"Aye," she said listlessly.

"Katryn," Henry said without preamble,
'Cat and I are leaving Gainsborough today
nd we shall be wed at Sizergh as soon as pos-
ible."

Katryn stared at him. She struggled up to a
itting position. "You are leaving?"

"Are you not glad we are going to be wed?"
Henry asked gently.

"Acourse," she said, "but ——" She
rowned at him. "Why cannot you be wed
ere?"

Henry said, "Thomas wishes us gone." He
esitated. "This will pass, I think, Katryn.
Thomas is upset by our father's death."

"Does he think you are not upset?" she in-
errupted.

"I think he is concerned only with his own
eelings, Katryn. He must know that I mourn
oo. But it is certain that he wishes us to leave,
nd I cannot let Cat stay. Before we leave I
vant you to listen careful to me."

He still held her hand and now she grasped
t tight. "You will be perfect safe here with
our women. And I want to explain about my
ather's will. The lawyer came yesterday to tell
s. Of course Thomas inherits, as the eldest.
You have your manor of Tansfield and the
ight to live here at Gainsborough as long as
you please and Thomas is beholden to take
care of you. The bequests my father made to-
ward your child are of course nullified."

Her grip on his hand tightened.

"Katryn," he cried, "we shall come back
soon!"

She said, low, "If you don't, I shan't be able
to endure it."

"You can come to Sizergh. As soon as
you're well enough to travel, I shall come and
fetch you. Good-by, Katryn, and God bless
you."

"God bless you and Cat," she whispered.

Cat came in the doorway, and went to
Katryn, and held her tight. Henry was grate-
ful to Katryn for not crying, and when Cat
finally extricated herself from Katryn's arms
he put his hand on her elbow and steered her
out the door.

He gave a last glance at Katryn's face. She
looked haunted and miserable. *Poor, poor
child,* he thought. *But this will pass. She is
young and will recover quick.*

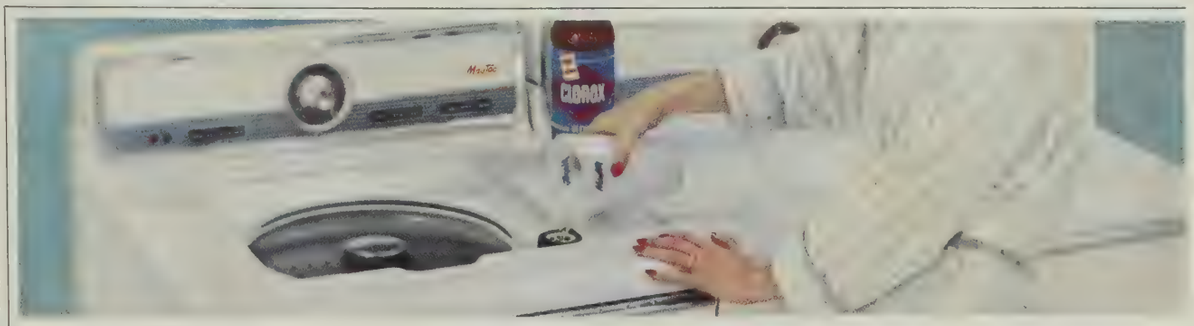
For Katryn, life at Gainsborough went on
with her bed as the center of it. Two days
passed without untoward incident. Then Maud
Bishop met Thomas on the stairway and was
taken "of a sudden," she said to Mrs. Daw-
son, by an unreasoning terror. "There's some-
thing strange and queer about his lordship,"
she whispered.

"Nay, nay," said Mrs. Dawson. "'Tis just
there's been so much sadness here, ye felt it."

"I feel it in my bones, and I want to go
home," Maud said.

Mrs. Dawson could not dissuade her. The
next day the house seemed unnaturally silent.
Katryn said fretfully, "I miss Maud." She
turned restlessly in the big bed. Outside the
sun shone fitfully, and she asked suddenly,
"What day is it?"

"April the first, my lady." Mrs. Dawson
smiled fondly and patted Katryn's hand.
"April first," she repeated.



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There was a knock on the door and then Thomas came in. Katryn looked at him, a bit surprised, for he had not waited to be admitted. She passed a white hand over her forehead, for her head plagued her.

"Good morrow, my lord," she said.

He came close and took her hand. His hand felt clammy and she was conscious of a flicker of dismay. He said nothing, after a greeting, but stood looking down at her in such a manner that she felt the first shock of fear.

I cannot bear him, she thought wildly. She blurted, "Pray leave me!"

There was no movement on his part and she glanced up at his face. His gaze was intense and devouring. She gasped, "My head! It's bursting!"

She fell back on her pillows as though in a faint. She kept her eyes tight closed. Only after she heard Thomas leave did she open them. Mrs. Dawson and Meg saw they were wide and golden with fear. She sat up straight.

"What's wrong with him, Mrs. Dawson?"

Like a stone image she waited for a reply, and Mrs. Dawson, her lips quivering, cried, "As God's my witness, madam, I don't know!"

Then the truth was too awful to be said. In the silence Meg made a little noise like a whimper. Katryn and Mrs. Dawson held their gazes fixed on each other in a sort of dawning horror.

Finally Katryn whispered, "Ha' ye seen the way he looks at me, or is it of my imaginings?"

"Madam, madam," sobbed Mrs. Dawson, "how can it be true, and you his father's lawful wife?"

Katryn gave her a look of horror. 'Twas a mortal sin to covet her. 'Twas sheer rank evil and bloody sin.

"He's horrible," she breathed, "horrible! If he touches me, I'll die." She turned over and buried herself, head in the pillow.

For a long time she lay thus. Then she roused herself. Katryn sat up in bed. Her eyes were narrow and her voice was even.

"I'm not sure but that he isn't mad," she said. "Lock the door, and bring me pen and ink. I shall write to my mother. An innocent letter but one that will bring her here. He cannot refuse to send a letter to my mother, telling her I've been ill. He cannot refuse. Surely he cannot refuse!"

Thomas did not refuse at all. After supper that night he took the letter from Katryn's fingers. It was carefully composed, should he open it. He was very correct tonight and almost distant. Had he smelled out her distaste of him? She was trying to keep it hidden. "Thank you, Thomas, and good night," she said and made a weary motion with her hand as if to say she could talk no more.

"Good night, my lady," Thomas said. The door closed on him and they heard his footsteps going down the hall.

"I know he's going to read it," Katryn whispered, "and he'll find nought to cavil at."

But she was wrong. Thomas didn't bother to read the letter. He took it in his hand, and went to his closet. There he sat for some time, staring at the white paper, and the waxy pink seal. Then, with a slight grimace, he tore it carefully to small pieces, and put it on the fire. He went to bed and slept soundly.

In her perfumed room, Katryn wooed sleep which did not come. She listened to the wind, listened long, and envied it, wishing herself out in the dark night with that cool wind. *'Tis like the elixir of the gods*, she thought. Then suddenly she sat up and swung her legs over the side of the bed. Excitement filled her. *I am ready to walk*, she thought, *ready to walk!*

Her legs hung over the side of the bed and dizziness seized her. Had she lain here too long? She'd heard of people who stayed in bed so long their legs got too weak. She closed her eyes and shook her head, waiting for the dizziness to pass. Then she lowered herself carefully to the floor.

She almost fell. She clung to the bedpost, frightened at her own weakness. Then, with a great effort of will, she let go the post and started across to her chair. Halfway there, she slipped to the floor and, on her hands and knees, crawled to her chair. Grasping its heavy arms, she pulled herself up and sat in it, breathing hard. While she sat there, Mrs. Dawson wakened. She would have cried out, but Katryn put her finger to her lips.

"Shush," she whispered.

Mrs. Dawson came lumbering over to her. Katryn tried to catch her breath enough to explain. "I must learn to walk," she whispered. "Without my lord knowing! First I have to learn to walk and then I have to think! To think of a way to get us out of here!"

"Aye, my lady," Mrs. Dawson whispered back.

Katryn was silent a moment. Then she said, "Mrs. Dawson, pray fetch my sturdiest petticoat, and my jewel box. For I am going to stitch within it and my cloak my finest chains and pieces. 'Tis a precaution I think we should take whilst I am learning to walk again. Now I'm going to walk back to bed." She started to stand and swayed. She shook her head when Mrs. Dawson would come to her rescue. She said stubbornly, "Let me be!"

Slowly Katryn came toward the bed, step by step. Mrs. Dawson backed farther away. Just as she was sure Katryn was steady, she heard her stifled exclamation of pain. Steady enough she was, but the hurt ankle suddenly turned.

"Oh," cried Katryn, her leg doubling up beneath her. Before Mrs. Dawson could reach her she had crumpled up on the floor, her ankle turning uselessly under her. She paid no attention to Mrs. Dawson. Sitting there, she carefully lifted the already swelling ankle straight out, her face a grimace of pain and disappointment.

It was then that they heard the steps, slow deliberate steps, coming closer and closer up the stairway, and toward the closed, locked door.

Katryn put both hands to her face. The footsteps came nearer. Mrs. Dawson stood frozen above her. Both women fastened their eyes on the solid expanse of wood which barred them from Thomas' sight. Nearer and nearer came the slow steps. Did they hesitate? Katryn did not know. They continued on, sounding even harsher in the stillness of the hall. They continued on, after the briefest of pauses.

On the floor Katryn sat, looking at her useless ankle. She was a hopeless prisoner here with an ankle on which she couldn't stand and a head that still seemed to split wide apart when danger threatened. "Oh, Mrs. Dawson," she sobbed. "What is going to become of me?"

Mrs. Dawson had sunk down onto the floor and put her arms around her mistress. She was crying too. "We should pray," she said. "We must pray to the Lord for strength."

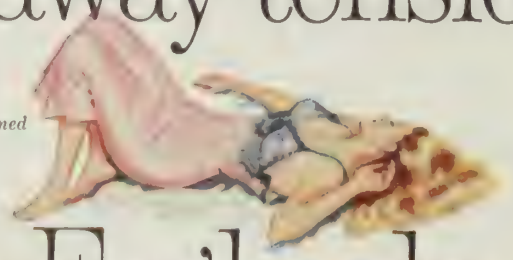
She rose and put her arms under Katryn's shoulders. She got Katryn back to bed and went for cold water to put on the swollen ankle. Outside, the April wind still blew gently. Outside, the great iron gates of Gainsborough Hall were locked tight and fast.

(To be Continued)



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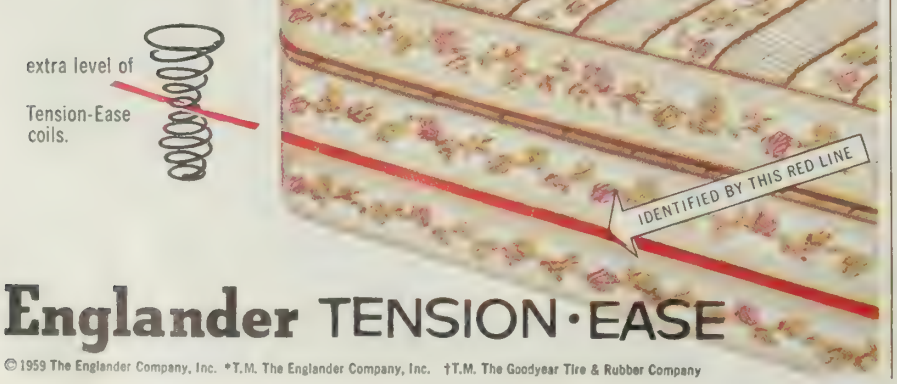


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"WE LOST 101 POUNDS"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

still have plenty of pep left for an evening of dancing.

DAWN NORMAN: How did you let yourselves get into such poor shape in the first place?

RICHARD: When we were little we had a nurse who must have figured it was easier (on her) to indulge us than to put up with our complaints if she said "No" to between-meal eating. Mother is a high-school teacher, and when she was away from home in the afternoons Joan and I would just dig in and eat all we wanted. The habit stuck.

JOAN (*groaning at the memory*): We were always stuffing ourselves with chocolate malteds or cups of hot chocolate with whipped cream, cake, pie, candy, cookies, jam-packed sandwiches.

RICHARD: I used to take three sandwiches to school for lunch. I invented my own Dagwood—it was made of lox (that's a red fish), several thick slices of Swiss cheese, whitefish, tomatoes and two slices of thick bread. I used almost a quarter pound of butter on them. I'd also have a pint of milk, and two candy bars. Nowadays, I take one and a half ordinary sandwiches to school, and I'm plenty filled.

DAWN NORMAN: Fattening lunches and all that between-meal eating! How did you manage to give it up and start dieting?

RICHARD: One day when I felt particularly miserable about being so fat and ugly, I asked myself, "Why is it I'm fat, and none of my friends are?" So I proceeded to find out by writing down everything I ate for the next few days. I got a calorie book and counted the calories. I compared those with the calories on a regular diet. I was shocked, to say the least. Next, my doctor gave me a complete physical examination and said, "Richard, the only thing I can find wrong with you is fat. Get rid of it now, while you're young." I started my diet that day.

Whoever will be cured of ignorance, let him confess it.

MONTAIGNE

DAWN NORMAN: Did you start right off on 1000 calories a day?

RICHARD: No, I knew I couldn't stand that. I started at 1500 calories and counted everything—even a stick of chewing gum—and then each week I lowered the calorie count by 100, so that in five weeks I got down to approximately 1000 calories. And I didn't cut *out* sweets, I cut *down* on them. I still have a sweet tooth—but now I know how to control it.

JOAN: When I saw how easy it was for Richard, I joined him the following week, and we dieted together. Each of us encouraged the other to stick to the diet, and that helped a lot. We weighed once a week and recorded our losses on a chart. We had fun comparing our progress.

DAWN NORMAN: How did you agree on what to eat and what not to eat?

JOAN: Our breakfasts have always been simple: fruit juice or fruit, poached egg on toast, and milk. At lunchtime Richard had his low-calorie sandwich and consommé. I preferred cottage cheese or yoghurt with fruit, and black coffee.

RICHARD: On Sunday afternoons, Joan and I would sit down together and plan the whole following week's worth of diet dinners. We gave the chart to mother, and she shopped for the food on Monday and Tuesday. This way, we never had any "excuses" to go off the diet. It was all there in the kitchen waiting for us!

DAWN NORMAN: Were you hungry in the beginning?

JOAN: Starved! Just for the first week, though. Then I got used to eating less—and as the pounds dropped, I was so thrilled at the prospect of being slim I didn't want to go off the diet. Richard, for some reason, never felt hungry—not even in the beginning.

RICHARD: I think that's because I didn't feel deprived of the fatty foods I had been used to eating. By keeping a few of them in our diet, but in much smaller portions, I felt satisfied. And, as Joan says, it's a nice feeling to have those excess pounds melt away. We even shared the work involved. Joan loves to cook, so she made the diet dinners taste delicious, and—well, you're looking at the dishwasher.

DAWN NORMAN: When did people begin to notice your slimming down?

JOAN: Because we lost gradually, it took about a month. Then the compliments started pouring in, and that kept us going too.

RICHARD: I'm a camp counselor during the summer, and when the young boys in my group saw how I had improved in appearance, and how much better I was at sports, they were real impressed. In fact, I began feeling sorry for some of the twelve- and thirteen-year-olds who were fatties themselves. They were so miserable and self-conscious. So I started a "Skinny Table" at camp—and at mealtimes all the overweight boys at the table kidded one another into leaving the fattening foods alone or taking only small portions. I'd talk to them and tell them how happy they'd be if they'd lose, and they believed me, and tried hard. We had four fat boys, and that summer they lost a total of 80 pounds. The top loser lost 22 pounds. He's never been healthier. His family is thrilled. And he's my friend for life!

DAWN NORMAN: Did you use any medication or appetite deterrents during your diet?

RICHARD: No, ma'am. I'm a premed student; I'm convinced that pills for dieting are really for the birds. I didn't want to do this on a crutch. I wanted to diet by myself, and to know that any weight loss I achieved would be permanent.

DAWN NORMAN: Lots of young folks excuse their overeating by saying they work so hard in school they *need* to eat to keep up their strength.

RICHARD: I disagree. I don't mean to brag, but I'm on the dean's list at New York University Heights, and I think my diet is one of the reasons I got there. You see, as a fatty I was too self-conscious to really participate in school activities. Feeling ashamed of my appearance kept me from getting as good grades in high school as I could have gotten. I was only an average student. But when I dieted, I began feeling sure of myself. Also, I systematized my diet, knowing it would help make it work—kept charts and records and all that. That kind of systematizing has stuck with me. I organize my school work now, budget my time for this homework or that special activity. I have a feeling, for the first time, that I know in advance where I'm going. And now that I am a decent weight, I'm not shy about getting up in front of the class or in an auditorium. I'm a varsity debater—something I'd never dreamed of attempting as a fatty. Recently I won an honor in a speaking contest. And when I walked up to accept it, in front of everybody, I didn't have to worry about what people would think or say about the way I looked. I *knew* I looked O.K.

DAWN NORMAN: Joan, do you agree?

JOAN: I'll say! I'm on the dean's list, too, at Hunter College, and I feel, for the reasons Richard does, that I would never have made it as a fatty.

DAWN NORMAN: Your diets have certainly been rewarding in many wonderful ways. How do you maintain your reduced weights?

JOAN: Now that we're calorie authorities, we know all about the "danger" foods and we simply don't overindulge in them. At parties or during holidays we enjoy everything, but as soon as the fun is over we cut down on food until we're back where we started. The trick is not letting more than three or four pounds pile up. Mother and daddy treated us to new wardrobes when our diets were over. The clothes are divine, and we wouldn't dream of growing out of them. Richard and I are like two new people and we plan to stay that way.

RICHARD: I'd as soon go back to being fat as I would walk out through that window.

DAWN NORMAN: Twenty-nine floors is a hazardous trip through the air! Let's go down in the elevator instead—it's time for some low-calorie lunch.

END



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Raised dining area is now set off by its own flooring. Plastic tabletop is washable. Glamorous white modern Venetian-glass bubble of light in shimmering blue-and-green stripe hangs from the ceiling. Window blind of woven yarns in pink and other colors raises in accordion folds.

A room that became a bouquet of colors and brilliant accessories, combined with the glow of the used and the personal.

By H. T. WILLIAMS

Rooms, like personalities, need to be reanimated and refreshed every so often. Here, in this cheerful, typical apartment living room with dining foyer, keepsakes, personal possessions, books and records have all been given new focus and a flattering setting.

The change in color came first—walls were brightened with a coat of mauve-pink paint. On the sofa and one chair bouquets of garden flowers now bloom on slip covers of a sapphire-blue background. Another chair in lilac beckons one to a reading corner. The 12′ x 12′ braided rag rug ($85) is hardy and reversible; its practical surface adds bright, inviting color to the dark polished floor. Two Danish armchairs, pillowed in washable embroidered white linen, draw up sociably around the slate-topped coffee table every evening after dinner.

The room's raised dining area was given a white vinyl-tile flooring, cheerful, scrubbable and easy to care for. Walls are cool and simple, with a white-and-charcoal scroll paper. A round table with white plastic top and emerald-lacquered chairs set the stage for hospitality, whether it's to be dining or a game of bridge with friends. The whole living space, in fact, sends out a spontaneous welcome to family and friends alike.



this Room!

HE: *"I need more space for my books and records!"*

SHE: *"I'd like a big comfortable sofa, covered in a gay print dark enough to be practical!"*

HE: *"Lots of comfortable chairs and plenty of light for reading."*

SHE: *"Can we afford a new rug that's light and cheerful, that I don't have to vacuum every minute?"*

HE: *"I'd like a big desk to spread my papers on."*

SHE: *"Could we find a color for the walls that really sings?"*



OLD FOWLER

From dining area you look down length of living room—festive and fresh. Coffee table is slate-topped; it wears well, and cost of slate is surprisingly low. Writing table, a full six-foot length, is also used as extra dining or buffet space when needed. Pink ottomans are plastic and washable. Near chaise in red-and-pink silk-and-rayon mixture stands a small mahogany side table; in it a favorite ceramic platter or tray can be mounted. Glamorous full-length draperies are white sheer cotton. Made with pleating tape that unsnaps at top, curtains lie flat for ironing, and since each section is approximately bed-sheet size these curtains will fit in your washer too.

ıss, porcelain and small antiques add beauty on shelves above a walnut base, capacious enough for ra linens. Stylish carpenter-made cane doors hide lves designed to store records, beautiful to hear not to look at. Turntable and radio are below.



The Temptation of Beautyrest

Another story of the mattress where comfort begins and backache ends

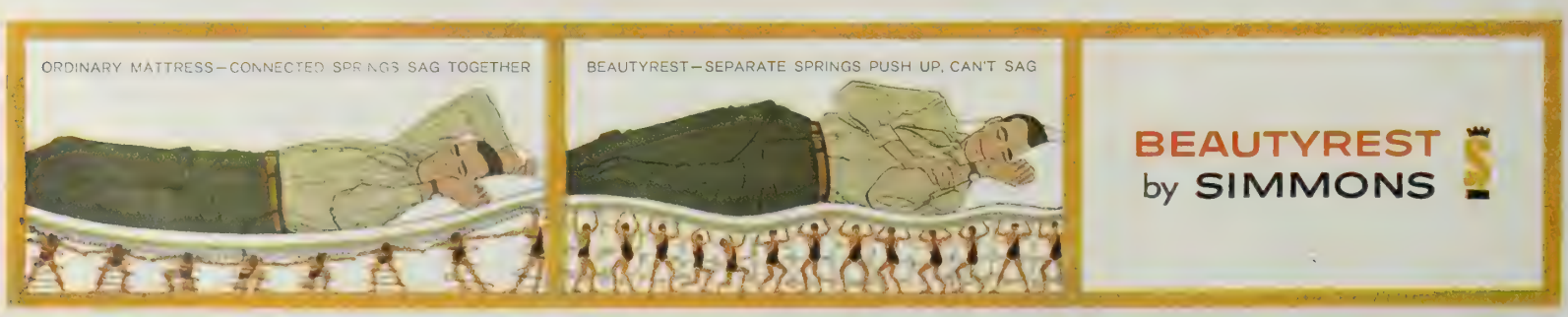
It's great to get home on Boot Leave and find everything the way you left it. Your room. Your trophies. And your Beautyrest® comfort . . . just as tempting as ever. Oh-my-achin'-back, how can anybody stay on their feet when there's a Beautyrest in the room.

No wonder more people sleep on Beautyrest than on any other mattress in the world. It's the place where comfort begins and backache ends.

It's the only mattress with separate "Back-Supporter" springs that push up-up-up in the small of your back. In all other mattresses, the curve of your back gets *no* support at all. But that's not all. You'll find that your Beautyrest gives—

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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

out to be a splendid investment. In a couple of years the town spread out to us, and our mountainside was covered with new developments. Ten years ago we subdivided our property and cut it into four lots. After subdividing we built three houses on the land, with Paul doing a great deal of the work on weekends and in the evening. We rent two of the houses and are living in the third.

"All three of those houses have suited Paul; he and his contractor have planned them to the last doorknob without asking for any suggestions from me. Since I'm at the site where the building goes on, and am now expert at reading a blueprint, I have prevailed in some things. My entire savings account has now been swallowed up in paying for concrete blocks and plasterboard, and I think I deserve a vote in what and how we build. Paul doesn't agree. To get my way, I'm forced to be unpleasant.

"Paul has a taste for the best in building materials and we can't afford the best. We have the children to feed, clothe and educate. Even if I were still earning—I became a full-time mother on the day we adopted Johnny—I would see no sense in throwing away money on houses designed for rental. Paul wanted to spend a fortune on unnecessary insulation for the second house we built. I managed to block that move; the insulating material was delivered at a time I was on the spot helping with the shingling. I'm a fair carpenter myself, although not so good as Paul. I sent back the insulating material and we got a refund. Paul was displeased, I know, but the bills were already running considerably above our estimate.

"Paul just won't acknowledge the necessity of our being careful and budgeting our money. He's an awful softy when it comes to collecting rent from our tenants. People take him in. Several different times tenants have fallen behind in their payments and last year we had a real deadbeat on our hands, a man named Bob whom Paul met at work. Bob and his wife moved in before I was consulted. The two had been in possession less than a month when I became uneasy; a bill collector rapped on our door instead of theirs by mistake. I tried to check on the family's credit and at first got nowhere. But then I heard Bob's wages had been garnisheed. I spoke to Paul, who said Bob had had a run of hard luck. The next thing I knew the family's rent fell behind. I suggested we evict them before they got deeper in the red, but Paul refused.

"I worried about the situation constantly. Bob's car was repossessed and still Paul wouldn't ask him to move. Creditors took his washing machine and dryer. Paul wouldn't budge. It wasn't until six months passed—by then Bob was out of a job and his wife had left him—that Paul finally told him he would have to go. Those six months were miserable for us. Days went by when Paul and I hardly spoke to each other. If we did speak, the conversation aways swung around to Bob and the free ride he was getting. Bob left owing us rent, as I knew he would. Any sensible person would have known. Seemingly Paul just didn't mind being cheated.

Paul and I have worked hard for everything we've got. I quit college as a sophomore to take a job. I used to earn as much as seventy dollars a week—I worked for nine years after our marriage—but I put in long hours and went without things in order to save. Paul now earns a hundred and twenty-five a week and keeps long hours. He leaves the house at six A.M., returns at four, and then goes to work on the property. Together we've built fences, laid interior sidewalks, landscaped the grounds, and are now excavating for a fourth house. On weekends Paul works with a paid helper and I work alongside when I can. Our jalopy has a trailer and we used to think we might take some camping trips, but we've never done it. Too darn busy. Too tired.

"Our children are the delight of our lives, but we're older than the average parents and can't deny the two have drained my energy, Abby Jane particularly. John was only three weeks old when we got him and the adjustment was easy. Janie was eight months old when she came and aware of the change in her surroundings; she felt insecure and frightened. Night after night she woke up screaming and I would go to her and comfort her until she went back to sleep. She'd been neglected, and she had a bad case of eczema. Frequently I bathed her little body half a dozen times a night. My next-door neighbor advised me to let her cry it out, but that wasn't the advice I got from reading Dr. Spock. Anyhow, I didn't let her cry in the dark and we've licked her eczema and the last few weeks Janie has begun to sleep straight through the night.

"All Paul and I have been working for is Janie's and John's future. We want them to be secure. I want John and Janie to have the best of everything. I want their lives to be easier than Paul's and mine have been. I've been willing to make any sacrifice toward that end. In view of the circumstances, I think Paul was unfair, or at least terribly negligent, when he let that deadbeat Bob get away with our rightful rent. Don't you agree he should have put Bob off our property as soon as his rent was in arrears? Are you surprised that I complained?

"I have plenty to complain about still. The new house we're ready to build, which should be a joy to us both, has become a nightmare to me. Our original plan was for the three rental properties, including the house we now live in, to carry all our payments and show a small profit too. There is only one piece of land

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse. Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred in the company. SWIFT

left—the choice plot, one we reserved for our own use from the beginning. We always intended to build our permanent home there. I've dreamed about that home since my wedding day. I know exactly what I want. Yet I am being allowed no voice in planning and designing the house. Like any other wife, I think I have the right to be consulted and to be heard.

"For the past ten years I've lived in the midst of hammering and pounding, have stumbled over sawhorses, bricks and buckets of paint. Our building has progressed slowly because of Paul's limited time and our limited finances. The neighborhood children think it's marvelous—our place is their favorite playground—but I'm an adult and would enjoy a little quiet and serenity. At times I feel as though I were living in an electric mixer.

"I've been studying floor plans in the architectural sections of magazines for years. I'm no novice. I think our permanent home should reflect something of my taste, my personality, my wishes. Paul is deaf to every suggestion I offer. Weeks ago he went into a huddle with his contractor and I wasn't invited to their conference. But I was notified of the result.

"I want our kitchen on the east so I can watch the sun come up. I'm out of bed at half past five in the morning to prepare breakfast and see Paul off to work. A sunrise, having a view from the kitchen, would brighten my whole day. Paul wants the kitchen on the west and the bedrooms on the east. We disagree on the kind of roof we want, the grade of flooring; we disagree on practically everything. But why go on?

"I've tried to be reasonable and calm, a person able to weigh both sides of a question. But thinking about that house and Paul's selfishness—I lie awake at night thinking—makes me simply frantic. Sometimes I spring out of bed and walk the floor to keep from screaming. So far I've avoided hysterics, but self-control has come hard. Maybe if Paul would explain his ideas for the house and defend his opinions instead of shutting his mouth and saying nothing, we might arrive at some understanding.

"I know in my heart I couldn't bear to lose Janie, but lately I've been so discouraged and upset. I've debated taking a serious risk. I've considered leaving Paul, getting out of California, and flying back to Kansas with Janie and John to stay with my people. But I promised the adoption agency to remain in the state until Janie's trial year was over. My conscience probably wouldn't let me rest if I broke my word. And I doubt the children and I could live peaceably with my mother. So I don't know what to do, where to turn. I have no peace now.

"I want to be firm and decisive, but my thoughts are hopelessly confused. Another thing has me all mixed up. Janie and John are entitled to be with Paul, who loves them as much as I do. But he and I seem to rub each other raw. He is obstinate and sulky and unfair, and I nag. Paul's thriftlessness is responsible. Perhaps you can tell us how to reach some compromise that will allow us to continue with our marriage."

Paul Tells His Side:

"Angie isn't a dreamer," said forty-one-year-old Paul, a tall, lanky figure with sad hollow eyes and something vaguely Lincolnesque in his appearance. "Nor is she sentimental. She's quite a lot like her mother, whose favorite saying is, 'Save the cents and the dollars will look after themselves.' Angie doesn't pause to reflect that we're spending our lives each day and aren't as young as we used to be.

"I've never known her to splurge on any little luxury except for the children. She wears her clothes until they're threadbare, but buys the children the finest. They get the best food, Grade A milk, butter rather than margarine, the works. John has the most expensive tricycle in our neighborhood. But even with the children she occasionally reveals her peculiar regard for money. Money itself. The other evening I gave John seven pennies to put in his bank. Instead of dropping the coins in the bank, he started sliding them around on the floor, playing some kind of kid game. Angie was horrified—and I mean horrified. She snatched up the pennies, counted them, banked them, and treated John and me to a lecture on the value and meaning of money. I gathered money was no toy and even pennies were too important in the scheme of things to be played with.

"In the early days of our marriage I used to like to bring Angie a bouquet of flowers. She loves flowers and arranges them beautifully. But she always asked the price of the bouquet and was so disturbed when she heard it that she broke me of the habit. Several years ago I won a motion-picture camera in a raffle. On holidays and birthdays she is willing for me to take movies of the kids, but otherwise the camera sits on a shelf. Film is too expensive. We own a trailer and we badly need a vacation, but vacations aren't for us. Vacations cost money.

"I know Angie's folks had it rough back in the depression days and that the depression left a good many people of her generation and mine cautious about spending. But my people had a rougher time than hers and there were more of us to feed. Unlike Angie, however, I feel depressed, almost degraded, by the business of trying to get double value out of every dime.

"I don't want to leave the impression my folks were gay and giddy; they were far from that. Birthdays were ignored except for the very young, and any show of affection was frowned on. If I tore a hole in my pants, my mother pointed at the sewing box and said, 'Mend it,' and that's a good example of her conversational style. If I forgot to bring in wood for the stove and an older brother had to pinch-hit, my dad said nothing but called the oversight to my attention by whacking me across the bottom with a piece of the stovewood.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 121

Advertisement

The Picture of Health for April



by MAXINE DAVIS

The noted medical writer and author of numerous books on family health problems.

"Mom, what provision are you and Pop making for your old age?" This question was enlightening. Obviously our son is growing up, his perspective is changing, and he no longer regards us as moth-eaten antiquities!

"We're not going to have one, not the doddering kind," I told him. "We're planning to live to be 100, and arranging it so that every single day will be busy. We've been preparing for our future, and not merely by trying to save enough money to live and die on, either. Don't you smile that indulgent 16-year-old smile! This isn't whimsical.

"*People nowadays live*, on the average, three or four decades longer than they did a century ago. That's a lavish gift, and Pop and I don't propose to squander those glorious years after you children are grown and gone just existing like wilting vegetables."

A person is as old as he feels—sunk in senility before he's 60 or bursting with vim and vigor at 90. That's not a happen-so; more often than not it's a result of planning.

Every sensible adult in his 30's or 40's ought to be looking ahead, taking emotional and physical forethought for his later life. (Though it's never too late to begin.) We decided we'll never retire, just take on new jobs, things we've never been able to do before. We'll travel a little more, maybe garden, golf, dance, read more; but all that will be for fun, not our major purpose in living. We will each still have real work to do.

To preserve our zest and energy, now and in the future, we naturally guard our health: have all minor defects corrected as they emerge; keep our weight down; get adequate sleep, and enough daily exercise to preserve muscle tone. That can be done.

And—this is of paramount importance—we eat wisely and supplement our diet, with BEXEL M High Potency Vitamin-Mineral capsules.

Nutrition is a major factor in health at any age, but the ailments resulting from faulty diet are apt to increase with time. Therefore, I long ago began to take out vitamin insurance for better health, stronger bodies, more alert minds, for our whole family.

My husband and I have taken BEXEL M for a long while and expect to use it always. It is especially designed for very active adults and for older people. We're fit as a pair of Marines now, and expect to draw big dividends from it in what our young will no doubt refer to as our "old age."

As they grow older, people should eat less, but eat well. They need fewer calories but still require a carefully balanced diet: more proteins, even less fat, and the same proportion of vitamins and minerals daily.

There is no substitute for properly selected and prepared foods, but, for many reasons, we don't always have the essential elements of a well-balanced diet. Careful as I am in menu-planning, I feel it's necessary to be on the safe side. So I use BEXEL vitamin-mineral preparations. There's a member of the BEXEL family designed to meet the needs of each member of our family, from the baby to our grandfather. And not a calorie in the bottle! Incidentally, I've just written a booklet on this whole subject called "A SURE THING. The Magic of Vitamins and Bexel." I'll be glad to send you a copy free if you'll send me your name and address, to: Maxine Davis, Post Office Box 548-B, Bridgeport 9, Conn.

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Grime

New White Ajax wipes them away easily, quickly! Try New Ajax now—you'll agree!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119

"I can look back now and see how little warmth there was in my family. That's why I can thoroughly appreciate my spontaneous little boy; if John likes something, he gets happy all over and he lets you see it. My mother worked too hard to think of tucking us kids in bed; and as for kissing us good night, she'd have thought the idea preposterous. Angie and I kiss our children good night. On that point we agree. We agree on nearly everything concerned with the rearing of our youngsters.

"When I first met Angie I had her figured wrong. We met in college. She was a cute little trick—of course she's not large now, but then she weighed less than a hundred pounds. She was pretty, but not too pretty. I was the bashful type myself and I wasn't looking for a glamour girl who expected more of me than I knew how to do. I felt easy in her company.

"But I guess it was Angie's father who really cinched our friendship. He was a great guy, a man whose wife didn't appreciate him until he died. Half the county attended his funeral and all the stores in their town closed. He was the most popular county agent the community ever had. Soil conservation was his life; he loved to make poor soil produce. He fought for roads and rural electrification and helped the farmers improve their land and put in ponds and I don't know what all. With his wife bucking all the way, he transformed a submarginal farm of his own into a show place. Well, he and I hit it off from the first and he as much as told me he wouldn't mind me as a son-in-law.

"It wasn't until after his death that Angie and I were married. In the meantime I had moved from Kansas to California. I wasn't very experienced with women. The West Coast was strange to me. The girls I seemed to meet wanted to wind up the evening in a bar, and I wasn't interested. I was lonesome, but at the age of twenty-seven, I knew I wanted mutual respect, a home and a solid marriage. I wrote Angie, and we became engaged by mail. She flew west—her mother disapproved of our engagement, since she hadn't stage-managed it—and we were married in my church.

"Angie moved into my small bachelor apartment, which wasn't exactly the home I'd pictured, but apartments were hard to locate at that time. Also, she went straight to work; my hope was she would stay at home. We both hoped to have a family right away and the failure was not her fault. She miscarried three times in our first two years for no reason the doctors could fathom. I hid my disappointment and she was very brave in hiding hers. Angie is as stubborn a woman as I've ever known, but she has courage and she has never complained of her ill health and ill luck.

"After our numerous disappointments I somehow got the notion, illogical I know, that if she and I could manage to buy or build a home we would be luckier about children. We looked every Sunday for a long while. Eventually we bought our land. I now realize Angie and I saw entirely different things in that piece of sandy, scrubby ground. I saw a chance to rip out the brush, plant trees and flowers and then build a fine substantial house and a stable for the horse I expected to teach our sons to ride. By the time I had cleared the land, working every weekend, it had doubled in value. She wanted to sell. I refused. The land tripled in value. Angie was then determined to sell.

"In sheer self-defense and before we really had sufficient cash, I started building what I imagined would be the future stable. It turned into House Number One. We started living in it to save money to build a second house. I thought the second house would be home. I found out my mistake before the foundations were laid. Angie had made up her mind we should get rental income and split the plot into quarters. I'm not much of a talker, but I did try to change her mind. My objections were brushed aside.

"If Angie doesn't get her way by one method, she tries another. Early in our marriage she cried for months because I obliged a friend by putting two hundred and fifty dollars into his shaky business. He went bankrupt and I lost the money. Angie has never forgotten it. Several years ago I took a plumber's advice in buying bathroom fixtures—Angie wanted something cheaper—and she didn't sew on a button or mend my socks for weeks. Her petty revenge hurt me deeply. Just last year she stopped speaking to me until I finally agreed to put out a tenant who had got behind in his rent. In the end Bob left owing us six weeks' rent, and it's true he stuffed me with many untruthful tales, but I still don't think I was wrong in giving him a chance to get on his feet. Angie thinks I was cheating the children. When I try to explain myself, my words don't come straight and I get all balled up and she doesn't understand.

"Angie has had no easy time in our marriage, I know. In our fourteen years together she's had to bear the pain and bitter sorrow of five miscarriages and two stillbirths. After the last stillbirth the doctor told us there was no use trying any longer, and I can still remember her white, pitiful face. When she left the hospital, still weak and wobbly, we thought of adoption.

"The day we finally received our telephone call from the agency and were asked to come to the nursery, bringing a blanket and two diapers, was one of the happiest days of our marriage. For thirty minutes we were left alone in the room with John to get acquainted, but both Angie and I felt acquainted with that three-weeks-old stranger on sight. We told each other we knew Johnny before we ever saw him; we had longed for a son just like him. We had another happy day when we were called to pay a second visit to the nursery to acquire our daughter. Janie was a wizened little mite, eight months old but not much bigger than the average child of three or four months. She was squalling to beat the band. To us she was beautiful.

"One of the close sweet moments between Angie and me happened the first time she bathed our little girl. Janie began to yell with rage and her face turned bright red and both of us were scared stiff. But I looked in the baby book and read that some infants are afraid to be without clothing. I wet a washcloth with warm water and covered her little stomach and she stopped crying and relaxed and the bath went fine.

"It was to be expected, I guess, that such moments would be rare. Busy as Angie is, tending John and Janie, she finds time to hound me about the building I'm doing on our place. My regular job—I'm employed in an electronics plant—is no snap. I'm a tool inspector working for hourly wages and I'm supposed to have considerable authority over salaried employees. Salaried employees don't like taking orders from men like myself, paid on an hourly scale.

"In the evening when I reach home I'm tired and nervous and jumpy. I have to brace myself to face the prospect of changing clothes and going to work again. It would mean a lot if I could work without harassment. When Angie clamors for me to use cheap sleazy materials, she takes all the fun and meaning out of my work. To her mind it is foolish to spend a little extra on materials that don't show, materials like insulation and subflooring. To me there is no pride or pleasure to be had in shoddy workmanship. To my mind, a good tenant deserves good housing.

"I long ago stopped thinking about the kind of house I once planned as a permanent residence. I set my sights pretty high. But a man must stand up somewhere. I just can't let Angie maneuver me into building a Grade B home for us and the youngsters. Our land is now overcrowded and our remaining lot is so small the house must be carefully oriented to take advantage of the prevailing breeze. According to our contractor, the kitchen should be on the west, the bedrooms on the east.

"Angie has tried every trick in her box of tricks to put the kitchen on the east, choose the style of roof, cut costs where they shouldn't be cut. While we were having trouble with Janie's eczema she moved into the children's room and moved John in with me. Her excuse was she needed to be close to Janie at night. Her purpose, I am positive, was to force me to give in on the house by withholding her affection. Janie is now sleeping through the night, but Angie has declined to come back to our bedroom. Our sex life ended six months ago.

"She now is threatening to leave me, fly back to Kansas and live in the old home place. I can't believe she will carry out her threats. She loves Janie too much to gamble on losing her. And she dislikes her mother too much to share the same roof with her.

"But I'm worried about the effect the unhappy atmosphere in our home may have on our youngsters. I want to do my part to improve our marriage."

The Marriage Counselor Says:

"Happy, stable couples often run into trouble when they plan and build a home, the most expensive investment most of us ever make. Differing tastes and backgrounds emerge when the blueprints are unfurled and some dissension is almost inevitable. With four small houses to finance and then build largely with their own hands, Angie and Paul quadrupled the opportunities for discord. Moreover, when they launched this ambitious building program their marriage was far from stable. Although they weren't openly quarreling, both were dissatisfied with their life together.

"They had one enormous asset in saving and bettering their marriage—their mutual devotion to their children. Both were genuinely willing to sacrifice their own comfort and convenience for the benefit of John and Janie. In the course of our counseling it developed that Angie's mother had vigorously protested the adoptions on the grounds that a well-paid job was more important to a woman than bringing up 'somebody else's children.' Therefore it was obvious that Angie had never for a moment intended to leave Paul and take refuge under her mother's roof. When she was faced with this fact, she acknowledged it was childish and cruel of her to frighten Paul with idle threats.

"Angie was strong-willed, but she didn't think of herself as mean-spirited, nor did she intend to be unreasonable. She was convinced that all the justice in her running battle with Paul lay on her side because she lacked wisdom and intuition where he was concerned. Except

EMPTY HOUSE

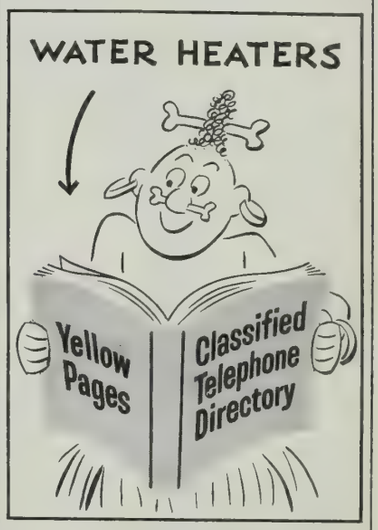
By FRANCIS NEWBOLD

Here, for a certain space,
Were voices: laughing,
quarreling, they rang;
Sometimes a woman sang
At the window, her rapt stare
Resting upon that distant, piny
dell.

Here, for a little while,
Was stir and movement.
Children romped outdoors
In the wild garden furred with
summer's smile,
Or, pale with temper, stamped
the winter floors.
The punctual Christmases
Wove round these walls their
immemorial spell.

Here, Passion had his fling;
Here, on a bed, wept archetypal
Grief;
Here, Terror waited for the
phone to ring,
And Pity offered a clean
handkerchief.
The actors all are gone, and who
knows where?
The house, perhaps—but houses
never tell.







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If you want to be sure of the same full-flavored coffee time after time, make it in a Universal Coffeematic. Simply set the Flavor-Selector to the strength *you* prefer. Automatically, it brews to perfection, signals when ready and keeps coffee hot without increasing the strength. No wonder those who want the finest choose a Universal Coffeematic.

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for this blind spot, curiously enough, she had a clearer understanding of her own personality than the average wife who comes to the American Institute of Family Relations.

"For one thing, she recognized her resemblance to her mother. She fancied she was fighting and had triumphed over the older woman's behavior patterns by repressing complaints and nagging words to the best of her ability. Here she was mistaken. Sulking had also been a weapon in her mother's arsenal. Actually by retiring into sullen silence and withdrawing her affection Angie was hurting Paul as much as, if not more than, she would have done by nagging.

"Furthermore, she had overlooked a striking, almost uncanny similarity in the large design of her mother's conduct and experiences and her own. Angie's father bought and salvaged an impoverished Kansas farm and became entangled in marital difficulties whenever he spent money to improve it. In one of our interviews Angie belatedly perceived a deadly parallel. She had resisted Paul at every turn in his attempts to improve their property. His wish to use first-class materials and not slide by with the second-rate was very reminiscent of her father's way of doing things.

"From all I could gather, Paul was quite a bit like his father-in-law. Indeed, as we talked together Angie decided that was probably why she married him. She had greatly admired her father. It wasn't hard for her to see that she was scorning and endeavoring to destroy the very qualities in Paul that were like her father's qualities and that had first attracted her. She didn't want to follow in her mother's footsteps and applaud her husband's virtues and accomplishments only after his death. So she undertook the task of studying Paul and their relationship in an objective way.

"She had the habit of regarding Paul as a financial dolt and herself as a shrewd businesswoman. Yet it wasn't shrewd of her to insist upon skimping on material when a great deal of high-cost labor, Paul's and his helper's labor, was involved. My do-it-yourself acquaintances assure me that saving on insulation is always unsound. Angie's father would have considered the saving unsound, as she admitted.

"Paul, as she also admitted, was far more altruistic than she was. Altruism isn't always a losing proposition financially, as was proved to her by the record. She and Paul were tipped off to the building site, which turned out to be so valuable, by a friend whom he had helped. No friend of hers would have favored them in such a way. She was then reminded that Paul had been more financially astute than herself in his determination to hold their land. She had wanted to sell and settle for a modest profit with the first rise in value.

"When it was demonstrated to Angie by hard facts that her judgments weren't one hundred per cent perfect, she became much less cocksure. She had already begun to respect Paul. As she reflected upon his side in their many differences of opinion, she saw that he had missed out altogether on what he originally wanted and expected when he chose their land, a commodious house, a riding horse and a stable. To be sure, this desire of his had been beyond their price range even in the beginning and had become completely untenable. Nevertheless, this disappointment was bound to make him less patient when she dipped in, countermanded his orders and gave orders of her own.

"Angie began to comprehend something of his frustrations, the inner rebelliousness of which he was unable to speak. She and Paul had never talked enough to each other. Paul was the product of a taciturn family, untrained to easy conversational give-and-take. She had held her tongue partly to keep from whining and partly to punish him for denying some wish of hers. After we discussed Paul's youthful background and the origin of his lack of talent in communicating, she gave herself the assignment of drawing him out. For the first time she heard of his worries with his regular job. She found it easy to sympathize with him as she had always sympathized with the children.

"Janie and John had plenty of economic security; Angie was merely rationalizing her personal fondness for squeezing the utmost out of every penny when she defended herself on the pretext of insuring the children's future. The security her youngsters needed was the emotional security offered by two loving parents. Angie had always known that, even though in her stubbornness she had lost sight of the knowledge for a long while.

"Before we had too many interviews she grasped, and without undue difficulty, that the scant affection Paul had received as a boy had made him very dependent upon receiving warmth from his wife. She acknowledged the injustice she had done him and herself by using sex as a bargaining point. She shifted the family beds around, moved in with Paul again, and their sexual relationship was resumed.

"Angie and Paul were intelligent people. But it took an outsider like myself to show them that their scheme of life was lopsided and askew. They occupied too much of their time with work, too little time with fun and recreation. When I met them, both were physically exhausted by ten years of unrelenting labor; physical exhaustion often leads to frazzled nerves and snappy tempers. During one of our conferences Paul told me he had his work on their property planned for the next four years. I recommended that he modify his plan and devote five years to the work. Then, knowing he and Angie were a systematic pair, I presented them with a family schedule that allowed for a certain amount of leisure and recreation. They accepted my proposed schedule with enthusiasm. In fact, they discovered they had been hiding from each other a mutual need to relax and enjoy themselves. They packed the two youngsters in the car and set forth with their trailer on a camping trip, the first vacation of their marriage. They had a wonderful time.

"That was a year ago. Since then there have been other camping trips. I prescribed one trip a month, one night of recreation a week. They have stuck to the schedule faithfully. Differences of opinion still arise between them, but they talk over these differences and usually arrive at a compromise. They retain their quite different conceptions of the value of money. In this matter, I think Angie may be too penurious and Paul a little too free-handed. At any rate, they hit upon a solution that satisfies them. Angie is responsible for choosing their tenants and collecting the rents and Paul is responsible for maintenance; if it is necessary for him to paint or make repairs, she doesn't complain at his buying the best materials.

"As for their own future home, it isn't completed as yet, but no more quarrels swirl around it. At my strong recommendation they hired an architect. This raised the over-all cost, but was worth the price, for both Angie and Paul were willing to follow the advice of a professional whom they respected. Someday I hope to visit them and meet the children of whom they boast so much. Incidentally, I intend to discover for myself whether their kitchen is on the west or on the east."

To be rich in admiration and free from envy; to rejoice greatly in the good of others; to love with such generosity of heart that your love is still a dear possession in absence or unkindness—these are the gifts of fortune which money cannot buy and without which money can buy nothing. He who has such a treasury of riches, being happy and valiant himself, in his own nature, will enjoy the universe as if it were his own estate; and help the man to whom he lends a hand to enjoy it with him.

ROBERT L. STEVENSON

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by
DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY



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Created by Kraft for today's lighter salads, frying, and baking...the LIGHT TOUCH oil

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Pastel Salad Bowl — a Beauty!
Heap cottage cheese on lettuce and top with Dole Pineapple Slices edged with paprika. Center with "Easter Egg" sherbet balls in nest of deep green leaves.

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THER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGES 80 AND 81

Vogue Design No. 9731. One-piece dress, "Easy to Make"; 10–18 (31–38). 75c. Version shown requires 4⅜ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 9732. One-piece dress and petticoat, "Easy to Make"; 10–16 (31–36). 75c. Version shown requires 3⅜ yards of 35″ fabric without nap, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 2870. One-piece dress; 6–12 (24–30). 60c. Version shown requires 2⅝ yards of 35″ fabric without nap for dress and ½ yard of 35″ fabric without nap for yoke and collar, size 8.

Vogue Design No. 4988. One-piece dress; 10–16 (31–36). $1.00. Version shown requires 4⅛ yards of 35″ fabric without nap for dress and ⅛ yard of 35″ tucked fabric for yoke and ⅜ yard of ⅝″ lace edging for yoke trim, size 14.

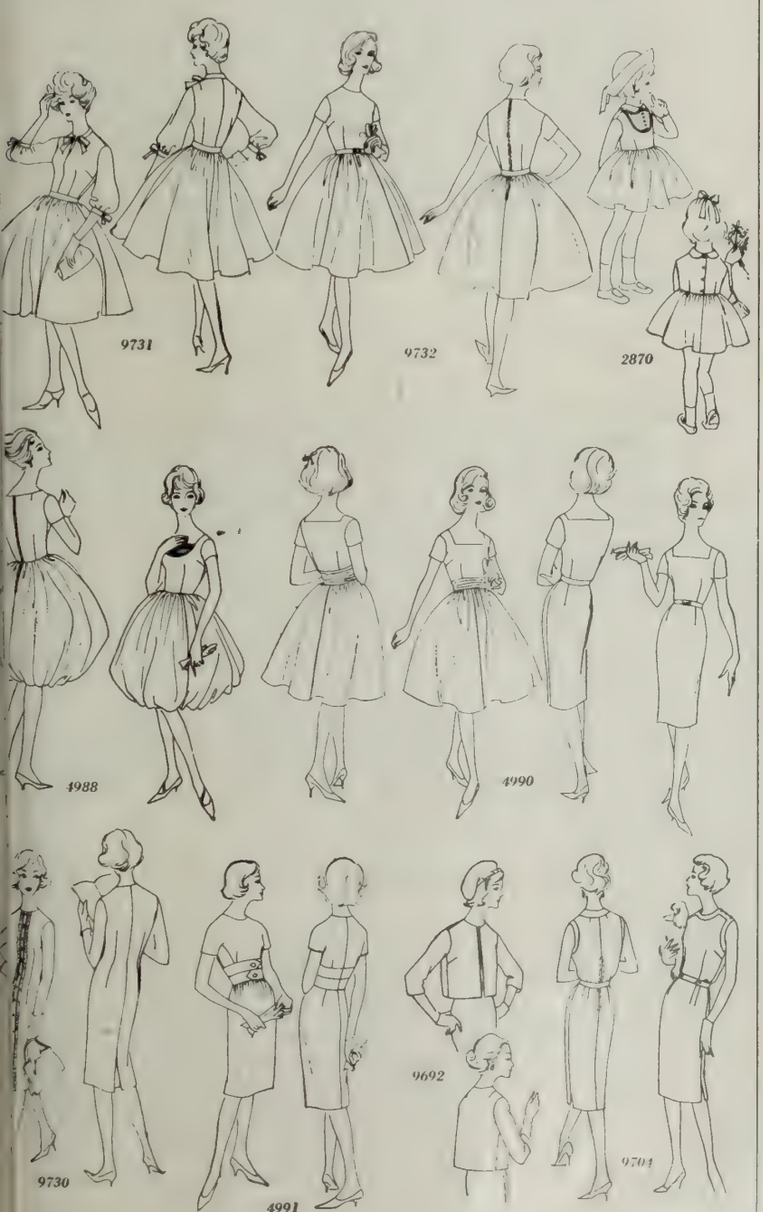
Vogue Design No. 4990. One-piece dress with detachable overskirt and cummerbund; 10–18 (31–38). $1.00. Version shown requires 2⅞ yards of 35″ fabric without nap for dress and 4⅛ yards of 35″ fabric without nap for overskirt, size 14. Skirt may be machine pleated.

Vogue Design No. 9730. One-piece dress; 10–18 (31–38). 75c. Version shown requires 2⅞ yards of 35″ fabric without nap for dress and 4¼ yards of ¾″ lace edging and 1¼ yards of 1″ ribbon for trim or 1¼ yards of button-on trimming, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 4991. One-piece dress; 10–16 (31–36). $1.00. Version shown requires 1⅞ yards of 45″ fabric without nap for dress and ⅜ yard of 45″ fabric without nap for each of the two bands, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 9692. Jackets; 10–18 (31–38). 60c. Version shown requires 1¾ yards of 35″ fabric without nap, size 14.

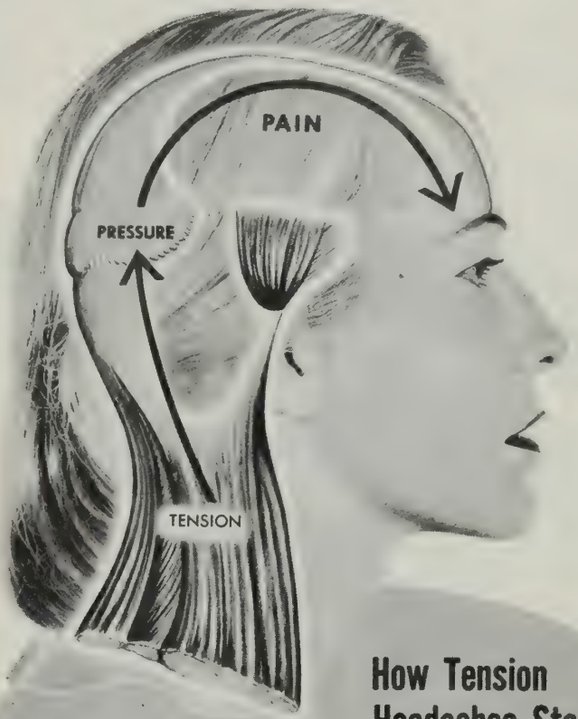
Vogue Design No. 9704. One-piece dress; 12–40 (32–42). 75c. Version shown requires 2½ yards of 39″ fabric without nap, size 14.



How you can break up the

VICIOUS CYCLE of NERVOUS TENSION HEADACHES

Better than aspirin even with buffering added



How Tension Headaches Start

90% of all headaches are caused by tension that comes from a source you'd never suspect — the muscles of back of neck and scalp. This tension causes pressure on nerves and tiny blood vessels and results in pain. In turn, the pain builds up more tension, more pressure and makes your headache worse. That's why you should try the special medication in Anacin (*not found* in aspirin or even in aspirin with buffering) to give fast and more complete pain relief and break up the vicious tension headache cycle.

ANACIN® • Relaxes Tension • Releases Pressure • Relieves Pain Fast

Tension headaches need the special medication in Anacin for more complete pain-relief. So why limit yourself to aspirin or buffered aspirin which contain *only one* pain reliever when you can benefit by the *extra* medication in Anacin? Anacin contains *not* just one but a *combination* of medically proven ingredients which 3 out of 4 doctors recommend for headache pain. And here's why Anacin gives a 'better total effect' in relieving pain of tension headache, neuritis and neuralgia . . .

The special medication in Anacin — which you *do not get* in aspirin or buffered aspirin — relaxes the tension, releases the pressure and promptly relieves your headache. Anacin stops the vicious pain cycle fast. Anacin Tablets are safer, too. They do not upset your stomach. Buy Anacin today.

3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients in



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94



Why bake?–when you can take



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COQUILLES ST. JACQUES

Wash and drain 1 quart scallops. Put them in a saucepan with 1 cup water, juice of 1 lemon, 1 medium onion, peeled and sliced, 4 peppercorns, 2 sprigs parsley, 1 teaspoon salt and ½ bay leaf. Bring to a boil and then simmer gently for about 6 minutes. Drain, reserving the liquid, and cut the scallops into small pieces. Melt ¼ cup butter in a skillet and sauté ½ pound mushrooms, wiped with a damp cloth and cut to match the size of the scallops, until golden. Remove the mushrooms. In the remaining butter, sauté 3 ripe, seeded and diced peeled tomatoes for 5–7 minutes, stirring frequently. In a saucepan melt 2 tablespoons butter; blend in 2 tablespoons flour and about 1 cup hot scallop liquor. Cook the sauce until smooth and thickened. Add 2 tablespoons heavy cream and stir well. Mix the sauce with the scallops, mushrooms and tomatoes. Add a pinch of minced garlic and mix well. Fill scallop shells or ramekins with the mixture. Toss 1 cup bread crumbs and ⅓ cup melted butter together. Use about 2 tablespoons of this mixture on top of each scallop shell. Sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese or crumbled crisp cooked bacon. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for 15–20 minutes or until the bread crumbs become golden and the mixture underneath is heated through. Makes 8 servings.

CHICKEN BAKED WITH HONEY

Using a sharp knife, cut the wings off 2 quartered young chickens, about 2–2½ pounds each. Use the wings to make about 1 cup chicken stock. Put them in a saucepan, cover with cold water and add 1 teaspoon salt. Cover and bring to a boil. Reduce the heat and simmer for about 1 hour. Strain the broth and reserve for use in the casserole. Remove the skin from the quartered chickens. Sprinkle each piece very lightly with seasoned flour. Heat ¼ cup butter in a large skillet and sauté the chicken pieces on both sides until golden. Add more butter as necessary. Remove the chicken and drain on paper toweling. In the remaining butter sauté 1 cup finely chopped peeled onion until golden. Arrange chicken and onion in a 2-quart casserole. Allow about ½ teaspoon powdered rosemary for the whole casserole and sprinkle each piece of chicken. Season with 2 teaspoons salt and ½ teaspoon pepper. Cover each piece of chicken with 1 tablespoon honey. Pour around 1 cup chicken stock. Cover and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., about ¾ hour or until tender. Baste the chicken frequently. Serve en casserole, or arrange the chicken on a platter and pass the hot sauce at the table. Makes 8 servings.

MERINGUE-AND-MACAROON RING

Cut brown paper to fit a baking sheet 15½″x12″. Draw one circle 8¾″ in diameter and a smaller circle inside, 5½″ in diameter. (If you have kitchen bowls the right size, use them for marking.) Brush the paper with salad oil. Separate 5 egg whites from the yolks. Reserve the yolks for use later. Beat the whites together with ½ teaspoon cream of tartar and ⅛ teaspoon salt in a large bowl until foamy, using a rotary-type beater. Now add 1¼ cups sugar, 2 tablespoons at a time, beating well after each addition. Continue beating until the sugar dissolves and the mixture becomes very stiff and glossy (about 15–20 minutes). Using a spoon and spatula, arrange the meringue between the circles on the brown paper. Pile the mixture high, keeping the sides as straight as possible (about 1½″ high). Bake in a slow oven, 250° F., until crisp to touch—about 2 hours. Now cut away the meringue from the brown paper, using a sharp knife or broad spatula. Cool on a wire rack. Add 1 cup crumbled macaroons to 1 pint heavy cream and let stand for about 1 hour. Then beat the mixture until it becomes very thick. Just before serving, place the meringue on a large platter. Coat the outside generously with the macaroon-and-cream mixture. Fill the center with frozen strawberries or cut-up fresh fruit in season. Decorate the base of the ring with fruit. Makes 8 servings.

VEGETABLE SALAD

Cook 2 packages each frozen peas, frozen baby Lima beans and frozen wax beans, according to package directions. When just done (do not overcook), drain, rinse with cold water and drain again. Put the vegetables into a large bowl and allow to cool thoroughly. Then add 1 cup French dressing. Mix thoroughly and allow to marinate for about 2 hours. Now drain the vegetables well. In a bowl mix together ½ cup each mayonnaise and commercial sour cream. Season with 2 tablespoons prepared mustard, 2 teaspoons each dry mustard and salt and ½ teaspoon pepper. Add this dressing, together with ½ cup each peeled, finely chopped onion and celery, to the vegetables. Mix well. Makes 8 servings.

entertain

SPICY BEEF JULIENNE

Buy 3 pounds very lean top round of beef. With a sharp knife cut it into thin strips, about ⅛″ wide, ⅛″ thick and 1½″ long. Using a fork, toss the strips in seasoned flour. Heat 2 tablespoons butter in a large skillet until sizzling and brown a handful of beef strips quickly on all sides. Remove from the skillet and drain on absorbent-paper toweling. Repeat until all the beef is browned, using 2 tablespoons butter before each addition of meat. In the same skillet, melt another 2 tablespoons butter and sauté until golden 1½ cups coarsely chopped peeled onion, 1 cup diced green pepper and 2 cloves garlic, peeled and minced. Transfer all to a large kettle. Add 2 cups canned tomatoes, including liquid, a 6-ounce can tomato paste, 3½ cups beef broth, 3 teaspoons chili powder (use 4–5 teaspoons if you like very hot chili), ¾ teaspoon each cumin seed, orégano and sugar, ½ teaspoon pepper. Cover and heat until bubbling, stirring occasionally. Now add the browned beef strips, mix thoroughly and continue cooking over low heat for about ¾ hour or until the meat is tender. Stir occasionally and add a little hot water if the mixture appears too thick or sticks to the bottom of the kettle. Fifteen minutes before serving, add three 1-pound cans kidney beans. Mix well. Serve with fluffy hot rice. Makes 8–10 servings.

CHILLED BAKED FRUIT COMPOTE

With a sharp knife remove the rind and as much of the pith as possible from 3 navel oranges. Cut the meat from the membranes and save the juice. Wash ¾ pound green grapes, preferably seedless; if not, remove the seeds. Put the orange sections and grapes into a large bowl. Add one 1-pound-13-ounce can whole peeled apricots, pitted, 2 packages frozen peaches (completely thawed) and about 1½ tablespoons finely shredded crystallized ginger (use a sharp knife). Last of all peel and remove the core from 2 ripe pears. Slice and add to the other fruit. Blend 2 teaspoons cornstarch with the orange juice or a little cold water and stir into the fruit mixture. Flavor with a little kirsch if you like. Arrange the fruit in a shallow 2-quart casserole. Be sure there is sufficient liquid to cover the fruit, otherwise the pears will discolor while baking. (Use a little water to do this.) Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 1 hour. Serve hot or allow to cool, then chill for about 1 hour. Makes 8 servings.

THE GOOD WIVES OF SKILLEY ROAD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

he heard Enoch's old hound barking and eezed the dog closely to her side. Yesterwhen Curly had tried to play with him the nd strained at the rope that tied it to the and growled. Enoch said he was gentle, Lucy had seen the anger in his rheumy vn eyes.

Never mind, Curly," she whispered, "that n old dog isn't going to hurt you."

cross the Road and a quarter of a mile y Julian House and his wife Marina lived modern colonial house had built twelve years re. The sun thrusting ugh the drawn shutters he bedroom hinted to n that he had only an before train time. He ed to have an alarm k, since he prided himon waking at whatever he set his mind the before. He reached s the bed to draw his wife into his arms. alf opened her eyes and drew him closer r.

ime to get up, Marina, honey," he said y.

e leaned over him, letting her bright n hair fall across his face. He put his on her heart to feel the deep, strong m. He said softly, "'Give a man a girl he ove, as I, O my love, love thee.'" Then he tly moved away from her and out of made a mock declamatory gesture and ed, "'And his heart is great with the of Fate, at home, on land, on sea.'"

Animals are such agreeable friends; they ask no questions, pass no criticisms.
GEORGE ELIOT

"I know a poem, too," Marina said. "Nothing so something as a woman scorned."

She dressed quickly, her mind asking, *Has he found someone else?* How could a wife in the country ever know what her husband was doing in the city? Julian was handsome, brilliant, rich, everything that would attract a predatory woman. She knew this wasn't the time to ask him what had happened to them. But when was the time? There were parties every weekend, and week nights he brought home work from the office.

"Julian, darling," she whispered.

"Go away, woman, you distract me. Where is that striped tan shirt?"

"In the laundry. Cora didn't come last week. She swore she'd be here today. If Lucy doesn't offer her two dollars to forget all about me."

Julian dived into the closet to take out a gray suit in place of the brown one he had intended to wear. He knew Marina was getting fed up with the undercutting that went on among the women on the Road. She was a *shiksa*, but after twelve years she should know that it was by never showing resentment that he had become the only Jew who hadn't been cold-shouldered off Skilley Road.

"Don't have an argument with Lucy," he warned Marina. "She has a tongue that's been dipped in curare."

"She's not bad if you let her get away with her own particular brand of murder." Marina



Mouth-watering NEWS!
"4-HOUR" spaghetti sauce flavor
—In 10 MINUTES!



FRENCH'S Spaghetti Sauce Mix

Turns tomato paste into rich, "long-simmered" spaghetti sauce. French's special bouquet of fine herbs and spices gives you texture, fragrance and flavor no canned sauce ever has. Spicy goodness like this used to take hours. No more! Now you can stir up this fabulous sauce in the few minutes it takes your spaghetti to cook. You'll be delighted that sauce this good can be so easy. It's teasing . . . tantalizing . . . so gratifying!

Here's how: To tomato paste (6-oz. can), 1¾ cups of water, 2 tbsps. salad oil add French's Spaghetti Sauce Mix. Simmer 10 minutes, stir occasionally. Makes four big servings. Serve over cooked spaghetti, macaroni, meat loaf, ravioli, noodles. And be ready for *praise!*



P.S. Raisins—sweet energy-packed fruit—are right to tide a tot over till mealtime. And the little handy packs hold just enough. California Raisin Advisory Board, Fresno.

laughed, but there was an edge of bitterness in her voice. "In fact, Lucy and I are the best of friends. Now hurry, darling."

Julian watched her as she went out the door. She was tall, but her movements were graceful in a way that tall girls seldom achieved. He frowned as he checked his wallet, commutation ticket and keys before he put them in his pocket. He had been madly in love with Marina when he married her, and he had no reason not to be madly in love with her now. She was everything any man could want, beautiful, sensitive, with a quick, perceptive mind, but he was beginning to feel like her brother, not her lover.

Clem Elkin and his wife, Fran, lived in an old farmhouse painted strawberry pink with dark green shutters. Clem was knotting his tie with fumbling fingers when he heard his wife call up the stairs to him, "Hurry, Clem, I've made blueberry muffins for you."

Fran kept her voice gentle. She hoped that the alkalizer she had brought Clem when the alarm went off had steadied down his hangover, or anyway that he wouldn't remember what a fool he had made of himself at the Masons' last night. After the third drink he inevitably began to prowl, hunting down any woman who could be flattered by attention from the great personality, Clem Elkin.

In the kitchen she ran cold water and, cupping it in her hands, held it against her face. She'd have him give her some money before he left for the station this morning. The grocer had called three times last week and she had had to hide from the milkman yesterday. Clem made a big salary, even now, when it was harder for the station to find sponsors for him. But there was always a scene when she asked him for household money.

"It's going to be a stinker in town," he groaned, pulling out a chair and pouring himself a cup of coffee. His hand shook and some of the coffee slopped into the saucer. He lifted the cup out of the saucer and set it on the fresh cloth, where it left an ugly brown ring. "Sorry," he said. "I didn't want to drip coffee on my suit."

The color went out of her face, but she managed to turn quietly away from him. "No matter what provocation you have, Frances, if you're a little lady nothing can hurt you," her mother used to say.

She'd given up being a "little lady" soon after she married Clem. The last thing he had wanted was "a little lady." She had come a long way from the missionary school where her father led prayers every morning and evening.

"Why did you stay up so late?" Clem asked. "I could have found my way home alone, or did you think you had to keep an eye on papa?"

She knew he had to believe that someone, even if it was only his wife, still thought he was alluring to women. "Jill seemed to forget that I have eyes," she said, to put him in a good humor.

"Now don't get ideas." He liked the game enough to keep up the play. "Jill Jones is a nice girl, but she's not my type." He finished his coffee and poured another cup. "I think that when Greg and I get our land deal rolling I'll spend more time in New York. I need wider contacts than I get on this hick road."

Fran heard the grandfather clock in the dining room bong seven-thirty. "Can you let me have a check, Clem?" she asked quickly. "I have to give something to the grocer and the milkman and Enoch has asked me three times for the money we owe him for plowing up the garden last spring."

"You've had all weekend," he glowered at her. "Why do you have to wait until the last minute on Monday morning to ask me for money?"

"Please, Clem," she interrupted him. She couldn't stop the tears that welled up in her eyes. Why didn't he say he was tired of her? Send her away or leave her? But she knew the answer well enough. He wanted to come home to a cook and a housekeeper and a laundress and a hostess who knew how to play up the great personality to his friends.

"Don't start sniveling." His voice was unexpectedly soft. He even reached over to pat her hand. He would often retreat when he knew he'd driven her to the last extremity of humiliation. "I gave you three hundred on the first and you're already broke. I can only let you have fifty now. Dole it out the best you can."

A car horn beeped impatiently. He stood up, stooped down to peck at her cheek. On the Road it was as unthinkable not to kiss your wife good-by (even if you were not speaking) as it would be to forget to brush your teeth.

When Fran heard the door slam behind him she sat, one finger going round and round the brown circle the coffee cup had made. Her eyes, behind horn-rimmed spectacles, were the soft brown of autumn leaves. Her hair, combed back in a severe knot, was a rich chestnut brown. She was so quiet she seemed to have emptied herself of any feeling. When the clock struck again she roused herself, took the cloth off the table and put it to soak.

Jack and Jill Jones, who lived in the house-made-from-a-barn at the dead end of Skilley Road, were racing toward the station in their jeep. Jill, red hair tied back with a green scarf, glanced toward the Elkin house when they passed it. She wondered if she should run in, after lunch, with some flowers from her garden for Fran Elkin. She hoped that Fran didn't blame her because Clem had maneuvered her into the den at the Masons' party last night.

When the satisfaction or the security of another person becomes as significant to one as is one's own satisfaction or security, then the state of love exists. So far as I know, under no other circumstances is a state of love present, regardless of the popular usage of the word.

HARRY STACK SULLIVAN
Conceptions of Modern Psychiatry
William Alanson White Psychiatric Foundation

She should have slapped him, but she didn't dare make him mad. Two of the accounts that Jack worked on in the agency had programs in the broadcasting station where (in spite of the gossip that he was slipping) Clem was still a big name. She hoped Jack hadn't noticed how long she was out of the Masons' living room. She put her hand on his knee. He dropped his hand on hers and the jeep swerved.

"Slow down before you get to Enoch's," Jill shouted. "Someday you'll hit one of his chickens, or Ruthie."

"If I slow down I'll miss the train," he shouted back at her. They had to shout to each other because last winter the muffler had fallen off the jeep and it suited the role they played on Skilley Road not to get a new one.

Jill (her name was Evelyn, but everyone called her "Jill") was twenty-eight and Jack was four years older. But they were younger than the other couples on the Road. It had been easy to let their neighbors spoil them and tease them. Occasionally Jack growled that he was tired of acting like a retarded adolescent, but he never did anything about it. Jill recognized that giving their neighbors a vicarious sense of youth was the passport to their good will.

Economically, the Joneses didn't belong on Skilley Road. They had been able to buy the weathered barn at the end of the Road with the money Jill was left by her father. They had done most of the remodeling themselves, and their barn-into-house was very dear to them. They had finished their work by the time their neighbors, who were slow in taking up newcomers, discovered them. Now they were part of the intimate little group, invited to all the weekend parties.

They passed Dan Moore's house and were coming to the Masons' gateway when Jill looked up to see Clark Mason backing his Bentley down the driveway. He hadn't looked back and Jill screamed, "Jack, be careful."

Jack swerved. The jeep by a miracle held the road and managed to round the corner on four wheels. Jill felt her stomach turn over and there were white lines at the corners of Jack's mouth.

"Why didn't he look where he was going?" he yelled.

But by the time the station was in sight his temper had cooled down and he was hoping to apologize to Clark before the train pulled in. He'd shake his head as though he wished he could grow up and be sensible and responsible like the other wise, wonderful guys who lived on Skilley Road.

Before the train left for New York the dust had settled back on Skilley Road. It would be stirred again when the women who had driven their husbands to the train returned to their houses. But the women drove more slowly and the dust rose for only an instant before it fell again. By eight o'clock, when the sun had dissolved all but the deepest shadows, the women knew that Skilley Road was theirs. Before they began their tasks, each one took a moment's respite. These moments were the only ones out of twenty-four hours they could call their own.

Lucy Burdick, after she drove back from seeing Greg off, stretched out on the sofa in the living room, with Curly in the crook of her arm, and read the bridge column, the garden chat and the gossip column in yesterday's paper. Marina House sat cross-legged on the floor in front of her hi-fi and listened to one record of a new album of an opera. Fran Elkin, after she hung the tablecloth to dry, took another cup of coffee out to her screened-in side porch. Jill Jones went to the magazine rack in the living room, picked out a copy of House and Garden and avidly studied it. Stella Mason, in the bedroom of the beautifully restored colonial mansion, slathered cold cream on her face and rubbed it in with a circular motion.

Stella had been looking out the window when she saw her husband back the Bentley down the driveway, heard Jill scream and saw the jeep swerve across the road. When she saw Clark safely on his way she sat down on the chaise longue and buried her face in her hands. If anything ever happened to Clark she couldn't live, not an hour, not five minutes.

When she stopped crying she rubbed on the cold cream and then rubbed it off again with a piece of tissue. She leaned forward to study her face in the mirror. She knew that she was pretty for a woman well into her fifties, but she had been beautiful once. *It's a long step from being beautiful to being pretty.* Maybe, she thought as she manipulated her neck and chin, maybe homely women were lucky. They never had to take that long step. But she had been lucky. So many beautiful women had all sorts of misfortunes, almost as though their beauty was a curse. Her beauty was part of the reason that Clark had fallen in love with her, and having Clark was all the luck she could ask for a lifetime. He had been hers, absolutely hers, except for that terrible time three years ago. Her hands trembled and she clasped them together. Why couldn't she forget what was over and done with? Estelle Moore was dead and Dan had married another woman, and not even Clark knew she'd found out about him and Estelle.

While she patted her face with lotion she thought of the changes that had come to the countryside since they had moved to Connecticut. Turnerville, six miles away, where the residents of Skilley Road went to the grocer and the butcher, had been a sweet New England village. Today it was a bustling town with colonies of vulgar ranch-type houses painted hideous colors and rows of cheap little brown bungalows where diapers hung eternally on clotheslines. Worse than the physical changes in the countryside were the changes that had come to their neighbors on the Road. She remembered how gay and young they had been, what fun they had had at their parties and picnics.

Today, perhaps because they knew one another too well, secrets had been brought out in the open. Lucy's frustration because she had never had a child was embittering her. Clem's amorous advances were repulsive. Marina and Julian didn't seem as much in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

LIPTON ONION SOUP MIX MAKES EVERYDAY MEALS SPECIAL TREATS



'estive California, Dip. Good dipping like ·is will disappear in a hurry. So be sure you fix lenty. All you do is mix one package of Lipton)nion Soup Mix with a pint of commercial sour cream, refrigerate and serve with potato chips.

Try California Dip buffet sandwiches. Extra wonderful when you spread it on thin slices of rye or whole wheat bread.



erve crunchy onion bread with soup, alad. Mix ½ cup softened butter or margarine ith 3 tablespoons Lipton Onion Soup Mix. Slice rench bread almost to bottom. Spread onion mix- re between slices. Place on aluminum foil—leave p open. Bake in (375°F) oven fifteen minutes.



Tasty supper in a hurry. Try these savory hamburgers. Put two pounds of ground beef in bowl with ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ½ cup warm water, 1 package Lipton Onion Soup Mix. Shape into 8 thick or 16 thin patties. Brown in skillet, broil or cook over charcoal.



There's so much good in Lipton Soup Mixes... body-building proteins, carbohydrates for energy, minerals and vitamins essential to good nutrition.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

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GREEN PEA • TOMATO VEGETABLE
BEEF NOODLE



Cashmere Bouquet Talc...scents and silkens every inch of you ...more lastingly... more lovingly than costly cologne

No cologne protects and prolongs daintiness like Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Can't evaporate. Won't dry your skin. Will leave you silken-smooth, flower-fresh all over for hours. Let Cashmere Bouquet, made of *pure imported* Talc, be your lasting Veil of Freshness.

Cashmere Bouquet...
The Fragrance Men Love

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love as they had been. Margot Tyrell, who had been brilliant and witty, had nothing to talk about now but her two boys. *If everyone must change*, she thought despairingly, *couldn't the changes have been for the better?* By the time she was dressed she was so low-spirited that she decided to take her car and spend the day driving far up into the hills.

Enoch, working patiently on his old truck, saw Stella pass and lifted his hand to wave. His eyes followed the cloud of dust her sports car stirred up. Mrs. Mason was driving almost as fast as the young Jones feller. Skilley Road was too narrow for fast driving. If a truck or another car was coming around the curve, there could be a smashup. Seemed as if it wasn't worth hurrying to get someplace if you got there dead. He turned back to his work.

He was willing to pass the time of day with his neighbors, to plow up their gardens, prune their trees and mow their lawns when he had the time. He gave honest work and if they forgot to pay him it didn't embarrass him to remind them. He'd stop by Mrs. Elkin's after dinner and ask her again for what she owed him. He had to put something on his tax bill. He hadn't got caught up on it since Ruthie was hurt.

"Enoch," his wife bellowed from the kitchen window, "dinner's 'bout on the table. Bring in a pail of water when you come."

"Wonder when Mr. Moore will be back," he said, as he brought in the pail of water and poured some in a tin pan to wash up.

Millie looked up from the stove with a wide grin. "While you was out back Mrs. House come to the front an' asked me to go over to Mr. Moore's with her this afternoon to do some cleanin'. Mr. Moore and his new missus will be out here sometime early this evenin'."

She looked up toward the ceiling and shouted, "Ruthie, come on down and git your dinner, girl." She listened, then repeated coaxingly, "Come on, Ruthie, your pa's already eatin' his."

Enoch looked up at her. Her face, fine-skinned, delicately colored as a girl's, had been spared the ugly rolls of fat that encased her body. Her small, circus-fat-woman's hands were well cared for. Her tiny feet were pushed into bedroom slippers with ludicrous pink pompons. Enoch had given them to her last Christmas and she liked them so much she wore them every day.

There was a faint scurrying sound as though a small animal were delicately testing the rickety stairs. Enoch smiled, a tender smile that lighted the room with love. A small, slender girl ran into the room. She stood an instant, poised for flight. Long, dark hair, soft and straight, fell to her shoulders. Her eyes, lighter blue than Enoch's, were mischievous today, not dark with fear as they often were.

"Ain't no one here, Ruthie-girl," Enoch said in the voice he used when he gentled a small animal in the woods.

She sat on the old kitchen chair that he had painted blue for her.

"Eat your dinner, Ruthie," Millie said.

The girl shook her head impatiently. "How old am I, pa?" she asked, spacing the words carefully.

"You're fifteen," he answered her slowly. "When it comes near to Thanksgiving you'll be sixteen. That's how it goes, Ruthie, fifteen, sixteen."

"Fifteen, sixteen," she repeated, laughing softly.

"Why does she want to know how old she is all the time?" Millie asked with a worried frown.

"Most likely the Tyrell boys asked her."

A long look passed between Enoch and his wife. He gave a warning look toward Ruthie, who was watching them over the rim of her milk glass.

"They're not bad boys," Enoch said. "All boys are sort of wild sometimes without meaning any harm."

He bent his head, sorry for the anger he had felt when he caught the two boys teasing Ruthie from the Road. He was glad now that they had run too fast for him. It was the only time in his life that he had been possessed with anger and it made him ashamed to remember it. He looked up when Ruthie put her hand on his, sensing the pain and worry in his heart.

He forced himself to smile, but he was wondering what would happen to her if, somehow, he lost his house and land, or died. Poor Millie couldn't take care of her. They would lock her up in a place where every face was the face of terror. Suddenly he couldn't eat any more and pushed his plate away.

"I ain't hungry," he said. "Too much sun this morning."

That Monday morning when the commuters of Skilley Road were starting a new week in the sizzling heat of the city, Gina and Dan Moore sat side by side at the small breakfast table in their hotel suite.

"I wish we could have a few more days alone together." Dan reached for Gina's hand. "These last three weeks have spoiled me. I began to believe that saying good-by to my girl before I rushed for the office would never happen. Well, I've put it off as long as I can, and I shall probably be given a lecture that begins, 'Time waits for no man, even one lucky enough to be married to the girl he adores.'"

"They wouldn't dare." Gina couldn't imagine anyone with enough authority to lecture her dignified, masterful husband.

"I won't be put in the corner, angel, but there will be raised eyebrows behind my back and my secretary will look at me over the top of her spectacles."

"Oh, heavens, your secretary." Gina hurried away from the table. "I almost forgot the gift you brought her."

With Gina out of the room, Dan let the thoughts he had pushed away from his mind take possession of him. How could he take Gina into the house on Skilley Road where Estelle had outraged everything good and decent? When they drove up to the house could he keep himself from glancing up at the window of Estelle's room, as he had so often in the past, to see her white, twisted face peering out at him? He hadn't been able to face telling Gina anything about Estelle himself except that she had died three years before. Gina's trust in him and good manners had kept her from questioning him about his first wife. But he knew it had been cowardly of him not to tell her before they went to Skilley Road.

"Here it is." Gina came back to put a prettily wrapped box on the table. She ruffled his dark hair that was gray at the temples. "If I were a good wife I'd say, 'Off to work or there'll be no supper on the table tonight.'"

"Say it," he said, "or I'll never leave you."

"I don't want you to leave me, so I shan't say it." Gina put her cheek against his. "However, you'll be back soon and we'll drive out to our own home. I've never had a real home before, Dan. You can't know how—how I look forward to going into a house that is ours, dearest."

"I'll do everything to make you happy there." He kissed her, a long, satisfying kiss. "Now I'm going. I'll try to be back by the middle of the afternoon. We'll stop somewhere on the way to Connecticut and have dinner."

When the door closed behind him Gina went to the window and looked down twenty-six stories to the street. Men and women scaled to pygmies moved sluggishly under the blanket of heat that hung over the city. There was no comfort to be found in the slow antlike procession and she looked away from them up to the fabulous towers of Manhattan. As a child she had heard her mother say, "Someday I'll be better than a movie star. I'll go to New York, I'll have my name in lights on Broadway." But before it could happen there had been the tragic accident and her father had taken Gina and her brother away from Hollywood to Europe.

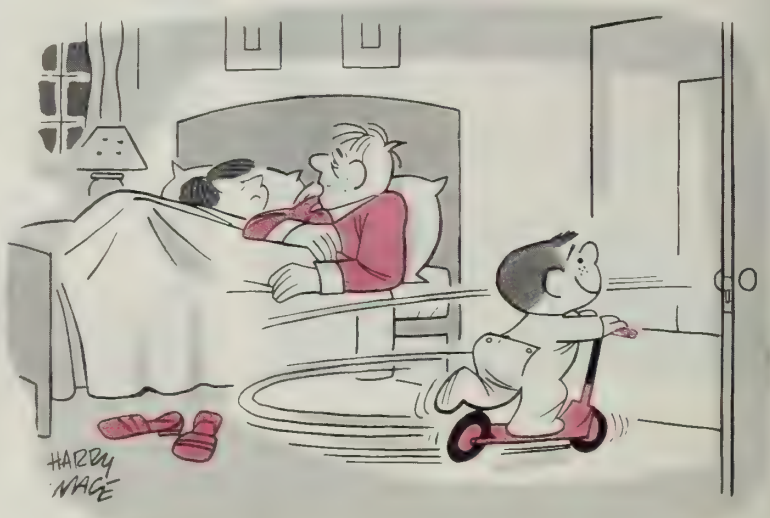
She thought sadly of the small girl and the young boy wandering hand in hand through the streets of strange cities where their father, immersed in his work, would forget them for hours on end. Sometimes she wondered if he wanted to forget them as he longed to forget the beautiful, faithless wife whom he had loved so distractedly.

Her father had tried to keep the story from them, but Gina had found an old newspaper with a blatant headline and had wonderingly spelled out, "Brenda Purcell Killed in Motor Accident." She had insisted on Joel's reading the story to her, had listened wide-eyed as he stumbled through the words, "Brenda Purcell, wife of Paul Bianco, well known as the composer of the finest music for motion pictures, was killed when the car, driven by band leader Jackie Krebs, hurtled over a cliff near Santa Monica. The beautiful star of many great motion pictures had confided to a friend that she expected to marry Jackie Krebs as soon as she obtained her divorce."

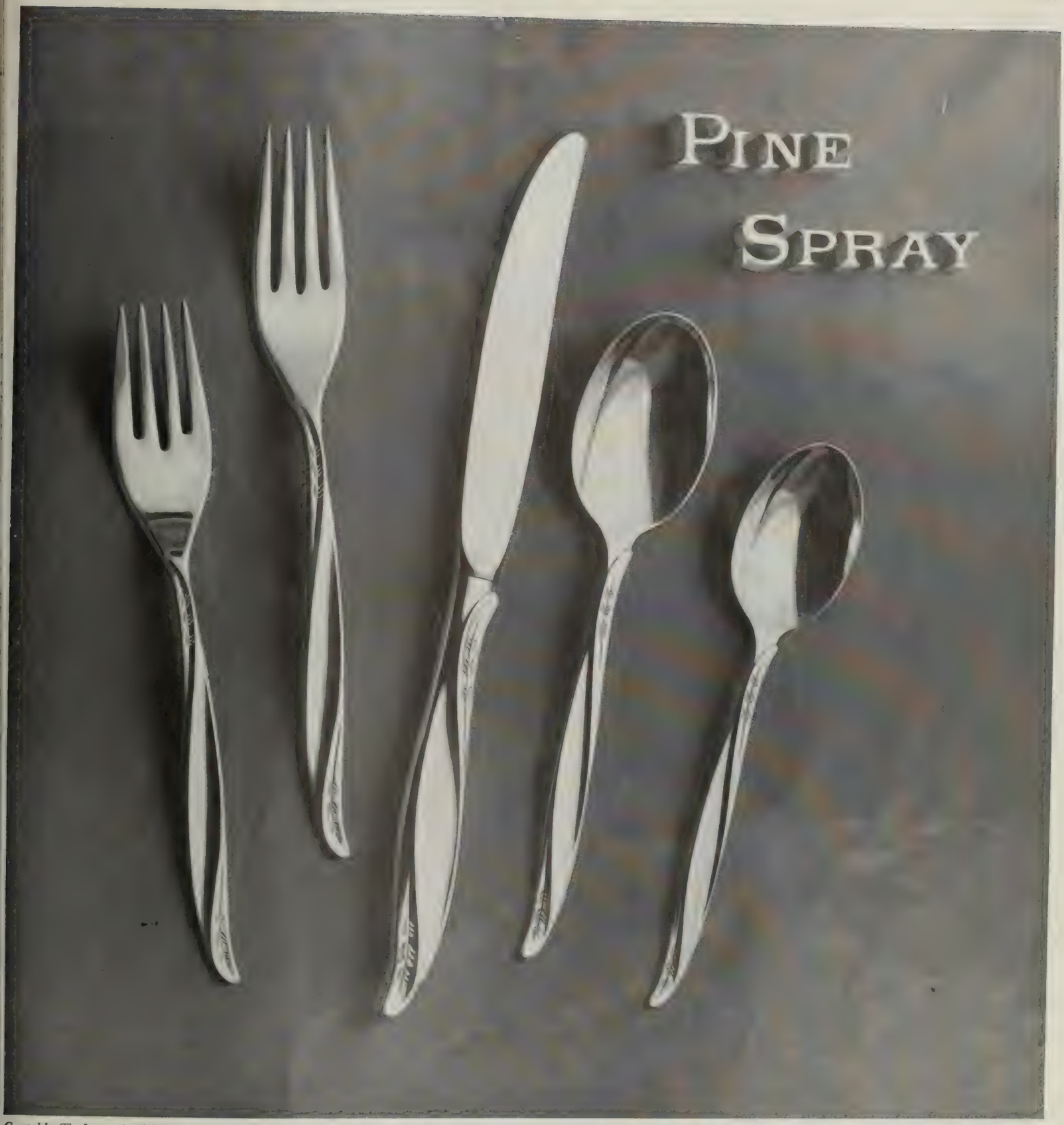
Her father had been kind to the children when he remembered them and somehow he managed to see that there were "mademoiselles" for Gina and tutors for Joel. Then Joel had gone to England to study engineering and Gina, after a year in a convent in Rome, had lived in Florence with her father.

Standing at the hotel window, she thought how far away that life was from her now, as if it had been lived on another planet and she had come to the world where she belonged only when she met Dan. A church bell chimed twelve and guiltily Gina turned away from the window to go into the bedroom to pack. While she took her lingerie out of the hotel bureau to fold it carefully for the suitcases, she puzzled over Dan's manner when she had tried to tell him how much it meant to her to be going home with him. He had become suddenly silent and withdrawn as though she had opened a door to a room where she had no right to enter. *He doesn't want to talk about it*, Gina thought as she shook out some summer dresses. She realized for the first time how seldom Dan had spoken of his life before he

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"I think it's time to cut out his afternoon nap."



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CHILLED ORANGE JUICE from Florida

©FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKELAND, FLORIDA, 1959

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knew her. He had told her that his wife had died three years before, but she couldn't tell from his voice whether they had been very much in love. She knew that they had had no children, but not if that was a sorrow to him. She knew, because he had told Joel, that he was president of a company that made fabrics of what he called "artificial fibers," but she didn't know whether he was very rich or only comfortably well off. What she knew with every instinct of her heart and soul was that he was the finest, most honorable, kindest man in the world and no matter how much she loved him it could never be enough.

The telephone rang. She ran across the room to answer it, her heart thumping.

"Darling"—Dan's voice was hesitant—"I'm going to be held up in the office longer than I thought. We'll have dinner in town and drive out later. You all right, angel?"

"I've been busy packing, but since we aren't going out until after dinner perhaps I'll go to a museum this afternoon."

"That's fine. I'll be at the hotel before six. If you go out, take a taxi. The streets are brutal today."

In his office Dan pushed away his telephone and stared down at the conglomeration of letters and papers that had accumulated while he was in Italy. Again and again he said to himself, *I can't go out to that house, I can't take Gina out to that house.* He had never funked anything in his life before. When his father died and he had had to leave college to help support his mother, when the depression had wiped out the first business he had built, when in the war a Japanese suicide plane had dived at the ship he commanded he had faced each disaster squarely and fearlessly. Even when, in a few short months after his marriage to Estelle, he had known he had made the greatest mistake a man can make, he had squared his shoulders and determined to see the thing through.

"I'll have to do it," he said aloud. The sound of his voice startled him. He crossed the room to look out the window at the busy scene of downtown Manhattan. He remembered how often he had looked out that same window when, sick at heart from a scene with Estelle, he wondered just how much a man could bear. And now when he had found the girl who was heart of his heart, Estelle had returned to torture him.

He went back to his desk. An hour ago he had called Marina and asked her to get Millie and open the house. Stella and Clark Mason were his oldest friends on the Road, but Stella would have asked numberless questions, cooed over the excitement of his bringing a bride home from Italy. Marina had been pleasantly matter-of-fact and he knew she wouldn't spread the news that they were coming out today. He couldn't have borne it if the neighbors had dropped in to welcome them.

It was after five o'clock when Dan pressed the bell at the door of their suite in the hotel and Gina opened it to him. He drew her into the room and caught her in his arms. He turned her face up to press his mouth against hers in a long, breath-taking kiss.

"I missed you all day," he whispered.

She held him away to look into his dark eyes. "I missed you too. I felt lost without you, but now you're back and our world's in its place again."

They went to Pavillon for dinner. Gina was accustomed to the late, long-drawn-out dinners in Rome, but Dan seemed to be exceeding even those hours. It was after ten o'clock when they drove through Central Park, beyond the outskirts of the city and onto a wide parkway.

They turned off the Merritt Parkway and drove through a village. Trees lined the streets, their boughs bent under the weight of their summer burgeoning, the air was perfumed with the sweet scent of flowers blooming in hidden gardens. In a little "green" a white church, austere in the simplicity of its straight lines, was illuminated.

"This is Turnerville," Dan said. "The good wives of Skilley Road come here to market. We all go to town meetings here and unless we're dissidents we vote Republican."

"Dissidents?" Gina asked.

"We don't dignify the benighted ones by calling them 'Democrats,'" Dan laughed. "But your ballot is secret. You don't even have to tell your husband how you've voted. Marina will induct you into our politics. Last year she was chairman of our local Republican group."

They drove into deeply wooded countryside where birds, startled by car lights, gave sleepy chirps of protest. Dan turned right at a sign that pointed to Skilley Road, turned the car into a driveway, and drew to the front of a brick house. Over a white door, recessed between white pillars, a porch light gleamed.

"You're home, my dear," Dan said.

"It's a beautiful house you've brought me to, Dan." She lifted her face to his. "I'll be very happy here."

"If you're not," he said brusquely, "we won't stay." His arm went around her and he pulled her close to him, staring into the dark. Had his terrible failure with Estelle been his fault? Could he make this girl he loved so deeply happy? Would she ever turn to him with a twisted, white face, screaming, "I hate you, Dan Moore, I hate you"?

The endless procession of doctors and psychiatrists who had tried to help Estelle had assured him that he wasn't at fault. He had been kind and he had pitied Estelle, but it had not helped her. She was gone now with the misery and unhappiness she strewed about her as carelessly as children fling flowers they pick in the woods. Some of the flowers had rooted themselves in his consciousness where they gave off a sickening, acrid scent—memories he could not turn away from, and a haunting fear that someday he would learn what she had written in the blurred note that she left on the table beside the bed where she died.

Stella Mason had finished creaming her face before the telephone rang. When she said "Hello" Lucy Burdick asked, without preamble, "Have you heard that Dan Moore and his new wife are back?"

"I hadn't heard, but I suspected it," Stella answered. "Last night when Clark and I were coming home from the Westport Playhouse we saw lights in the house. Did you see Dan?"

"No. Roger and Margot Tyrell took Greg to the station. Margot had just time to say hello to him. She called me as soon as she got home. I do wish he'd married someone we all knew instead of a foreigner."

"She isn't exactly a foreigner. Her father is an Italian who wrote music for the movies and her mother was Brenda Purcell, the movie actress. You must remember her?"

"Wasn't she the one who was killed running off with a band leader?"

"I believe so," Stella answered cautiously.

"Poor Dan." Lucy's voice was ominous. "If this girl takes after her mother it will be the story of Estelle all over again. They say a man's second wife is usually the same type as his first one, but you'd think Dan would have ——"

"Let's don't talk about what's over and done with, Lucy," Stella interrupted. "Has Marina called you?"

"What about?" Lucy was successfully deflected. "I hope not for a contribution. Every time I hear from Marina she's collecting for some noble cause."

"Marina is having Dan and his wife for dinner and wants us to come in afterward for a drink. I know Marina is going to call you."

"We'll go," Lucy said decisively. "Greg wants to talk to Dan before Enoch gets to him. Enoch is just crafty enough to get Dan on his side. He shouldn't live on Skilley Road. This isn't back country any more. Skilley Road is as much a part of New York as Madison Avenue."

"I hope not. I've grown so old"—Stella laughed self-consciously—"that I can't bear to go into the city any more."

"Don't you talk about being old," Lucy scoffed, as she knew she was expected to. "You're still the most beautiful woman anyone has ever seen. I wonder how old Dan's wife is. Well, we'll know tonight. I'll hang up now and let Marina get on the line. See you later."

After she put the receiver in place Stella sat staring at the flowers on her desk. Sometimes she wished that she had never allowed Lucy to become an intimate of hers. But Lucy hadn't always been so malicious; or perhaps it had seemed astringent and funny once, not frightening and dangerous. She bent her head and covered her face with her hands in a gesture that made her seem very old and lonely. Suppose Lucy had found out —— But she couldn't finish her thought even here in the secrecy of her room. Instead she murmured softly, "Clark, Clark, how could you? It couldn't have been my fault. I always let you know how much I love you." It wasn't love that had led him to Estelle, she reassured herself; it was that Clark could never bear to see anyone unhappy.

Marina House, in pale yellow shirt and shorts, sat at her telephone table. She wondered if she should ask Jack and Jill Jones to drop in this evening. She didn't need to ask them since the Joneses had never been close friends of Dan's, but the real reason she had for bypassing them was that Clem undoubtedly would try to get Jill off into a corner and she didn't want to spoil any first impressions for Dan's wife. Let her think for one evening that the neighbors on Skilley Road were one big, happy family.

We should be, she thought, doodling slowly on the pad. *We have all the ingredients for happiness, but the cake doesn't rise.*

Julian hadn't come home last night. He had telephoned her that one of his authors was sailing for Europe and he would have to see him before he left. Julian was the senior partner in a publishing house and she was used to

It is to the credit of human nature that, except where its selfishness is brought into play, it loves more readily than it hates.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

the unreasonable demands that authors made on his time; but there had been a defiant note in his voice when he told her he wasn't coming home, as though he dared her to be hurt or angry.

She heard the clock strike and gave a little gasp of dismay. She'd planned to be at the Moores' house half an hour ago. She had promised to take Dan's bride shopping in Turnerville. When she ran upstairs she told herself that she wouldn't worry or fret or imagine Julian had found another love. Someone had said, "Jealousy is the occupational disease of the exurbanite wife." She knew that the other women on the Road suffered from it. They made grim little jokes about their husbands' secretaries or moped when their husbands were away on business trips. Once she had been inwardly scornful of them, but in the last few months she had learned how easy it would be to surrender to the insidious disease.

Millie opened the door for Marina when she rang the Moores' bell.

"I set Mrs. Moore to makin' her list," she announced to Marina. "You go in the kitchen and you'll find her lookin' at the empty shelves and wonderin' what to put in 'em. That kitchen's big enough fer a hotel."

Marina slid past the voluminous form and went into the kitchen to see a tall, slender girl, much younger than she had expected Dan's wife to be. She wore a white piqué dress with a blue belt. A smile curved her wide, prettily shaped mouth and lighted her eyes, the color of amber behind long dark lashes. She held out a slender sun-browned hand.

"You're Marina House. I can't tell you how grateful we are to you."

"Dan didn't give me much time," Marina said. "You can see that Millie doesn't move around very quickly. She tells me that she's set you to making a list."

"I really haven't a notion of what I should buy. Dan is going to bring a cook and maid or a couple out from an employment agency in New York."

Marina shot her a glance of pity. "It's not easy to keep servants on the Road," she told Gina, "but maybe you'll be lucky. However, don't worry. You're coming to dinner with us tonight and if you can manage breakfasts there are some good restaurants in and about Turnerville where you and Dan can have dinner. Dan will surely find someone for you before the week's over."

They drove out of the driveway onto Skilley Road. When they passed a gracious white house set back in a wide, green lawn, Marina gestured toward it. "That's the Masons' house. Clark and Stella are very good friends of Dan's. You'll meet them this evening."

Gina studied the peaceful stretch of road, the elegant homes, each embellished with well-cared-for lawns and gardens. A wave of contentment swept over her. A thought stirred deeply in her heart, but she managed to put it in casual words.

"What an ideal place this must be for children."

She was surprised to see Marina's lips tighten. "Children don't fit into the pattern of Skilley Road, Gina. The Tyrells have two boys, but the rest of us have substitutes."

"Substitutes?"

"Dogs, cats, gardens. It's partly economic, I suppose. At first a couple buys or builds a too expensive house and after it is paid for—if it ever is—there are new cars and trips to Europe to use up any extra cash." She hesitated and gave Gina a sidelong glance, then decided she looked intelligent enough for adult conversation. "Of course there are more subtle reasons. Some husbands like to be babies and don't want to lose their prerogatives. With Julian and me"—her hands tightened on the car wheel—"well, Julian is Jewish and he feels a child would resent a divided heritage."

"I shall want children." Gina discarded any reticence in the face of Marina's frankness. "A lot of them."

"At least two." Marina smiled at her. Then she added gravely, "If you feel that way, don't wait too long. You can get awfully tangled up in things that really don't matter."

They drove through the outskirts of Turnerville and into the business section. Gina followed her from store to store in the small town. The abundance of everything edible from fresh vegetables to tiers of canned goods and bins of frozen foods and mountainous heaps of cellophane-wrapped breads and cakes made Gina gasp in amazement.

"It's wonderful," she said, as she waited in line with Marina. "Of course I've heard of American supermarkets, but I never really quite believed it."

The two young women were so congenial that they lingered at luncheon in the White Birch Inn until Marina, glancing at her wrist watch, exclaimed in horror, "If we don't leave now, I'll never have dinner ready for you and Dan." Her dark eyes, that Gina thought made an enchanting contrast to her golden hair, were warm with friendliness as she added, "I hope we'll see each other often, Gina. I know you'll like Julian and we're both very fond of Dan."

"You're making it very easy for me to feel at home on Skilley Road." She flushed. "I might as well admit I was a little scared."

Marina nodded. "Naturally you've been in a whirlpool of emotion and excitement. It's hard to believe that Dan left for Europe just six weeks ago and here he is back home with a bride." She hesitated, then added quickly, "He was a lonely, unhappy man. We are all very happy for him. Dan deserves the best, and I'd say he's gotten it."

"Welcome to Skilley Road," Julian said as he opened the door to Dan and Gina. He shook hands with Gina and slapped Dan on the shoulder. "How does it feel to be home, Dan?"

Gina felt an immediate liking for the tall, sun-browned man whose dark eyes, behind horn-rimmed glasses, were warm with friendly approval. He and Marina, she thought, must surely have a secure, well-adjusted marriage. It was too bad he hadn't wanted children. The kindliness he radiated could make a child's life a happy one.

Marina came into the room, exquisitely fresh in a pale blue embroidered cotton dress.

She smiled, "How lovely you look," to Gina and held out her hand to Dan.

"We've missed you," she said. "You're the one man on the Road who can hold the burghers in line."

"Enoch told me something last night." Dan frowned at the memory. "I don't see how anyone can force him to sell his land if he doesn't want to."

"Poor Enoch is way behind in his taxes," Marina explained. "You know how, in the past, the tax office has been patient with the old farmers; well, Greg has persuaded a man in the tax office that it's up to him, if he expects to be elected to office again, to auction Enoch's land for back taxes. That's supposed to frighten Enoch into selling."

"I didn't think Greg would do a thing like that."

"Both he and Clem are feeling an economic pinch," Julian said, "There's a slack in the type of engineering tools that Greg sells and Clem has put himself in disfavor with some of the big boys on radio with his drinking. Actually I don't suppose they are worse than any of us. If Number One needs he can always find an excuse to grab from Number Two."

"Don't say that, Julian," Marina exclaimed angrily. "You'd starve before you took anything from anyone. So would Dan. For heaven's sake, let's concede there are some good men in the world."

"One thing about my Marina: if she's for you she's really for you."

"And when I'm agin, I'm agin." Marina laughed, but she had blushed happily at the affection in Julian's voice. What a little idiot she had been to worry about his finding someone else!

"I'll have a long talk with Enoch on Saturday," Dan promised. He sat on the arm of Gina's chair. "Did you imagine there could be such intrigue on a remote country road?"

"She probably thought she'd find virtue rampant in a field of clover," Julian laughed.

"Until this came up we didn't have much trouble on the Road," Dan said. Gina was startled to see a shadow cross his face and Marina spoke quickly as though afraid of an awkward pause.

"I must be off to the kitchen to play cook," she said briskly. "I'll have dinner on the table in ten minutes. I hope we've finished before the others come. They're so curious to meet Gina I'm sure they won't give their hostess the ten minutes' courtesy time she is entitled to."

A breeze stirred in the topmost branches of the two elms, ancient sentinels of the Joneses' barn-turned-into-a-house. Long before the barn was built there had been a little log cabin for the elms to guard.

"Mr.-and-Mrs. trees, the old-timers used to call 'em," Enoch had told the young Joneses when they came to live in the barn. "Oftentimes in those days there warn't a preacher around to marry the young folks and they'd plant the trees to show they was man and wife in God's eyes. Least that's what my ma used to say. She said it was too bad that even with a preacher handy a man and his new wife didn't plant Mr.-and-Mrs. trees."

This evening of Marina's party Jack was in the bedroom changing, after a long cold shower, into a fresh T shirt and slacks. He stood at the window looking out at the trees, placid under the deepening blue of the evening sky. He scrutinized the close-clipped lawn and decided it needed a hosing. Jill took care of the flowers and the vegetables in the back garden, but the lawn was his special province. He was proud of his lawn. It wasn't easy to make grass grow smooth in the rocky soil.

He went to the head of the stairs and heard the click-clack of Jill's heels as she walked back and forth between kitchen and dining room getting their dinner ready. There was a firm, unyielding sound to the click-clack, and she wasn't whistling or singing as she usually did. He remembered that she hadn't had much to say on their drive home from the station. He decided she was probably tired. She put in long days of hard work while he was in town. He wished he could insist on her sending the laundry out, but she'd say they couldn't afford it and he knew she was right.

When he went into the dining room Jill was lighting the candles. She smiled at him and for a moment he felt reassured.

"Have a good day?" she asked.

"Not good, not bad, just another day," he answered while he served lamb and onions and green peppers from the steaming pottery dish. "What kind of day did you have?"

"Not good, not bad," she mimicked him. He caught the undertone of bitterness in her voice. He flashed her a worried glance, pretended not to notice her mood.

"I sat with Greg coming out. He showed me some rough sketches an architect drew up for the houses he and Clem want to build on Enoch's land. That's one wrangle I'm staying out of."

When Jill didn't speak Jack said, "Dan Moore was on the train this morning. Had you heard he was back?"

"Lucy told me." The briefness of her reply told Jack that the trouble lay, somehow, in that direction.

"How about going to Westport to the movies tonight?" he asked hastily.

"Why not?" The glittering brightness in her voice was false as a neon star. "We don't need the Skilley Road seal of approval to go to the movies."

"What's the matter?" He knew now that it had to come out.

"Marina is giving a party to meet the new Mrs. Moore and we weren't invited," she answered flatly. "Alice Adams Jones has been told to stay on her own front porch."

"Oh, baby, she's just asked the people who were special friends of Dan's. We didn't know him very well."

"It couldn't matter less to me. " Now her voice was elaborately casual. "I'm simply amused at being put in my place by a Jew's wife." The color went out of her face. She was sick at herself even while she made the ugly remark.

"That's a rotten thing to say." Jack's face was white too. "Julian is one of the kindest,



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Every bite sparkles with light and lively garlic flavor when you add golden Wish-Bone Italian! Try it for marinating steaks and chops before broiling . . . and for making garlic toast, too!

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Oil, vinegar, seasonings, garlic.

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Savory, light; enticing herbs, aromatic spices.

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Blue Cheese, blended with Roquefort.

RUSSIAN
Robust flavor! Thick, hearty, delicious!

nest men I've ever known. And if he weren't, ou have no right to put a label on him. It n't decent."

"I suppose it's decent for Marina to hang ie scarlet letter on me because Clem Elkin ied to make a pass at me Sunday night?"

"You knew better than to go into Clark's en with him. You couldn't get anyone else listen to a silly story you'd told three times you thought you'd show off by ——"

Jill, green eyes blazing, stood up, picked up er plate and hurled it at him. He dodged. It roke against the wall back of him, leaving a ain on the wallpaper they had put up with ich loving care. He strode around the table nd caught her wrists.

"Jill, what's got into you?"

She pulled away from him, stumbled to her hair and, putting her face in her arms, began o sob. He knelt beside her to put his arms round her.

"Darling, what is happening to us? We an't go on like this. You don't seem to care ny more that I love you."

She shook her head. She couldn't tell him hat was happening to them. She didn't know. he did know that she was tense and nervous, nd unhappy, but she didn't know why. She adn't read a book in months, hadn't been nto New York for more than a year to meet ny of her old friends, hadn't even had a nought that went beyond housekeeping uties or the need to stretch Jack's salary to neet incoming bills.

I thank God I am endued with such qualities that if I were turned out of the realm in my petticoat, I were able to live in any place in Christendom. QUEEN ELIZABETH I

She dried her eyes, put her arm around ack and pulled him close to her. "I've been ieting too much. I've made myself nervous nd hysterical," she sobbed. "I—I know I as silly about Marina's party. You're right, ack. She's just asked the people Dan knew est. It didn't have anything to do with unday night." She stood up. "Let's go to the novies. I'll wash my face and put on a dress."

He patted her shoulder, then kissed her, but either of them was satisfied. The children—y now there should be two of them. They voided each other's eyes as she left the room nd he started toward the kitchen with a tray f dishes.

When the Joneses' jeep went by Enoch was itting in an old leather armchair listening to the adio. He looked toward the window. It wor-ied him when they drove so fast. He wouldn't ke anything to happen to that pretty girl nd that nice young feller. A news commen-ator began to speak. He reached over to twirl he dial until he found some music.

Ruthie came in, nodding her head to the nusic, and whirled around until her skirts tood out. Her eyes were on his face, eager or his praise.

He nodded and smiled at her. "Pretty," he aid.

Suddenly she swooped to the side of the oom where her dolls sat in the rocker that ad been her grannie's. She picked up a doll, ressing it to her breast with infinite yearning nd love. Enoch felt cold fingers close over is heart. Ruthie was telling him that she was woman now, with the desires of a woman.

Suddenly the walls seemed to close in gainst him. He had to get outside where he ould breathe. He snapped the machine off nd started for the door with Ruthie walking eside him like a lost lamb, he thought de-pairingly, that follows in the footsteps of the hepherd. What would happen to her if any-hing happened to him? He pressed his hand o his side. The hernia was hurting. He houldn't have tried to lift the big suitcases at Mr. Moore's the night before. The thought of Dan suddenly calmed him. He was sure that he big, kindly man would help him straighten ut his affairs.

"Pretty," Ruthie murmured.

He turned to follow her finger pointing to the moon that was a great silver disk in the serene sky. He felt tears on his cheeks and brushed at them with his sleeve.

"Got to go in, Ruthie-girl," he said gently.

The girl shook her head, staring up at the great white moon that shone brightly as a silver sun on a wintry day. "No, it's day. I don't go to bed when it's day."

It wasn't often that she could form a whole sentence. Enoch's heart stirred with faint hope. "It's the moon makes the light." Enoch brushed the soft dark hair back with his rough hand.

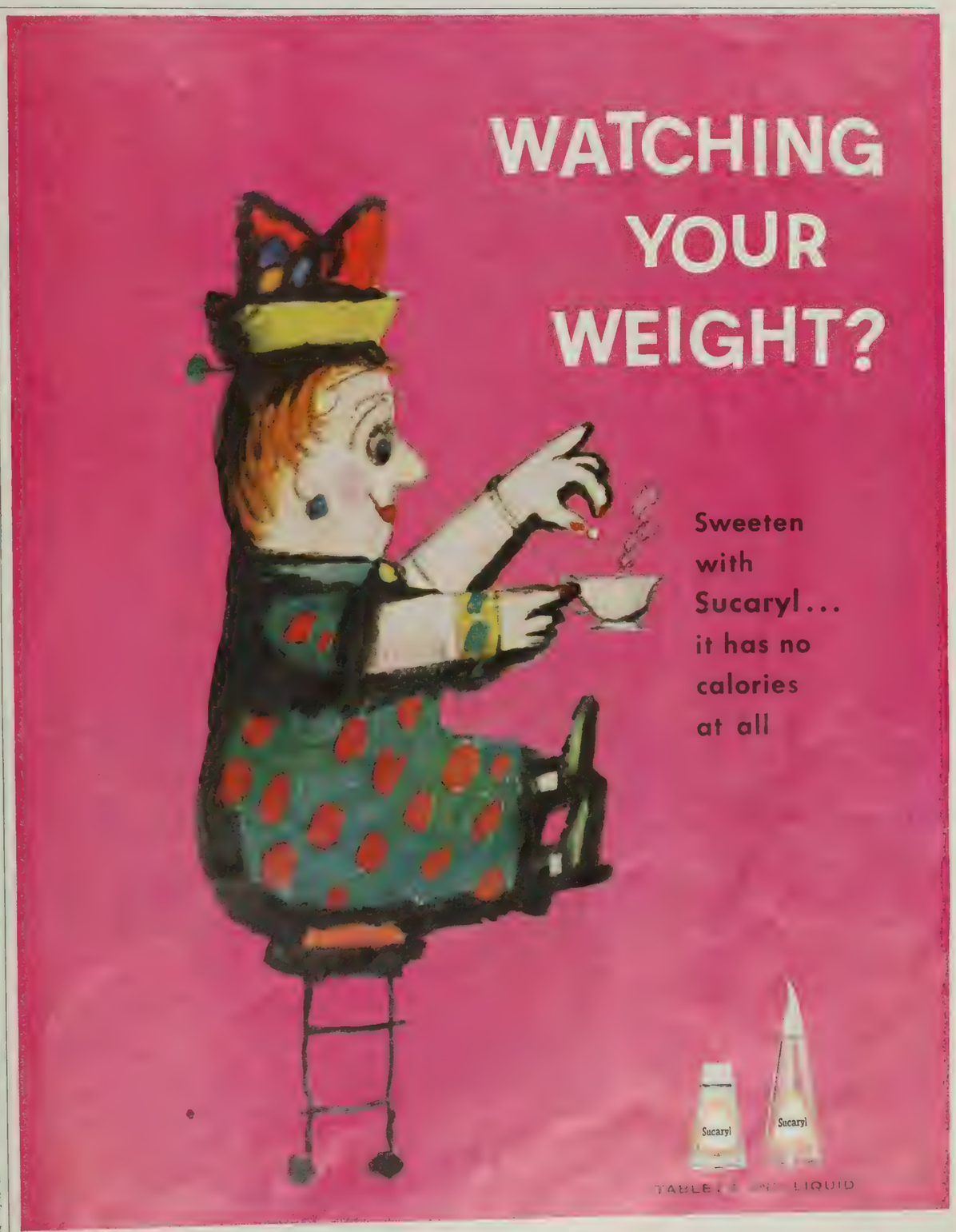
Marina had brought the coffee tray to the living room when the doorbell rang. Julian went to the door to greet Stella and Clark.

Gina looked up to see a slender woman in a smart black-and-white printed silk frock. Her hair was silvery gold with a streak of gray at one side that could have been put there by a clever hair stylist. Her skin was rose-petal smooth; her gray eyes, carefully made up, were clear as a girl's. The man who followed her was tall, ruddy-complexioned, with iron-gray hair. Poise, success and well-being were manifest in the square set of his shoulders.

"Dan!" Stella exclaimed. She went to hold her cheek up for his light kiss. "We're so glad you're home." She smiled at Marina, said "Hello, darling," then turned to Gina. "Welcome to Skilley Road, Mrs. Moore. We all hope you will be very happy here."

Dan came to put his arm around Gina's shoulders. "You've heard me talk about Stella and Clark Mason, dear," he said. "Well, here they are in person and twice as handsome."

Gina smiled, thinking that Dan had been right when he told her that it would be easy to be friendly with their neighbors. She already knew she would like Marina and Julian very much, and she was charmed with the Masons' easy informality.



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The doorbell rang again and this time when Julian returned he followed a big, soft-fleshed woman in a too youthful orange cocktail frock, and a small, neat man with a close-clipped gray mustache, smooth gray hair and a way of cocking his head to one side like a friendly robin.

Dan said, "Gina, here are Lucy and Gregory Burdick."

The woman gave Dan a resounding smack before she studied Gina with bold, blue eyes that, in spite of the smile on her lips, were cold.

"We've been on tenterhooks," she exclaimed loudly, "but I can see you're just right for Dan and that means you're right for Skilley Road."

"If you can kiss the groom what's wrong with me kissing the bride?" her husband asked and pecked at Gina's cheek.

"That's over." Lucy gave an exaggerated sigh. She explained to Gina, "I allow Greg one extramarital kiss a year and now he's had it."

Another couple had come into the room. The woman was tall and thin with untidy hair caught in an old-fashioned bun at the nape of her neck. She peered at Gina uneasily through ridiculous spectacles rimmed with sequins.

"This is Fran Elkin," Dan introduced them to Gina, "and her husband, the great personality of stage, screen and radio, Clem Elkin."

"That's a splendid introduction, Dan." The fat man laughed. He pushed his wife aside to lean close to Gina. "Can I be a kissin' cousin too?"

"Good heavens, Clem," Julian said harshly, "can't she even hear your name before you start to maul her?"

Marina looked at her husband in amazement. No matter how much Clem had irritated him before, he had never snapped at him. There was a little silence. Then Clem took Gina's hand and, bending over it, pressed a long kiss on it. "That the way they do where you come from, my lady?"

"Done like a gentleman from Verona," Julian said lightly, but Gina knew intuitively that Julian had come to the brink of an open quarrel with a man he disliked heartily.

"I suppose you grew so tired of American tourists abroad that you had to come to see us in our native habitat?" Lucy boomed at her.

"Gina *is* an American," Dan said quickly.

"How disappointing. I hoped I'd have a chance to brush up on my Italiano. I really picked up quite a lot in my six weeks over there."

The doorbell rang again, and Julian came in with Margot and Roger Tyrell. She was a round, pretty little woman, gray-blond hair set in tight curls, freckles lightly dusted over with powder. He was lean, square-jawed, loosely knit, with deep-set eyes and a stiff, short haircut. They had barely time to acknowledge Gina and greet Dan when they were inundated with questions about their vacation in Wyoming.

Gina sank back in a low chair, glad the attention had been diverted from her. She made a vague attempt to sort the first impressions that these people who would be her neighbors and friends had made on her. She started as she heard Julian ask teasingly:

"Sizing us up? Maybe you rely on first impressions. I've been fooled so often that I take a long second or third look before I make up my mind about anyone."

"I was just thinking how different you all are, from the way we think of Americans in Europe. I've always heard that Americans—most of them, anyway—are cut to a pattern like paper dolls." She looked up. "Each person here is certainly a definite character."

Julian nodded. "We're that all right. I think that's true of all Americans. We're the greatest nonconformists in the world. You'll find lots of things about us that won't match up to what you've heard about us."

Clark had come to stand beside Julian and heard his last words. "That's true. The things you hear about Americans from Europeans are sheer nonsense, but it's partly our fault."

"I've never been to Europe and I never want to go." Clem sat down unsteadily in a chair beside Gina. He looked up at Julian. "Where are the Joneses? I miss that cute little Jill."

"Marina didn't ask the Joneses," Julian answered shortly. "She wanted just a few of Dan's oldest friends. . . . Pardon me, Gina, I must go play bartender. How about you? Are you ready for a drink?"

"No, thanks," Gina said.

"You abstemious?" Clem gazed down at her with owlish concentration. "That's good." He nodded his approval. "The less the girls drink, the more there is for the boys," he told her.

Thankfully Gina saw Dan start toward her. "Well, Clem," he said pleasantly, "how's the great world of communications?"

"Still tellin' the public the same thing for two new sponsors," the fat man boasted.

"You're not on at the same time, are you, Clem?" Roger Tyrell joined Dan.

"A little change around during the summer," Clem blustered. "I'll get my old hour back in the fall."

Clark, with his arm through his wife's, came to say, "It's been a very happy occasion, Gina. We're glad you're here. Dan's been a lonely fellow." He colored slightly, and added quickly, "Stella will be around tomorrow to see if there's anything she can do to help."

When the Masons left there was a general movement of departure. Week-night parties on the Road ended early. Clem poured himself a last hasty drink and downed it. Margot Tyrell said, "I'm sorry we didn't have time to know each other better, Gina, but we'll hope to see you often. We want you and Dan for dinner. Perhaps later this week?"

"We'd better keep this week clear," Dan answered, to Gina's relief. "We are getting a new maid and I must see about a gardener."

"Poor Estelle's garden is almost gone," Fran said. Then she put her hand over her mouth while a painful flush came from her throat to mantle her face.

"Yes, the garden is in a bad way," Dan said pleasantly, "but by next summer it will be in shape again."

"Good old Fran," Clem said. "Same old routine, mouth open and foot in. A regular social acrobat."

"Hope you'll use your influence with Enoch," Greg murmured to Dan. "It will be best for him in the long run to sell to us."

"I'm not sure what he wants to do," Dan said. "Enoch's no fool, Greg."

"But there is such a thing as outsmarting yourself." Lucy made a gesture of anger. "Anywhere but here that old farmer would have been off the Road long ago. Not that I'm not fond of Enoch, but he just doesn't belong."

"Oh, but he does belong," Julian said pleasantly. "It's we who don't belong, Lucy."

"Really, Julian"—Lucy's voice was frigid—"you and Marina are always so concerned about the underdog that I wonder if you aren't just a tiny bit too liberal."

"Well, don't report me to the FBI." Julian laughed.

Lucy shook hands with Gina, murmured she'd "see her soon for a long talk in Italiano," and left with her husband. When Clem and Fran came to say good-by, Gina smiled at the tall, uneasy woman.

"I do hope you'll come to see me soon," she said sweetly.

"That include me?" Clem leered.

Maybe there isn't any harm in him, Gina thought. *Maybe he's just a blown-up buffoon.* But she knew she could never like him.

In their car moving over the country road, Gina sighed. She was very tired. Too many impressions, too many personalities had been compressed in too few hours.

"Poor girl." Dan slipped his arm around her shoulders. "I know it's hard to be thrown into a group that have known each other for so many years. But they're good neighbors. Even Clem—well, I suppose he came from very small beginnings and went into the spotlight too fast."

Loyal Dan, good Dan, Gina thought. *I'm a beast to dislike that fat Clem and that hard-eyed Lucy Burdick.* Aloud she said, "It was a lovely evening, darling. I thought the Masons were charming and I'm already very fond of Marina and Julian."

On Saturday afternoon Lucy and Greg Burdick had asked thirty people for cocktails. Lucy had gone downstairs after a sleepless night, put in two hours' work in the garden, then dusted the den and living room. When she heard Greg stirring upstairs she went to the kitchen to cook his breakfast. She had put the omelet on a hot plate when she heard him start down the stairs. Suddenly she felt a giddy faintness and quickly drank a glass of cold water. It would never do for him to notice that she was half sick and distraught this morning.

"Going to be a nice day," Greg said when she came through the swinging door. "Think I'll get some sun later."

"I thought you'd set up a table on the terrace and bring out some of the chairs. You haven't forgotten we're having a cocktail party, have you?"

"Oh, is it today? I thought it was next week." He reached out to cut himself a wedge of omelet. "Where did you go last night?"

She felt her throat tighten and swallowed nervously. "Go?" She patted her lips with her napkin. "What do you mean, *go?*"

"I thought I heard the car back out of the drive. I saw you weren't in bed."

"I was thirsty and came downstairs for a Cola. You probably heard someone pass on the Road or just imagined you heard a car." She changed the subject abruptly. "I have to drive over to Turnerville later. We'll need some more liquor for the party. I am having more people than I meant to, but one always does. I asked the Larsons. Since they've just moved onto Perkins Lane I thought they'd like to meet some of their neighbors."

She was breathing easier now that she had managed to draw his attention away from the sounds he had heard in the night. If he found out what she had done there would be an ugly scene. She looked down at Curly, who was making sniffling sounds of anguish because she hadn't given him his usual piece of buttered toast. He didn't seem to appreciate that last night she had saved his life.

"Stop it, Curly," she said sharply. "Stop begging! Let him out, Greg."

"He'll just run over to Enoch's to yap at the old hound." He went to open the outside door. "I didn't hear the hound this morning. Maybe the old fellow has gone to his just reward."

An ugly flood of color suffused Lucy's face. She felt beads of perspiration on her forehead. But when Greg came back to the table she managed to say, "Enoch probably took him up to the pasture."

"Imagine keeping land for pasture on Skilley Road," Greg snorted as he sat down at the table again.

"Enoch doesn't belong on Skilley Road," she said so angrily that Greg stared at her in amazement. She seemed nervous this morning. He wondered if she were sick; with all the troubles he had that would be the last straw. Then she put her hand affectionately on his shoulder. The caress surprised him. He hoped she wasn't getting ideas beyond the conjugal peck when he left her in the morning and when he came home at night. He had never been in love with her.

Five years ago he had met Cynthia Blake, a young divorcee who did bit parts on TV and radio. She worked for the fun of it; her alimony kept her very well. After a few luncheons together he was in love with her. His work suffered and he even told her that if Lucy would give him a divorce he wanted to marry her.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

Ask any WOMAN

By Marcelene Cox

There are three things difficult: to keep money; to keep love; to keep from talking about oneself.

Shock absorbers: Parents.

. . . as patient as a conductor waiting for a woman to locate her ticket.

Our neighborhood philosopher says it's too bad some folks didn't get splinters going *up* the ladder of success, instead of coming *down.*

When a very young English boy, attending school in the United States, was asked if either of his parents was American, he replied, "We are *all* British, sir. In other words, we are under the command of the queen."

Professor to freshman English class: "If you wish to discuss your grades, I will be in my office at the regular time. However, if, as yet, you do not know the difference between 't-h-e-i-r' and 't-h-e-r-e' you'd better not see me."

A young girl confides to her mother, "You know how it is when you're 'turned around'; the right direction seems one way, even if the sun disproves it. And you simply can't change it. Then—all at once—you're straightened out, though you don't know what happened. Well, that's how it was with my ideas about you and daddy. I used to think you were dull and narrow-minded, and then suddenly I was completely righted around, and knew *I* had been the mixed-up one!"

People who save for rainy days never seem to have them.

Each day a mother has to decide fairly such questions as, "If George pinches Sarah's finger because Sarah stepped on his toe, isn't that reason enough for Sarah to step on *all* of George's toes, and doesn't *that* warrant George pinching the rest of Sarah's fingers, and ——"

About a well-traveled man: "He's so cosmopolitan that when he arrives in his own country he no longer knows he's there."

"How is Faux Pas?" we asked the youngest, over the phone, referring to her sleek, black, green-eyed cat.

"Oh, he's fine," she began, "all trained, and behaves beauti—— Hey, Faux Pas. Get out of the sink!"

"A seasoned bride," according to the youngest daughter, "is one who has got as far on the spice shelf as monosodium glutamate."

To the young, considering matrimony: In the dictionary of life as well as in the dictionary of words, "education" comes before "love" and "marriage."

Mother to small boy, leaving for a party: "Now remember, don't insist on a second helping."

Small boy, anxious to be briefed for any emergency: "May I insist on a first?"

Reversion to type: When a wife who was a secretary returns to her job.

Our little bride writes to her father, "It is rather sad that the fishing season is here and I am no longer your partner. But we can't ignore progress, and going from a fishing partner to a marriage partner certainly is progress."



eef Stew Normandy . . . *French accent for*

Dinty Moore Beef Stew

He'll say "mais oui!" (Or maybe, "nice going, baby") when you serve this savory stew. So why not do it? Soon!

Like to give the foods you serve a *special* touch? Then do this:

HEAT.....to bubbling fragrance, Dinty Moore Beef Stew (lean beef, tender vegetables . . . in rich gravy. A full pound-and-a-half!)

SAUTÉ.....in butter . . . mushroom slices.

SERVE.....stew topped with buttery mushrooms.

Perfect accompaniments: fresh crusty bread, green salad dressed with oil and spicy vinegar. Gourmet touch: if desired, add ¼ cup red wine to stew, after removing from heat. (But be sure you start with Dinty Moore Beef Stew . . . America's favorite kind!)

get such good things in Dinty Moore Beef Stew!
eef, firm white potatoes, tender
. . . in rich brown gravy.



HORMEL

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AUSTIN, MINN.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136

"Sorry, Greg," Cynthia answered him. "I like you better than any man I've ever known, but I'm not ready to give up my way of living yet. The trouble is, Marriage makes demands that seem to spoil a—a love affair. Let's leave it this way."

After five years he was hungrier for her than ever. Lately he had spent a lot of time wondering what excuses he would make to go into New York if Clem and he went into the real-estate business in Connecticut. He turned abruptly away from Lucy's hand, but in spite of himself he had been touched by her silent appeal.

"I can't go to Turnerville with you," he said apologetically. "I brought some work home from the office."

"I'll call Stella. Maybe she'll drive over."

In the kitchen Lucy put the dishes on the drainboard, then opened the door to call Curly. When he waddled in she picked him up, cuddled him in her arms, pressed kisses on his wet mouth. She squeezed him until he gave an angry yelp of pain.

"You don't have to be scared of that old hound any more," she whispered. "Nothing's going to take you away from me now. I warned Enoch ——" She broke off abruptly when she heard a rap at the door.

"Come in," she called. The color left her face. She braced herself against the sink when Enoch came into the room.

"Good mornin', Mrs. Burdick." His lips were tight and his stern eyes looked directly into hers.

She managed to keep her voice calm as she said, "Good morning, Enoch. Is Millie coming over to help me? She said she would when I went to see her yesterday."

"She ain't comin'," he said.

Lucy looked away from him and began to fumble with the strings of her apron.

"When I went down to the barn this mornin' I found the old hound."

"Found him? What do you mean?"

"Someone had throwed a bone at him. It was the bone killed him, or maybe the meat on the bone. He et the meat."

"How dreadful." Now she had to face him, but her eyes kept sliding away from his face to stare at his hand that was clenched into a fist. "Mr. Burdick said he heard a car after we'd gone to bed. Someone from Turnerville, I imagine."

"It warn't no one from Turnerville," Enoch said. He turned and walked out of the kitchen. When she heard the screen door slam behind him she covered her face with her hands. Enoch was wrong. It wasn't Lucy Burdick who had poisoned his dog. Lucy Burdick wouldn't do anything as terrible as that, unless she'd been goaded by fear—fear of losing the little dog, the only thing in the world that loved her.

She knew that Greg had another woman. She wondered why it hurt her so deeply. She had known from the first night of their marriage that he didn't love her. She made a grimace, hurried to finish the dishes, then brought out her big, handsome Sheffield tray to polish. Dan's new wife would see there was real elegance on Skilley Road. She must pull herself together, conceal her feelings, and make her party a success.

Enoch walked slowly down the Road to his place. He went into the barn for a shovel, dragged the stiffening body back of the barn. In his mind he asked, *Why did you have to go for that little dog yesterday morning? You were friends to the other dogs on the Road; why did you let Curly make you so danged mad?*

He put the hound in a deep grave and kicked the bone in beside him. He patted the earth down carefully, but his heart was sick. He decided to tell Ruthie and Millie that the old hound had run away. It wouldn't be easy for him to lie, but he couldn't trust Millie to keep from talking about it and talk wouldn't help the old dog now. Mrs. Burdick was a sick woman, but that didn't give her the right to do what she had done.

"I have to drive over to Turnerville," Dan said to Gina. "Want to come?"

"I'm feeling domestic this morning." She waved a kiss to him and ran upstairs. She sang to herself while she moved clothes from the trunks to dresser drawers and closets. With Dan at home the house seemed friendlier. During the days he was in New York, she'd been almost afraid to move a piece of furniture, as though she were disturbing the arrangement that someone else had made. She felt almost like a guest in the house.

When she went downstairs she went out to the terrace, called Delia, the new maid, to bring a cup of coffee to her. She was smiling to herself when Enoch appeared around the corner of the house.

"Mornin', Mrs. Moore," he said. "Moore here?"

"No, but he'll be back soon. Would like some coffee?" Gina asked. "I usually h a cup about now in the morning. It may bad habit, but I miss it if I don't have it.

She hoped he'd smile, but he said, "thank ye," looked at her briefly, then sta back toward the garden. Her eyes follo Enoch's to the birdbath where a blue jay angrily scolding the little birds.

"Maybe we should get another birdbath the little birds and let the blue jay have one to himself," she said.

"That blue jay's been around so long thinks he owns the place. That's his nat He don't say, 'Live and let live'; he s 'Gimme everything for myself.'" Enoch t off the torn straw hat and turned it in gnarled hands. "He ain't to blame, though was born that-a-way."

"No one has the right to have everything way," Gina protested.

"No"—Enoch shook his head—"but n don't always have the last say." A spasm pain twitched at the corners of his mouth. said brusquely, "If Mr. Moore ain't com home soon, I be be gettin' back to own work."

"Please stay Gina's voice was g tle. "I know he wa to talk to you. I sorry ——" She br off as she heard D car in the driewa

When he joi them he bent to her. Then with a pl ant nod to Enoch said, "I certainly pleased you came o Enoch. How have been?"

"Fine," Enoch swered, though w he stood up his felt as if a fiery sw had been plunged it. He'd have to the doc someday sc

"Sorry things bad for you, Enoc Dan said when C left them.

Enoch turned hat in his hands. them danged tax

"Ever ask the b for a loan? Or about a mortgage

"That's how gets et up, Mr. Mc Old Linc Somers over at Seton Center m gaged his farm and one day they took it a from him, lock, stock and barrel. Even some old pewter dishes belonged to his g grandma."

The two men sat in silence. Enoch wat a fat squirrel swing down from the bran of a maple tree and rush across the law scurry up the trunk of an oak tree. Dan thinking that Enoch was right. If he coul pay his taxes how could he keep up the int on a mortgage? "Couldn't you drain swampland back of your house?"

"You mean sell it off?" Enoch a bleakly.

Pity made Dan look away from the rowed face and bent figure. It was a sorry but the old-time farmers in exurbia anachronistic as a rocking chair in a mo home. But it wasn't only exurbia that carded garnered wisdom, the tried way life. This was the day of the alert, the slick capsule-wise. When the now-young were tisoned would they have a gift of wisdo leave? He made an impatient little moven *I'm thinking like an old man*, he thought ang

Upstairs in the room that had been Es and Dan's, Gina threw the windows ope let the sweet summer air in. There w musky odor in the room, a strong perfu She had a notebook and pencil in her h and after a moment, she scribbled a few wo then drew a hasty line through them. started to sit on the edge of one of

It can of course be wholly satisfying to live for others and in others, but it is confusing to disappear. To be nothing has as marked an effect on the character as to exist. . . . All will agree that in the past women have known their fullest humanity in relationship. They have known love, selflessness and even self-sacrifice. These high virtues were sometimes ours, and can be called our strength. But our worst side has also been an aspect of selflessness. It was the lack of a self, the lack of a point of view, the lack of an integrated ego; all this together creating an indifference as to definitions, as though they barely existed or it mattered little when they did. Many of us having a genius for inaccuracy, women can live in what amounts to a haze of inattention about all that does not concern an individual person. People are real to them, but little else. They flow into people, into many people, and lose themselves there.

FLORIDA SCOTT-MAXWELL
Women and Sometimes Men
Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration



Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?

A. It's true! One is "physical", caused by work or exertion; the other is "nervous", stimulated by emotion. It's the kind that comes in those moments when you are tense or emotionally excited.



Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?

A. Doctors say the "emotional" kind is the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.



Q. How can you overcome "emotional" perspiration?

A. Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient *specifically* formulated to overcome this perspiration. Now it's here . . . Perstop*, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed. So effective, yet so gentle.



Q. Why is ARRID CREAM America's most effective deodorant?

A. Because of exclusive Perstop*, ARRID CREAM Deodorant penetrates deep in the pores and safely stops this "emotional" perspiration odor where it starts. Stops it as no "roll-on", spray-on or stick deodorant could ever do.

Why be only Half Safe ? use **Arrid** to be sure !

It's 1½ times as effective as all other leading deodorants tested! Used daily, ARRID with Perstop* actually stops perspiration stains, stops odor completely for 24 hours. Get ARRID CREAM Deodorant today.



43¢ plus tax.

*Carter Products Trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants

riped beds, then with a feeling of revulsion oved to a little chair between the windows. *Listen here, my girl,* she said to herself ngrily, *you have to be sensible. Here is a large edroom, facing southeast, with a dressing room nd bath. It needs to be redecorated. It is a nny room so you must choose colors that will e cool but not cold. The winters in Connecticut re long and you and Dan will use this room inter as well as summer. Now make a list of olors that are cool but not cold.*

She nibbled at the end of her pencil. The uestions she thought she had forced into blivion seemed to shriek at her.

What was she like? Why won't Dan speak of er? Why do the people on Skilley Road pretend ne never existed? How did she die? Was she l for a long time? Did she lie here week after eek staring out at the treetops knowing, nowing ——

Her hands were shaking and she clasped hem together. Once Joel had said to her, When you're worried about something, write our problem down, then list the best ways ou can think of to work it out." She went to he desk and wrote "Estelle," then stared in orror at the written name. She thought, *I ight as well have written "I don't trust Dan's ve for me."* She tore the sheet of paper into ny bits and dropped them in the waste-asket.

Stella and Lucy had stopped for lunch in he tearoom where the women who shopped n Turnerville usually had a "quick bite" be-ore they drove home. Stella thought that ucy was unusually irascible and difficult, but he supposed it was because she was already red from arranging for her cocktail party. oor Lucy, it was a shame she couldn't afford maid.

But Lucy's thoughts had not been on her arty. She was still conscious of the way Greg ad turned away from her hand on his shoul-er. She knew that if Greg's position with Mr. arney ended and he couldn't work out his lans with Clem he might very well leave her, o to the other woman. And since she had een the cold anger in Enoch's eyes she was ure that nothing would bring him to sell his nd to Clem and Greg.

"I'm not hungry. I'll have a salad with you, tella."

"You really shouldn't wear yourself out, ucy," Stella said sympathetically.

Lucy nodded absently. While she had Stella one she must find some way to persuade er to insist that Clark take a definite stand ith Greg and Clem. She wished she could get ver the queer feeling about last night. When he planned it and even when she did it she idn't known how she'd feel about it after-ard. She hadn't thought it would mean any ore to get rid of the old hound than it would swat a mosquito. But now she had a sick eling; she covered her mouth with a trem-ing hand.

"What's the matter, Lucy?" Stella asked nxiously. "You're white as a ghost."

"Do you ever wake up in the morning and y to yourself, 'Why am I here? I don't atter to anyone any more. I might as well be ead'?" Lucy gave a harsh little laugh. "Of ourse you don't, Stella. You have everything live for."

"Lucy, my dear"—Stella reached across the ble to give Lucy's hand a tender squeeze—veryone has blue spells."

Lucy dropped her voice almost to a whisper. he way to bring Stella to act for Greg had me into her mind like a road sign pointing e way to a lost wayfarer. "I made a dis-very quite a while ago. I never meant to eak of it, but it has made me so unhappy ust have to share it with someone else and nce you are my best friend ——" To her own mazement she felt tears come into her eyes. t's Greg," she said slowly, as though the rds were wrenched unwillingly from her s. "I—I'm sure he's living with a woman in ew York."

"Oh, no, Lucy." Stella was horrified. "I n't believe it."

"I've tried to be a good wife. But oh, Stella, never was very pretty. The years have hardly uched you, but they've done dreadful things me. I know it, I can face up to it. But I—I love Greg. I can't face up to losing him. I thought he cared for me enough to live out our lives together. That's what hurt me so when I found out ——"

"How did you find out?"

Lucy, buttering a hot blueberry muffin, was thinking that she would have to give more proof of Greg's unfaithfulness than intuitive knowledge. Suddenly she remembered a magazine story she had read a few months before.

"Several years ago, three anyway, Greg went to a meeting in Chicago. I went through his pockets when he came home, not spying, but as I always do when I send his clothes to the cleaner." She paused impressively. "I found a hotel bill made out to Mr. and Mrs. Burdick."

Stella gave a gasp of horror. "Lucy, how—how terrible. What did you do?"

"I called the hotel and said I was Mrs. Burdick. I was still hoping it was some mistake. I asked for the manager. I told him I had lost my fur stole. He said, 'Mrs. Burdick, nothing was found in your room.' Then he said he hoped my husband and I had enjoyed our stay and would come to his hotel next time we were in Chicago."

She picked up her glass and took a long sip of the iced tea. She had forgotten just how the story she had read had ended, but it wasn't important. She could see by Stella's scarlet cheeks and her hands, clenched into little fists, that she wholeheartedly believed Lucy and was ready to do anything for her friend.

"Did you tell Greg?"

"I wanted to and then I knew he would lie to me or walk out of the house for good. I have never said a word to him, but I know that he still sees her. A wife can tell."

"I—I can't imagine Greg doing such a thing. Clark and I have been so fond of him. Now"—Stella shuddered—"I feel that I never want to see him again."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 141



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treasures your complexion

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It's the new double-action cleanser that cleans and moisturizes to the depths of your skin. It smooths away the day's gathering of make-up, oil and dirt as it moisturizes deep-down . . . leaving your face flawlessly clean and fresh, never dry or dull. Just $1, plus tax.

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Facts for new Mothers

Over the years, more mothers have cared for their babies with Johnson's than with any other baby powder. You, as a new mother, will want to learn the reasons why Johnson's has earned this most precious confidence.

1. **Purest, smoothest talc there is.** Only Johnson's is made completely of the finest quality imported talc — tiny, smooth-edged particles screened for uniformity. That's why Johnson's feels so smooth, why it's so soft for fragile skin.

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5. **Tested for allergies.** Johnson's Baby Powder is "hypo-allergenic." That means it's been tested to agree with babies' tender skins.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 139

Lucy gave a little cry of dismay. It wouldn't do to have Stella too angry at Greg. "If Greg didn't go into New York every day he'd forget her. If he were working here —— Oh, Stella, can't you see why I've hoped and hoped that he and Clem could get that land of Enoch's and go into business out here?"

"Yes, you're right. I'll talk to Clark. I'll make him see how important it is for Clem and Greg to get their real-estate business started. I'll ask him to speak to Dan too."

"Dan?"

"Yes; he's very fond of Enoch and he doesn't think he should sell if he doesn't want to. We weren't so sure of it either, but since you've told me this ——"

Lucy's self-confidence had returned. Stella and Clark would be actively on her side, and if Dan tried to make it possible for Enoch to stay on Skilley Road she would have a little talk with Gina. The girl was madly in love with her husband; if she were told that Dan had left his wife dead with a blurred, indecipherable note ——

I'm not cruel, Lucy told herself, *but I've a right to do anything to keep Greg from leaving me.* And, her eyes narrowed, *It is odd, now I come to think of it, that Dan didn't go into Estelle's room to kiss her good-by before he left for town.*

The Burdicks' cocktail party lasted until early Sunday morning. At midnight the party, with the exception of Gina and Dan, who had gone home early, moved to the Joneses' house. At three o'clock Jill cooked ham and eggs and made a big pot of coffee. It was dawn before the last car drove away. She gave a look of despair at the chaos of dirty glasses and plates. Cigarette ashes had sifted over rugs and furniture. There was a deep burn on the little table she had bought at an auction and painstakingly scraped and waxed.

"All our liquor drunk up, all our food eaten up," Jack muttered. "I'll bet we'll go down in history as the Joneses who kept up with the other folks instead of vice versa."

Jill retreated to the bedroom, where she dropped her clothes on the floor and went to stand by the open window. The dawn breeze was clean and cool, but it didn't lift her spirit. She had managed to avoid Clem, who was entranced by a young house guest of the Tyrells, but she felt heavy and dull. After a party one should feel gay; maybe she couldn't have fun any more. Her mind reviewed the party and she didn't think anyone had had a very gay time, or maybe she was too aware of the little undercurrents of pretense and malice.

Marina had asked her to drive into New York during the week to shop, but she had answered stiffly that she was busy with her gardening and canning. She had been bitterly argumentative with Julian when he'd tried to discuss the new book he was bringing out.

"I can't imagine any book that would interest me," she had said, "unless it told me how to make one dollar do the work of two. Everything else has been said better than anyone can say it today."

"Don't you think today is important?" Julian had asked pleasantly. "You're awfully young to turn your back on it, Jill."

"I wish I could." She made a little grimace. "I've had enough of today and tomorrow will just be more of the same."

Marina and Julian were wakened that Sunday morning by the shrill of the bedside telephone. The school superintendent in Turnerville didn't mean to waken them, but he and his wife had been up since eight o'clock and were ready for church. When he realized he had wakened Mrs. House he decided she had been to one of those late parties that he'd heard took place every weekend on Skilley Road. He knew that he and his wife would never be invited.

"Who was that?" Julian asked amiably when Marina finally put up the receiver.

"Mr. Peterson has found a house. Sorry the phone wakened you. Go back to sleep. It's only half past ten."

When he turned to take her in his arms she slipped out of bed.

"I'm going down to make some coffee. Want me to bring you some?"

"Don't go, Marina," he coaxed.

She was putting her arms through a silk robe. Her golden hair fell in a soft mass to her shoulders. Her dark eyes were serious, even sad. She said quietly, "I don't like to be taken for granted."

"Why not?" He pulled up the pillow behind him and sat up to look at her. "If I grant that you are the loveliest girl I have ever seen?"

"Julian, dear, you sound like one of your more callow authors." She made a little face at him. "Did you say you wanted your coffee now?"

"Sounds like a bitter brew." But he couldn't help being proud that she was demanding to be wooed. "I've been wondering," he went on quickly before she could leave the room, "if it wouldn't be a good thing for us to take an apartment in town for three or four months next winter. We need to see some new faces, go to some shows, kick up our heels."

"I don't think leaving Skilley Road for a few months is the answer." She swung around to face him. "Maybe we should go for good. Maybe we just aren't meant to be commuters."

"Or maybe we aren't meant for Skilley Road."

Marina's heart sank. She knew now that he had heard the remark that a man named Larson had made at the Burdicks'. He and his wife were newcomers and impressed by being invited to a party that they felt would launch them socially. They had nervously agreed with anything that was said and the only words the man had volunteered were in a derogatory remark about Jews.

APRIL SONG

BARBARA SHOOK HAZEN

My love, you are fair
As ripe gold grain,
As red round apples
Lacquered with rain.

Your laughter is April,
Your smile is the sun,
The song in the meadow
Where small children run.

"How could you care what a little man like Mr. Larson said?" she asked now.

"I didn't mind so much once," Julian said slowly. "But lately I'm getting fed up."

"I know. When Lucy makes some snide remark about 'the real Americans' I want to scream at her."

"She's a sick woman," Julian said. There was so much pity in his voice that Marina wondered again, as she often did, at her husband's never-failing, innate kindliness. She came over then and sat on the bed beside him. He ran his fingers through her hair. "When I stayed in New York the other night," he said, "I wasn't seeing an author. I took a woman out to dinner and then I went back to her apartment with her. I was desperate to know what is wrong with me." He put his cigarette down and, taking Marina's chin in his hand, turned her face so he could look into her eyes. "She made a drink for us but I'd had only half of it when I took a look at myself and what I saw made me sick. I put the drink down, said good night and went back to the hotel to take a shower."

Marina's arms were around him. He felt her tears on his cheek. Miraculously the passion returned, glorious and beautiful as it had been when she was first his to worship and adore.

Greg Burdick picked up a book and put it down. He was too restless to read. Yesterday while Lucy was out he had finally reached Cynthia on the phone. She had said, "I hope you can come in Monday or Tuesday, Greg. I have something to talk to you about." She wouldn't say any more and had hung up leaving him worried and frustrated. If Cynthia should leave him for someone else —— He glared at Curly until the little dog snuffled and moved closer to Lucy's feet. He crossed the room to straighten a picture. "I think I'll go over and see Clark."

"Wait a minute and I'll go over to the Masons' with you," she offered.

"I won't be long." He met her eyes as he lighted a cigarette. "By the way, I hear that Enoch's old hound died. I wonder if he ate something that finished him off." She held his gaze, but she could feel the sick color come into her face. "It would mess up the chance of working out any deal with Enoch if he should blame you."

"Why should he?" she managed to ask. Her throat was dry and she swallowed nervously.

"That deal must go through. Any day now I'll be washed up with old man Carney. It could happen tomorrow. I haven't made a decent sale in a month."

"We could manage." She pressed her lips together to keep them from trembling.

"You mean sell this place, move into a cottage in Turnerville? *That* I am too old for, my dear." Suddenly she looked so tired and defeated that he came to her side to pat her shoulder. "Don't give up the ship. I still think we'll get Enoch's land. Only I hope you didn't ——"

"I didn't," she interrupted him, "I didn't, Greg. It's horrid of you to think that I did."

"O.K. Forget it." He turned away.

When Greg rang the Masons' bell Clark came to the door. "Hello, Greg." Clark looked surprised. It wasn't usual to visit unannounced on Skilley Road. "Stella is taking a nap. I've just got up myself." He stretched as he stood aside for Greg to come in. "How is Lucy?"

"She's struggling with the housekeeping bills. She's a wonder, keeps a budget better than Uncle Sam."

"I don't mean to disparage Lucy, but it wouldn't take anyone very smart to keep a better budget than they do in Washington."

Greg laughed. Now that he was here he wasn't sure how to approach the older man. There was no use trying a salesman's technique. Clark had been throwing salesmen out of his office for half a century.

"How are things in your line?" Clark asked.

"My problem is that I'm tired of working for someone else. I want to go out on my own."

"Well, I can't say I blame you. I know what you have in mind, Greg. It's a good idea. Real estate in Connecticut is almost a sure thing."

"There isn't much acreage to buy, especially on the Road. Just that land of Enoch's."

Greg saw Clark stiffen. "But Enoch doesn't want to sell his land. How can you and Clem make him sell if he doesn't want to?"

"We can't *make* him," Greg answered smoothly. "It's just that he'd be better off selling to us than getting booted out at a public auction."

"I'd hate to see Enoch go," Clark said slowly. "Stella and I were talking about it this morning. Stella and Lucy have always been good friends and she feels that Lucy would be happier if you didn't commute any more. I never realized it, but I guess the girls get lonesome when we're away."

"I think if you had a word with Enoch," Greg said quickly, "it would do more good than anything Clem or I could say if we talked for a year."

"I'll talk to him, but I won't high-pressure him. I'll just ask him what his plans are. That's the best I can do for you, Greg."

"That would be fine, Clark," Greg managed to say pleasantly, but he felt sick with disappointment. He heard Stella on the stairs and was glad she was coming to join them. He knew he hadn't made much headway with Clark. He thought bitterly that when you had a million or so it was easy to be self-righteous.

"Why, Greg," Stella said in surprise, "I didn't know you were here." She studied her husband's face. "You look tired, Clark. Shall I call Margot and tell her we can't come this evening? You need a good night's rest."

"Nonsense." Clark frowned petulantly. "I'm fit as a fiddle. This room is stuffy. I'm going

to walk over and have a word with Enoch. Wait here with Stella, Greg. I won't be long."

"It's awfully good of you, Clark."

When Clark left them Stella sat on a sofa and motioned Greg to sit beside her. "I'm glad to have this chance to talk to you alone, Greg," she began. "I have been very worried about you and Lucy." She flushed and dropped her eyes. "I know that men sometimes get involved in what seems to them innocent little flirtations and then are carried away by a scheming woman. I wouldn't want that to happen to you."

Greg felt as though an electric shock had gone through his body. Had Lucy found out about Cynthia? And why had she carried her story to Stella? He started to speak, but Stella held up a thin, delicately veined hand.

"I'm only speaking of this because you and Lucy are such old friends of ours. We've had happy times together, but if you should"—she made a contemptuous gesture—"shame Lucy by your conduct with another woman I could never forgive you."

"If Lucy has ——" Greg began.

"No, Greg." Stella shook her head. "I don't want to discuss it."

Greg would have liked to shout at her, "You needn't think your precious Clark always toed the line. He had his fling right under your nose." How had Lucy found out about Cynthia? Had she seen Cynthia? Was that what Cynthia meant when she said it was important for her to see him? For the first time it struck him forcibly that he was going to have to give Cynthia up if the land deal went through.

"When Clark gets back it will be time to go to the Tyrells'," Stella went on. "We can stop by for Lucy and drive over together. Please sit down, Greg, and let's talk about something pleasant. I'm just sure when Clark has a few words with Enoch he'll sell to you and Clem and you can start your real-estate office right away."

Clark was sitting in the room that Enoch and Millie called their "settin' room." In one corner was the big rocker where Enoch's mother used to sit reading her Bible. Now Ruthie's dolls were in it. Facing the armchair was the radio Enoch had given Millie for Christmas ten years before. It was the only extravagant gesture he had ever made, but he had wanted to assuage the grief she felt after Ruthie's accident.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Mason?" Enoch asked.

"How many acres do you own, Enoch, counting the pasture?"

"'Bout twenty acres." Enoch's eyes changed to the slate gray of an ice pond. "But, Mr. Mason, I don't aim to sell."

"Skilley Road doesn't seem to me to be the place any more for a working farm, Enoch. Or for pasture for cattle. The land has become too valuable for that. And taxes are going to keep rising."

"Yep, taxes is high," Enoch agreed shortly.

"If you moved farther upstate or into Vermont or New Hampshire you could pay less and live better."

"My family's been on Skilley Road since before the Revolution," Enoch said slowly. "They was here when the Hessians came. Ma's grandfather was in the War of 1812. Her father was in the Union Army. He's buried in the cemetery on the hill. Ain't no reason I kin see that I have to git off the Road today."

"I may have been misinformed," Clark said hesitantly, "but I was told that unless you settled your taxes your land will be put up for auction. I wouldn't like that to happen. Would you let me loan you the money for your taxes?"

"No, thank ye kindly, Mr. Mason. I'll figger my own way out. I never found cause to borrow money but the time that Ruthie was hurt. Payin' it back is what gave me this hernia." He laughed dryly. "'Twouldn't do fer me to git another one."

Clark stood up. He shook his head at Enoch, but his eyes were smiling as he said, "You're a stubborn fellow, Enoch, but I admire your spunk."

On Monday morning the men of Skilley Road were deposited at the station by their wives or drove their own cars. On the platform they stood in patient silence. Talk for talk's sake was anathema to the commuters on the 7:48. Each man sat alone next to the window, unfurled his paper and carefully read the news, editorials and financial section. By the time the train reached Stamford most of them had their pencils out and were doing the crossword puzzle. But Dan, when he finished the financial section, stared out the window. A question that had nagged at him all weekend began to disturb him more seriously. Had he made a mistake when he brought Gina to Skilley Road?

Gina had spent most of her life abroad. Her father's friends and hers had been sophisticated people, not only musicians, painters and writers, but members of old Italian families. She seemed happy on Skilley Road, but when winter closed in would she find herself with too much time on her hands? Was that why she had said yesterday that she wanted a child? But he knew they must wait until the shadow of Estelle's death had lightened.

"Dan," Clark asked from the seat behind him, "can you remember the name of Napoleon's horse? It's seven letters."

"Seems to me it was Marengo."

"If it is I have three words wrong," Clark said fretfully.

He erased the three words and penciled in "Marengo." Probably, he thought, Dan was right. After Estelle died Dan had spent most of his nights in the lonely house with his books. Stella had asked him to go with them on a long cruise to the West Indies. Clark often wondered if Dan had noticed how relieved he was when Dan said he couldn't get away then. It had taken Clark the three months of the cruise to pull himself together. He'd thought he was all right, or as right as he could ever be with himself, until Dan came back from Italy with a new wife. A woman in that house on Skilley Road had reawakened the old agony of his guilt. His hand was shaking when he tried to pencil another word into the puzzle.

FARLEY GRANGER, STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN, TV



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You can always tell a Halo Girl,
You can tell by the shine of her hair.
The magic glow of a Halo Girl,
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The magic of Halo shampoo is pure and simple. Halo's modern cleansing ingredient is the mildest possible . . . the purest possible.

He'll love the satiny shine Halo's rich, rich brightening-and-smoothing lather brings to your hair.

Get that look-again look, today — with pure, sparkling Halo.

HALO *glorifies as it cleans*



Jack went down to the end of the car to swallow two aspirins with a chaser of the tepid water from the cooler. His head throbbed miserably. His stomach was queasy. He wasn't the type for lost weekends.

He weaved his way back to his seat, opened his News to look down at the Batchelor cartoon. A woman named Columbia was arguing with a fellow labeled Uncle Sam. Why was it that these days whenever a man and woman were together they were having an argument? He didn't remember his father and mother wrangling too much. Sure, a little now and then, but nothing that would frighten a child, like hurling a plate across a room.

Suppose a child saw his mother do a thing like that? It would scare him half to death. He might grow up to be a delinquent. It would be better never to have a child than take such a terrible chance. He closed his eyes against a dull wave of nausea. He only hoped he could wait until noon before he had a medicinal martini.

When the train pulled in Greg hurried up the ramp and into the station. The crowd fanned out in all directions, but he went at once to the phone booths. He had to have a word with Cynthia before he went to the office. He hadn't told Lucy what Stella had hinted to him. He had been too angry—if she had found out about Cynthia she should have had the decency to come to him with it, not blacken his reputation with his friends. In the sweltering booth he dialed Cynthia's number.

"Cynthia, darling," he said, "I lay awake most of last night wondering what was on your mind."

"Oh, Greg, I'm sorry." She hesitated, then said quickly, "I'm going away, Greg."

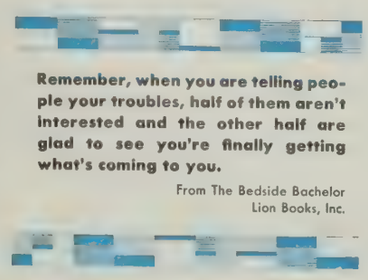
"Going away?" he repeated, then asked sharply, "Why are you going away?" He was sure that somehow Lucy had got to her, telephoned her or written her. He didn't wait for Cynthia to answer him. "I'm coming up now."

"Wouldn't it be better if I met you somewhere for lunch?"

"I want to straighten this out." But he realized that if he did leave Lucy he'd have to give up the plans for his new business in Connecticut. This was no time to risk more trouble with old man Carney. He told Cynthia that perhaps it was better to meet for lunch.

On the street he glanced at his watch and jumped into a taxi. He was hurrying through the outer office when one of the girls called to him, "Mr. Carney has been asking for you, Mr. Burdick. He's in his office now."

It didn't surprise Greg when Mr. Carney said abruptly, "You've come to a dead end here, Burdick. The greatest kindness I can do you and us is to let you go. In view of the



length of time you've been with us, I'm giving you two months' notice instead of two weeks'. That should give you plenty of time to make another connection. Best of luck."

"Thanks." Greg managed to keep his voice steady. "I don't think I'll have any trouble finding another job."

"I hope not." Greg had his hand on the door when the laconic voice added, "Your clients will be divided among some of the young fellows. Make out a memorandum for my secretary, please. So long, Greg."

He wasn't as sick as he'd thought he would be. In a way it was a relief. Now he could make plans that weren't contingent on how long his job was going to last. He thought of calling Clem to tell him he was ready to give full time to their project. Then he decided to wait until he talked to Cynthia.

He was early at the little restaurant where they usually met for lunch. When she came to the table where he waited for her he surprised her by kissing her on the mouth. "I'm a free man," he announced. "I've severed my long unpleasant association with Carney and Company."

"Then everything is set in Connecticut?"

"Not exactly. I have another plan that might work out better for"—he hesitated and added, "us."

"Us?" she repeated. "But Greg, darling, I'm going away."

"Because my wife's found out about us? What did she do, phone you, write you?"

Cynthia shook her head. "I've never heard from your wife, darling. What makes you think ——"

"She went to her best friend with some story about me and naturally I thought she'd somehow heard of you. Then why —— What do you mean you're going away?"

"I'm going to Europe," she said. "I'll stay a year, maybe two. I haven't told you, but I am going to have a small job over there. I'm to pick up off-season fashion news and report it to a women's magazine here." She saw that he wasn't listening to her. He looked tired, defeated and, it struck her for the first time, old.

"This has been quite a day," he said. "I feel like one of those characters at a country fair who sticks his head out for a yokel to hit with a baseball, wham, wham, wham."

"We wouldn't be seeing each other very often if you were working in Connecticut." She added impulsively, "This isn't easy for me, either, Greg."

They ordered their lunch, but neither of them felt like eating. He suddenly pushed his plate aside. If Cynthia had been his wife he would never have come to this impasse. He wouldn't have been a failure with Cynthia to work for. If the deal on Skilley Road worked out, how could he face day after day and night after night with Lucy? Even if Cynthia left, he'd be better off to get away from Skilley Road, strike out on his own. But where would he go? What could he do? He reached for Cynthia's hand.

By midafternoon a breeze had sprung up on Skilley Road. Gina, scribbling a long letter to Joel on the terrace, heard the front doorbell, put her pen aside and went to the door. She opened it to face Clem.

"Hi, Gina. Is my wife here? I came back from town on the early train and found the bird had flown the coop."

"Hello, Clem." She realized, as she saw him brace himself with one hand against the doorjamb, that he was drunk. She thought thankfully that Delia was upstairs and Enoch in the garden. "I think Fran and Marina drove over to Turnerville."

"There's no point in sitting around home by myself." He lurched past her into the hall. "I wouldn't say no if you asked me to have a long cool one. It's brutal in New York." He headed for the terrace, threw himself down on a chaise longue and looked up at her.

She thought angrily of going upstairs and sending Delia down to tell him to leave, but the others seemed to tolerate him; she would force herself to. "I'll get your drink."

In the little bar off the butler's pantry she hastily mixed a gin and tonic and poured tonic over ice for herself.

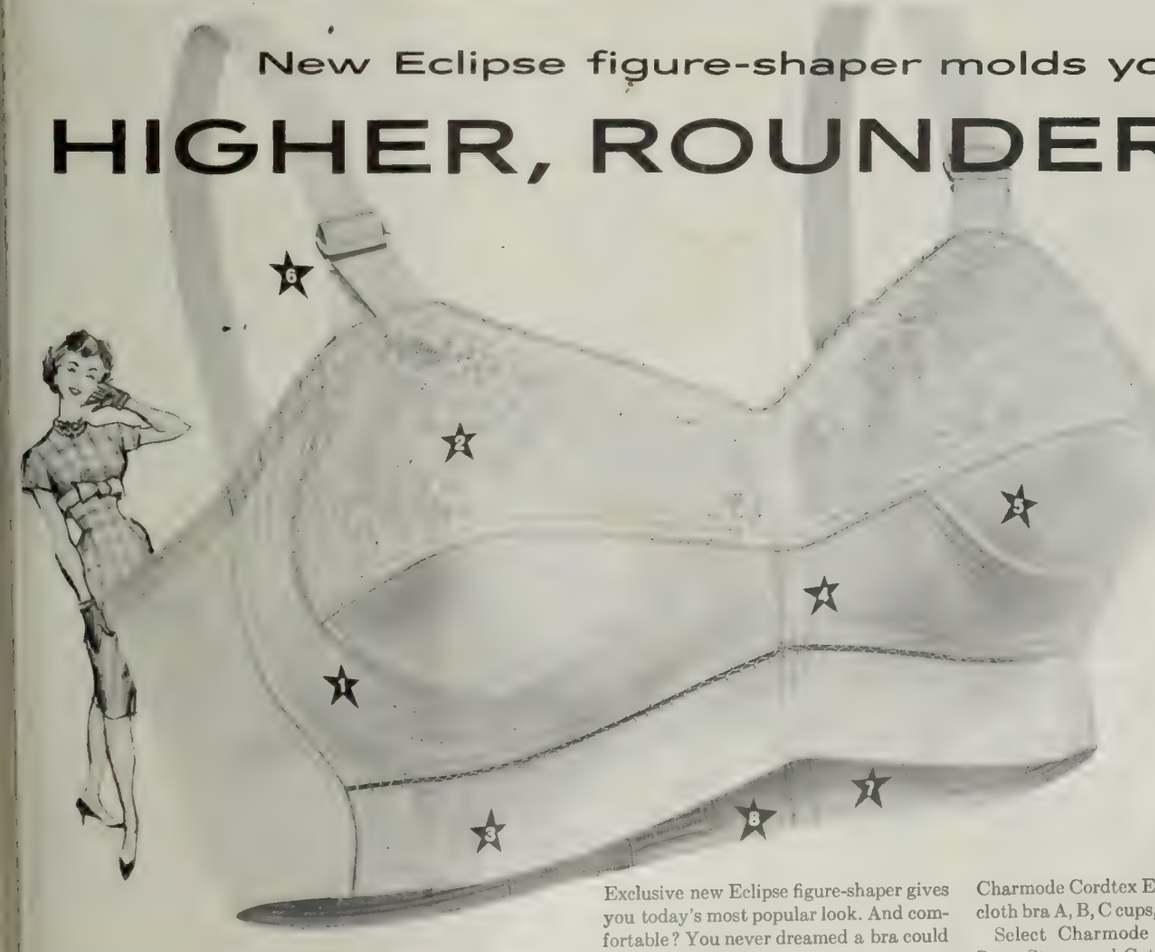
Clem reached for a glass from the tray she held toward him, took a gulp and broke into laughter. "Who you foolin', girl? There isn't any gin in this drink." He managed to get to his feet. "I'll just bring the gin bottle out here." When he came back he noticed that Gina's glass was untouched.

"I get it. I took your glass." He threw back his head and howled with laughter. "Now you'll have to drink nasty ol' gin. It won't hurt you. You need to loosen up, get human. The old biddies gossiped about Estelle, but that girl was all woman. She was too much woman for gentleman Dan. I always thought she was getting set to leave him when ——" He put his finger to his lips and wagged his head owlishly. "But I guess you don't know what happened to Estelle."

Gina, her face white, stood up. "I have some things to do, Clem. I think you'd better go. I'm sure that Fran must be home by now."

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Clem slammed his glass down on the tray "Thanks for the drink," he growled. She held the front door open for him and watched him stagger to his car.

Gina went back to the terrace, shaken with anger. *Poor Dan*, she thought. Her love that had been the deep, passionate love of sweetheart and wife added to itself the protective love that longs to shield the beloved miraculously from all that has hurt him in the past. She shuddered at Clem's drunken words, "But I guess you don't know what happened to Estelle." *That meant*, Gina thought, *that I don't know how she died. I thought it was* —— What had she thought? An illness, of course. But Clem had made it sound like a—well, perhaps a fire, or an accident in a car or —— She shook her head. Dan would tell her when he felt he could speak of it. Until then she must give him her love and trust.

"I'm through in the garden for today, Mrs. Moore," Enoch said from the edge of the terrace.

"Oh, Enoch, I meant to ask you to have a glass of iced tea. It's been so sultry."

"Storm's blowin' up. Could be a humdinger with the thunderheads over to the east. Better git the porch furniture under cover tonight." He shifted from one leg to the other to ease the pain in his side. "I'll be gittin' on home. Tell Mr. Moore I'll be over here tomorrow if the ground ain't too wet."

"I will." Gina smiled. "And thanks, Enoch. The garden looks much better already," she told him.

"It'll take a couple of years to git it in re good shape. It hasn't been looked after since"– he hesitated, then added, "fer three years o so. So long, Mrs. Moore."

When he was gone Gina picked up the tra to take it into the kitchen. She was thinkin that even Enoch avoided Estelle's name. Th woman had not left even a residue of pi behind her. Surely a woman dying while sh was still young had a claim to compassion but Dan, who was so quick to give patien understanding and sympathy to anyone i trouble, seemed to want to forget her existence

She went upstairs, to shower and dress. Eac afternoon when it was near the time for Dan t get home she was gay, eager, longing for the mo ment he would put his arms around her, kis her, demand to know what she had done a day. But this afternoon she felt listless a though the heavy, sultry air, presaging th storm, had penetrated to her consciousnes

Jack called Jill from town to say he ha missed his train but would catch the later on

"Maybe you'd better stay in town. There going to be a storm out here."

"No, no," he protested, "rain or shine Jac comes home to his Jill. You meet me at th station like a good girl."

When she left the phone she was frightene She was sure that Jack had been in a bar whe he called her. He'd never done that befor She thought miserably that it was her fault. had been a long time since she had been tend and loving toward him as she had in the first years on Skilley Road. They used to hav so much to say to each other, so many plan to make, so many dreams to put into word They had known so surely what they wante from their life together until suddenly the didn't seem to want the same things. He tried to be gentle and understanding when sh snapped at him, but it only made her wors She couldn't explain the frustration and di satisfaction that she felt in the very core of he being.

The storm clouds were curling at their edge when she put on her raincoat and pulled on of Jack's caps down over her hair. She too his raincoat and an old blanket. The win whipped at her skirts as she ran to the garag to back the jeep out. Thunder growled, bu far enough away so that she thought there wa a chance that they could get home before th storm broke. The first drops of rain were fal ing when Jack jumped off the train and ra toward her.

"Let me drive," he said. "We're going t have to make time or we'll be soaked."

He roared away from the station, down th long straight road that led to Skilley Roa The storm began with a tremendous cras followed by a sheet of rain that obliterated th road. Houses were lost in a gray shroud, onl to reappear in startling clarity when a flash lightning struck down toward the earth. Jac turned on the headlights, swerving just time to avoid a running figure.

"Can't you slow down?" Jill gasped. "Shoul we go into someone's house till the storm over?"

"I'll make it home." Jack's jaw was se "Me and the jeep, we always get home."

They had come to the crest of the long hi that ran into the Road in front of Enoch house. Suddenly the jeep plunged like an u leashed car on a roller coaster. The win seemed to possess it as it leaped and strain against the storm. The tires screamed on th wet macadam. The jeep swerved and righte itself. In the blue light of another lightnin flash Jill saw that Jack's face was white.

"Something's wrong with the brakes!" h shouted. "Can you jump? For God's sak Jill, jump!"

But it was too late. The little car seemed t reach out for the wind, a lover giving himse to his beloved. For a moment it poised i mid-air, then it left the road and, turning ove and over again, crashed in a twisted hea When it came to rest the wind moaned ove it, then turned away to run shrieking gleefull into the hills.

Enoch, looking out at the storm, heard th crash. He ran to the door, opening it to flood of rain.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

Spring Wardrobe Complete
(Started in January)

Yellow silk dress	$16.10
Red suit and blouse	20.75
Gray coat	29.95
Hat and accessories	9.90
Polka-dot separates	14.95
Shoes and stole	9.20
TOTAL	$100.85

Barbara's current investment: separates of coin-size polka dots on cotton satin. The skirt is full with tiny unpressed pleats. The top, of the reverse dot, has a deep V at the back. The third part, a wide cummerbund, matches the skirt. It all adds up to a gay party mood.



PRIGENT

A Spring or Summer Evening...

and one wonderful dress is more than just a faraway dream. Or at least it is to Barbara J. She buys bright pink separates, adds two pretty accessories too. And with all this, she still knows:

How to Dress Well on Practically Nothing!

With the exception of a dressy costume, Barbara has all the ingredients of the perfect spring wardrobe. Her last addition, and most fun of all to buy, might be organdy, a flowered silk or a bewitching black. Barbara J. chooses bright pink and polka dots because it makes her feel in a very special mood—almost like dancing on a cloud. This time it really looks as though she's spent all her fashion $'s for a long time to come—but not at all! Her separates, $14.95, still leave her with enough for new sandals and a pretty cover-up as well.

By BET HART



Barbara also buys a white piqué blouse, $3.50. Wears it with her new polka-dot skirt and separates them with a bright belt. A single flower at the waistline might be fake or very real.



A spring or summer wrap . . . and Barbara loves a pretty stole. She makes hers from one and a half yards of pink cotton satin, adds white fringe. On a cooler evening might wear a short wool top.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 144

"Yuh can't go out in this, Enoch," Millie cried. "It ain't nothin' but a tree that's been hit."

"It's a car. I saw the lights." He was already pulling on his coat, reaching under the table for his flashlight. "D'ye think you could git to Mr. Moore's? Ask him to call the ambulance. Someone's bound to be hurt pretty bad."

Enoch ran into the storm. A sheet of lightning showed him the jeep upside down. He moved his light until he saw Jack struggling up from the ground. "Help, help!" Jack screamed. "Help me get Jill out. Help me, help me." Before Enoch reached him he was struggling to lift the car. The two men, straining their muscles with maniacal strength, tilted the car and while Enoch, sweat streaming down his face, held it, Jack slid Jill out.

"She's dead, I've killed her. Enoch, I've killed Jill."

Enoch, still gasping for breath, knelt beside the inert body to put his hand over her heart. "She ain't dead. I kin feel her heart beat."

The lights of a car swept down on them, a car door slammed. Dan, his face white, ran toward them. "Jack," he cried, "thank God you're all right." Then he saw Jill. "Is she——"

"Her heart ain't stopped," Enoch answered. "Is there a blanket in your car?"

"There's a blanket in the back. Get it, Enoch." Dan knelt beside Jack, put his arm around his shoulder. "What happened?" he asked.

But Jack could only sob, "Dan, you don't think she'll die, do you?"

Another car drew up and Julian, Marina and Fran ran toward them. Julian said, "Oh, how terrible!" Marina reached under the blanket to feel Jill's pulse.

"Does she have to lie here?" Jack pleaded. "Can't we carry her into Enoch's house?"

"We mustn't move her." Marina was chafing Jill's wrists gently. "Gina called the ambulance. It will be here soon."

The storm was abating, the thunder rolling farther away, the flashes of lightning lessened. There was little they could do but wait.

Julian was remembering with sickening clarity Jill's young voice, at the Burdicks' party, crying, "I've had enough of today and tomorrow." What had happened to make her say such a bitter thing? What was she rebelling against? He said to himself sadly, *I should have taken her away from the crowd, made her sit down and talk to me. Oh, God, I hope this won't haunt me all my life.*

Dan, the rain streaming down his coat, thought, *Those two youngsters haven't seemed happy. It would have been so easy for me to sit with Jack on the train, find out what's been bothering him. If it's his job, I could have helped him find another. I hope it isn't too late.* He looked toward Enoch, noticed his face twisted with pain. "That ambulance should be here any minute," Dan said. Enoch, his lips compressed, looked away from him. He hadn't strength enough to answer. He shuffled home.

Marina, gently moving her fingers back and forth over Jill's cold hands, thought miserably, *It's terrible to be so helpless. I'll never forgive myself if there is something more I could do, something I don't know. Oh, God, she's so young, please let her live.*

When the lights of the ambulance rounded the curve of the hill, Julian went to the road to hail it. The young intern hurried to Jill's side, bent over her, then looked up to say, "She's alive—just. We'll get her to the hospital quick as we can."

They gently lifted Jill onto the stretcher. Jack stumbled after them.

"I'll follow you," Dan told the intern. He turned to Fran. "Will you go back and stay with Gina? I'll call as soon as we know anything."

"Mr. Moore, Mr. Moore"—Millie was running toward them—"Enoch's been took awful sick."

Dan and Julian followed her into the house. Enoch, doubled up with pain, gasped, "It's my hernia. It was liftin' that car. You'll have to take me to the hospital, Mr. Moore."

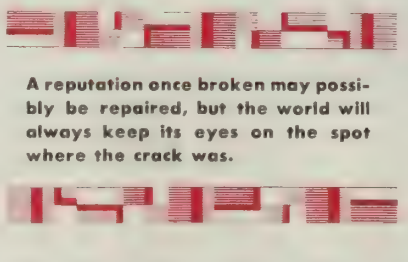
Millie whimpered as she watched the two men help Enoch out to the road. "He won't never come back," she cried, "no one ever comes back from a hospital."

Marina put her arms around the heavy woman, held her close for a moment. "He will come back, Millie," she said. "You stay here with Ruthie, try to rest. Enoch is in agony, but he'll get well. I promise you."

When Fran drove in the Moores' driveway Gina ran out to the car. "What happened?" she asked. "Whose car was it?"

"The Joneses'," Fran told her. "She's alive, but I'm afraid she's badly hurt." Fran followed Gina into the house. "Poor Jill, poor Jack." Her voice broke.

"Dan?" Gina asked.



"He drove to the hospital. Marina and Julian went with him. They took Enoch. He hurt himself helping Jack lift the car. Dan asked me to stay with you."

The sound of the doorbell interrupted her. Roger Tyrell said, "Hello, Gina. It's awful, isn't it?"

Margot, wiping her eyes, sobbed, "Dear little Jill. I can't bear it. Poor Jack, he'll never get over it if——"

"Dan is going to call as soon as he has some news," Gina began when the telephone rang. She jumped up to answer it. The others, scarcely breathing, turned their faces toward her.

"Dan"—Gina's voice was strained—"is—is Jill——"

They read his answer in the distress in her face.

"And Enoch?" she asked. . . . "That's good," she said softly. She answered a quick question from him: "Fran is here, and the Tyrells. They are all so anxious to do anything they can. Will you tell Jack?"

She turned away from the phone.

"Jill is still unconscious," she said. "They—they hope she will live. Enoch is resting. He'll be operated on in the morning. Marina is going to stay at the hospital, but Dan and Julian will come home later."

"Jack?" Roger asked.

"The doctor gave him something to make him sleep."

"We must go," Roger said. "Be sure to have Dan let us know if there is anything we can do."

"Would you like me to stay, Gina?" Fran asked diffidently.

"Please, Fran, unless——"

"No, I'd like to."

After Gina came back from the door she filled Fran's coffee cup and her own. She was glad that Fran was with her. It would be hard to sit alone in the quiet house, waiting, wondering, fearful of the thoughts that would clamor for her attention. She looked up in surprise when Fran asked quietly, "Was Clem here this afternoon, Gina?"

"He stopped to ask if you were here," Gina answered, "then he—he came in for a drink."

"Clem isn't a happy man," Fran said, wrenching the words painfully from a secret place in her consciousness. The magenta lipstick she wore was harsh against the sudden pallor of her face. "He became famous before he was ready for all the things that went with it. He thought I could give him a sort of security because——" She hesitated. She bent her head and said humbly, "It's not fair to say these things to you, Gina. Your life is so filled with love and happiness. I shouldn't bring my troubles to you."

"You mustn't blame yourself, Fran. I'm sure you've done everything you could for Clem." Her words sounded pitifully inadequate to her. She moved to sit on the sofa beside Fran's chair. "I'd like to know you better," she said gently. "You must come here whenever you want to." In the silence she



rd the remorseless ticking of the hallway
ck.
"Thank you, Gina." Fran smiled at her.

The next week on Skilley Road showed a
face calm that was the aftermath of the
rm, but beneath tidy lawns and pretty gar-
ns hidden rivulets were disturbed. When, at
ne distant place, they joined an open stream
y brought with them an ugly, muddy resi-
e. In time the stream, rushing over cleansing
ks warmed by the sun, would purify itself.
"Oh, blessed, blessed sun," Marina said to
lian. They were lounging out of doors at
ir late Saturday-morning breakfast.
"It gives you a very handsome color."
lian looked appreciatively at her long, slen-
r, smoothly tanned legs. He pulled his
sses down, peered over them. "You're
autiful," he said.
"Careful"—Marina laughed tenderly—"or
'll burst into that love duet of Cho-Cho-
n's and Pinkerton's. That would shock our
ighbors."
Julian glanced across the Road toward the
rdicks' house, hidden by trees. "Too far
ay to hear us," he said, "even if I could
rry a tune. Greg wasn't on the train last
ght; haven't seen him since Wednesday.
icy's probably lonely. Why don't you ask
r over for dinner tonight?"
"We're going to the Moores'. Just us; Gina
id Dan didn't want her to ask anyone else.
l's accident upset him terribly. I suppose it
ought back the awful things he went through
ien Estelle died."
"I wonder how much he's told Gina about
stelle and all that mess. He should tell her.
isn't fair to let her hear it from someone
se. And it would be good for him. Gina's a
nsible girl."
"There was a long time when I wondered if
'd ever be himself again. How can a man as
od as Dan be so—so overwhelmed with
morse?"
"It's because he is good that he feels re-
orse." Julian poured himself another cup of
ffee. "Could you imagine Clem blaming
nself for anything that happened to Fran?"
"Julian!" Marina was shocked. "Clem's a
or, and he's a woman chaser—at least he
nts to be—but those things all add up to
ecurity. I'm not sure that fundamentally
s bad."
"Sorry." Julian reached across the table to
e her hand. "I overheard the great man say
tt 'since Enoch won't be able to work for a
g time now it will be easy to get his land.'
ell, I've arranged to stay out here on Mon-
y. I'm going to the tax office and pay Enoch's
es. Your job is to think of some way we
tell Enoch without getting his back up at
Oh, darling, I didn't mean to blast at you,
I'm getting so tired of the sickly excuses
make for inexcusable performances."
Marina went to sit on his knee. "I never
w you to be so *anti*-anyone before."
"I just don't like Clem and I still think it's
privilege to have likes and dislikes." He
ked her up, set her on her feet. "Go back to
ir chair, woman, so I can drink my coffee
le it's hot. Tell me something pleasant."

Stella told me yesterday that they are go-
to Europe next month. Clark has decided
semiretire, so they'll be over there for six
nths or so. And Margot Tyrell is going to
ld that studio she's always wanted." She
silent a moment, watching a humming-
d in its fantastic ballet over a rosebush. "I
k everyone on Skilley Road realizes now
y mustn't put off having the things that
make them happier."
And what will make you happy, sweet
?"
Me? Oh, I'm not asking anything impos-
le."
Name it and it shall be yours."
Naming it will be half the fun," she said.
looked so bewildered that she stooped to
him. "If there should be occasion for a
ne I'd favor Julian, or even Julianna." Be-
he could speak she had gone into the
se.
e sat for a moment, lit a cigarette with a
d that shook, then he followed her. In the
hen he said accusingly, "You couldn't
w so soon."

"Of course I don't know," Marina said. "You asked me what would make me happy and I told you."

He watched her briskly scouring a pan. She'd be an efficient mother, a loving one, too, but —— He said slowly, "I've never been sure we should have a child. My best friend in school had a Catholic mother and a Jewish father. He loved both of them, but he felt a divided allegiance."

"If we aren't divided, our child won't be. We'll do what all good parents do, love him and let him live his own life."

"*We* may"—Julian scowled—"but the world won't."

"Every child finds out sooner or later the world isn't a smooth, round ball all the time," Marina told him. "Sometimes it's a prickly cactus." She ran her hand over his chin. "Speaking of prickly cactus—you'd better shave, my pet."

"You've made my hand shake so I'll cut myself to ribbons. I wish you hadn't told me until you were sure."

"Well, I almost am," she said. "Now do hurry, dearest. I promised Millie I'd stop before we went to the hospital. She wants to send Enoch a jar of cherry preserve."

"Wish there was some good news about Jill."

"I know." Marina left him to fit the dishes in the electric washer. "I think Jack suspects something that the doctor hasn't told him."

"It wasn't his fault. The fellow at the garage said the brake band had given, but I'm sorry for Jack. I can't imagine anything worse for a man than ——" He stared at Marina with horror. "Should you be doing all this housework?"

"Julian"—this time she took his arm and escorted him to the stairs—"just forget everything except that you have to shave before we go to Turnerville."

Whistling loudly, Julian went into the bathroom. He looked out at Skilley Road. Above





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the treetops he could see the mellowed tiles of the Burdicks' roof.

Wednesday morning Greg had taken a seat beside him on the train. "I gave up my job," he said. "I couldn't stomach old man Carney any longer."

"Something else lined up?" Julian asked.

"Not yet, but I've been looking around in New York. The market for men over fifty isn't the best, but on the other hand you can't find a fellow of twenty with my experience."

"That's right," Julian agreed. He wondered uneasily why Greg was talking to him. If it was a loan, he'd be glad to help, but he couldn't give him a job.

"If I can't find what I want in New York I may have to go somewhere else."

"Leave Skilley Road?" Julian asked in amazement.

"Yes," Greg said. "I've been thinking about export-import. I was pretty good at languages when I was in college. I wondered if you knew anyone in that field who could give me a steer."

"Dan might. His company does some exporting. He was on a business trip in Italy when he met Gina."

"Of course. I should have thought of that myself. Truth is, the idea just came to me last night and I didn't know where to begin. Well, I think I'll ask him if I can drop into his office today."

"Then you and Clem ——"

"Oh, I haven't closed any doors," Greg answered coolly, "and keep it under your hat, will you? I haven't talked it over with Lucy yet. No use getting her stirred up until I know something definite."

Julian hadn't seen him again, but he thought wryly as he lathered his face, *If he does tell Lucy they are leaving, the roof will blow right off that house.*

While Julian pictured rose-colored tiles scattered over Skilley Road, Greg was lounging in an armchair in Cynthia's apartment watching her pack china and glass in barrels to be stored. He hadn't gone home since Wednesday. He didn't intend to go until after he saw Cynthia off on her boat on Monday. He had told Lucy he had business in New York and would stay there for a few days.

"Why don't I throw all this stuff out?" Cynthia fumed. "I don't want it, but because it's mine I hang on to it."

"You're going to let go of all this forever." Greg made a gesture that included not only the apartment but New York. "*We're* going to live in Europe."

"We?" She crossed her legs Buddha-fashion and stared up at him. "How could we?"

He looked at her, the slender figure, the smudge on one side of her cheek, soft hair pinned back in a knot, capable hands busy with odds and ends of china. He knew he was too old for her, not today but in ten years or so. But in ten years anything could happen: maybe the atom bomb, maybe a pill to make him young again. He'd known since the night the Joneses' car went over the hill that he couldn't give Cynthia up.

"I've a job lined up. A man who lives on Skilley Road is head of a firm that makes textile fibers. They're opening offices in Europe. He's willing to give me a job in France."

"But, Greg, won't that mean bringing your wife?"

"No, I'll come alone."

She stood up, moved to a small table, took a cigarette out of a box and lit it. In the spurt of flame he tried to read her eyes, but she refused to look at him. "I won't promise you anything. If you do come, of course I'll be glad to see you. But I'm not worth all the trouble you're going to have, Greg."

"I won't have any trouble."

Strangely enough, he'd felt sorry for Lucy lately. But once she accepted the end of their marriage, she'd live pretty much the same life on Skilley Road. She'd have the house, her friends and Curly. He'd wait a year or so before he wrote from Europe insisting on a divorce. By that time his job would surely be secure.

"I don't like feeling responsible for anyone's unhappiness," Cynthia said. "She'll blame me, of course. Did she ever tell you how she heard of me?"

"I don't think she did hear of you. She only knows I'm in love with another woman. She won't be hurt. Her pride, maybe, but she'll have friends to tell her she's well rid of me."

"You don't know what she feels. Men never do." She turned away from him, studied herself critically in a mirror, gave a little exclamation of horror. "Why didn't you tell me I looked like a chimney sweep? I'll take a shower and dress. Then we can go out to an air-cooled restaurant and I'll toast your new job."

While the waiter at the Plaza was pouring frosty champagne into Greg's glass, Lucy, in heavy gardening gloves, was snipping "deaders" off her rosebushes. She had been working in the garden since early morning. Her legs and back ached, but she wanted to be so tired that she would fall asleep as soon as she went to bed that night. Last night she'd lain awake until almost dawn wondering if Greg was with "that woman." She'd have to talk to him, make him realize that now he would be working in Connecticut and it would be ruinous for him to alienate the friends he needed by his silly behavior. He'd have to listen to her.

She looked up to see Gina walking on the narrow path that had been left on either side of the macadam. It was so unusual for anyone to walk on Skilley Road that weeds had grown over the pedestrians' footpaths. She went to the gate to call, "Hello, Gina. Your car broken down?"

Gina crossed the road. "No, I'm just going to see Millie and I thought I'd walk." She looked beyond Lucy to the sleek, orderly garden. "Your flowers are lovely."

"It's taken years to get our garden just the way we want it. But it's been worth it. We'll have years to enjoy it now without putting too much time on it."

Gina fixed her eyes on a flowering shrub. Dan had told her that he had given Greg a job in the office in Paris. But he had said that Greg hadn't wanted Lucy told about it yet. He explained to Dan, "Lucy won't want to leave Skilley Road. I'll have to find the right time to tell her." Now Gina wondered if Lucy might refuse to let him take the job.

"When Enoch is home I'll have to take gardening lessons from him," she said.

"It will be a long time before he can do any work," Lucy said positively. "He won't stay on Skilley Road. When you have that Italian gardener from Turnerville you should work along with him. He could teach you a lot and it would be easier for you."

The best way to see if the charming woman loves you is to place a stray bit of white cotton on your coat sleeve. If she loves you she will pick it off.

ARTHUR PENDENYS

"Easier?" Gina raised her eyebrows.

"Both being Italian," Lucy answered. "He could explain things to you in your own language."

Gina laughed at herself. She had fallen so neatly into Lucy's trap. "Yes," she said, "we'd probably get along famously."

Walking swiftly, she came to Enoch's weather-beaten house with its untidy yard. Two or three dusty geraniums were wilting forlornly near the sagging door stoop. Gina knocked hesitantly; in a few moments, after a rattling of locks and bolts Millie opened the door.

"Come right in and set down. Ruthie and I sure liked them things you sent us." Her face wrinkled, tears came into her eyes. "When do you think he'll be comin' home, Mrs. Moore? I jest don't think I can stand it much longer with him way off there."

"Mr. Moore and I are going to see him later this afternoon. That's why I came to see you. Is there anything you would like us to tell him?"

"Tell him Ruthie's been awful good. She's et like she should and stayed close to me."

Gina, looking at Ruthie's face turned up to her, wondered what ancestor of Enoch's or Millie's had given the girl her delicate, fine features. She leaned against her mother shyly as a child of six, but her slender, exquisite body would soon be a young woman's. *That's what worries Enoch*, she thought. Aloud she said, "Enoch will be awfully happy to hear that. It will be better than medicine for him. Anything else?" She made a movement to go, but Millie was lonely and determined to keep her as long as she could.

"Get that pretty doll and show it to Mrs. Moore, Ruthie." When the girl left to find the doll she whispered, "She's upset about her pa. She thinks his bein' sick had somethin' to do with the thunder an' lightnin'. That was an awful night. Fer all that Skilley Road looks so peaceful-like we've had some terrible goin's on here. There was the time the Belden barn took fire, and the day news came that one of the Turner boys was killed in the war and the day Mr. Moore went right out of his head with Mrs. Moore dead in her bed from the sleeping pills she took. No one could figger how a man could ——" She gasped, covered her mouth with her tiny hand. "No one says he was to blame. They jest couldn't figger——"

Gina stood up. "I must go," she said. "I'll give Enoch your messages, Millie." She m

CONTINUED ON PAGE 151



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TAKE TIME OUT FOR BEAUTY WHEN YOUR AVON REPRESENTATIVE CALLS TO OFFER YOU AN AVON TRY-ON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 148

aged to speak calmly, but her hands were clenched. How did Millie dare repeat ugly gossip about Dan? If Enoch knew ——

"Don't let on to Enoch or to Mr. Moore what I said, Mrs. Moore. I didn't mean nothing."

Gina made a gesture of distaste. "But how can you gossip about a man who has been such a good friend to you and Enoch?"

"It ain't gossip," Millie began.

Gina turned away abruptly and walked out of the house, too angry to think coherently. *Dear heaven*, she thought, *how could anyone dare to imply that Dan went out of the house knowing that Estelle was dead? Or*—her eyes were dark with horror—*did they think that* —— But her mind refused to accept the words. Had he known there had been vicious questions in evil minds? Was that why he hadn't wanted to speak of Estelle or her death? But didn't he know that nothing could make her believe he was anything but fine, honorable and good? Why couldn't he have told her what had happened?

She walked more slowly. She was passing the high brick wall that enclosed the Masons' lawns and gardens and the gracious wide-winged house on the knoll. The late-afternoon sun touched the massive chimneys. She thought she saw Clark standing beside a trellis. She turned her head away. She didn't want him to call out to her. She was afraid that whichever of the neighbors on Skilley Road she saw, even Clark or Stella, who were Dan's best friends, she would wonder if they had been part of the miasma of gossip.

The sensible thing for me to do is to talk it over calmly with Dan, she thought. But she knew that she could never bring herself to ask the "sensible question." No matter how desperately she reassured herself she was afraid of the answer.

Jill lay watching the sun filter through the drawn shutters. Her thoughts drifted to the barn-made-into-a-house on Skilley Road. The windows would be open, a breeze stirring the white ruffled curtains. The Mr.-and-Mrs. trees would sway toward each other with soft, sibilant sounds. The air would be sweet with the perfume of her flowers. Her eyes closed.

"'Morning, Jill." Dr. Faraday beamed down at her from behind horn-rimmed glasses. "How's my star patient?"

"When will I go home?" Jill asked. Eagerness brought a little color into her cheeks.

"You've been here only five days, young lady." He drew up a chair to sit beside her bed. She was suddenly wary and a little frightened. He had never sat down before as though he had something important to tell her. She swallowed and looked away from him.

"Won't I ever go home?" she managed to whisper.

"You'll go home. Maybe in three weeks, maybe a month. Depends on you, Jill." He spoke rapidly now, trying to get it over with. "You won't walk for a long time, my dear."

"Not walk?" she repeated. The words were meaningless. "I—I don't believe you."

"Later, after a year or so, we may be able to operate again." He knew he must give her a shadow of hope to cling to. "Lots of women run their houses, cook and garden, from a wheel chair. You'll even have a special kind of car. The hardest part is now, imagining how hard it will be. When it's part of your day-to-day living you'll almost forget it." He took her hand, chafed the cold fingers. "But Jack won't forget unless you let him. That will be your biggest job, Jill."

"It wasn't his fault. None of it was his fault." There were tears in her eyes now. "Does he know that I—I won't walk?"

"I told him before he went home yesterday afternoon. He was heartsick. He'll be here soon, Jill. Help him." When Jill didn't answer him, he looked at her, gently patted her shoulder, said, "I'll send Miss Bowen in. Jack will be here in half an hour or so."

When Miss Bowen opened the door to Jack, he sat beside Jill, took her hand, held it gently as though it were fragile porcelain that would break if he clasped it too tightly.

"Dr. Faraday said that in three weeks I can go home." The ghost of a smile touched her lips as she added, "If I'm good."

"Be good, darling. I need you at home."

"At first I won't be walking, but I can do everything I did before except maybe"—she smiled up at him, and this time it was the real Jill smile—"hang clothes on the line." She brought his hand to her cheek. "We're going to be very happy," she whispered. "No matter what, we'll be happy."

They were silent then, but it was a trustful, healing silence.

"Good news," Stella said to Clark. "Jill will be home in three weeks. I'll be glad to know before we sail that she's safely in her house. She's such an energetic little thing I suppose she'll be cooking and gardening and racing up and down the Road in the jeep."

"Not the jeep," Clark said. "There wasn't much left of the jeep. Used to wonder why Jack didn't get the muffler fixed and now I miss the noise it made." He looked out the window at the gilded weather vane on the barn. "I'm going to miss a lot of things."

"Good heavens, Clark," Stella cried in dismay, "don't tell me you're homesick before we've left home. We both need a change." She bent over to pick up the Sunday papers he'd strewn on the floor. "I've been so upset by the things that have been happening on the Road. Jill and Enoch in the hospital and Greg spending so much time in New York. Lucy tries not to show it, but she's terribly worried. Why should he be looking for a job in New York when he has one lined up here?"

"You know that's not settled, Stella."

Stella couldn't explain, even to herself, the restlessness she felt. She'd never been given to moods. The only real unhappiness she'd ever known was when Clark was involved with Estelle. Since Estelle's death she had tried hard to pretend that had only been her imagination. Certainly there was nothing for her to fear now, but she was afraid. It was Clark, of course. Nothing else really mattered to her. He seemed to be turning away from her into some secret life of his own.

"Why don't we call Dan and Gina and ask them over for a drink? This has been a dull weekend. We need cheering up."

Before he could answer her she went to the phone and dialed the Moores' number.

"The Moores will come," she told Clark. "Shall I call Lucy (poor Lucy is so lonely) and the Elkins (Clem will still be sober) and the Tyrells (Margot read me the latest letter from the boys yesterday so she won't have to do that again) and Julian and Marina (she's looking radiant these days; wonder why) and ——"

"No more, dear." Clark smiled at her, thinking that with her bright eyes and the color in her cheeks she was still as lovely as the girl he married. "Remember that I'm not the bartender I was once."

"Most of them will take gin and tonic. You bring out some more bottles of tonic, Clark darling, while I call the others. Then I'll get out some hors d'oeuvres and presto, a party."

All the parties, hundreds and hundreds of them, Clark thought as he went to the pantry for more bottles, *like a kaleidoscope. Strangers, acquaintances, friends, all jumbled together.* Sometimes there was a face or a voice that drew you away from the others. A woman trapped in marriage with a man who didn't love her—or perhaps it was she who trapped him. *She said so many things I couldn't believe, but I knew she was unhappy. She drank too much because she was unhappy. I thought that kindness would help her. She thought I was in love with her, she thought I'd leave Stella, take her* ——

He'd lifted two bottles out of the case; one of them dropped and splintered on the tile floor. He steadied himself with one hand on the cabinet door. What would Stella say if she knew that in these last weeks Estelle came to every party, looked at him with the shadow of mockery in her luminous gray-green eyes?

"What is it?" Stella called. "What did you break, Clark?" She came through the doorway, said, "I'll brush it up. It's fun, isn't it, having a party on the spur of the moment?"

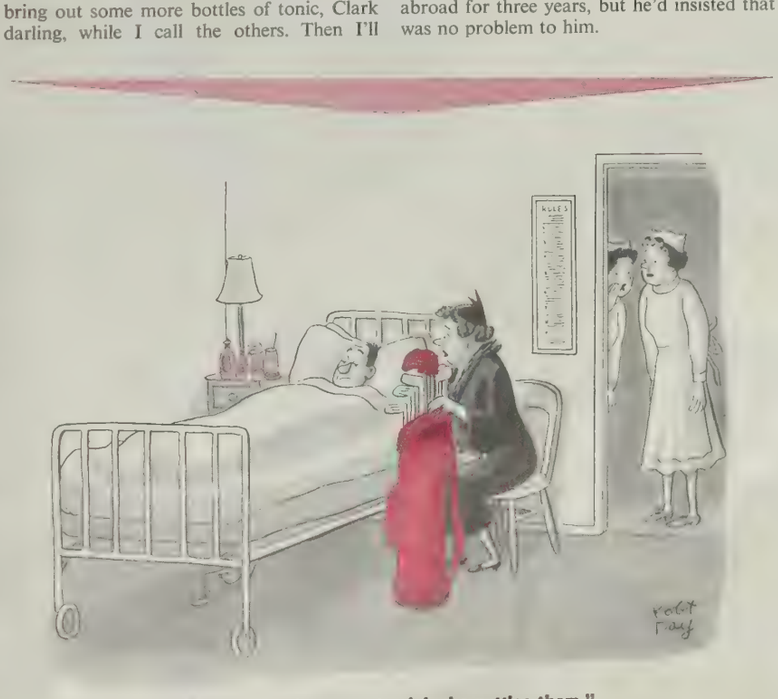
The little party was gay, with enough laughter and inconsequential chatter. What news they had of Jill was good. Lucy was carefully controlled. When Margot asked, "Where is Greg?" she answered coolly, "Winding up some work in New York. He'll be out here for good next week." Clem was on his best behavior. The party was gay enough, but it was like a farewell party, where one says good-by, with the fearful thought that there won't be another party with the same friends for a very long time, if ever. There was no reason for their feeling, but it was there like a cloud shadow so fragile one is scarcely aware of it.

"Shouldn't we go?" Marina asked, but she didn't make the first move that would bring the others to their feet.

"Oh, don't," Stella begged. "It's such fun to be together." She turned to Lucy. "I've been meaning to ask you if you want Lavinia when we leave. She's not all that good, but she stays put better than any of the others we've had lately."

"Might be a good idea," Lucy said. "The house seems to be getting bigger every year, or I'm slowing down. Sometimes I think when Greg's established here we'll sell the house and build a cottage."

Gina glanced at Dan, saw a worried look cross his face. He'd known Lucy would be upset at the idea of leaving Skilley Road, but now he wondered if she'd make some sort of scene. Greg had been so sure that he wanted to go, had pleaded with Dan to give him the job. Dan had explained that it would mean living abroad for three years, but he'd insisted that was no problem to him.



"Every time he starts to sink she rattles them."

He looked at Gina, who was sitting cross-legged on the lawn, her head bent.

"I found one," she exclaimed and held up a four-leaf clover. She stood up in one graceful, lithe movement and went to hold it out to Stella. "Luck for your trip, Stella and Clark."

"You're sweet," Stella said. "But is it lucky to give luck away?"

"My grandmother used to say, 'Luck you give away never leaves you,'" Marina said.

"Marina quotes her grandmother the way most people quote Shakespeare," Julian teased. "I tell her she should make her own quotes or what will *her* grandchild have to say that *her* grandmother said."

"You don't mean ——" Lucy looked at Marina with a question in her eyes.

"Julian doesn't mean anything," Marina said firmly, though her cheeks were pink. "You should know him well enough not to take him literally." She put her glass aside. "We really must go. It's been a lovely party, Stella and Clark. We're expecting you all next Saturday night. Maybe Jack will feel like coming." She turned to Lucy. "And Greg will be here?"

"Of course," Lucy answered. "He'll be at home permanently from now on." Her eyes following them as they walked across the lawn, she said, "I wonder if Julian gave something away."

"Wouldn't it be nice?" Margot cried enthusiastically. "They'd be wonderful parents. They're both so smart and good-looking. I was saying to Roger just yesterday that our house is so empty without our dear boys. Thank goodness, they'll be home next week."

"Do you think an Italian-and-Jewish child ——" Lucy was saying, her eyes glinting with malice.

"Ours are Swedish and Irish and they don't seem to have inner conflicts," Roger interrupted her.

"I suppose next it will be Gina and Dan," Margot said.

Stella laughed, glanced at Clark, and was startled to see his face distorted in a grimace of pain. "What is it, Clark?" she asked.

"Nothing. Too much sun. I'll pull my chair back in the shade."

"We must go," Roger said. "I should do some work in our woods."

Margot stood up, stretched languidly. "Nice party. Ready, Roger?"

"Don't go," Stella said to Lucy. "Clark is going in for his nap and if you'll help me clear up the glasses we can sit out here. I want to show you the travel folders Clark brought back from New York."

"I'll take my nap out here," Clark said. "You won't bother me." He knew that if he was alone in his room he'd hear the voice within himself repeating endlessly, *You can't leave without telling Dan. You might never come back and he'd never know.* Perhaps Gina and Dan would have a child and one day the child would hear the ugly things that had been whispered about his father when Estelle died. The ugly things they'd say about Clark when they knew wouldn't be whispered. He wouldn't care except for the agony they'd cause Stella.

"If you're going to sleep out here," she said, "I'll bring out a light blanket."

"No, don't." He caught her hand as she passed his chair. "I'll go upstairs." He knew he'd have to figure out before they left for Europe how he could tell Dan. He'd have to say he'd betrayed him, even worse. But he hadn't meant it to be so ugly. He'd thought he could help Estelle.

On Monday morning Greg had his last glimpse of Cynthia, a slender figure in a dark suit waving a kiss to him from the deck of the Queen Mary. When she was out of sight he went back to her apartment and called Dan.

"Glad to hear from you," Dan said. "I wanted to see you, but I didn't know how to reach you. Can you come down to the office later?"

"Of course. Any time."

"About three-thirty? I'll be tied up until then."

"I'll be there."

"I ran into Gina and Marina today," he said when he went into Dan's office. "They looked chipper."

"Yes, they came in town to do some shopping. Julian and I are meeting them for dinner. We saw Lucy yesterday. Are you sure she's going to be willing to leave Skilley Road, live abroad?"

"She'll have some objections at first," Greg said smoothly, "but she'll come around."

"I must be sure that she will be agreeable to going. We don't like to send a man over and after a few months have him come home because his wife is unhappy."

"She won't go with me; whether we sell the house or rent it, there'll be a lot to do. But she'll come as soon as she can. I know that once she's used to the idea she'll agree it's the best thing could happen to either of us."

"When will you talk it over with her?"

"I intended to stay in town for a couple of nights, but I'll go out tonight. I'll tell her this evening. She'll call you herself to thank you."

"No need of that." Dan stood up. "If she is satisfied to go, you might come in Wednesday morning. We have quite a lot of general information to give you. So long, Greg. Nice to have seen you."

Greg went back to the street. The wind was blowing dust swirls, the flat surfaces of the skyscrapers seemed cold and impersonal, the hurrying crowds looked tired, tawdry. He'd been sure he could force Lucy to accept his plan. Now he wasn't so sure. Dan had put it on the dotted line: if she made a row, no job. He had a moment's sick longing for Cynthia, who was moving farther and farther from him. If he didn't get this job, there was no way he could cross the sea to meet her.

I'll have to be careful, he decided again, *not lose my temper, never let her suspect that I'll not only be leaving Skilley Road but her too.*

The train pulled away from his station. He saw Fran in her car, watching the passengers to see if Clem was among them.

"Want to take me home?" he asked. "It will save Lucy a trip."

"Clem said he might come out on this train." She moved some packages to make room for him in the seat beside her. "Did you talk to him today?"

"No, but I saw Dan. He's given me a job."

"Then you and Clem ——"

"Oh, he can get someone else to go in with him if he's still interested in that real-estate deal. Plenty of fellows would be glad of the chance."

"I'm awfully happy for you," Fran said shyly. "I know you'll enjoy working for Dan. He's such a—a fine person."

"I won't be working very directly with him. I'm going over to their branch office in Paris."

Fran heard the excitement in his voice. She'd always thought of him as too cold and reserved to show enthusiasm about anything. She wondered why on Sunday Lucy hadn't mentioned that they were going away. In fact, she remembered Lucy's talking about building a smaller place when Greg was established on the Road.

"Will you commute from Paris?"

Greg laughed. "Hardly. I'll have to stay there for three years before I come back. Frankly, I won't mind. Skilley Road gets to be a small world when you've lived on it as long as I have. Good thing for everyone to get out of one rut and into another."

"I expect it is," she said slowly.

He looked at her curiously. There were shadows under her eyes. "You and Clem should take a trip, come over to see me in gay Paree."

She might have been curious when he didn't say "see us," but she never foraged for titbits of gossip the way Lucy did. When they stopped in front of his house they saw Lucy stretched in a chair under an elm tree. Curly ran barking to the gate. In a moment Lucy followed him.

"Why Greg," she cried. There was happiness in her voice. "You didn't say you would be home today."

He forced himself to brush his lips across her cheek. "I was just going to phone you from the station when I saw Fran."

"Can't you come in?" Lucy asked Fran.

"Wish I could, but I have some things to do at home before I go to the next train."

As she drove off, Greg followed Lucy back to the chair where she had been resting.

"Did you finish your business in New York?" she asked.

"Not entirely. I'll have to go in every day for a while."

"I thought you were through at Carney's."

"I am. Dan Moore has given me a job. My headquarters will be in Paris."

"Paris?" She burst into a harsh laugh. "You're crazy, Greg. I have no intention of going to Paris." Her eyes narrowed. "Or did you mean for me to go?"

"Not at first," he said smoothly. "We'll have to either sell or rent the house, store the furniture. I'm afraid I'll have to leave those things up to you. I'll probably leave in a few weeks."

He watched her make a painful effort to control herself. "No," she said at last. "You won't go through with this insane notion. This is our home. We're going to stay here. Dan Moore will be sorry for this. How does he dare destroy ——"

"Dan is doing me a favor, Lucy, a big favor. Get this straight, Lucy: if you make trouble between Dan and me, I'll walk out of here. You'll never see me again."

"You intend to walk out no matter what I do."

"That's not true, my dear. Now I'm going in the house, change into some cooler clothes, let you get used to the idea. You know it's a sign of age when you can't face a change."

He saw her flush. She said quietly, "I missed you while you were gone, Greg, more this time than ever before. Our life here is a good one. We can't give it up for a new life in a country where I couldn't even speak the language. I'm older than you are, but neither of us is young enough for that."

When she heard the screen door slam behind him she put her head back and closed her eyes. She'd have to stop him and he'd shown her how. He was afraid of what she'd say to Dan. Her thoughts darted furtively from one scheme to another. Suppose she went to Gina; the girl was madly in love with her husband, if she told her —— She felt her heart pounding. She forced herself to get up, go into the kitchen, swallow one of the pills the doctor had given her to calm her nerves.

She gripped the edge of the kitchen table, looked out the window at her vegetable garden. Tomatoes were ruby red, pea pods hung heavy on their vines, asparagus fern was feathery. Squash and pumpkins were beginning to ripen on the ground. Onions, lettuce and radishes were in neat rows. The green beans were ready to pick. The cornstalks were high. She had brought them all to life with her own hands and loving care. She had lavished herself on her garden, her house as other women did on a loving husband, children. They were her fulfillment. She'd never leave them, never. But she needed Greg too. She'd learned that in the last lonely days. She must plan cautiously.

Clem had had an unpleasant session with a sponsor, gone to a bar to have a few drinks, discovered a couple of girls he knew. By the time they left it was too late to catch the train. He had some more drinks, missed another train. He managed to board the last train. He slept until the conductor wakened him. He stood up unsteadily. He would have fallen, when he clambered down the steps of the car, if the conductor hadn't grasped his hand to steady him.

"Had a dizzy spell," he said.

A taxi had come to the late train to meet a passenger. Clem was disgruntled when the driver insisted on making a detour to discharge the other man first, but he decided he would still make better time than if he called Fran to drive down for him. He felt oddly lightheaded and sat in morose silence. He tried to remember whether he'd eaten. When he got home he'd waken Fran, ask her to fix something for him.

It was after two o'clock when they came down the long hill to Skilley Road. The moon was bright, the cool air sweet with country fragrance. Clem, half dozing, was remember-

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g the farm where he'd spent his boyhood. ghts like this had made him restless, sick th fear that he'd never get away. He'd listen a plane droning overhead, imagine himself ling through the night sky, landing at the port of a big city. He'd make a name for nself, a big name: Clem Elkin, the great- —— The taxi coughed ominously, sputed and stopped.

They were just beyond Enoch's house. The ung fellow at the wheel said placatingly, m afraid we're out of gas." He looked tord the dark house. "Do you suppose they'd ve any? I could drain it out of a car or a ck, bring it back tomorrow."

"They won't have any." Clem wrenched the or open. "I'm going to walk home. You n sit here until you get enough sense to ow how much gas you need."

When Clem started walking the driver led, "I could go with you, use your phone."

"No," Clem shouted. "You get out of this ss on your own."

The white road seemed to shimmer and ve under his feet. He staggered and righted nself. It made his head swim to look down the road, but he was afraid if he didn't he'd mble over a rock and fall. When he was yond the glare of the headlights he moved re slowly. His e was wet with rspiration. His nd was shaking en he reached in pocket for his ndkerchief. He f turned to go k to the car when saw a movement he shadows where es darkened the tpath.

"Who's there?" called.

The faint sound of ghter answered n, a girl's laugh, et, teasing. He od still, heard a nt rustling sound rcely more than ttle woodland anl would make. decided the movent he'd seen had been the shadow of leaves ying in the light breeze. He must have gined the laughter. He set his jaw and dded on, but he couldn't resist glancing ively toward the footpath. He had gone y a few feet when he saw the movement in. This time he was sure a white figure run from the protection of one tree trunk ide behind another one.

Who's there? I'm Clem Elkin. Who are ?"

Clem," a light voice echoed his, "Clem in."

le moved heavily toward the sound. He od, supporting himself with one hand on low branch of a tree, peering into the ry darkness. He had to be sure. He might racking up like that fellow years ago, the who went to Bellevue, Doug Kirkland. d have to take it easier, cut his drinking in . Maybe lay off for a while. His heart ned to be pounding in his throat.

e might die alone on the Road. No one ld care. not even Fran. He couldn't blame he'd led her a dog's life. If he ever got e he'd tell her he was going to straighten treat her better. He staggered a few steps ner. Then he saw the girl again, or the—— He covered his eyes with his hands. was sure now that he was crazy. He slipped n to the ground. He heard light footsteps ning.

n gave up trying to sleep. She slipped terry robe and went out on the lawn. She the door open so that if Clem did come on the last train she'd hear the phone. The s was cool under her bare feet. The stars ing through the trees seemed close and dly. She broke some needles off a pine bruised them in her fingers, inhaled the gent fragrance. She needed to think clearly, e to some decision. She couldn't pretend rself any longer that she could help Clem.

What can I do? she asked herself. It was an old question she had asked again and again without ever finding an answer. She looked up at the sky, murmured without real hope, "God help me." She was turning to go back to the house when she saw a figure on the Road. A girl in a long white dress, her dark hair blowing.

Ruthie, she thought. She ran to the gate, knowing she mustn't frighten her. She called quietly, "Ruthie, Ruthie, dear."

The girl pointed across the Road in the direction of the pasture. "Pa," she said sweetly.

Fran put her arm around her. "You're cold. Come into the house, rest a few minutes."

The girl moved obediently at her side.

When they were in the house Fran very gently put a coat over her shoulders. Ruthie took her hand, held it tightly. She seemed to be trying to ask her a question. Fran waited patiently. The girl's lips moved, trying to find words for her thought. Then she asked clearly, "Pa with the old hound?"

Fran stared at her. "No. Enoch will be home soon, Ruthie. I promise you he will. Now, will you let me go get the car and take you home? You must wait for him there."

When she drove Ruthie home she noticed the taxi at the roadside. After she saw Ruthie slip quietly into the house she was turning to drive home when a young man called out to her:

"Hey, lady, I've run out of gas. Could I go to your house and phone?" He slid into the seat beside her. "I was taking Mr. Elkin home when my car conked out. Say, you ain't ——"

"Yes, I'm Mrs. Elkin. But where ——"

"He started walking. Didn't he get home?" He was staring out the window. "Look, do you think that's him? There by that tree?"

They jumped out of the car, ran to Clem. He was breathing heavily, his head pillowed on his arm. Somehow they got him into the car and, once in the house, upstairs and into bed.

"I'm sure sorry ——" the young man began, but Fran interrupted him.

"You were very kind. There's a can of gas in the garage. Take my car. Just leave it at the side of the Road."

When she went back to the bedroom Clem was propped up against a pillow, his eyes open. "You've got to believe me, Fran." To her amazement he was pleading with her. "I'm through drinking. You'll help me, won't you, Fran? You wouldn't want me to end up like Doug Kirkland, beating the bars at Bellevue?"

"No," she said, "I wouldn't want that."

"I had an awful scare tonight. I saw a—a ghost or something on the Road. It talked to me ——" He shuddered. "If I didn't have you, Fran ——"

"I don't think I'm much use to you."

"I've never said it before but I'm sorry, Fran, I'm sorry. I'll make you believe me. We'll talk in the morning, start over. You'll never know how I felt when I saw that—that thing."

She turned out the light, heard him settle back on his pillow. Perhaps if he never knew that it was Ruthie he'd seen he would be frightened enough to try to straighten out his life and hers too. *Maybe*, she thought, *maybe this time.*

"We cabled you and Lisa our congratulations," Gina wrote Joel. "Your little son arrived at a most opportune time. Dan and I and Julian and Marina House had dinner in New York. We turned it into a celebration in his honor. We hope Lisa will take a breather now and you will both come over here for a vacation. I'm longing to show you my lovely home and, of course, longing for Lisa to meet Dan and for you to know him better. Every day I ask myself, 'How could I possibly be happier than I am today?' and the very next day I am happier."

She heard the doorbell, put her letter aside with a sigh. She was startled to see Lucy with Curly at the door. She managed to smile pleasantly.

"Hello, Lucy. Come in and have a cup of coffee with me."

"I wanted to see you, Gina." Lucy's eyes were bright with anger. She walked heavily into the living room and sat down. "Greg told me yesterday that Dan has offered him a job in Paris."

"Lucy, I have nothing to do with Dan's business affairs."

Lucy interrupted her. "We've known Dan for a long time. I never thought he'd connive with Greg to uproot me from my home. It is unforgivable"—she clenched her hand into a fist and brought it down on the table beside her—"unforgivable," she repeated.

Gina stood up and walked to the window. She was determined not to be drawn into a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 155

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 153

quarrel. She said, "Lucy, Greg asked Dan to send him to Paris. I think you should settle this between you."

"You could help me, Gina." Lucy leaned forward. "Dan would do anything for you. Ask him to find some excuse not to give Greg the job. Don't let Greg know I've spoken to you. He'd never forgive me for interfering, but in the end he'll be happier."

"Dan wouldn't lie to Greg. I wouldn't ask him to."

"You do have Dan on a pedestal, don't you?" Lucy abandoned any pretense of friendliness. "Did he ever tell you that he left this house when his wife was dead in her bed?" She watched Gina's body stiffen, the color leave her face. "He said he slept in the guest room so that he wouldn't waken her when he left. If he'd kissed her good-by the way the other husbands on Skilley Road do, he'd have seen what she'd done, and there wouldn't have been all the talk. Dan thinks he's lived down the scandal, but ——"

Gina wanted to run out of the room, hide from the round blue eyes that were fixed on her, but she was too shocked.

The malicious voice began again. "I knew Estelle wouldn't kill herself. I'd been with her the afternoon before. She was happy, happier than I'd ever seen her. She said, 'I'm going away with another man, have a new life.'" She paused. When Gina didn't speak, she said self-righteously, "I was loyal to Dan. I didn't repeat what Estelle said."

Gina said scornfully, "You would have told this long ago if it were true."

"I did tell Stella. She made me promise not to tell anyone else. She and Clark wanted to protect Dan. Clark had come here only a little while after Dan left. He found Estelle, and the note on the floor with water spilled over it. I'm not vindictive, but ——"

Gina stood up, walked quickly to the door, opened it. "Please go, Lucy."

Lucy told herself as she walked down the driveway to the Road that she was sorry she had had to shock Gina, as she had been sorry she'd had to poison the old hound. It made her seem cruel, but she had a right to protect what was hers. Had Enoch cared what happened to Curly? Did Dan care if she was forced to give up her home? She reached down, patted Curly, murmured, "We won't go away from Skilley Road, will we?"

Gina leaned against the door. She whispered, "Dan, Dan," feeling the sharp pain of her need for him. In his arms Lucy's story would become malicious gossip, nothing to frighten her. She tried to reassure herself, thinking, *No matter what Lucy tells, she can't hurt Dan. She'll only make him remember the things he's wanted to forget—his life with Estelle, the dreadful way she died.*

Gina went slowly upstairs, down the long hall, past the door to the room where she and Dan slept. She came to the door of the room where Estelle had died, hesitated a moment, then defiantly went in. The windows were closed as they had been since the night of the storm. The sweet, musky odor was sharper than Gina remembered it. She gulped against the sudden nausea in her throat. She looked down at the pale carpet, saw—or thought she saw—a stain that might have been left by the water spilled on the note. Had Estelle, when she set aside the glass, let it fall? Or had another hand, coolly deliberate, dribbled water over the scrawled words?

I'm doing what she'd want me to do, Gina thought in horror. *I'm wondering if Dan ——* She twisted away from the thought, tried desperately to find a reasonable excuse. *The note would have been a monstrous thing, hideous lies to make it seem Dan was somehow responsible. He'd have the right to keep it away from all the prying eyes.* But that would mean Dan had found his wife dead, left her, driven to the train as he did every day, talked with his friends, gone to his office, said "Good morning" to his secretary, sat at his desk until the phone call came.

The picture was so ludicrous, so unlike Dan she almost laughed aloud in relief. Fear dissolved and left her calmer, determined to find a way to stop Lucy's slanderous tongue. She went to the window, opened it, looked down at Skilley Road. In the distance she saw the Masons' huge old colonial farmhouse. She thought, *Stella stopped Lucy once. I'll go to see her. Stella won't allow Lucy to hurt Dan.*

"So glad to see you, my dear," Stella said when she opened the door to Gina. "Come into the den. It's the room Clark and I like best in summer. Sit in that blue chair."

"Stella," Gina said quickly, "Lucy came to see me."

"Did she?" Stella turned to face Gina, a little frown between her eyes. "I suppose it was about that job Dan's offered Greg. She called me early this morning. Poor Lucy, she was almost hysterical. I do think Greg should have discussed it with her before he made a definite plan."

"Lucy wants me to ask Dan not to send Greg to France. When I told her I had no right to interfere she threatened to ——"

"Now, Gina"—Stella leaned forward, patted her hand—"you'll learn after you've lived on Skilley Road awhile that you're best off if you abide by the old saying, 'In one ear, out the other.'"

Why is she trying so desperately hard, Gina thought, *to keep me from telling her what Lucy said?*

"Lucy insisted on telling me about Estelle," she persisted. "She made all kinds of terrible implications about Dan."

"Gina, you're woman of the world enough to know that a person's reputation isn't made by what's said about them but what they are. Anyway, Dan lived down that old story long ago. I doubt if he ever heard it."

"She said that the afternoon before—before Estelle took the sleeping pills she'd told her she was going away with a man. She was so happy that Lucy was sure she'd not have killed herself."

She knew now that Stella didn't want to listen to her. She refused to meet Gina's eyes. Gina said stubbornly:

"She said it was Clark who found Estelle. She said you'd stopped her before from saying that Dan ——"

"Gina, forget what Lucy said. You don't know how many people you could hurt by bringing up things that happened so long ago. Skilley Road isn't like a city where people have only a surface acquaintance. Here we're enmeshed in each other's lives. We see each other nearly every day, we know ——"

"Then there is something you know?"

"Yes. I know Estelle was an evil woman." Stella's voice grew shrill. "She was a drunken, man-crazy harlot. She did everything to make Dan miserable, insulted him, shamed him. Any man but Dan would have put her out of his house. No matter what Dan did, he was justified."

"But Dan didn't do anything. You know that when Dan left the house he didn't know that Estelle was dead. How do you know that, Stella?"

Gina heard a movement at the door, looked up to see Clark standing there. His face was gray, he was stooped, the hand he put on the door to brace himself was thin with blue veins protruding.

Stella cried out, "Clark, why are you home?"

"I came out on the early train." He sat beside her. "I heard you talking, I heard Gina ask you ——"

"Gina's upset. Lucy went to her this morning with some silly story. I've straightened it out for her. Now that you're home, we'll forget all about it."

"No, I'll have to tell her. I should have told Dan long ago, but I didn't want to hurt you more than you've been hurt." He groped for his wife's hand, pressed it between both of his. "You've been so brave, my darling, you never let me know that you knew. Be brave now. Gina and Dan will have children. Someone will tell them the things that were said about Dan when Estelle died." He met Gina's eyes. "It was just a trick. Estelle never meant to die."

"You knew and you didn't tell Dan? You let him think ——"

Stella interrupted her. "It's nothing to make a fuss about. Clark went to leave a message for Dan. When Estelle didn't come to the door he had a premonition that she might be sick or had fallen down and needed help. He found her and saw that she was dead. It was a shock to him, of course."

Gina asked Clark, "How did you know she didn't intend to die? How did you know it was a trick?"

"She wrote it in the note." Clark shook his head at Stella when she started to speak. "I knew how unhappy she was. I thought I could help her. She was restless, discontented, always tearing at things with her hands—a flower, a piece of paper. I used to beg her to stop drinking, make a decent home for Dan."

"But the note had water spilled on it," Gina said impatiently. "How could you read it?"

Clark ignored Gina's question. "She thought she was in love with me. She used to beg me to take her away, to live in Paris, Rome, Madrid. She knew I'd never leave Stella, but she'd plead with me. I had to tell her I couldn't see her again. She begged me to come just once more. She said if I did she'd try to live the way she should, turn over a new leaf. She asked me to come the next morning after Dan left for New York." He put his head down, took a deep, rasping breath.

"He's sick," Stella cried. "Can't you see he's sick? What are you trying to do to him?"

It is indeed remarkable that suffering and hardship do not, as a rule, abate the love of life; they seem, on the contrary, usually to give it a keener zest. The sovereign source of melancholy is repletion. Need and struggle are what excite and inspire us; our hour of triumph is what brings the void. Not the Jews of the captivity, but those of Solomon's glory are those from whom the pessimistic utterances in the Bible come. . . . The history of our own race is one long commentary on the cheerfulness that comes from fighting ills. WILLIAM JAMES

"I must finish, Stella." Clark lifted his head. "I found her on the bed with the note beside her. She'd written that if I didn't intend to go away with her to let her die, but if I wanted her to live to give her black coffee, walk her up and down."

"You let her die?" Gina's face was white. "She was alive and you let her die?"

"I don't know. That's the worst part of it. I don't know. I didn't touch her. I spilled water on the note, blurred the words. Then I came home. Stella called the doctor from Turnerville. Stella called Dan too. One of the men in his office drove him out. I never thought anyone would blame Dan."

He put his head back, closed his eyes. He wondered how he had borne the terrible load of guilt for so long. He wished the girl would go so that he and Stella could be alone. He'd tell her that nothing could ever have come between them. He had never loved anyone else since he first saw her, a young girl in a white dress with flowers caught in her hair.

"We're going away so soon," Stella said. "Can't you wait until we're gone to tell Dan? It will be so hard for Clark to see him afterward."

"I'll have to tell him. Someone will have to stop Lucy before ——"

"I'll see Lucy." Stella's lips were a thin line. "I'll tell her that Skilley Road will be a very lonely place for her now. It will be better for her to go away. Forgive us if we don't see you to the door. I'll sit here with Clark awhile." She looked down at her husband. He was breathing quietly. His eyes were closed as though he was asleep. He was holding tightly to her hand.

Gina walked down the Road. The sun was low in the west, the commuters were on their way home. Gina was stricken by the knowledge that Dan would be waiting for her. How could she tell him what Clark had told her? How could she tell him that Clark had let him live all the time since Estelle died under the shadow of a lie?

She went into the house quietly and ran to put her arms around him.

"Fine thing," he pretended to grumble, his lips against her ear. "Come home and no wife! In Vermont they say a home without a wife is like a griddlecake without molasses."

She tried to laugh, but the choked sound she made was a sob. He held her away from him, saw the tears in her eyes, asked, "What on earth?"

"I can't tell you now. It's all so mixed up."

"You don't have to tell me. I think I know. Lucy came to you with a story about Estelle. After I saw Greg yesterday I was sure she'd behave badly. That's it, isn't it?"

"It's more than that," she said slowly. She put her hand in his and remembered that it was so that Clark and Stella had sat. She had pitied them, but now her heart ached for Dan.

"I was a fool not to tell you myself. I couldn't bear to bring Estelle into our lives. She was always determined to hurt anyone I cared for. She tried again and again to make trouble for me with Clark and Stella. She was unhappy. I never knew why she was so unhappy. Soon after we were married I knew that I had never loved her. She was vivid and brittle and gay, but she was restless and cruel and when she laughed it was to hurt someone. Her doctor told me that a man who doesn't love his wife always feels guilty. That's why I tried to ——"

"You weren't guilty of anything." Gina was fiercely protective. "Oh, all that is past, darling. But it was about the time that Estelle died that Lucy talked most. She tried to tell me you knew she was dead when you left the house."

He gave a short, angry laugh. "What else did Lucy tell you? I'm sure she made a thorough job of it."

Gina repeated slowly, painfully the things Lucy had said. Then she added, "I went to see Stella."

Dan moved a little away from her.

She said quickly, "Clark was going to write you before they went to Europe. He said he wanted you to know that Estelle never meant to kill herself. It was a trick to make Clark go away with her." She repeated what Clark had said. When she finished Dan was silent for a long time.

"Poor Clark!" he said at last. "Estelle didn't care anything about him. She never cared for anyone in her life." He was staring down at the floor, hurt and angry. "Estelle hated Stella. I remember when she tore her garden out by the roots because Stella's was prettier. Stella was all the things she wanted to be, the things you are"—he looked up—"beautiful, and good and kind. Why did this have to happen, when I thought she was out of my life forever?"

Delia came to announce dinner. At the table Dan tried to smile, Gina tried to make lighthearted conversation, but they were too unhappy to pretend successfully.

When they went out to the terrace for coffee Dan said, "I'm going over to see Clark. I must tell him that the doctor said even if I'd gone into Estelle's room I probably couldn't have saved her. The sleeping pills and the drinks she'd had made a deadly poison. By the time Clark came there wasn't a chance."

"How could Lucy ——" Gina began.

"I don't know how that woman's mind works. Come on, let's drive over to Clark's. Don't want to get there too late. He goes to bed early during the week."

"I think he'd rather see you alone."

"I want you to come with me, dear. Don't worry. Clark and I are old friends."

Gina did worry until Clark opened the door to them. He stood straighter, his color was better. He said, "Hello, Dan, Gina." Stella looked up from her chair. A shade of apprehension crossed her face, but when Dan kissed her cheek she relaxed.

"How about a nightcap all around?" Dan asked. "I'll help you make 'em, Clark. I want to talk to you about a call I had from Jack Jones this morning."

When the men left the room Stella said, dabbing at her eyes, "They understand each other. Dan knows what an awful burden it

has been to Clark. Sometimes I envy men, the good ones; they have a tolerance we women never seem to achieve." She looked away from Gina as she said sadly, "I went to see Lucy. I told her that since Greg has an opportunity to go abroad she must be courageous and go with him. I said that even if she stayed on the Road she would find it so changed that it wouldn't be the same place to her any more. She knew what I meant. She agreed that it would be better for her to go with Greg. We both cried a little, remembering the happy times we'd had once."

When the men came in, Gina looked at Clark, saw that the lines in his face were smoothed, his eyes bright with interest. He said, "Stella, Dan tells me Enoch and young Jack have struck up quite a friendship. Jack doesn't want to commute; it seems Jill will be in a wheel chair for a long time. Enoch will never be able to do heavy work again. He's decided to make Jack a partner. Between 'em they'll carry out the plans that Clem and Greg had, build some houses on his land and sell them. They'll need some money to get started. Dan thought that he and I could help them out. Julian's already paid Enoch's back taxes."

"When Jack called me this morning he told me he'd always wanted to be a carpenter," Dan said. "He'll work with the contractor, see that the houses are honestly built. He's a smart boy."

They talked a few moments more before Dan stood up, stretched. "I can hear that alarm clock ringing, can't you, Clark? See you on the train."

When they passed the Burdick house on their way home, Gina said, "Stella says Lucy is going to Paris with Greg."

"That's good." Dan was very tired, but it was a relaxed, pleasant tiredness. It was good to be going back to the house that Estelle had left forever. Gina would make a happy home for him there.

Millie put a plate of ham, eggs and corn bread in front of Enoch. "Well, I'm home," he said comfortably. "I didn't git as good eatin' as this in the hospital. Better call Ruthie."

"Since she's had Curly she'd rather play with him than eat. Never could figure out how Mrs. Burdick come to give him to her. I thought she loved that little dog like it was her baby."

"If I'd been here I'd've told her we couldn't take him," Enoch said slowly.

"Shouldn't I have took him, Enoch?" Millie's face puckered in dismay.

"Sure, you did all right. Past is past, no use mullin' it over."

Ruthie came into the room, talking over her shoulder to Curly, who followed at her heels. She smiled at Enoch and Millie, a more aware, brighter smile than Enoch remembered before he was taken to the hospital. When she sat at the table she moved a chair beside hers for Curly to jump on.

"Good Curly," she said carefully, looking from her father to her mother for approbation.

"I seen Mrs. Elkin on the Road. She wants to take Ruthie to see a doctor in Turnerville. New feller there. I said, 'Mebbe.'"

"She don't play with her dolls no more. Seems like she knows she's a big girl now." Millie burst out with more daring than she'd ever shown, "She might get like she should be if yuh'd let Mrs. Elkin take her to the doctor, Enoch."

"I said, 'Mebbe.'" Enoch's voice was stern and Millie got up hastily to take her plate to the sink. It would be worse than cutting off Enoch's right arm to send Ruthie away, but if it meant she'd get well, be like other girls, they'd have to do it. He came to stand beside her. "I'll do what's best fer her; you know that, Millie."

Enoch stood on the back steps before he went down to the garden. The sun was brilliant, but the summer heat had gone out of it. He took a deep breath of the frosty air, could smell the apples ripening on his trees. Summer was the time commuters liked best, but a real Yankee called the fall of the year his own.

But this fall wasn't the same as other falls. Too much had happened on Skilley Road. He wasn't sure that he belonged where he found himself, his land cut up, building a house on the pasture to sell, in business with young Jack as a partner. Sometimes he felt he'd been propelled by a force he couldn't withstand.

A man ought to do things his way, he thought. He picked up a basket and started down toward the garden. Mr. Moore and Mr. Mason had told him he was better off than he'd ever been before, but it was in his blood to resist change.

I guess Mr. Moore was right, he thought, pulling the red tomatoes, looking through the corn for golden ears, bending down to pick up the yellow squash. *I'm cantankerous—born cantankerous, live cantankerous and aim to die cantankerous.*

Julian and Marina were on their terrace. She was half dozing in the noonday sun. He was turning the pages of a manuscript he had used as his excuse for not going to his office.

"Listen to this," he said suddenly. "Here's how the latest boy-wonder-writer-of-life-in-the-raw describes the feelings of a young woman who is going to have a baby. Naturally she isn't married, and she couldn't care less. I don't know whether she's talking in her sleep, to herself or to her psychiatrist. She says, 'I was put on earth to propagate, that's why I feel good. I'm doing the big important thing, I'm having the baby. I'm the one who really counts.'"

"Julian"—Marina sat up—"you wouldn't publish such—such tripe?"

"The point isn't whether I'd publish it. The point is, do women feel they put a man in his place because they are the ones who carry on the race?"

"Darling, I wondered when we'd come to this." She made an impudent face at him. "You're jealous. You're afraid that I'm thinking more of—of the baby than I am of you, maybe already more in love with him."

"Rot," Julian growled. "I ask you a simple, academic question and you turn it into a silly accusation against *me*. And, incidentally, don't refer to the coming event as 'him.' It is still possible it's 'she,' or 'they.'"

"Mothers always think of their first babies as 'he.'" She smiled demurely. "They want to reproduce their sun god. I'd adore a replica of you."

"I wonder if he'll want to come in with me: House and House." Julian laughed. "Sounds like a suburban development, doesn't it? He'll probably hate books, won't even learn to read, do his lessons visually on TV. Marina, we should have given this thing some thought. We didn't know what we were getting into."

"Keep this up, Julian," Marina said crossly, "and we'll both have a nervous breakdown before we have a son, and/or. I'm driving Fran to Turnerville. You stay here and worry."

He took her hand, kissed it, said, "Sure I worry. I'm gritting my teeth now to keep from saying 'Drive carefully.' I think I'll walk over and see how Jack's coming with the new house. Then I'll go down and see Jill. When you come back pick me up there."

Julian walked slowly down Skilley Road. The lane that led to the pasture had been widened to make room for trucks that carried lumber and supplies. He heard hammering, men's voices shouting to one another, finally came in sight of the skeleton of the new house.

"Hi, Jack," he called.

Jack threw down a hammer. "Hi, Julian. What are you doing at home?"

"Torturing Marina, or at least trying to. She had enough of me and went off to Turnerville with Fran."

"Clem still on the wagon?"

"He was this weekend. I saw him reach for a drink, then he turned a funny color and put it down. He acted as if he'd seen a ghost. I don't suppose we'll ever know what made him quit drinking. How's Jill?"

"Better. She managed to cook dinner last night before I got home, made her feel swell. Everyone's been bringing in food, but she likes to do things for herself. She's always been independent. That's made it harder for her than ——" He looked away. "What do you think of the house?"

"Looks great. How long before it's finished?"

"Couple of months, if we're lucky. It should be on the market before Christmas."

They went over the business situation for a while, then Julian said, "I thought I'd go down the Road and see Jill. Think she wants company?"

"She'd love it. I'll be home at five. Best thing about this job, no train to catch. I get up an hour later, get home an hour sooner."

"See you," Julian said casually.

"Julian, what are *you* doing on the Road?" Jill asked, when he crossed the lawn to the terrace where she sat with Gina and Margot. Jill was looking very pretty, her red hair tied back with a green ribbon, the lines of strain gone from her face.

"You girls making snide remarks about husbands?" Julian asked suspiciously.

"We do mention our husbands now and again," Gina said, "but we're very complimentary."

"Build 'em up when you're out and knock 'em down when you're home," Julian smiled at Gina. "Dan tells me that your brother and his family are coming for Christmas."

"Yes, we're going to give them a New England Christmas. I'll need a lot of advice. It will be my first New England Christmas too."

"You've no idea what fun we have," Jill said enthusiastically. "We go into the woods and cut our own trees and get ground pine and holly and mistletoe. We decorate our houses inside and out. Everyone has a party." Suddenly her voice fell. "Of course this Christmas won't be quite the same with the Masons and Burdicks gone and I ——" She swallowed, then said carefully, "I probably won't have my party."

"You will," Margot said positively. She stood up, went over to pat Jill's red hair. "I must get home. The boys will be back from school. They eat so much that I wonder if we really are saving money by sending them to public school. But it's heaven to have them at home."

"I must go, too," Gina said. There was a radiant glow in her voice as she added, "Dan will be home soon."

When Jill and Julian were alone Jill said, "Everyone's so kind. I don't really deserve it, you know. I asked for this that time at the Burdicks' party when I said I'd had enough of today and tomorrow."

"You didn't mean it," Julian said gently. "We all say things we don't mean." He reached over, squeezed her hand. He looked over his shoulder. saw a car coming over the hill. "Thank whatever gods there be, Marina's made it back safely to Skilley Road."

Jack came through the gate with Marina and Fran. He bent to kiss Jill, asked, "Everything O.K.?"

"I'm tired," Marina confessed. "Hate to admit it, but my young man is demanding a slowdown. I think Julian wants a young lady, although he said he'd like to take his son into the firm."

"Maybe his daughter would want to go into the firm," Jill suggested.

"Oh, no." Marina explained so positively that Jill gave her a startled look: "I mean it's so darned satisfying to be a wife I couldn't bear for her to miss it."

Fran asked, "Has anyone had a letter from Lucy? We heard in Turnerville that their house is sold."

"Poor Lucy," Jill said. "I can't imagine her away from her own place, living in Paris."

"I had a note from her," Marina said. "She isn't going to Paris until next summer. She's taking care of an old aunt of hers who fell and broke her hip. When I think of Lucy I remember my grandmother saying ——"

Julian interrupted her. "Quote grandma, unquote."

"Well, I do think what she said is true of Lucy: 'If she'd had love she would have been loving.'"

"I should go home," Fran said suddenly. "Clem will be there any minute." A look of maternal tolerance crossed her face as she added, "Since he's stopped drinking he doesn't like to be alone in the house." She smiled. She had never told Clem that it was Ruthie and not a specter he'd seen the last time he had a drink.

When Jack and Jill were alone she asked seriously, "You really like living out here, don't you?"

"I do." Jack moved closer to her, took her hand in his. "It makes me feel important to build a house—a nail here, a board there and before you know it the roof's on. I never felt I was doing much at the agency." He laughed ruefully. "Maybe I wasn't."

"It's easy to get off the track." She looked away from him. "We're lucky to be on it again."

They sat silently watching the sunset glow in the red and yellow leaves of the Mr.-and-Mrs. trees. A purple haze lay on the hills, the wind was fragrant with the earthy scent of asters and chrysanthemums, and wild grapes ripened in the woodlands.

At last Jill said, with a catch in her throat, "It's a crazy thing to say, but I'm completely happy for the first time in my life, not slap-happy but contented-happy." She held tight to his hand for an instant, then said briskly, "Darling, light the fireplace while I get dinner. Don't come in the kitchen until I call you. Tonight I'm going to manage all by myself."

In the Moores' living room, Dan, prodding at a recalcitrant fire, watched it suddenly blaze and announced proudly, "Absolutely no one can make a better fire than your husband does, Mrs. Moore."

"It's a lovely fire." Curled in the depths of a deep armchair, Gina watched the blue and scarlet flames leaping toward the wide chimney, breathed the pungent fragrance of applewood smoke. "Makes me want to purr."

"Must have put butter on your paws when I brought you home." Dan laughed. "That's the New England way to make a kitten contented in a new place."

"I'm so contented that I can't remember what it was like to live anywhere but here"—she quirked an eyebrow at him—"with you, of course, darling."

"Good wives should feel that way."

After a moment Gina said, "I'm making the guest room a nursery for Joel's children."

"It will be fun having children in the house." He looked down at her, remembering the morning he'd pictured her with his child in her arms. But then he had been haunted by remorse, fear that he'd been in some way responsible for Estelle's death. He couldn't have asked his children to share that guilt, now he was able to pity Estelle and forget her. In the room that belonged to Gina and him now even the scent of the musky perfume had been swept away by clean, fresh air.

In a short time there were no lights in the houses on Skilley Road. The moon and stars rode high in a cloudless sky. An owl hooting, a dog's staccato bark were the only sounds until from Enoch's house to the Joneses' house-made-from-a-barn, the clangor of alarm clocks heralded the start of the new day. END

BEFORE GOOD NIGHT

By VIRGINIA BRASIER

There is a time when only the
hall lights glisten
And children talk and those who
love them listen.
Tucked safe in bed, with other
wants attended,
A parent knows the day is
seldom ended.
Child minds, like a child's
pockets, get so full,
There is a whole day's treasury
to cull:
The shining and the sad that he
must pour
To ease the weight and leave
him room for more!

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DELIGHT GUESTS WITH EASY-TO-FIX DISHES FROM ABROAD... AND COCA-COLA, THE WORLD-WIDE FAVORITE!



ALOHA CASSEROLE (Shrimp and Spinach Casserole). A superb seafood dish that guests will talk about for days. To 2 cans of condensed cream of mushroom soup add 1 cup sour cream, 1 cup sliced mushrooms, ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese, ½ tsp. dry mustard. Heat, then stir in 2 cups of cooked shrimp. Layer in serving dish with 1 lb. cooked spinach. Garnish with toasted coconut. Serves 6. This "specialty" is *really* special served with the cold crisp taste of Coke that so deeply satisfies.



SMORGASBORD SANDWICH (Boiled Beef Sandwich). On buttered bread, put a slice of boiled beef, top with tomato slices, shredded horseradish, pickle relish. Serve with ice-cold Coca-Cola. The cheerful lift of Coke is so bright and lively it makes the whole meal more fun.



PIZZA ITALIANA (Multi-topping pizza). Make a pie from pizza mix then top each quarter with 1) sliced mushrooms, 2) mozzarella cheese, 3) anchovies, 4) sliced ripe olives. Remember—nothing beats a Coke with pizza. The refreshment of Coca-Cola makes it a favorite with any food.



CHILI CON CARNE MEXICALI (Chili Beans with Corn). Mix 1 can chili con carne with 2 cups whole kernel corn, 1 cup water, sliced ripe olives. Alternate chili mixture with corn chips in greased casserole. Bake in 350° oven 30 minutes. Peppery dishes taste best teamed with Coca-Cola.

Mealtime or anytime, be really refreshed... serve Coke!



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Coca-Cola

SIGN OF GOOD TASTE

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Clyde built the house and garage. "I watched the contractor who was building next door and learned a lot." He also built the "gym" and swings for the children. Worried by Danny's frequent falls, Bev took her bruised son to the doctor. Latter's diagnosis: "He's just suffering from being all boy."

"We are Just Average"

"I don't try to save money just to save," says Clyde Beck.
"I'm too young and have too many present responsibilities for that. We save for college for the children and toward buying something that will make life better for our family."

HOW AMERICA LIVES

By NELLE KEYS BELL. Photographs by DAN WEINER

"No, no, *no!*" Whooping and splashing in the kitchen sink, sixteen-month-old Gary Lynn Beck protests against leaving his bath.

"Yes, yes, *yes*, Mr. Murphy," his mother says firmly. "He'll be here soon." In one gesture Beverly Beck, small-boned, pretty, fragile-looking, plucks her hefty son into a huge towel and deposits him on the kitchen counter. Seconds later he is dried, powdered, and buttoned into a crisp white shirt and miniature blue shorts. "Ooooh, you sweet thing!" Bev nuzzles his white-gold hair. "Now stay clean." She calls through the wide window to Danny, four, who is industriously "plowing" the driveway with his tractor, replica of the real one on his grandfather's farm, "Time for your bath, Danny. And tell Cynthia she can take hers in the basement shower."

By 3:30 everybody is fresh and clean. Cynthia, eight, wears a dainty pink cotton which duplicates Bev's; Danny's blond head gleams above a loud red shirt. Bev takes a quick look through the spotless living and dining rooms to see that everything is in order. Obviously this is a moment of importance in the Beck family.

Then a car pulls up under the huge linden trees that overhang 1809 Decatur Street, Decatur, Illinois.

"Here's daddy!" Danny calls.

Tall, good-looking Clyde Beck hugs the kids, says to Bev, "My, you look pretty, hon," and heads for the basement.

"This is the best part of the day for me," Bev tells you. "Somehow everything is more fun, everything goes smoother when Clyde's here. We all try real hard to be cleaned up when he gets home, and I want the house to be straight. A man who's worked hard all day has a right to expect to see a clean house, a pleasant family. Once in a while I'm really pushed with work and can't get freshened up; but I have it in the back of my mind and it makes me uncomfortable and cross."



Surrounded by his own three, Clyde's eyes grow moist when he thinks of other children abandoned by their parents.
"That's something I'll never understand, how anybody can have a child and not simply love that child."

After working ten years with his company Clyde was offered a choice of several handsome gifts for men. He chose instead a necklace and earrings for Bev.

"Mostly they all come to meet me at the plant"—Clyde, having showered in the basement, emerges in fresh sport shirt and slacks—"and I like that. That old car looked mighty lonesome and empty when I went out to it this afternoon."

Their family and their home are the focus of Clyde and Beverly's life. "I don't do anything that would seem interesting to anybody else," Clyde says. "Don't have any hobbies or anything like that. Bev is active in the P.T.A. and the Brownies and her church circle, and she's Cynthia's class mother, but I just like to work around home and be with Beverly and our children. I guess all children are nice, but . . . I don't know how to say what I mean, but there's something about your own children"—he gestures mutely and looks at you with moisture in his eyes—"*your own children!*"

Clyde and Beverly are also proud of their home, which, except for foundation, plastering and roof, they built themselves. "It's the first house with a bathroom that either of us has ever lived in," Beverly says. "We both grew up in *very* moderate circumstances and never had anything much; now we feel downright luxurious with the basement shower stall and the bathroom upstairs. Funny, though, we all prefer the basement shower—Clyde has never had a bath in the regular bathroom. After Clyde finished our house he installed bathrooms for both his parents and mine."

The Becks' home is a pleasant frame house with wide windows, hardwood floors, an inviting front porch, and a 150-foot back yard which is a Mecca for most of the children in the neighborhood. There are five rooms in all, with only two bedrooms, because, as Clyde says, "We lost our first baby, and after five years of marriage we'd



Summertime finds the Becks dining in the back yard, with Clyde presiding over the grill he and Bev gave themselves for their last anniversary. He doesn't have to buy hickory chips for the grill; he and "a friend with a forest" cut and seasoned a hickory tree, go and chop more chips as needed.

Finishing up their evening snack, the children make plans for Easter. The Easter Bunny usually brings candy eggs in a cowboy hat, a drum or maybe a sand bucket—never just a plain old basket. "Since we got older," Danny explains, "the bunny depends on us to boil and dye our own real eggs—then he hides them. We have all the fun and he does all the work."





Bev, a meticulous housekeeper, says, "As a kid, I was a real tomboy. All I wanted to do was climb trees and play baseball. When Clyde and I were married my dad told mother, 'That poor boy; she'll make him the worst home you've ever seen!' But now even dad brags on my housekeeping."

about given up hope of having children, so we thought two would be plenty. But we'd outgrown the house before we even got it finished." He casts a teasing look at Bev and says, "I guess I'll just have to build another one."

"Oh, no!" Bev says firmly. "I don't *ever* want another house. It makes me sad just to think of giving up this one—we've got so much work and happiness tied up in it. When you get the den fixed for the boys in the basement, we'll have plenty of room."

Both Clyde and Beverly grew up in Decatur, where his father drove a truck for a construction company and her father worked for the Wabash Railroad until he had a heart attack last year; he now runs a "fix-it" shop in his garage. Clyde and Bev's older brother were friends and Bev tells you now, "Even though Clyde was one of the big boys, I still remember that he was always sort of sweet and respectful; and I remember that he used to take a lot of kidding from the other boys because when they would be daring and order beer, Clyde would generally have a glass of milk. He's never been one to go along with the crowd; he's still an individualist who believes in thinking for himself, and he encourages the children to look at all sides of a problem and then make up their own minds. Clyde is so gentle and good, but he won't say something just because he thinks it's what you want to hear; he says what he thinks is *right*."

As a child, Bev was always "a terrible tomboy." The summer after she finished eighth grade she fibbed about her age (thirteen) and got a job as car hop at a drive-in restaurant. The next summer she worked again, as a waitress in a drugstore; that fall she decided not to go to tenth grade, but got a full-time job as a doctor's receptionist. She regrets this move deeply: "I'd give anything now to have a better education, but back then the only thing that seemed important was to be able to buy my own clothes and things and not be dependent on dad for everything."

Clyde also quit high school in junior year (he won his diploma by taking National Education tests after his return from the Navy) and started to machinist school under the NYA. That was in August, 1941. His parents had moved from Decatur to a rented farm, although his father still worked as a truck driver in town. In September, 1941, his father lost both legs when his truck was struck by a train. Clyde came home to help on the farm, although his father showed no inclination whatever to become an invalid. "I had a family to support," Mr. Beck, a strong-shouldered man with a hearty laugh, tells you. "I was out of the hospital, healed, in six weeks, and got my first artificial legs in about four months. We used the insurance they paid me for the accident to buy this farm, and I've worked it myself ever since. I can run a tractor or combine as well as anybody. I got behind on my work last year because of the heavy rains, but my corn crop was laid by on the twenty-fourth of June." He pauses. "I'm not trying to tell you it's all been sunshine. But I'm a lucky man." He lifts his muscular arms. "It might have been these."

Clyde adds soberly, "He was only thirty-eight when the accident happened—not much older than I am now. It sure gives a man something to think about. Makes you wonder how well *you* could stand up to a thing like that."

"Mother Beck has plenty of courage, too," comments Bev. "With his canes, Clyde's father can't lift much, so she's had to take on a lot of extra work on the farm in addition to her housework. And she drives the school bus, which is no easy job itself. But that woman can do anything! She decided that she wanted a built-in cupboard in her dining room, so instead of asking Clyde to do it, she took a crowbar and broke out the wall into the pantry, and built the cupboard herself. It looks as good as if a cabinetmaker had done it."

Clyde entered the Navy in January, 1943, for almost three years of duty as water tender. On a home leave in November, 1944, he suddenly realized that Bev, the little girl he'd seen around all his life, was "grown up." They started dating, and twelve days later, in the back seat of the car which Bev's mother was driving, he proposed. Says Clyde, "I wasn't planning to get married for about ten years, but I suddenly heard myself asking, 'How would you like to spend the rest of your life with a fellow like me?' Nobody could have been more surprised than I was!"

"*I* was," Bev maintains. "I couldn't get a word out. Finally I sort of gasped 'Yes,' which was no answer at all to what he'd asked."

"The important thing was that you said it." Clyde smiles. "I've always been happy about it; I think our marriage was meant to be."

All this momentous discussion went on without the knowledge of Bev's family in the front seat, and they decided to keep their engagement a secret for the time being. "But next day," Bev laughs, "that big thing went to my house while I was away baby-sitting and asked my mother for my ring size!" And the secret was out.



"Clyde is the best man in the world," Bev avers. "When I backed out with the car door open and tore it off, I cried and cried; but all he said was, 'Now, honey, you're not hurt and the kids aren't hurt. That would be something to cry about, but this isn't. I might have done the same thing myself.'"

They hoped to be married in June, but in April Clyde's ship put in to New York; he asked for leave to get married, and grabbed a flight home. At 3 A.M. he called Bev from Cleveland and said, "How would you like to be married this weekend?" She had thought he was still at sea and, wakened from a sound sleep, was understandably confused; she managed, however, to say "Yes."

They were married at the First Evangelistic Lutheran Church in Decatur that weekend, with only members of their immediate families attending. Clyde was twenty, and Bev would not be seventeen for two months, yet they were both sure that this was right for them. Neither has ever wavered in that certainty.

They honeymooned in Chicago for five days, which was all the time Clyde had away from his ship. On the first night there he proposed that they have a drink together to celebrate. "We went into a bar," Bev remembers, "and a painted woman came over and asked to see Clyde's ID card. Then she said, 'Sorry, kids, I can't serve you.' We were so *humiliated*, but we started to walk out with all the dignity we could muster. Then she added, 'I only wish I were sixteen again.' I know now that she was being kind, but right then I nearly died. I was so furious. You see, I *was* sixteen!"

Clyde went back to his ship, and Bev went back to live with her parents, and got a job in the five-and-ten. She carefully saved her wedding finery, and in June met Clyde in New York for fourteen days. "That was our real honeymoon," she says, remembering.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

"We had the most wonderful time. Did just everything from a trip to Coney Island to dancing at the Waldorf-Astoria. I loved New York. I remember it was the first time I'd ever tasted fried clams, and I hardly ate anything else! Even had them for breakfast once. I love them, but haven't tasted them since. And, for the record, we did have that celebrating drink in New York; after all, Clyde was twenty-one by then."

Clyde remembers that magic two weeks with equal pleasure. "It was kind of crazy; we had eight hundred dollars and we spent every cent of it and had to wire my dad for more money (Bev repaid it later from her Navy allotment), but it was worth it. The time to do things like that is when you are really young and can enjoy it. I couldn't enjoy spending money on nothing now. The older I get. the stronger my sense of responsibility seems to get. But I'll never be sorry about that splurge—we'll have fun for the rest of our lives remembering it."

Clyde is a pipe fitter at the A. E. Staley Company, where he started thirteen years ago—three days after he came home from the Navy in November, 1945—as an extra man. He worked as a general laborer and shop's helper, and last September completed a four-year apprenticeship as a pipe fitter. He now makes $2.54 an hour and, with overtime and holiday work, averages $5600 a year. After completing the house, he also worked at a gas station 32 extra hours a week for a year to earn enough to buy new furniture—$2500 worth. "It was no strain," he comments. "There would be a rush at the station when I got there right after work at the plant, but then it would slack off and I'd have time now and then to study my apprentice course. I sort of enjoyed it, except that I never had any time at home except to sleep."

Clyde likes his job at Staley's, but dreams of owning a business of his own someday. "I feel kind of silly saying it, because I don't even know what kind of business it would be, except something where Bev and I could work together. I guess I'm not really ambitious in the sense of wanting to make a lot of money. What I make now is O.K. I don't mind going without certain things; for instance, I kept our last car eight years. It got us where we wanted to go. By the time Cynthia is in junior high I've got to be doing better than I am now. I don't want to embarrass her by taking her places in an old run-down car. Like when she goes to dances at the Y, or I pick her up after a party. And I want to be able to get her nice clothes and the other things that will matter to her then. And I insist that she finish high school. I don't honestly feel that college is as important for a woman as for a man, but if she wants to go to college and is serious about it, I'll do anything in my power to help her The boys I definitely want to finish college. I don't plan to pay all their expenses—I think they can and should earn part. And each child has a five-hundred-dollar insurance policy and a savings fund that we add to every payday we can. But if their studies suffer from working, I'll try to go all the way."

Bev quit her job the day Clyde came home from the Navy in 1945 and has worked outside the home for only two brief periods since. The first of these was in 1948, after they had lost their first child. a "blue baby." "I just had to do something to keep my mind occupied," she says, "but I worked only a few weeks. Clyde got off at two-forty-five then and I got off at four-thirty. He said he was just lost when he came home to that empty house; said the time was a century. So I quit work." Her second working period was in 1950, when she worked for eleven months to help pay the bank loan they got to build the basement. She has not worked since, because she wouldn't think of leaving the children and because Clyde would be "lost" if she was not home.'

The Becks' first home was two rented rooms; there was no plumbing, and they carried water from her parents' home across the street. They spent their accumulated savings and Clyde's mustering-out pay for used furniture. "It wasn't much, looking back at it now," says Bev, "but we were *so* impatient to have our own home—we thought it was wonderful!"

"It's maybe never been the best," Clyde puts in, "but it sure has been fun."

After six months they moved into a small house on Clyde's parents' farm; then, six months later, they bought a four-room house on North Street. This house had no bathroom, but they had fine large plans for fixing it up. "We had so many dreams about that house," Bev says quietly, "until we lost the baby."

Nineteen-year-old Beverly went into the hospital for her first baby on Christmas night, 1947, and Clyde stayed with her all night and all the next day. The child, a little girl, was born early in the morning, but did not live through the day. Bev tells you quietly, "I couldn't stop thinking, 'What have I ever done in my life that God should take my baby?' I guess I was awfully young and awfully selfish, because I was thinking only of myself and my loss. Then Clyde put his head down on my breast and broke down sobbing. I felt so *ashamed*—he'd lost as much as I had. And I just said to myself, 'Now you just hold up your head and try to make it easier for Clyde.'"

When they first decided to build their own home, Clyde and Bev had about $2300 and a stubborn determination not to go deeply in debt. They planned to have a full basement built, complete with kitchen and rough-concrete shower stall, and live in it while they saved money to pay for the rest of the house. The lot they wanted, on tree-shaded Decatur Street about seven blocks from Lake Decatur, cost $830; total cost of the basement was $3500. They got a loan for $2000, and as soon as Bev had finished making curtains and arranging furniture she got a job pasting labels on medicine bottles at a dollar an hour to help pay it back, quit when the basement was paid for. They enjoyed living in the airy, comfortable basement; they entertained their friends inexpensively and saved carefully toward the day when they could start building



How to Bring Up
4 Children on
$100. a Month
By JOYCE HAYES
(who is doing it—single-handed)
AMERICA
IN THE MAY JOURNAL

Then Cynthia was born ("I guess that's one of the happiest experiences a woman can have—that time right after you've had a healthy baby," Bev says. "You feel so *good* and so proud. When they laid that little bundle of joy in my arms I felt as if I'd just conquered the world all by myself!") and the young Becks did some serious talking. Living in the basement was fine for them, but they felt it was no place to bring up children. They'd have to get a loan and get started on the house. Even so, they managed to pay the major part of the cost as they went along. Total cost of the house was $14,800; they required a mortgage for only $5700, which they are paying off at $45.08 per month. By working evenings and weekends, Clyde finished the house in three years—five years after they had moved into the basement. Danny was born during that time (Before his birth Bev said, "I hope I have a boy, and I hope he's the orneriest little boy they've got!" Now, when stubborn, tenderhearted Danny causes trouble Clyde reminds her, "That's what you asked for."), so Bev did little of the construction work but helped with painting and finishing woodwork. They moved "upstairs" in July, 1955.

Bev's pride in their home is evidenced by her meticulous housekeeping, but her special love is the well-equipped kitchen, with its natural-wood cabinets, breakfast bar and dinette area. Pink is her favorite color, and last December Clyde covered the walls of the dining area with pink plastic tiles. Bev has painted every possible kitchen item pink—the stools, the plant containers, the handles of the toaster, the base of the blender. "I got sort of carried away," she says laughingly, "but I still like it, and it's easy to keep clean."

Almost every evening they have a snack before the children's bedtime—soft drinks or milk shakes for the kids, beer for grownups, popcorn, potato chips, and maybe sandwiches or homemade cake for anybody who wants them—but Bev likes to clear up all the debris afterward so that the house will be inviting and ready for the next morning bustle.

In spite of having been lived in for three years by an active family, the house still has a fresh new look. Bev laughs at this. "Look at the window sill in the living room," she advises. "There are toothmarks all over it where Danny cut his teeth. Somehow we haven't wanted to remove the marks." She adds that the rose-mauve wall-to-wall carpet in living and dining rooms has had "just everything spilled on it. Hot chocolate, milk shakes, Mercurochrome, tar, mud, beer—I just use spot remover, and it gets everything up but Mercurochrome."

"You forgot to mention pop," Clyde comments dryly. "Remember when Danny spilled a glass of pop and you gave him the dickens, and turned right around and spilled a whole bottleful yourself?" Both laugh at the memory.

From sturdy scrap pipe which he bought at the plant, Clyde built a back-yard gym for the children. There are swings of several types, including a small chair swing for Gary; a trapeze; and a large rack of bars on which agile Cynthia does acrobatics. Her current project is to learn to drink upside down while hanging suspended by her knees. The back yard also harbors Danny's tent (every morning he proclaims that he's going to spend the night in it, but at dusk he decides that his mother would probably worry about him so he won't), a seesaw, a large wading pool, an umbrella-shaded lawn table and chairs, and a badminton court. All these are magnets for the neighborhood children. "They frequently bring sack lunches to eat under the umbrella and spend most of the day—Cynthia and Danny hardly ever have lunch in the house in summer," Bev says. "I'm glad to have the kids play here, where I can keep an eye on my own, but it used to be a small bother to have a constant stream of children tracking through the house to the bathroom or to get a drink of water Last spring Clyde fixed a drinking fountain right by the back steps, so now they get their drinks outside and use the basement bathroom."

Fragrant perennials—mint, verbena, lilac, lilies—edge the yard, with room between for the bright annuals Bev likes for cutting, such as petunias and zinnias. For an anniversary gift last spring Clyde and Bev gave themselves a charcoal grill with rotisserie and it's hardly had time to cool off since. Most summer evenings find the Becks having "supper" in the yard, with Clyde presiding expertly over the grill where steaks, hamburgers or maybe a whole roast ham is sizzling. Entertaining consists mostly in having friends over for alfresco meals, or for a beer. In winter they entertain in the basement. which is furnished with the old living-room furniture and still has the kitchen in good working order. The children play in the basement in winter too.

The Becks do everything as a family, from housework to drive-in movies or picnics at Mahomet Beach or nearby Nelson Park. Vacations are spent at home, with day trips to the farm or a park, but Clyde works hard before vacation clearing up any major projects around the house so that he "can have time to have fun with my family." In the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164



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Gainsborough's summer-day dress by Jane Derby — photographed by Karen Radkai

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for babies it's Mennen

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 162

evenings, Bev leaves the dishes so they can all sit down together to watch TV, read to the children, or just talk until the children's bedtime and family prayers in the room which Cynthia and Danny share. Gary folds his hands and bows his head devoutly during prayers, but at their conclusion he is likely to applaud violently. After the children are quiet for the night, Bev and Clyde have time to talk over the day's activities while they do the dishes.

Clyde helps regularly with the housework. On Saturday he does the heavier tasks such as cleaning and waxing floors and the plastic tiles in kitchen and bathroom. "Bev is so little, and has so much on her shoulders," he says, "and besides, I *like* to help. I get a lot of kidding from the fellows, but I don't care!" Bev flashes, "You've never had any kidding from a *woman*, though." The children also pitch in; Cynthia makes her bed and dusts. Danny empties wastebaskets and likes to help with the vacuuming, which also has a deep fascination for Gary. Thus far, though, Gary's "help" consists of pulling out the wall plug; then when Bev goes to replace it, he disconnects the attachments. "Poor little Gary," Bev says, "he's so curious and so active and everything he starts to do somebody says to him 'No, No, Gary' —— *No, Gary!*" She caught his hand just in time to prevent his tipping over a bottle of tomato juice.

Every other week, when Bev does her Tuesday-Friday cleaning, she rearranges the furniture in all the rooms. "Clyde says when he comes home he never knows where he's going to sleep, and when he gets up at night he never knows what he's going to fall over," she tells you. "He teases me to death, but it gives me such a feeling of accomplishment and virtue—the same feeling I get from painting a room. I guess I'm giving way to my artistic urges. And even though Clyde does tease, he doesn't really mind. When I was pregnant he wouldn't let me do *any* cleaning. But after he'd get a room all vacuumed and clean, he'd say, 'Now, hon, come and tell me where you want the furniture this week.' And he'd shove it around until I decided I liked it there."

Clyde gets his check on Thursday, and as soon as he comes home they go shopping for groceries for the following week. Bev watches advertisements with a careful eye and knows who is selling steak, and so on, cheaper that week. They buy five or ten pounds of flour every two weeks (depending on how much baking Bev has done), ten pounds of sugar, three pounds of coffee. Whenever the price of anything they need is "2 for ——" they always get two. They buy second-day bread (enough for the whole week) at 14 cents and store it in the freezer, saving 10 cents per loaf. Nine or ten half gallons of milk are bought each weekend when the regular price of 40 cents goes down to 35 cents. Bev keeps it all in the refrigerator, has never had any go bad. They use butter on the table, margarine for cooking generally, although Bev makes pastry with cooking oil.

On workdays Clyde's breakfast consists of only a cup of black coffee, but on weekends he has a hearty breakfast with the rest of the family. Bev cooks two pounds of bacon, fries two eggs apiece, usually has doughnuts or coffeecake to top off. They use seven dozen eggs per week. Clyde's mother buys them in the country at 37 cents a dozen and brings them in on Saturday.

In this country, the village should in some respects take the place of the nobleman of Europe. It should be the patron of the fine arts. It is rich enough. It wants only the magnanimity and refinement. . . . As the nobleman of cultivated taste surrounds himself with whatever conduces to his culture—genius—learning—wit—books—paintings—statuary—music—philosophical instruments, and the like; so let the village do—not stop short at a pedagogue, a parson, a sexton, a parish library and three selectmen, because our Pilgrim forefathers got through a cold winter once on a bleak rock with these. To act collectively is according to the spirit of our institutions. . . . Instead of noblemen, let us have noble villages of men. If it is necessary, omit one bridge over the river, go round a little there, and throw one arch at least over the darker gulf of ignorance which surrounds us.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

Bev is a good cook, serves attractive, nourishing meals. They have no particular food problems with the children, except Cynthia's inordinate fondness for meat. "Left to herself," Bev says, "she'd eat nothing but meat—preferably steak. I make her drink milk once a day and try to interest her in green salads and fruit. I probably should be more stern, but I just can't stand over her and make her eat. When I was a child my father kept a strap by his chair at the table and we had to eat everything on our plates, even if it made us sick; I just can't force her. But the doctor says she's healthy as a horse, so it's all right so far.

"You know," Beverly goes on seriously, "my life really began when I married Clyde; everything before that just seems an unimportant blank. When I think now about how young we were I realize that we probably had a dozen strikes against us, but we've had so much of contentment and companionship and happiness together. I truly think our marriage was meant to be. It's almost as if God has watched over us all the time, with the children so healthy and me able to nurse them, and all the good things that have happened to us."

Both Clyde and Beverly feel that their children are *people* first and children second. "Of course there are times when you have to lay the law down flatly," Clyde says, "and when



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s necessary we don't hesitate. But we don't
along with parents who think they have all
e answers and never give their children a
ance to speak. I think children are indi-
duals and have a right to their beliefs. Our
ds have a voice in family matters that con-
rn them, and we respect their opinions. I
ow I'm not always right; when I've made a
istake I'm not afraid to tell my children I
as wrong."

One night recently Danny pulled off his
oes to watch TV and Clyde told him to take
em to his room. Clyde went to the base-
ent for a moment, and when he returned
ere were shoes still in the middle of the
ing-room carpet. He spanked Danny, and
en learned to his great distress that those
ere Gary's shoes; Danny had taken his own
the bedroom as instructed.

Clyde's eyes fill with tears as he recalls his
justice to Danny. "That was terrible of me.
told him I was sorry, and asked him to hit
e if it would make him feel better, but he
st laughed; none of the children ever bear
grudge. Danny may forget that, but I just
ever will!"

Summing up their story of themselves,
lyde Beck says, "There's nothing whatever
that's unusual about us; we're just an average family."

Bev giggles at this remark, for she has just read some fascinating statistics: the average family in the United States lives in or near the center of population (a cornfield in Richland County, Illinois, about 75 miles southeast of Decatur), own their own home, have two children—a boy and a girl—are of the same religious persuasion, have an income of $6130, own a TV set, eat 70 per cent of their meals in the kitchen, prefer their eggs fried, have a nightly snack before bedtime. The father and mother finished 10 to 11 years of school. The father works at a job in manufacturing, helps with the cooking and housework, is 5′8½″ with his shoes on, and weighs 156. The mother is 5′4¼″ with shoes on and weighs 133—but his shoes have 1″ heels, while hers measure 2″.

The Becks are amused to find themselves fitting the statistical pattern in so many ways, but as Beverly points out, "We don't really fit—we have three children. Of course we hadn't planned on three; Gary Lynn was a sort of *bonus*. And I don't weigh enough (108) and Clyde (6′) is too tall—for the statistics, I mean. He's *exactly* right, every way, as far as I'm concerned."

HOW THE BECKS SPEND THEIR MONEY EACH MONTH

Gross Income: $486.00* Take-home pay: $441.00

Food	$140.00	Car payments and maintenance	70.00
Clothing	40.00	Household cleaning supplies—bought with groceries	
Mortgage payments and taxes (mortgage: $45.08)	60.00	Dry cleaning, shoe repair	5.00
Fuel, light, water	20.00	Children's school expense	3.00
Telephone	5.00	Club dues	4.00
Insurance	30.00	Magazines, newspapers	4.00
Medical and dental	10.00	Savings fund	15.00
Recreation	20.00	Income taxes, Social Security	45.00
Church	10.00		$486.00*
Furniture and appliances	5.00		

*Some months less—depending on overtime.

THE SANDWICH MAKER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

oking like a compliment. I wrote a grateful
ter to daddy, telling him that my home-
onomics course wasn't a total loss after all,
d settled down to plan exotic lunches. At
st, with no children, it was no problem. But
en, after the babies started coming, I
uldn't very well neglect Charley, could I? I
dn't need a marriage counselor to tell me
at it was more important than ever. The
ly trouble was that it was also more expen-
e than ever, and as the boys grew and grew,
th appetities to match, it became more and
re difficult to manage. Every week, after a
rious wrestling match between the contents
my wallet and the supermarket's cash reg-
er, I emerged broke but unbowed.

Theoretically, of course, I could always
k for a little extra. But the last time I tried,
arley said, with the exaggerated kindliness
at's so infuriating, "Now, Jean, you'll
t have to manage better. You must live
thin your means. You *still* don't under-
nd the value of a dollar or the meaning of
e word 'budget'"—and he spelled it out
my benefit—"b, u, d, g, e, t—*budget*.
means there is only so much, and you
n't *budge it*."

I know a brick wall when I knock my head
ainst one, so I stopped right there, and
nt off to look up the word "budget" in the
tionary. It comes from the French *bougette*,
diminutive form of *bouge*, meaning leather
g. You can go further back, to the Latin
lga, if you're really interested, but all I want
point out is that there is *no* connection with
e verb "budge," which comes from the
ench *bouger*, the Latin *bullire*, and which
n best be used to describe Charley's point
view, which I cannot. Budge it.

Well, I learned to live Pay as You Go, and
wasn't bad, only occasionally inconvenient.
It was Charley's attitude that was so exasperating. After all, in the course of ten years of marriage a *few* things turn up that simply can't be covered by $42.50 a week, such as special dinner parties, and birthday presents, and clothes. Now, I don't want to make Charley out an utter heel. He realized that I needed things like shoes every once in a while, and he was perfectly willing to buy them for me. But because I had to *ask* every time, I became conditioned to the point where I dreaded presenting him with any kind of bill. I wished for a long, long time for a way to avoid it, until one day I had an inspiration.

"If I had a charge account, Charley," I said, "I wouldn't have to come running to you all the time. I just hate to ask you for money. Really I do. You make me feel like a criminal ——"

"Then don't ask," Charley said, calmly solving everything with a wave of his hand. "*You'll* feel better, and *I'll* feel better ——"

"Don't treat me like a child!" I flared. "All the girls I know have one."

"Don't *talk* like a child," Charley said. "*All* the girls wear high heels and lipstick and have charge accounts, and you want one too. I've got a picture of you turned loose in a department store with a charge account—oh, boy!" and he slapped his forehead and groaned.

"Please, Charley," I begged. "I won't spend any more than I would otherwise."

"Nonsense, Jean, of course you will. A charge account makes it easy to buy more than you planned to. That's why the stores bother with them."

"But you get such wonderful service, and can take advantage of special sales ——"

"That's just what I'm afraid of."

"The whole American economy would collapse if it depended on people like you," I snapped.

"On the contrary," he said serenely. "We might, just for a change, have a balanced budget."

There was that awful word again, and I knew the discussion was closed.

Apart from this idiocy, my life was really very pleasant. The Dr. Jekyll in Charley took the boys on picnics, organized Community Chest drives, and charmed his boss, his in-laws and all the neighbors for miles around. He saved Mr. Hyde for me alone, at those gloomy first-of-the month conferences, when, surrounded by bills, statements and budget envelopes, he would peel off money as though rending his very flesh.

Oh, how I yearned for a *little* money of my own! Not much, really. A few hundred a year would have done it. Just enough to meet a friend for lunch occasionally, or to indulge in extravagantly colored stockings, a few small extras, without having to appeal to Charley.

But alas, Charley was right. I had never earned a dollar in my life, and had no idea of how money was made. So all I did for a long time was brood, as I continued with my cooking, cleaning, cooking, washing, cooking, ironing, cooking—till at last the solution to my problem actually presented itself to me.

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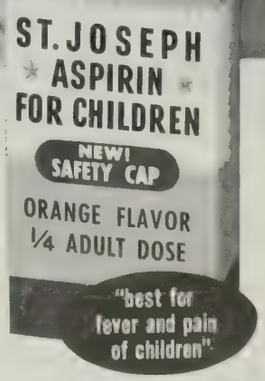
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COMMENDED PARENTS MAGAZINE

more and more doctors are endorsing this "FAMILY ASPIRIN PAIR"

PRODUCTS OF PLOUGH, INC.

My success started with Ray Barton's divorce. Oh, I don't mean that the way it *sounds*. Really, I had nothing to do with his divorce. Barbara just up and left him (they had no children, happily) and went to Tulsa or Wichita, I forget now, where her folks own a hairpin factory, of all things. They are very well to do, and Barbara has always been unhappy because, I suppose, Ray couldn't afford to buy her as many hairpins as she was accustomed to. Well, anyway, Ray was very depressed. He works at the plant, too, and is in Charley's car pool, so I see him all the time. I felt awfully sorry for him, and one day, on a big, warmhearted impulse, I made a double lunch for Charley to share with him. They had cold roast beef on caraway rye, with a sharp horse-radish spread I've concocted.

That did it.

Ray was rhapsodic, and that night he begged me to consider making his lunch as a steady thing. For a fee—real, honest-to-goodness money.

I was delighted. It all seemed so simple. I made lunch anyway, didn't I? I'd just make one more. No muss, no fuss, and Ray said he'd be glad to pay me whatever I thought right.

"A dollar a day?" I suggested, figuring quickly. "No, wait—seven and a half a week. O.K.?"

"Is that enough?" Ray asked.

"Oh my, yes!" I said happily, thinking that $7.50 a week would raise my weekly income to $50, just what I needed to make me perfectly happy.

But Charley didn't seem to be overjoyed. After Ray left, he asked querulously, "What on earth did you want to do *that* for?"

"Money," I said succinctly, "that's what for."

"You won't make any money that way," he said.

"Just watch me," I snapped, sweeping past him. He was trying to discourage me, but I wasn't going to listen. And ignoring him elaborately, I sat myself down at the desk and began to plan menus.

But after making lunch on Monday and Tuesday, I realized that I would have to plan my shopping too. I had to schedule an emergency trip to the supermarket for bread and lettuce. And sandwich bags. There was a special on wax paper, so I bought four rolls. I spent an *awful* lot of money.

Friday evening, Ray beamed at me and said, "I've got two more customers for you, Jean."

Charley looked gloomy.

"These two young engineers come from Michigan," Ray was saying, "and they live in a rooming house, and would be happy to pay seven and a half a week for homemade lunches ——"

Twenty-two fifty a week! That was more like it—and for doing practically nothing!

"Now you're in for it," Charley predicted darkly. "You'll *kill* yourself, and it won't be worth it."

"You're just jealous because I'm going to be independently wealthy," I said. But as I swished through the doorway, I suppressed a nagging worry, one I would never admit to Charley: Where was my money? Where, specifically, was the $7.50 I had earned from Ray? It was the end of the week, and I didn't have a penny left over, as usual. The extra $7.50 had simply melted away.

The next week was awfully complicated. For one thing, I learned that I had to get up at 6:30 A.M. to get everything ready on time. I don't have a big freezer, just the top of the refrigerator, which made quantity shopping difficult. I consistently miscalculated on bread. A beef tongue that I had depended on for dinner plus seven sandwiches shrank alarmingly in cooking, and I knew it would never make it. It didn't. Thursday morning, bright and early, the washing machine flooded, and I was *sick*. Almost literally. I simply didn't have time to bake, so I bought a cake.

And on Friday, when everybody finished paying me, there was no money left over. As a matter of fact, I seemed to be a little short. Where was my $22.50? I felt exhausted, what with getting up so early, and always running to the supermarket—and with a sudden lurch, I realized what was wrong: I hadn't allowed anything for *costs*. Like a child, I thought I would be getting $22.50 every week free and clear. Ha! And another ha! It was *costing* me $22.50 every week to feed those three lugs!

I simply couldn't admit to Charley that I had been so stupid, and said nothing to him. But it was a rude awakening, and I had to admit that Charley, though sometimes a pain in the neck, is not a fool. I really *didn't* understand what it meant to earn a dollar. But I was finding out.

Maybe I wasn't making any money, but the men were all perfectly satisfied. They were so enthusiastic, in fact, that the next week I had four new customers.

The prospect of lunches for eight men and three boys was overwhelming. On Saturday I baked three cakes, wrote everything down, and shopped scientifically. Or so I thought. But by Tuesday I was out of apples, mayonnaise and sandwich bags. I *always* seemed to be out of sandwich bags. Kenny, my oldest boy, came home from school sick, and I had to leave him alone while I made an emergency foray on the supermarket. I was late with everything, and had to wait till after dinner to make the meat loaf scheduled for the next day's sandwiches. It was nine o'clock before I finished.

Kenny, flushed and feverish, woke me twice during the night, the last time at dawn. By the time I had given him an aspirin and a drink of water, it was almost 6 A.M., too late to go back to sleep. I went down to the kitchen and began slicing the meat loaf, admiring the circle of hard-cooked egg that appeared in the exact center of each slice. But the sight and smell of food were positively sickening. *It must be the hour*, I thought, sinking weakly into a chair and breathing deeply, *or maybe I'm catching Kenny's cold.*

It was no cold, but chicken pox, as we discovered when the rash bloomed the next day. Hopelessly locking the barn door, I tried to isolate the two other boys, and as I proceeded to bake three pans of brownies I wondered: *Why? Why am I working so hard?* This week I would take in $52.50, that was why. *But that's gross income*, I reminded myself firmly; the *net* was something else again. See, I was learning.

My customers paid me Friday night, and after a weekend spent in adding and subtracting, the most realistic appraisal was that I had netted $9.

I was disgusted. For this I had chopped, wrapped, peeled, sealed, spread bread, baked cake, starting at dawn and never finishing. Something was wrong.

In desperation, I consulted Charley. "I don't seem to be making much money," I began tentatively.

"I don't doubt it," Charley said. "You're working like an amateur. If you want this thing to pay off, there's only one way—volume. You've got to buy in larger quantities, maybe even wholesale. It's the only answer."

Well, maybe it was.

So, the next week, when Kenny went back to school, I looked up a restaurant supplier, and invested in a whole boned ham, a gallon of mayonnaise, a gallon of mustard, and a huge tin drum of potato chips.

"And I also need sandwich bags," I said to the supplier, after implying that I provided lunch for Charley's entire factory.

"A gross?" he asked matter-of-factly.

"Well ——" I hesitated. A gross sounded so divinely businesslike, but I couldn't remember if it was 144 or 288. "I don't know if that will be enough."

He stared just a moment. Then he said, "You can always order more."

Well, if I live to be 120, I doubt I'll ever have to order more. I almost fainted when the carton was delivered, but recovered in time to have the man put it down in the cellar, behind the oil burner, so I wouldn't have to explain to Charley right away. There are 60 sandwich bags in a box, and 144 boxes in a gross, or a grand total of 8640 sandwich bags. It was quite an investment.

Even so, I would have made out better that week, but the boys found the drum of potato chips and devoured my profits. And when Peter ran up a temperature of 103.4°, I pretended to myself that it was only the potato chips.

But, of course, it was chocken pix. I mean, picken chox. Oh, *you* know.

All the next week I was again taking temperatures, dabbing calamine lotion, and scrubbing out lunch boxes. And after the weekend struggle with arithmetic, I concluded that my net profit was $7.25, as close as I could come.

"If I figure this on an hourly basis," I complained to Charley, "I'm a slave."

"Maybe you're not charging enough," Charley said, and there was a note of sympathetic understanding in his voice.

"I thought of that," I said, warming to his kindness and badly needing somebody to talk to. "But I don't see how I can charge much more."

"Then maybe you're giving them too much," he told me.

"No," I said emphatically. My pride was involved, and I tried to explain. "If it's only ham on rye, then I'm just a sandwich maker, and I'm not interested. But the extras, the special touches—well, they make it sort of creative ——"

"Then you'll have to make a real effort to economize in shopping," Charley said. "Like buying in bulk."

I thought weakly of the 8640 sandwich bags in the cellar.

"—— won't let you continue working this hard," Charley was saying, "if it isn't going to be worth your while. You look terribly thin and tired."

"It's just the extra work with the kids' being sick," I said.

Peter's chicken pox lasted ten days, and each day a trial, as that boy is the world's least co-operative patient. I feel sorry for his wife. I had to hold him down with one hand while I made sandwiches with the other. He didn't seem to suffer much, but I did. I developed blue circles to match my blue eyes, and my 6 A.M. complexion was a harmonizing ghastly green.

The day Peter got up out of bed, Mike lay down. It figured. Poor Mike had the worst case of all, with the poxes positively overlapping, and he ran a raging fever. After one particularly long and sleepless night, I staggered downstairs to face my eight gaping lunch boxes, and began to slice a whole garlic salami.

It was too much.

Charley came down just then, and after one quick look at me he ran for a glass of water. But I couldn't swallow anything, not even water.

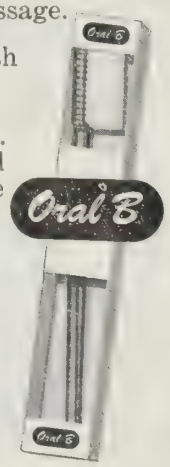
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CAMP FIRE GIRLS

NEED VOLUNTEER LEADERS

To meet the need of girls who wish to enjoy the opportunities of Camp Fire membership, more women are needed. Mothers, teachers, women in business and professional life, members of civic, community and P.T.A. groups may serve as leaders.

Because the needs of girls vary at different age levels, there are three groupings in Camp Fire:

Blue Birds, age 7, 8 and 9, meet once a week in groups of not more than 20 with a leader who must be 18 years or older.

Camp Fire Girls, the intermediate group, range in age from 10 to 15 years. Groups include up to 20 girls, led by a young woman of 18 years or older. They usually meet weekly.

Horizon Clubs for high-school girls may have a membership from 10 to 30 under the guidance of an adviser, 21 years or older. They usually gather every other week.

To volunteer as a leader or organize a group, application is made to the local Camp Fire Council in the community, or if there is none, it is made by letter to Camp Fire Girls, National Headquarters, 16 East 48th Street, New York 17, New York.

"Poor honey," Charley said, putting his arms around me and holding me close. "You look awful."

I snuggled my head against him gratefully and murmured, "I *feel* awful."

"Why don't you go back to bed?"

"I've got to make the lunches."

"Oh, never mind that. The fellows can eat in the cafeteria. It won't kill them."

"I'd love to," I said, tempted. "But they all paid me, and I'd have to give refunds, or credits, or —— Oh," and I sighed, "it's too involved. After all, I'm running a business, you know."

Charley studied me for a moment. "I've got to give you credit," he said finally. "I never thought you would develop any responsibility about things like this."

"You never gave me a chance," I said, looking straight at him.

"You never earned one," he answered, and he smiled the bright, clear smile that warmed my life.

I turned back to the salami and grimly began slicing again. But it was no use. Almost overcome, I broke into a cold sweat, and had to sit down again.

"What is it?" Charley asked. "Do you think you could be getting chicken pox too?"

"I've already had it," I said weakly. "I'm immune."

And then, all at once, just like a cartoon character, an electric light flashed in my feeble brain, and two and two suddenly added up to four. Or, more to the point, forty-four, or even fifty-four. Days. I'd been too harassed to pay any attention, but I knew I wasn't immune.

"Charley, dear," I said, taking a deep breath, "sit down while I run get my knitting. I've got something to tell you."

Five minutes later I picked him up, dusted him off, and offered *him* a glass of water. His first coherent words were, "I'll cancel your lunch orders."

"But ——"

"I don't want you knocking yourself out."

"But ——"

"You don't have to work," he said grandly. "I can support my wife and family."

"But ——"

"You're a mother," and his eyes caressed me tenderly. "That's your job. You don't have to earn money too."

It was all so beautifully simple.

"Yes, boss," I murmured obediently, frankly relieved.

That afternoon, Mike's temperature dropped at last, and he seemed a little more comfortable. While he napped, I made a final tally of my lunch business: I had $22.35 in cash, clear profit for five weeks of hard work. Plus a gallon of mustard, a gallon of mayonnaise, and 8600 sandwich bags, give or take a couple of dozen. *I'll have to figure out a diplomatic way to tell Charley*, I thought, *before he stumbles over the carton himself.*

When Charley came home that evening, he was so sweet and charming that my conscience bothered me. After dinner, he said, "Come sit down, honey; I have something to tell you."

"I have something to tell you too," I said, worrying about the sandwich bags.

"I stopped by at the bank," he said, and his voice was just a little tense, "and—well, here ——" And he handed me a checkbook.

I stared at him stupidly.

"It's yours," he said, very serious. "I brought home all the papers for your signature. From now on, the checking account will be in both our names."

"Joint?" I whispered hoarsely.

"Joint," he said gravely.

"Oh, Charley," I breathed, "thank you, thank you ——"

"Don't thank me," he said. "You earned it."

"Oh, Charley!" I was ready to cry. "I only earned twenty-two dollars and thirty-five cents!"

"The amount isn't important," and Charley waved it all away. "But if it meant so much to you, if you were willing to work so hard—well, I think I can trust you with a checkbook."

"Oh, Charley!" And I fell into his arms.

I *couldn't* mention the sandwich bags—not then. And I still haven't found the right moment. But between my lunch business and my checkbook, I've brushed up on arithmetic, and worked out a pretty fair rationalization: What with four children going to school, I figure it will take about 900 sandwich bags a year to see me through. Averaging it out over nine years of schooling—well, by the time the youngest is ready for college, I ought to be at the bottom of the carton. That's not *too* bad, is it?

I wonder what Charley will think? END



"Roger wants to borrow your car, five dollars and me."



HIM: They stupid or somethin'?

HER: What?

HIM: Givin' away genuine O*celo sponges like they was lollipops!

HER: No, they just want women to learn about Lysol like I did.

HIM: Yeah?

HER: I found adding a little Lysol to my suds every week when I clean the bathroom kills disease germs and bathroom odors . . . disinfects from one cleaning to the next like nothing else! Haven't you noticed?

HIM: Sure. So why don't you buy some?

HER: I got plenty home.

HIM: But look—you can get a free sponge! You stupid or somethin'?

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Betty Crocker



Betty Crocker Fluffy White Frosting Mix beats right up into stiff snowy peaks that last and last. ***Idea:*** For pretty Shadow Frosting, melt over hot water 1 square (1 oz.) unsweetened chocolate with ¼ tsp. shortening. Carefully spoon chocolate around the top edge of frosted cake.



Betty Crocker Cherry Fluff Frosting Mix is party-pink, bright with red maraschino cherries. ***Idea:*** To make Spring Blossom Frosting, frost cake, saving 1 cup frosting. Tint deeper pink. Drop 10 mounds of frosting around center of cake. Draw out with spoon to make petals. Add 10 smaller mounds for next row of petals. Shape center; trim with silver dragées.

*PERFECT! Yes, every mix we make for you is guaranteed to come out perfect or send the box top with a letter describing your result to Betty Crocker, Box 200, Minneapolis 40, Minn., and General Mills will send your money back.

General Mills



DI PIETRO

Beverly uses her own frozen corn and rolls to make a ham dinner fit into her budget.

Mrs.

Smart food buying and freezing keep the Clyde Becks' food cost below $40 a week.

By LIANE WAITE

Beverly Beck proudly took me down to her basement kitchen to show me her well-stocked freezer. It was filled to the brim with home-frozen fruits, vegetables, soups, pies, cookies, chickens and beef.

"Clyde and I package all these things while baby-sitting evenings. The whole idea is to save money and time. Most of the recipes we have developed ourselves and are of the heat-and-serve variety; a great help when you have a busy, active family like mine and a strict budget." Beverly said her food allowance was between $30 and $40 a week, depending on the extras bought for freezing and how the food sales ran. During the year, the Becks figure that buying in quantity for the freezer saves them about $5 a week, or $260 a year under the standard store prices for food. The following menus are a typical week's meals for the five Becks, with prices figured on food costs in Decatur, Illinois. Also included are several of Beverly's special recipes for the freezer.

7 Days of Menus and Costs

Sunday $6.51

Breakfast
Orange Juice
Soft-Cooked Eggs
Bacon
Whole-Wheat Toast
Jam
Milk—Coffee

Dinner
Baked Ham with Pineapple Glaze
Frozen Green Beans
Lettuce Salad
Hot Rolls
Ice Cream
Ginger Cookies
Milk—Tea

Supper
Beef Barbecue
Buns
Potato Chips
Relishes
Fruit Compote
Cookies
Milk—Tea

GINGER COOKIES Cream together ½ cup shortening and ¼ cup margarine with 1 cup sugar. Add 1 egg, beaten, and ¼ cup molasses. Beat well. Sift 2 cups flour with 2½ teaspoons baking soda, 1½ teaspoons ginger, ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon cinnamon. Stir in sifted dry ingredients and mix well. Chill dough thoroughly. Shape into 2 rolls about 1½" in diameter. Wrap in aluminum foil and freeze. When ready to bake, slice thinly and sprinkle each cooky with a little sugar. Bake on a lightly greased baking sheet in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 10–15 minutes. Makes about 10 dozen small cookies. **COST: 28c**

Monday $6.97

Breakfast
Tomato Juice
Poached Eggs
Toast
Milk—Coffee

Lunch
Chef's Salad
Bread
Peaches
Chocolate Cake
Milk—Tea

Clyde's Lunch Box
Ham Sandwich
Relishes
Chocolate Cake
Apple

Dinner
Beef-and-Bacon Casserole
Cauliflower
Lima-Bean Salad
Corn Bread
Fruit Cocktail
Cookies
Milk—Coffee

BEEF-AND-BACON CASSEROLE In a large skillet, cook 10 slices bacon until crisp. Drain. Pour off all but 2 tablespoons fat. Set aside for use later. Finely mince 1 cup onion and sauté until golden in the 2 tablespoons fat. Place in bowl with 2½ pounds ground beef and ⅔ cup stale bread crumbs. Lightly beat 2 eggs and add. Season with 2½ teaspoons salt and a dash of pepper. Mix well. Form into balls the size of table-tennis balls. Brown well, using a little bacon fat you have set aside. In the same skillet, sauté until golden ½ pound sliced mushrooms, adding more bacon fat if necessary. Stir in two 10½-ounce cans condensed mushroom soup and 1 cup condensed consommé. Mix well. Pour over meat and cool. Crumble bacon and sprinkle on top. Pour into freezing containers and freeze. When ready to serve, thaw, turn into a 3-quart casserole and bake, covered, in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 45 minutes. Makes 8 servings, or enough for lunch at home the next day. **COST: $2.46**

Wizard that's You!



STUART

Beef-and-bacon casserole accompanied by a savory Lima-bean salad, cauliflower and hot corn bread constitutes an appetizing, inexpensive meal from the Becks' freezer.

Tuesday $6.31

Breakfast
Orange Juice
French Toast
Maple-Blended Syrup
Milk—Coffee

Lunch
Dutch Soup
Leftover Beef-and-Bacon Casserole
Bread
Gelatin Dessert
Cookies
Milk—Tea

Clyde's Lunch Box
Soup
Cheese Sandwich
Relishes
Cookies

Dinner
Easy Baked Chicken
Baked Potatoes
Frozen Corn
Pickled-Beet Salad
Bread
Cherry Pie
Milk—Coffee

DUTCH SOUP Peel and dice enough potatoes to make 4 cups. Turn into a heavy soup kettle and add 4 cups water. Season with 1 tablespoon plus 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon monosodium glutamate and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Cover and cook until potatoes are tender. Meanwhile, sauté 6 strips bacon until crisp. Remove, drain on paper toweling and break into ½" pieces. Chop enough peeled onion to make 1 cup, and sauté in bacon drippings until tender and golden. Remove potatoes, put through a food mill and return to liquid. Add the bacon, onion and 1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar. Also add another 4 cups peeled and cubed raw potatoes. Cook until potatoes are tender. Cool. Pour into freezing containers and freeze. When ready to use, reheat and add milk to give desired consistency. This will vary from ½ to 1 cup, depending upon potatoes used. Makes about 2 quarts soup base. **COST: 30c**

EASY BAKED CHICKEN Work 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon each thyme and marjoram and a little pepper into ⅔ cup softened margarine. Then rub thoroughly into 2 frying chickens which have been cleaned and cut into serving pieces. Wrap each chicken well in heavy aluminum foil and freeze. When ready to cook, remove chickens directly (without thawing) to a very hot oven, 450° F., and bake, still wrapped in foil, for 45 minutes. Then open the foil, turn chickens over and bake another 15–20 minutes until the chickens are tender and browned. Makes 6–8 servings. **COST: $2.10**

Wednesday $4.28

Breakfast
Prunes
Shirred Eggs
Toasted Corn Bread
Milk—Coffee

Lunch
Hamburgers on Buns
Relishes
Applesauce
Cookies
Milk—Tea

Clyde's Lunch Box
Chicken Soup
Meat Sandwich
Relishes
Apple

Dinner
Ham-and-Dried-Bean Stew
Cabbage-and-Pepper Salad
Bread
Strawberries
Chocolate Cake
Milk—Coffee

CONTINUED ON PAGE 170



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See Borden's TV shows "Ruff and Reddy" and "Fury" over NBC.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 169

Mrs. Wizard that's You!



Danny, with Beverly's help, of course, focuses his energies on dinner.

DI PIETRO

Thursday $5.00

Breakfast	Lunch	Clyde's Lunch Box	Dinner
Grapefruit Juice	Leftover Ham-and-Bean Stew	Ham-and-Bean Stew	Spaghetti with Meat Sauce
Shredded Wheat	Pickled-Beet Salad	Pickled-Beet Salad	French Bread
Toast	Ice Cream	Date Cake	Frozen Peas
Milk—Coffee	Date Cake		Onion Relish
	Milk—Tea		Fruit
			Milk—Coffee

DATE CAKE Grind or finely chop 1 cup pitted dates. Pour ¼ cup boiling water over them and let stand to cool. Cream ½ cup margarine with 1 cup sugar. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and 2 unbeaten eggs. Beat until light and fluffy. Sift together 2 cups flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, ¾ teaspoon baking soda and ½ teaspoon salt. Add date mixture to the batter, then the sifted dry ingredients alternately with ½ cup sour milk. Beat until well blended. If you do not have sour milk, add 2 teaspoons vinegar to ½ cup sweet milk. Bake in a wax-paper-lined 8"x8"x2" pan in a moderate oven, 350° F., until done, about 35–40 minutes. Cool. Wrap in aluminum foil and freeze. Thaw thoroughly before serving. **COST: 71c**

Friday $5.02

Breakfast	Lunch	Clyde's Lunch Box	Dinner
Pineapple and Grapefruit Juice	Oxtail Soup	Oxtail Soup	Savory Pot Roast
Scrambled Eggs and Bacon	Bread Sticks	Relishes	Potatoes, Carrots and Onions
Toast	Lettuce Salad	Date Cake	Bread
Milk—Coffee	Date Cake		Lemon Pudding
	Fruit Gelatin		Milk—Coffee
	Milk—Tea		

OXTAIL SOUP Cover a beef soup bone with 2 quarts water. Add 4 teaspoons salt, 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce and ¼ teaspoon each pepper and garlic salt. Cover and simmer. Meanwhile, wipe with a damp cloth 1 oxtail which has been cut into pieces. Roll in flour seasoned with salt and pepper, and brown in 1 tablespoon shortening until golden on all sides. Transfer to the soup kettle. Add 1 small bay leaf and a pinch of marjoram and simmer 1 hour. Then add one 1-pound can tomatoes, ⅔ cup each chopped carrot, chopped celery and chopped onion and ¼ cup barley. Cover and simmer for 1 hour longer. Remove the soup bone and bay leaf and taste for seasoning. Cool, skim off fat and pour into freezing containers. When ready to use, heat and serve. Makes about 3 quarts. **COST: 88c**

Saturday $4.45

Breakfast	Lunch	Dinner
Orange Juice	Macaroni-Tuna-Cheese Casserole	Crisp Hash
Soft-Cooked Eggs	Relishes	Tossed Green Salad
Toast	Toast	Scalloped Tomatoes
Jam	Canned Pears	Bread
Milk—Coffee	Milk—Tea	Pineapple Freeze
		Cookies
		Milk—Coffee

PINEAPPLE FREEZE In a large saucepan, heat 2½ cups milk with 1 cup sugar until sugar is dissolved. Cool. Pour into freezing tray and freeze until mixture is soft and mushy. Beat 2½ cups heavy cream until it stands in soft peaks. Fold in the cold milk and sugar. Return to freezing tray and freeze partially. Turn into a cold bowl and beat until light and fluffy, but still thick. Fold in 1¼ cups canned crushed pineapple and ½ teaspoon lemon extract. Return to freezer and freeze until firm. Pack into 2 quart containers. **COST: $1.00**

THE ALIBI

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

Edna's remark, time had ceased; or rather it had continued in the same way for her, for the Alhusons answering the telephone, for the other partners in the dance; but for him everything had changed. He was aware of a sense of power within. He was in control. His was the master hand that set the puppets jiggling. And Edna—poor Edna, speeding home in the taxi to a predestined role of putting out the drinks, patting cushions, shaking salted almonds from a tin—Edna had no conception how he had stepped out of bondage into a new dimension.

The apathy of Sunday lay upon the streets. Houses were closed, withdrawn.

They don't know, he thought, *those people inside, how one gesture of mine, now, at this minute, might alter their world. A knock on the door, and someone answers—a woman yawning, an old man in carpet slippers, a child sent by its parents in irritation—and according to what I will, what I decide, their whole future will be decided. Faces smashed in. Sudden murder. Theft. Fire.* It was as simple as that.

He looked at his watch. Half past three. He decided to work on a system of numbers. He would walk down three more streets, and then, depending upon the name of the third street in which he found himself, and how many letters it contained, choose the number of his destination.

He walked briskly, aware of mounting interest. *No cheating*, he told himself. Block or flats or United Dairies, it was all one. It turned out that the third street was a long one, flanked on either side by drab Victorian villas which had been pretentious some fifty years ago, and now, let out as flats or lodgings, had lost caste. The name was Boulting Street. Eight letters meant No. 8.

He crossed over confidently, searching the front doors, undaunted by the steep flight of stone steps leading to every villa, the unpainted gates, the lowering basements, the air of poverty and decay which presented such a contrast to the houses in his own small Regency square, with their bright front doors and window boxes.

No. 8 proved no different from its fellows. The gate was even shabbier, perhaps, the curtains to the long, ugly ground-floor window more bleakly lace. A child of about three, a boy, sat on the top step, white-faced, blank-eyed, tied in some strange fashion to the mud scraper so that he could not move. The front door was ajar.

James Fenton mounted the steps and looked for the bell button. There was a scrap of paper pasted across it with the words "Out of Order." Beneath it was an old-fashioned bell pull, fastened with string. It would be a matter of seconds, of course, to unravel the knotted strap binding the child, carry him off under his arm down the steps, and then dispose of him according to mood or fancy. But violence did not seem to be indicated just yet; it was not what he wanted, the feeling of power within demanded a longer term of freedom.

He pulled at the bell. The faint tinkle sounded down the dark hall.

The child stared up at him, unmoved. Fenton turned away from the door and looked out on the street, at the plane tree coming into leaf on the pavement edge, the brown bark patchy yellow, a black cat crouching at its foot biting a wounded paw; and he savored the waiting moment as delicious because of its uncertainty.

He heard the door open wider behind him, and a woman's voice, foreign in intonation, ask, "What can I do for you?"

Fenton took off his hat. The impulse was strong within him to say, "I have come to strangle you. You and your child. I bear you no malice whatsoever. It just happens that I am the instrument of fate sent for this purpose." Instead, he smiled. The woman was pallid, like the child on the steps, with the same expressionless eyes. Her age might have been anything from twenty to thirty-five. She was wearing a woolen cardigan too big for her, and her dark bunched skirt, ankle-length, made her seem squat.

"Do you let rooms?" asked Fenton.

A light came into the dull eyes, an expression of hope. It was almost as if this was a question she had longed for and had believed would never come. But the gleam faded again immediately, and the blank stare returned.

"The house isn't mine," she said. "The landlord let rooms once, but they say it's to be pulled down, with those on either side, to make room for flats."

"You mean," he pursued, "the landlord doesn't let rooms any more?"

"No," she said. "He told me it wouldn't be worth it, not with the demolition order coming any day. He pays me a small sum to caretake until they pull the house down. I live in the basement."

"I see," he said.

It would seem that the conversation was at an end. Nevertheless, Fenton continued to stand there. The girl or woman—for she could be either—looked past him to the child, bidding him to be quiet, though he hardly whimpered.

"I suppose," said Fenton, "you couldn't sublet one of the rooms in the basement to me? It could be a private arrangement between ourselves while you remain here. The landlord couldn't object."

He watched her make the effort to think. His suggestion, so unlikely, so surprising coming from someone of his appearance, was something she could not take in. Since surprise is the best form of attack, he seized his advantage. "I only need one room," he said quickly, "for a few hours in the day. I shouldn't be sleeping here."

The effort to size him up was beyond her—the tweed suit, appropriate for London or the country, the soft felt hat, the walking stick, the fresh-complexioned face, the forty-five to fifty years. He saw the dark eyes become wider and blanker still as they tried to reconcile his appearance with his unexpected request.

"What would you want the room for?" she asked doubtfully.

There was the crux. *To murder you and the child, my dear, and dig up the floor, and bury you under the boards.* But not yet.

"It's difficult to explain," he said briskly. "I'm a professional man. I have long hours. But there have been changes lately, and I must have a room where I can put in a few hours every day and be entirely alone. You've no idea how difficult it is to find the right spot. This seems to me ideal for the purpose." He glanced from the empty house down to the child, and smiled. "Your little boy, for instance. Just the right age. He'd give no trouble."

A semblance of a smile passed across her face. "Oh, Johnnie is quiet enough," she said. "He sits there for hours, he wouldn't interfere." Then the smile wavered, the doubt returned. "I don't know what to say. We live in the kitchen, with the bedroom next to it. There *is* a room behind, where I have a few bits of furniture stored, but I don't think you would like it. You see, it depends on what you want to do." Her voice trailed away. Her apathy was just what he needed. He wondered if she slept very heavily, or even drugged. Those dark shadows under the eyes suggested drugs. So much the better. And a foreigner too. There were too many of them in the country.

"If you would only show me the room, I should know at once," he said.

Surprisingly she turned, and led the way down the narrow, dingy hall. Switching on a light above a basement stair, murmuring a continual apology the while, she took Fenton below. This had been, of course, the original servants' quarters of the Victorian villa. The

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kitchen, scullery, pantry had now become the woman's living room, kitchenette and bedroom, and in their transformation had increased in squalor. The ugly pipes, the useless boiler and the old range might once have had some pretension to efficiency, with fresh white paint on the pipes, and the range polished; even the dresser, still in position and stretching nearly the full width of one wall, would have been in keeping some fifty years ago, with polished brass saucepans and a patterned dinner service, while an overalled cook, bustling about with arms befloured, called orders to a minion in the scullery. Now the dirty cream paint hung in flakes, the worn linoleum was torn, the dresser was bare save for odds and ends bearing no relation to its original purpose—a battered wireless set with trailing aerial, piles of discarded magazines and newspapers, unfinished knitting, broken toys, pieces of cake, a toothbrush, and several pairs of shoes. The woman looked about her helplessly.

"It's not easy," she said, "with a child. One clears up all the time."

It was evident that she never cleared, that she had given in, that the chaos he observed was her answer to life's problems, but Fenton said nothing, only nodded politely and smiled. He caught a glimpse of an unmade bed through a half-open door, bearing out his theory of the heavy sleeper—his ring at the bell must have disturbed her—but seeing his glance she shut the door hurriedly, and in a half-conscious effort to bring herself to order buttoned her cardigan, and combed her hair with her fingers.

"And the room you do not use?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "yes, of course," vague and uncertain, as if she had forgotten her purpose in bringing him to the basement. She led the way back across the basement passage, past a coal cellar—useful this, he thought—a lavatory with a child's pot set in the open door and a torn Daily Mirror beside it, and so to a farther room, the door of which was closed.

"I don't think it will do," she said, sighing, already defeated. Indeed it would not have done for anyone but himself, so full of power and purpose; for as she flung open the creaking door, and crossed the room to pull aside the strip of curtain made out of old wartime blackout material, the smell of damp hit him as forcibly as a sudden patch of fog beside the river, and with it the unmistakable odor of escaping gas. They sniffed in unison.

"Yes, it's bad," she said. "The men are supposed to come, but they never do."

As she pulled the curtain to let in air, the rod broke, the strip of material fell, and through a broken pane of the window jumped the black cat with the wounded paw which Fenton had noticed beneath the plane tree in front of the house. The woman shooed it ineffectually. The cat, used to its surroundings, slunk into a far corner, jumped on a packing case, and composed itself to sleep. Fenton and the woman looked about them.

"This would do me very well," he said, hardly considering the dark walls, the odd L shape of the room and the sloping ceiling. "Why, there's even a garden," and he went to the window and looked out upon the patch of earth and stones—level with his head as he stood in the basement room—that had once been a strip of paved garden.

"Yes," she said, "yes, there's a garden," and came beside him to stare at the desolation to which they both gave so false a name; and then, with a little shrug, "It's quiet, as you see, but it doesn't get much sun. It faces north."

"I like a room to face north," he said abstractedly, already seeing in his mind's eye the narrow trench he would be able to dig for her body—no need to make it deep—and turning toward her, measuring the size of her, reckoning the length and breadth, he saw a glimmer of understanding come into her eye and he quickly smiled to give her confidence.

"Are you an artist?" she said. "They like a north light, don't they?"

His relief was tremendous. An artist. But of course. Here was the excuse he needed. Here was a way out of all difficulty.

"I see you've guessed my secret," he answered slyly, and his laugh rang so true that it even surprised himself. He began to speak very rapidly. "Part time only," he said; "that's the reason I can only get away for certain hours. My mornings are tied down to business, but later in the day I'm a free man. Then my real work begins. It's not just a casual hobby, it's a passion. I intend to hold my own exhibition later in the year. So you understand how essential it is for me to find somewhere . . . like this." He waved his hand at the surroundings which could offer no inducement to anything but the cat, and his confidence was infectious, it disarmed the still doubtful, puzzled inquiry in her eyes.

"Chelsea's full of artists, isn't it?" she said. "At least they say so, I don't know. But I thought studios had to be high up for getting the light."

"Not necessarily," he answered. "Those fads don't affect me. And late in the day the light will have gone anyway. I suppose there is electricity?"

"Yes." She moved to the door and touched a switch. A naked bulb from the ceiling glared through its dust.

"Excellent," he said. "That's all I shall need."

He smiled down at the blank, unhappy face. The poor soul would be so much happier asleep. Like the cat. A kindness, really, to put her out of her misery.

"Can I move in tomorrow?" he asked.

Again the look of hope that he had noticed when he first stood at the front door inquiring for rooms, and then . . . was it embarrassment, just the faintest trace of discomfort, in her expression?

"You haven't asked about . . . the cost of the room," she said.

"Whatever you care to charge," he replied, and waved his hand again, to show that money was no object.

She swallowed, evidently at a loss to know what to say, and then, a flush creeping into the pallid face, ventured, "It would be best if I said nothing to the landlord. I will say you are a friend. You could give me a pound or two in cash every week, what you think fair."

She watched him anxiously. Certainly, he decided, there must be no third party interfering on any arrangement. It might defeat his plan.

"I'll give you five pounds in notes each week. Starting today," he said. He felt for his wallet, and drew out the crisp, new notes. She put out a timid hand, and her eyes never left the notes as he counted them. "Not a word

CONTINUED ON PAGE 174

Advertisement

Are Face Creams Overrated?

By HELEN F. PORTER

As a beauty consultant for more years than I care to admit, I've seen and tried almost every type of face cream imaginable . . . vitamin creams, hormone creams, medicated creams, queen bee jelly creams, and on and on. Some of these creams have two things in common: the catch-phrase ingredient which is played up through advertising; and a greasy ingredient which coats the outer surface of the skin to give the appearance of smoothness.



HELEN F. PORTER

If you are one of those fortunate women with a naturally radiant complexion and no skin problems, you probably don't need or use a face cream. If you're like me with a tendency toward dry skin and its resulting premature lines and wrinkles, you've probably found that almost any cream will do *some* good, but perhaps you've never been really satisfied.

Recently, I was asked to try a new face cream which, as usual, contained a unique ingredient. With tongue in cheek, I listened to the research director who developed this cream tell me about it. To my surprise, he backed his story up with scientific medical proof, not by wild advertising claims. And, I was familiar with the cream's basic ingredients, having read about them in various articles praising their benefits to the skin. You probably have heard of them too . . . essential polyunsaturates, which are natural elements found in young, healthy skin.

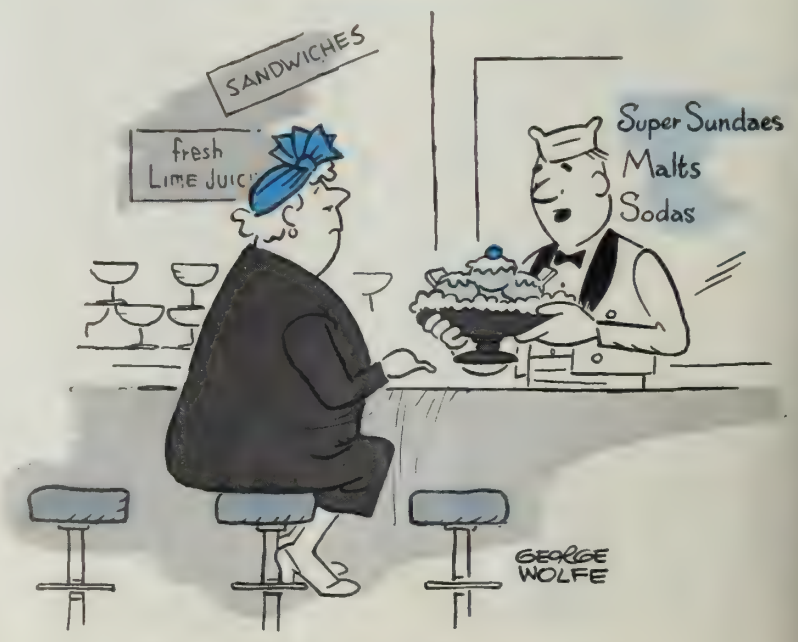
Extensive laboratory research on the part of his clinical staff proved that normal healthy 21-year-old skin is almost 50% richer in these essential polyunsaturates than skin at age 40. As we grow older, these vital ingredients drain away and our skin dries out leaving lines, crow's-feet and an aging look.

Another factor which can contribute to our loss of these essential polyunsaturates has to do with our modern-day eating habits. The scientific gentleman explained that an excellent way to keep a good complexion is to eat fatty foods which are rich in essential polyunsaturates. He asked if I knew of any stout ladies who had extreme dry skin problems—I don't, do you? Unfortunately though, for our complexions, we try to watch our diet most of the time and tend to shy away from fatty foods. This is wonderful for our figures but can be bad for our complexions.

He went on to say that although scientists had known of the value of these essential polyunsaturates for many years, they had been unable to put them into cream form because they turned rancid. Finally, his research staff discovered how to "stabilize" them in a greaseless cream which actually supplies the essential polyunsaturates to the skin.

To make a long story short, I have been using this cream for over a month now and am wild about it. My skin looks and feels healthier, finer textured, more resilient, and alive. Excessive dryness and unnatural lines disappeared in a matter of days. My complexion looks fresher and brighter, my pores seem finer, and my skin is clearer, smoother and healthier looking than it has been in years.

On the theory that actual use is the best way to demonstrate a new product, I asked the makers of this cream to make a trial size available (Prince Matchabelli makes it; it's called Polyderm Compensating Cream and is sold in three sizes, $2.00, $3.50 and $5.00 at leading department and drug stores). They agreed and now you can get a five-day trial-size jar by sending 25c and your name and address to Polyderm, c/o Prince Matchabelli, Dept. L-4, P.O. Box 90, Mt. Vernon 10, New York.



"You're feeling sorry for yourself today, aren't you?"



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to the landlord," he said, "and if any questions are asked about your lodger, say your cousin, an artist, has arrived for a visit."

She looked up and for the first time smiled as though his joking words, with the giving of the notes, somehow sealed a bond between them. "You don't look like my cousin," she said, "nor much like the artists I have seen either. What is your name?"

"Sims," he said instantly, "Marcus Sims," wondering why he had instinctively uttered the name of his wife's father, a solicitor dead these many years, whom he had heartily disliked.

"Thank you, Mr. Sims," she said. "I will give your room a cleanup in the morning," and then, as a first gesture toward this intention, she lifted the cat from the packing case, and shooed it through the window. "You will bring your things tomorrow afternoon?" she asked.

"My things?" he repeated.

"What you need for your work," she said. "Don't you have paints and so on?"

"Oh, yes—yes, naturally," he said, "yes, I must bring my gear." He glanced round the room again. But there was to be no question of butchery. No blood. No mess. The answer would be to stifle them both in sleep, the woman and her child. It was much the kindest way.

"You won't have far to go when you need tubes of paint," she said. "There are shops for artists in the King's Road. I have passed them shopping. They have boards and easels in the window."

He put his hand over his mouth to hide his smile. It was really touching how she had accepted him. It showed such trust, such confidence.

She led the way back into the passage, and so up the basement stair to the hall once more.

"I'm so delighted," he said, "that we have come to this arrangement. To tell you the truth, I was getting desperate."

She turned, and smiled at him again over her shoulder. "So was I," she said. "If you had not appeared . . . I don't know what I might not have done."

They stood together at the top of the basement stair. What an amazing thing. It was an act of God that he had suddenly arrived. He stared at her, shocked.

"You've been in some trouble, then?" he asked.

"Trouble?" She gestured with her hands, and the look of apathy, of despair returned to her face. "It's trouble enough to be a stranger in this country, and for the father of my little boy to go off and leave me without any money, and not to know where to turn. I tell you, Mr. Sims, if you had not come today ——" She did not finish her sentence, but she glanced toward the child tied to the foot scraper, and shrugged her shoulders. "Poor Johnnie," she said, "it's not your fault."

"Poor Johnnie indeed," echoed Fenton, "and poor you. Well, I'll do my part to put an end to your troubles, I assure you."

"You're very good. Truly, I thank you."

"On the contrary, I thank *you*." He made her a little bow and, bending down, touched the top of the child's head. "Good-by, Johnnie, see you tomorrow." His victim gazed back at him without expression. "Good-by, Mrs.—Mrs. ——"

"Kaufman is the name. Anna Kaufman."

She watched him down the steps, and through the gate. The banished cat slunk past his legs on a return journey to the broken window. Fenton waved his hat with a flourish to the woman, to the boy, to the cat, to the whole fabric of the mute, drab villa.

"See you tomorrow," he called, and set off down Boulting Street with the jaunty step of someone at the start of a great adventure. His high spirits did not desert him even when he arrived at his own front door. He let himself in with his latchkey, and went up the stairs humming some old song of thirty years ago. Edna, as usual, was on the telephone—he could hear the interminable conversation of one woman to another. The drinks were set out on the small table in the drawing room. The cocktail biscuits were laid ready, and the tray of salted almonds.

The extra glasses meant that visitors were expected. Edna put her hand over the mouthpiece of the receiver, and said, "The Alhusons will be coming. I've asked them to stay on for cold supper."

Her husband smiled, and nodded. Long before his usual time he poured himself out a thimbleful of sherry to round off the conspiracy, the perfection of the past hour. The conversation on the telephone ceased.

"You look better," said Edna. "The walk did you good." Her innocence amused him so much that he nearly choked.

It was a lucky thing the woman had mentioned an artist's props. He would have looked a fool arriving the following afternoon with nothing. As it was, it meant leaving the office early, and an expedition to fit himself up with the necessary paraphernalia. He let himself go. Easel, canvases, tube after tube of paint, brushes, turpentine; what had been intended as a few parcels became bulky packages impossible to transport except in a taxi. It all added to the excitement, though. He must play his part thoroughly. The assistant in the shop, fired by his customer's ardor, kept adding to the list of paints; and as Fenton handled the tubes of color, and read the names, there was something intensely satisfying about the purchase and he allowed himself to be reckless the very words "chrome" and "sienna" and "terre-verte" going to his head like wine. Finally he tore himself away from temptation and climbed into a taxi with his wares. No. 8 Boulting Street; the unaccustomed address instead of his own familiar square added spice to the adventure.

It was strange, but as the taxi drew up at its destination the row of villas no longer appeared so drab. It was true yesterday's wind had dropped, the sun was shining fitfully, and there was a hint in the air of April and longe

CONTINUED ON PAGE 176



Red and pink Floribunda roses seem to be floating in a mist of coral-bells in front of the window.



Two Betty Prior roses, a handful of pinks and sweet Williams and a background of artemisia leaves form a small but imposing bouquet.

Little But Lovely

FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS

A small patch of garden or a few cents spent at the florist's can create lovely color and great pleasure in your house. Two or three flowers arranged with leaves in a small wineglass or tiny bowl will often make the beauty of each flower more apparent than great bunches of hothouse blooms. To make the arrangements on this page, I collected unusual miniature containers over the years with the products of my small garden in mind. Although the bouquets are not Oriental, each flower has been used to highlight its own particular charm. Even the tiny Philadelphus, which could be lost in a big bunch of flowers, shows off its lovely waxy petals when used in a scaled-down nosegay. These tiny beauties, used on coffee tables, mantelpieces, or one to a person on the dinner table, make enchanting additions to any room. By JANET COTTIER



Three Rugosa roses, and a few buds, make an exquisite little posy in a white Japanese bowl.

Amidst sprays of delicate, lavender-colored Baptisia, velvety petunias and dark purple pansies glow against a white wall. The vase is an unusual copper mold.



DI PIETRO



Two striped Rosa Mundi (called also the rose of York and Lancaster) are set off by white Philadelphus and dark-peppermint geranium leaves.

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Right: Pyrex Clear Utility Dish washes clean quickly and easily whether you bake or roast in it. Size shown, **$1.00**
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days to come, but that was not the point. The point was that No. 8 had something of expectancy about it. As he paid his driver, and carried the packages from the taxi, he saw that the dark blinds in the basement had been removed, and makeshift curtains, tangerine colored and a shock to the eye, hung in their place. Even as he noticed this the curtains were pulled back, and the woman, the child in her arms, its face smeared with jam, waved up at him. The cat leaped from the sill and came toward him purring, rubbing an arched back against his trouser leg. The taxi drove away and the woman came down the steps to greet him.



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"Johnnie and I have been watching for you the whole afternoon," she said. "Is that all you've brought?"

"All? Isn't it enough?" he laughed.

She helped him carry the things down the basement stair, and as he glanced into the kitchen he saw that an attempt had been made to tidy it, besides the hanging of the curtains. The row of shoes had been banished underneath the dresser, along with the child's toys, and a cloth had been spread on the table, which was laid for tea.

"You'll never believe the dust there was in your room," she said. "I was working there till nearly midnight."

"You shouldn't have done that," he told her. "It's not worth it, for the time."

She stopped before the door and looked at him, the blank look returning to her face. "It's not for long, then?" she faltered. "I somehow thought, from what you said yesterday, it would be for some weeks."

"Oh, I didn't mean that," he said swiftly. "I meant that I shall make such a mess anyway, with these paints, there was no need to dust."

Relief was plain. She summoned a smile, and opened the door. "Welcome, Mr. Sims," she said.

He had to give her her due. She had worked. The room did look different. Smelled different too. No more leaking gas, but carbolic instead, or some other disinfectant. The blackout strip had vanished from the window. She had even got someone in to repair the broken glass. The cat's bed—the packing case—had gone.

There was a table now against the wall, and two little rickety chairs, and an armchair also, covered with the same fearful tangerine material he had observed in the kitchen windows. Above the mantelpiece, bare yesterday, she had hung a large, brightly colored reproduction of a Madonna and Child, with an almanac beneath. The eyes of the Madonna, ingratiating, demure, smiled at Fenton.

"Well," he began, "well, bless me," and to conceal his emotion, because it was really very touching that the wretched woman had taken so much trouble on what was probably one of her last days on this earth, he turned away and began untying his packages.

"Let me help you, Mr. Sims," she said, and before he could protest she was down on her knees struggling with the knots, and unwrapping the paper, and was fixing the easel for him; then together they emptied the boxes of all the tubes of color, laid them out in rows on the table, and stacked the canvases against the wall. It was rather amusing, like playing some absurd game, and curiously she entered into the spirit of it although remaining perfectly serious at the same time.

"And what are you going to work on first?" she asked, when all was fixed, and even a canvas set up on the easel. "You have some subject in mind, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes," he said, "I've a subject in mind," and he began to smile, her faith in him was so supreme, and suddenly she smiled, too, and she said, "I've guessed. I've guessed your subject."

He felt himself go pale. How had she guessed? What was she driving at?

"What do you mean, you've guessed?" he asked sharply.

"It's Johnnie, isn't it?"

He could not possibly kill the child before the mother—what an appalling suggestion. And why was she trying to push him into it like this? There was time enough, and anyway his plan was not yet formed. She was nodding her head wisely, and he brought himself back to reality with an effort. She was talking of painting, of course.

"You're a clever woman," he said. "Yes, Johnnie's my subject."

"He'll be good, he won't move," she said. "If I tie him up he'll sit for hours. Do you want him now?"

"No, no," Fenton replied testily, "I'm in no hurry at all. I've got to think it all out."

Her face fell. She seemed disappointed. She glanced round the room once more, converted so surprisingly into what she hoped was an artist's studio.

"Then let me give you a cup of tea," she said, and to save argument he followed her into the kitchen. There he sat himself down on the chair she drew forward for him, and drank tea and ate potted-meat sandwiches, watched by the unflinching eyes of the grubby little boy.

"Da," uttered the child suddenly, and put out its hand.

"He calls all men da," said his mother, "though his own father took no notice of him. . . . Don't worry Mr. Sims, Johnnie."

Fenton forced a polite smile. Children embarrassed him. He went on eating his sandwiches and sipping his tea.

The woman sat down and joined him, stirring her tea in an absent way until it must have been cold and unfit to drink.

"It's nice to have someone to talk to," she said. "Do you know, until you came, Mr. Sims, I was so alone. The empty house above, no workmen even passing in and out, and this is not a good neighborhood, I have no friends at all."

Better and better, he thought. *There'll be nobody to miss her when she's gone.* It would have been a tricky thing to get away with had the rest of the house been inhabited. As it was, it could be done any time of the day and no one any the wiser. Poor kid, she could not be

IT LOOKS LIKE A BEAUTIFUL DAY

By COSETTE MIDDLETON

You spoke my name and you smiled at me
And the moon fell into the lake and drowned.
But the sky lit up like a Christmas tree
And the stars went around and around and around.

You kissed my face and you found my mouth
And left me nothing, oh, nothing to say.
The wind has turned and runs out of the south
And it looks like a beautiful, beautiful day.

more than twenty-six or -seven; what a life she must have led.

"—— he just went off without a word," she was saying. "Three years only we had been in this country, and we moved from place to place, no settled job; we were in Manchester at one time. Johnnie was born in Manchester."

"Awful spot," he sympathized. "Never stops raining."

"I told him, 'You have got to get work,'" she continued, banging her fist on the table, acting the moment over again. "I said, 'We can't go on like this. It's no life for me, or for your child.' And Mr. Sims, there was no money for the rent. What was I to say to the landlord when he called? And then, being aliens here, there is always some fuss with the police."

"Police?" said Fenton, startled.

"The papers," she explained. "There is such trouble with our papers; you know how it is, we have to register. Mr. Sims, my life has not been a happy one, not for many years. In Austria I was a servant for a time to a bad man. I had to run away, I was only sixteen then, and when I met my husband, who was not my husband then, it seemed at last that there might be some hope if we got to England ——"

She droned on, watching him and stirring her tea the while, and her voice with its slow German accent, rather pleasing and lilting to the ear, was somehow soothing and a pleasant accompaniment to his thoughts, mingling with the ticking of the alarm clock on the dresser, and the thumping of the little boy's spoon upon his plate.

It was delightful to remind himself that he was not in the office, and not at home either but was Marcus Sims, an artist, surely a great artist, if not in color at least in premeditated crime, and here was his victim putting her life into his hands, looking upon him, in fact, almost as her savior. As indeed he was.

"It's queer," she said slowly, "yesterday I did not know you. Today I tell you my life. You are my friend."

"Your sincere friend," he said, patting her hand. "I assure you it's the truth." He smiled, and pushed back his chair.

She reached for his cup and saucer, and put them in the sink. She wiped the child's mouth with the sleeve of her jumper. "And now, Mr. Sims," she said, "which would you prefer to do first? Come to bed, or paint Johnnie?"

He stared at her. Come to bed? Had he heard correctly? "I beg your pardon?"

She stood patiently, waiting for him to move. "It's for you to say, Mr. Sims," she said. "It makes no difference to me. I'm at your disposal."

He felt his neck turn slowly red, and the color mounting to his face and to his forehead. There was no doubt about it, no misunderstanding the half-smile she now attempted, and the jerk of her head toward the bedroom; the poor wretched girl was making him some sort of offer, she must believe that he actually expected . . . wanted —— It was appalling.

"My dear Madame Kaufman," he began—somehow the "Madame" sounded better than "Mrs.," and it was in keeping with her alien nationality—"I am afraid there is some error. You have misunderstood me."

"Please?" she said, puzzled, and then summoned a smile again. "You don't have to be afraid. No one will come. And I will tie up Johnnie."

It was preposterous. Tie up that little boy —— Nothing he had said to her could possibly have made her misconstrue the situation. Yet to show his natural anger and leave the house would mean the ruin of all his plans, his perfect plans, and he would have to begin all over again elsewhere.

"It's—it's extremely kind of you, Madame Kaufman," he stammered. "I do appreciate your offer, it's most generous of you. The fact is unfortunately, I've been totally incapacitated for many years—an old war wound—I've had to put all that sort of thing out of my life long ago. Indeed, all my efforts go into my art, my painting. I concentrate entirely upon that, hence my deep pleasure in finding this little retreat which will make all the difference to my world. And if we are to be friends ——" He searched for further words to extricate himself. She shrugged her shoulders. There was neither relief nor disappointment on her face. What was to be would be.

"That's all right, Mr. Sims," she said. "I thought perhaps you were lonely. I know what loneliness can be. And you are so kind. If at any time you feel you would like ——"

"Oh, I'll tell you immediately," he interrupted swiftly, "no question of that; but alas, I'm afraid —— Well, now to work, to work." And he smiled again, making some show of bustle, and opened the door of the kitchen. Thank heaven she had buttoned up the cardigan which she had so disastrously started to undo. She lifted the child from his chair, and proceeded to follow him.

"I have always wanted to see a real artist at work," she said to him, "and now, lo and behold, my chance has come. Johnnie will appreciate this when he is older. Now, where would you like me to put him, Mr. Sims? Shall he stand, or sit? What pose would be best?"

It was too much. From the frying pan into the fire. Fenton was exasperated. The woman was trying to bully him. He could not possibly have her hanging about like this. If that horrid little boy had to be disposed of, then his mother must be out of the way.

"Never mind the pose," he said testily. "I'm not a photographer. And if there is one thing I cannot bear, it's being watched when I work. Put Johnnie there, on the chair. I suppose he'll sit still?"

"I'll fetch the strap," she said, and while she went back to the kitchen he stared moodily at the canvas on the easel. He must do something

CONTINUED ON PAGE 178

Rain tomorrow?



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 176

about it, that was evident. Fatal to leave it blank. She would not understand. She would begin to suspect that something was wrong. She might even repeat her fearful offer of five minutes ago.

He lifted one or two tubes of paint, and squeezed out blobs of color onto the palette. Raw sienna . . . Naples yellow. Good names they gave these things. He and Edna had been to Siena once years ago, when they were first married. He remembered the rose-rust brickwork, and that square—what was the name of the square?—where they held a famous horse race. Naples yellow. They had never got as far as Naples. See Naples and die. Pity they had not traveled more. They had fallen into a rut always going up to Scotland, but Edna did not care for heat. Azure blue . . . made you think of the deepest—or was it the clearest?—blue. Lagoons in the south seas, and flying fish. How jolly the blobs of color looked upon the palette.

"So. . . . Be good, Johnnie." Fenton looked up. The woman had secured the child to the chair, and was patting the top of his head. "If there is anything you want, you have only to call, Mr. Sims."

"Thank you, Madame Kaufman."

She crept out of the room, closing the door softly. The artist must not be disturbed. The artist must be left alone with his creation.

"Da," said Johnnie suddenly.

"Be quiet," said Fenton sharply. He was breaking a piece of charcoal in two. He had read somewhere that artists drew in the head first with charcoal. He adjusted the broken end between his fingers, and, pursing his lips, drew a circle, the shape of a full moon, upon the canvas. Then he stepped back, and half closed his eyes. The odd thing was that it did look like the rounded shape of a face without the features. Johnnie was watching him, his eyes large. Fenton realized he needed a much larger canvas. The one on the easel would take only the child's head. It would look much more effective to have the whole head and shoulders on the canvas, because he could then use some of the azure blue to paint the child's blue jersey.

He replaced the first canvas with a larger one. Yes, that was a far better size. Now for the outline of the face again. The eyes . . . two little dots for the nose, and a small slit for the mouth . . . two lines for the neck, and two more, rather squared like a coat hanger, for the shoulders. It was a face all right, a human face. Not exactly that of Johnnie at the moment, but given time —— The essential thing was to get some paint onto that canvas. He simply must use some of the paint. Feverishly he chose a brush, and dipped it in turpentine, and in oil, and then, with little furtive dabs at the azure blue and the flake white to mix them, he stabbed the result onto the canvas.

The bright color, gleaming and glistening with excess of oil, seemed to stare back at him from the canvas, demanding more. It was not the same blue as the blue of Johnnie's jersey, but what of that? Becoming bolder, he sloshed on further color, and now the blue was all over the lower part of the canvas in vivid streaks, making a strange excitement, contrasting well with the charcoal face. The face now looked like a real face, and the patch of wall behind the child's head that had been nothing but a wall when he first entered the room surely had color to it after all: a pinkish green. He snatched up tube after tube, and squeezed out blobs; he chose another brush so as not to spoil the brush with blue on it . . . damn it, that burnt sienna was not like the Siena he had visited at all, but more like mud, he must wipe it off; he must have rags, something that wouldn't spoil.

"Madame Kaufman?" he called. "Madame Kaufman? Could you find me some rags?"

She came at once, tearing some undergarment into strips, and he snatched them from her, and began to wipe the offending burnt sienna from his brush. He turned round to see her peeping at the canvas.

"Don't do that," he shouted. "You must never look at an artist's work in the first rough stages."

She drew back, rebuffed. "I'm sorry," she said; and then, with hesitation, added, "It's very modern, isn't it?"

He stared at her. And then from her to the canvas. And from the canvas to Johnnie.

"Modern?" he said. "Of course it's modern. What did you think it would be? Like that?" He pointed with his brush to the simpering Madonna over the mantelpiece. "I'm of my time," he told her. "I see what I see. Now let me get on."

There was not enough room on one palette for all the blobs of color. Thank goodness he had bought two. He began squeezing the remaining tubes onto the second palette and mixing them, and now all was riot—sunsets that had never been, and unrisen dawns. Venetian red was not the doge's palace but little drops of blood that burst in the brain and did not have to be shed, and zinc white was purity, not death, and yellow ocher . . . yellow ocher was life in abundance, was renewal, was spring; was April even in some other time, some other place.

It did not matter that it grew dark and he had to switch on the light. The child had fallen asleep, but he went on painting. Presently the woman came in and told him it was eight o'clock. Did he want any supper? "It would be no trouble, Mr Sims," she said.

There is surely a piece of divinity in us. Something that was before the elements, and owes no homage unto the sun. Nature tells me that I am the image of God, as well as Scripture. He that understands not this much hath not his introduction or first lesson, and is yet to begin the Alphabet of Man. SIR THOMAS BROWNE
Religio Medici, 1643

Suddenly Fenton realized where he was. Eight o'clock, and they always dined at a quarter to. Edna would be waiting, would be wondering what had happened to him. He laid down the palette and the brushes. There was paint on his hands, on his coat.

"What on earth shall I do?" he said.

The woman understood. She seized the turpentine, and a piece of rag, and rubbed at his coat. He went with her to the kitchen, and feverishly began to scrub his hands at the sink.

"In future," he said, "I must always leave by seven."

"Yes," she said, "I'll remember to call you. You'll be back tomorrow?"

"Of course," he said impatiently, "of course. Don't touch any of my things."

"No, Mr. Sims."

He hurried up the basement stair, and out of the house, and started running along the street. As he went he began to make up the story he would tell Edna. He'd dropped in at the club, and some of the fellows there had persuaded him into playing bridge. He hadn't liked to break up the game, and never realized the time. That would do. And it would do again tomorrow. Edna must get used to the business of his dropping into the club. He could think of no better excuse with which to mask the lovely duplicity of a secret life.

It was extraordinary how the days slipped by. Days that had once dragged, that had seemed interminable. It meant several changes, of course. He had to lie not only to Edna but at the office as well. He invented a pressing business that took him away in the early part of the afternoon. New contacts, a family firm. For the time being, Fenton said, he could usually work at the office only half time. Naturally there would have to be some financial adjustment, he quite understood that. In the meantime, if the senior partner would, see his way —— Amazing that they swallowed it. And Edna, too, about the club. Though it was not always the club. Sometimes it was extra work, at another office, somewhere else in the City. And he would talk mysteriously of bringing off some big deal, the transaction of which was far too delicate and involved to discuss. Edna appeared content. Her life continued as it had always done. It was only Fenton who

world had changed. Regularly now each afternoon, at around half past three, he walked through the gate of No. 8, and glancing down at the kitchen window in the basement, he would see Madame Kaufman's face peering from behind the tangerine curtains. Then she would slip round to the back door, by the strip of garden, and let him in. They had decided against using the front door. It was safer to use the back. Less conspicuous.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Sims."

"Good afternoon, Madame Kaufman."

No nonsense about calling her Anna. She might have thought . . . she might have presumed. And the title "Madame" kept the right sense of proportion between them. She was really very useful. She cleaned the studio—they always alluded to his room as the studio—and his paintbrushes, and tore up fresh strips of rag every day, and as soon as he arrived she had a cup of tea for him, not like the stew they used to brew in the office, but piping hot. And the boy; the boy had become quite appealing. Fenton had felt more tolerant about him as soon as he had finished the first portrait. It was as though the boy existed anew through him. He was Fenton's creation.

It was now midsummer, and Fenton had painted his portrait many times over. The child continued to call him da. But the boy was not the only model. He had painted the mother too. And this was even more satisfying. It gave Fenton a tremendous sense of power to put the woman upon canvas. It was not her eyes, her features, her coloring—and heavens above! she had little enough coloring—but somehow her shape; the fact that the bulk of a live person, and that person a woman, could be transmuted by him upon a blank canvas. It did not matter if what he drew and painted bore no resemblance to a woman from Austria called Anna Kaufman. That was not the point. Naturally the silly soul expected some sort of chocolate-box representation the first time she acted as model. He had soon shut her up.

"Do you really see me like that?" she asked, disconsolate.

"Why, what's wrong?" he said.

"It's—it's just that . . . you make my mouth like a big fish ready to swallow, Mr. Sims."

"A fish? What utter nonsense!" He supposed she wanted a cupid's bow. "The trouble with you is you're never satisfied. You're no different from any other woman."

He began mixing his colors angrily. She had no right to criticize his work.

"It's not kind of you to say that, Mr. Sims," she said after a moment or two. "I am very satisfied with the five pounds that you give me every week."

"I was not talking about money," he said.

"What were you talking about, then?"

He turned back to the canvas, and put just the faintest touch of rose upon the flesh part of the arm. "What was I talking about?" he asked. "I haven't the faintest idea. Women, wasn't it? I really don't know. And I've told you not to interrupt."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Sims."

That's right, he thought. *Stay put. Keep your place.* If there was one thing he could not stand it was a woman who argued, a woman who was self-assertive, a woman who nagged, a woman who stood upon her rights. Because of course they were not made for that. They were intended by their Creator to be pliable, and accommodating, and gentle, and meek. The trouble was they were so seldom like that in reality. It was only in the imagination, or glimpsed in passing, or behind a window, or leaning from a balcony abroad, or from the frame of a picture, or from a canvas like the one before him now—he changed from one brush to another, he was getting quite dexterous at this—that a woman had any meaning, any reality. And then to go and tell him that he had given her a mouth like a fish ——

"When I was younger," he said, "I had so much ambition."

"To be a great painter?" she asked.

"Why, no—not particularly that," he answered, "but to become great. To be famous. To achieve something outstanding."

"There's still time, Mr. Sims," she said.

"Perhaps—perhaps." The skin should not be rose, it should be olive, a warm olive. Edna's father had been the trouble really with his endless criticizing of the way they lived. Fenton had never done anything right from the moment they became engaged, the old man was always carping, always finding fault. "Go and live abroad?" he had exclaimed. "You can't make a decent living abroad. Besides, Edna wouldn't stand it. Away from her friends, and all she's been accustomed to. Never heard of such a thing."

Well, he was dead, and a good thing too. He'd been a wedge between them from the start. Marcus Sims. . . . Marcus Sims the painter was a very different chap. Surrealist. Modern. The old boy would turn in his grave.

"It's a quarter to seven," murmured the woman.

"Damn." He sighed, and stepped back from the easel. "I resent stopping like this, now it's so light in the evenings," he said. "I could go on for quite another hour or more."

"Why don't you?" she asked.

"Ah! Home ties," he said. "My poor old mother would have a fit." He had invented an old mother during the past weeks. Bedridden. He had promised to be home every evening at a quarter to eight. If he did not arrive in time the doctors would not answer for the consequences. He was a very good son to her.

"I wish you could bring her here to live," said his model. "It's so lonely when you have gone back in the evenings. Do you know, there is a rumor this house may not be pulled down after all. If it is so, you could take the flat on the ground floor, and your mother would be welcome."

"She'd never move now," said Fenton. "She's over eighty. Very set in her ways." He smiled to himself, thinking of Edna's face if he said to her it would be more comfortable to sell the house they had lived in for nearly twenty years and take up lodgings in No. 8 Boulting Street. Imagine the upheaval! Imagine the Alhusons coming to Sunday supper!

"Besides," he said, thinking aloud, "the whole point would be gone."

"What point, Mr. Sims?"

He looked from the shape of color on the canvas that meant so much to him, to the woman who sat there, posing, with her lank hair and her dumb eyes, and he tried to remember what had decided him, those months ago, to walk up the steps of the drab villa and ask for a room—some temporary phase of irritation, surely, with poor Edna, with the windy gray day on the Embankment, with the fact of the Alhusons' coming to drinks—but the workings of his mind on that vanished Sunday were forgotten, he knew only that his life had changed from then, that this small, confined basement room was his solace, and the personalities of the woman Anna Kaufman and the child Johnnie were somehow symbolic of anonymity, of peace. All she ever did was to make him tea and clean his brushes. She was part of the background like the cat, who purred at his approach, who crouched on the window sill, and to which he had not as yet given a single crumb.

"Never mind," he said. "One of these days we'll hold an exhibition, and your face, and Johnnie's, will be the talk of the town."

"This year . . . next year . . . sometime . . . never. Isn't that what you say to cherry stones?" she said.

"You've got no faith," he told her. "I'll prove it. Just wait and see."

She began once more the long, tedious story about the man she had fled from in Austria, and the husband who had deserted her in London—he knew it so well by now that he could prompt her—but it did not bother him, it was part of the background, part of the blessed anonymity; let her blab away, he said to himself, it kept her quiet, it did not matter. He could concentrate on making the orange which she was sucking, and of which she doled out portions to Johnnie sitting on her lap, larger than life, more colorful than life, rounder, bigger, brighter.

And as he walked home along the Embankment in the evening—because the walk was no longer suggestive of the old Sunday, but was merged with a new life as well—he would throw his charcoal sketches and rough draw-

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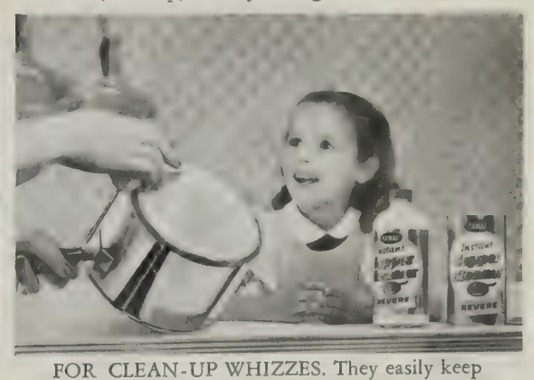
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ings into the river, they were now transfigured into paint and did not matter; and with them went the old used tubes of color, and pieces of rag, and brushes too clogged with oil.

He threw them from Albert Bridge and watched them float for a moment, or be dragged under, or drift as bait for some ruffled, sooty gull. All his troubles went with his discarded junk. All his pain.

He had arranged with Edna to postpone their annual holiday until mid-September. This gave him time to finish the self-portrait he was working upon, which, he decided, would round up the present series.

The holiday in Scotland would be pleasant. Pleasant for the first time in years, because there would be something to look forward to on returning to London. The brief mornings at the office hardly counted now. He scraped through the routine somehow, and never went back after lunch. His other commitments, he told his colleagues, were becoming daily more pressing, he had practically decided to break his association with the present business during the autumn.

"If you hadn't warned us," said the senior partner dryly, "we would have warned you."

Fenton shrugged his shoulders. If they were going to be unpleasant about it, the sooner he went the better. He might even write from Scotland. Then the whole of the autumn and winter could be given up to painting. He could take a proper studio; No. 8, after all, was only a makeshift affair. But a large studio, with decent lighting, and a kitchenette affair off it—there were some in the process of being built, only a few streets away—that might be the answer to the winter. There he could really work. Really achieve something good and no longer feel he was only a part-time amateur.

The self-portrait was absorbing. Mme. Kaufman had found a mirror and had hung it on the wall for him, so the start was easy enough. But he found he couldn't paint his own eyes. They had to be closed. Which gave him the appearance of a sleeping man. A sick man. It was rather uncanny.

"So you don't like it?" Fenton observed to Mme. Kaufman, when she came to tell him it was seven o'clock.

She shook her head. "It gives me what you call the creeps," she said. "No, Mr. Sims, it's not you."

"A bit too advanced for your taste," he said cheerfully. "*Avant-garde*, I believe, is the right expression." He himself was delighted. The self-portrait was a work of art. "Well, it will have to do for the time being," he said. "I'm off for my holiday next week."

"You are going away?" There was such a note of alarm in her voice that he turned to look at her.

"Yes," he said. "Taking my old mother up to Scotland. Why?"

She stared at him in anguish, her whole expression changed. Anyone would think he had given her some tremendous shock.

"But I have no one but you," she said. "I shall be alone."

"I'll give you your money all right," he said quickly. "You shall have it in advance. We shall only be away three weeks."

She went on staring at him, and then, of all things, her eyes filled with tears and she began to cry.

"I don't know what I shall do," she said. "I don't know where I am to go."

It was a bit thick. What on earth did she mean? What should she do, and where should she go? He had promised her the money. She would just go on as she always did. Seriously, if she was going to behave like this, the sooner he found himself a studio the better. The last thing in the world he wanted was for Mme. Kaufman to become a drag.

"My dear Madame Kaufman, I'm not a permanency, you know," he said firmly. "One of these days I shall be moving. Possibly this autumn. I need room to expand. I'll let you know in advance, naturally. But it might be worth your while to put Johnnie in a nursery school and get some sort of daily job. It would really work out better for you in the end."

He might have beaten her. She looked stunned. Utterly crushed.

"What shall I do?" she repeated stupidly; and then, as if she still could not believe it, "When do you go away?"

"Monday," he said, "to Scotland. We'll be away three weeks." This last very forcefully, so that there could be no mistake about it. The trouble was she was a very unintelligent woman, he decided as he washed his hands at the kitchen sink. She made a good cup of tea, and knew how to clean the brushes, but that was her limit.

"You ought to take a holiday yourself," he told her cheerfully. "Take Johnnie a trip down the river to Southend or somewhere." There was no response. Nothing but a mournful stare and a hopeless shrug.

The next day, Friday, meant the end of his working week. He cashed a check that morning, so that he could give her three weeks' money in advance. And he allowed an extra five pounds for appeasement.

When he arrived at No. 8 Johnnie was tied up in his old place by the foot scraper, at the top of the steps. She had not done this to the boy for some time. And when Fenton let himself in at the back door in the basement, as usual, there was no wireless going, and the kitchen door was shut. He opened it, and looked in. The door through to the bedroom was also shut.

"Madame Kaufman?" he called. "Madame Kaufman?"

She answered after a moment, her voice muffled and weak. "What is it?" she said.

"Is anything the matter?"

Another pause, and then, "I am not very well."

"I'm sorry," said Fenton. "Is there anything I can do?"

"No."

Well, there it was. A try-on, of course. She never looked well, but she had not done this before. There was no attempt to prepare his tea, the tray was not even laid. He put the envelope containing the money on the kitchen table.

"I've brought you your money," he called, "twenty pounds altogether. Why don't you go out and spend some of it? It's a lovely afternoon. The air would do you good."

A brisk manner was the answer to her trouble. He was not going to be blackmailed into sympathy. He went along to the studio, whistling firmly. He found, to his shocked surprise, that everything was as he had left it the evening before. Brushes not cleaned, but lying clogged still on the messed palette. Room untouched. It really was the limit. He'd a good mind to retrieve the envelope from the kitchen table. It had been a mistake ever to have mentioned the holiday. He should have posted the money over the weekend, and enclosed a note saying he had gone to Scotland. Instead of which . . . this infuriating fit of the sulks, and neglect of her job. It was because she was a foreigner, of course. You just couldn't trust them. They always let you down in the long run.

It is not bigotry to be certain we are right; but it is bigotry to be unable to imagine how we might possibly have gone wrong. G. K. CHESTERTON
The Catholic Church and Conversion

He returned to the kitchen with his brushes and palette, and the turpentine, and some rags, and made as much noise as possible running the taps, and moving about, so as to let her know that he was having to do all the menial stuff himself. He clattered the teacup, too, and rattled the tin where she put the sugar. Not a sound, though, from the bedroom. *Oh damn it*, he thought, *let her stew.*

Back in the studio he pottered with the final touches to the self-portrait, but concentration was difficult. Nothing worked. The thing looked dead. She had ruined his day. Finally, an hour or more before his usual time, he decided to go home. He would not trust her to clean up, though. Not after last night's neglect. She was capable of leaving everything untouched for three weeks.

Before stacking the canvases one behind the other he stood them up, and ranged them against the wall, and tried to imagine how they would look hanging in an exhibition. They hit the eye, there was no doubt about it. You couldn't avoid them. There was something . . . well, something telling about the whole collection. He didn't know what it was. Naturally, he couldn't criticize his own work. But —— That head of Mme. Kaufman, for instance, the one she had said was like a fish, possibly there *was* some sort of shape to the mouth that . . . or was it the eyes, the rather full eyes? It was brilliant, though. He was sure it was brilliant. And although unfinished, that self-portrait of a man asleep, it had significance. He smiled in fantasy, seeing himself and Edna walking into one of those small galleries off Bond Street, himself saying casually, "I'm told there's some new chap got a show on here. Very controversial. The critics can't make out whether he's a genius or a madman." And Edna, "It must be the first time you've ever been inside one of these places." What a sense of power, what triumph! And then, when he broke it to her, the dawn of new respect in Edna's eyes. The realization that her husband had after all these years achieved fame. It was the shock of surprise that he wanted. That was it. The shock of surprise.



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Fenton had a final glance round the amiliar room. The canvases were acked now. The easel dismantled. Brushes and palette cleaned and wiped nd wrapped up. If he should decide o decamp when he returned from cotland—and he was pretty sure it as going to be the only answer, after Ime. Kaufman's idiotic behavior—hen everything was ready to move. t would only be a matter of calling a axi, putting the gear inside and driv-ng off.

He shut the window, and closed the oor, and carrying his usual weekly ackage of what he called "rejects" nder his arm—discarded drawings nd sketches and odds and ends—he ent once more to the kitchen and alled through the closed door of the edroom.

"I'm off now," he said. "I hope ou'll be better tomorrow. See you in hree weeks' time."

He noticed that the envelope had isappeared from the kitchen table. he could not be so very ill.

Then he heard her moving in the edroom, and after a moment or two he door opened a few inches, and she tood there, just inside. He was hocked. She looked ghastly. Face rained of color, and her hair, lank nd greasy, uncombed and unbrushed. She had a blanket wrapped round the ower part of her. And in spite of the ot, stuffy day, and the lack of air in he basement, she was wearing a thick voolen cardigan.

"Have you seen a doctor?" he sked with some concern.

She shook her head.

"I would if I were you," he said. "You don't look well at all." He remembered the boy, still tied to the craper above. "Shall I bring Johnnie down to you?" he suggested.

"Please," she said.

Her eyes reminded him of an ani-nal's eyes in pain. He felt disturbed. t was rather dreadful, going off and eaving her like this, But what could e do? He went up the basement tairs, and through the deserted front all, and opened the front door. The oy was sitting there, humped. He couldn't have moved since Fenton ad entered the house.

"Come on, Johnnie," he said, "I'll ake you below to your mother."

The child allowed himself to be un-ied. He had the same sort of apathy s the woman. What a hopeless pair hey were, thought Fenton; they really ught to be in somebody's charge, in ome sort of welfare home. There ust be places where people like this ere looked after.

He carried the child downstairs, nd sat him in his usual chair by the itchen table.

"What about his tea?" he asked.

"I'll get it presently," said Mme. aufman.

She shuffled out of her bedroom, ill wrapped in the blanket, and she ad a package in her hands, some ort of paper parcel, tied up with ring.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Some rubbish," she said. "If you ould throw it away with yours. The ustmen don't call here until next eek."

He took the package from her, and aited a moment, wondering what ore he could do for her.

"Well," he said awkwardly, "I feel ther bad about this. Are you sure ere is nothing else you want?"

"No," she said. She didn't even call m "Mr. Sims." She made no effort smile or hold out her hand. The pression in her eyes was not even proachful. It was mute.

"I'll send you a post card from otland," he said, and then patted Johnnie's head. "So long," he added, a silly expression, and one he never normally used, and then he went out the back door, and round the corner of the house, and out the gate, and so along Boulting Street with an oppressive feeling in his heart that he had somehow behaved badly, been lacking in sympathy, and that he ought to have taken the initiative and insisted that she see a doctor.

The September sky was overcast. The Embankment dusty, drear. The trees in the Battersea Gardens across the river had a dejected, faded, end-of-summer look. Too dull, too brown. It would be good to get away to Scotland, to breathe the clean, cold air.

He unwrapped his package, and began to throw his "rejects" into the river. A head of Johnnie, very poor indeed. An attempt at the cat. A canvas that had got stained with something or other and could not be used again. Over the bridge they went, and away with the tide, the canvas floating like a matchbox, white and frail. It was rather sad to watch it drift from sight.

He walked back along the Embankment toward home, and then, before he turned to cross the road, he realized he was still carrying the paper parcel Mme. Kaufman had given him. He had forgotten to throw it away with the rejects. He had been too occupied in watching the disappearance of his own debris. Fenton was about to toss the parcel into the river when he noticed a policeman watching him from the opposite side

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2. Jell-O Lemon Pudding and Pie Filling. As cake cools, prepare pie filling recipe on package, using 1 whole egg in place of 2 egg yolks; chill. Spoon creamy filling into center of plate, forming a lemony-rich daisy button.



3. Dream Whip—new dessert topping mix. Just add milk, vanilla and whip as per package directions. Swirl the fluffy topping over each cake petal, rounding the edges. (No need to skimp, Dream Whip is low in cost and calories!)



4. Baker's Angel Flake Coconut. Now for a gala touch of taste and beauty! Top each petal with lots of tempting, tender-thin Baker's Angel Flake Coconut. Lo and behold, your light 'n luscious Daisy of a Cake is ready to serve!

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Recipe tested and approved by General Foods Kitchens.

of the road. He was seized with an uneasy feeling that it was against the law to dispose of litter in this way. He walked on self-consciously. After he had gone a hundred yards he glanced back over his shoulder. The policeman was still staring after him. Absurd, but it made him feel quite guilty. The strong arm of the law. . . . He continued his walk, swinging the parcel nonchalantly, humming a little tune. Never mind the river; he would dump the parcel into one of the litter baskets in Chelsea Hospital gardens. He turned into the gardens and dropped the parcel into the first basket, on top of two or three newspapers and a pile of orange peel. No offense in that. He could see the bobby watching through the railings, but Fenton took good care not to show the fellow he noticed him. Anyone would think he was trying to dispose of a bomb.

Then he walked swiftly home, and remembered, as he went up the stairs, that the Alhusons were coming to dinner. The routine dinner before the holiday. The thought did not bore him now as it had once. He would chat away to them both about Scotland without any sensation of being trapped and stifled. How Jack Alhuson would stare if he knew how Fenton spent his afternoons! He would not believe his ears.

"Hullo, you're home early today," said Edna, who was arranging the flowers in the drawing room.

"Yes," he replied, "I cleared up everything at the office in good time. Thought I might make a start planning the itinerary. I'm looking forward to going north."

"I'm so glad," she said. "I was afraid you might be getting bored with Scotland year after year. But you don't look jaded at all. You haven't looked so well for years."

She kissed his cheek, and he kissed her, well content. He smiled as he went to get out his maps. She did not know she had a genius for a husband.

The Alhusons had arrived and they were just sitting down to dinner when the front doorbell rang.

"Who on earth's that?" exclaimed Edna. "Don't say we asked someone else and have forgotten all about them."

"I haven't paid the electricity bill," said Fenton. "They've sent round to cut us off, and we shan't get the soufflé."

He paused in the middle of carving the chicken, and the Alhusons laughed.

"I'll go," said Edna. "I daren't disturb May in the kitchen. You know the bill of fare by now; it *is* a soufflé."

She came back in a few moments with a half-amused, half-puzzled expression on her face. "It's not the electricity men," she said, "it's the police."

"The police?" repeated Fenton.

Jack Alhuson wagged his finger. "I knew it," he said. "You're for it this time, old boy."

Fenton laid down the carving knife. "Seriously, Edna," he said, "what do they want?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," she replied. "It's an ordinary policeman, and what I assumed to be another in plain clothes. They asked to speak to the owner of the house."

Fenton shrugged his shoulders. "You carry on," he said to his wife. "I'll see if I can get rid of them. They've probably come to the wrong address."

He went out of the dining room into the hall, but as soon as he saw the uniformed policeman his face changed. He recognized the man who had stared after him on the Embankment.

"Good evening," he said. "What can I do for you?"

The man in the plain clothes took the initiative. "Did you happen to walk through Chelsea Hospital gardens late this afternoon, sir?" he inquired. Both men were watching Fenton intently, and he realized denial would be useless.

"Yes," he said. "Yes, I did."

"You were carrying a parcel?"

"I believe I was."

"Did you put the parcel in a littler basket by the Embankment entrance, sir?"

"I did."

"Would you object to telling us what was in the parcel?"

"I have no idea."

"I can put the question another way, sir. Could you tell us where you obtained the parcel?"

Fenton hesitated. What were they driving at? He did not care for their method of interrogation.

"I don't see what it has to do with you," he said. "It's not an offense to put rubbish in a litter basket, is it?"

"Not ordinary rubbish," said the man in plain clothes.

Fenton looked from one to the other. Their faces were serious.

"Do you mind if I ask you a question?" he said.

"No, sir."

"Do you know what was in the parcel?"

"Yes."

"You mean the policeman here—I remember passing him on the beat—actually followed me, and took the parcel after I had dropped it in the bin?"

"That is correct."

"What an extraordinary thing to do. I should have thought he would have been better employed doing his regular job."

"It happens to be his regular job to keep an eye on people behaving in a suspicious manner."

Fenton began to get annoyed. "There was nothing suspicious in my behavior whatsoever," he declared. "It so happens that I had been clearing up odds and ends in my office this afternoon, and it's rather a fad of mine to throw rubbish in the river on my way home. Very often I feed the gulls. Today I was about to throw my usual packet to the gulls, and I noticed the officer here glance in my direction. It occurred to me perhaps it was illegal to throw rubbish in the river, so I decided to put it in the litter basket instead."

The two men continued to stare at him.

"You've just stated," said the man in plain clothes, "that you did not know what was in



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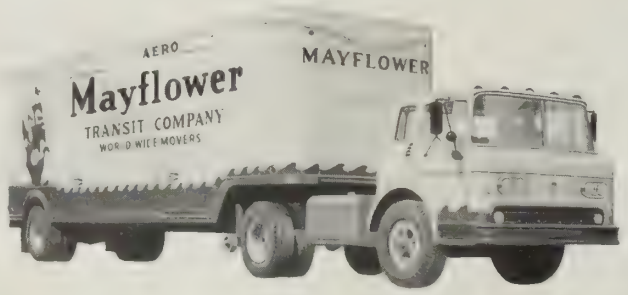
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the parcel, and now you state that it was odds and ends from the office. Which statement is true?"

Fenton began to feel hunted. "Both statements are true," he said. "The people at the office wrapped the parcel up for me today, and I didn't know what they had put in it. Sometimes they put in stale biscuits for the gulls and then I undo it and throw the crumbs to the birds on my way home, as I told you."

It wouldn't do, though. Their set faces said so, and he supposed it sounded a thin enough tale—a middle-aged man collecting rubbish so that he could throw it in the river on his way home from the office, like a small boy throwing twigs from a bridge to see them float out on the other side. But it was the best he could think of on the spur of the moment, and he would have to stick to it now. After all, it couldn't be a criminal action—the worst they could call him was eccentric.

The plain-clothes policeman said nothing but, "Read your notes, sergeant."

The man in uniform took out his notebook and read aloud:

"At five minutes past six today I was walking along the Embankment and I noticed a man on the opposite pavement make as though to throw a parcel into the river. He observed me looking, and walked quickly on, and then looked back over his shoulder to see if I was watching him. His manner was suspicious. He then crossed to the entrance to Chelsea Hospital gardens, and after looking up and down in a furtive manner, dropped the parcel in the litter bin, and hurried away. I went to the bin and retrieved the parcel, and then followed the man to Fourteen Annersley Square, which he entered. I took the parcel to

The real fault is to have faults and not try to mend them. CONFUCIUS

the station, and handed it over to the officer on duty.

"We examined the parcel together. It contained the body of a premature newborn infant." He snapped the notebook to.

Fenton felt all his strength ebb from him. Horror and fear merged together like a dense, overwhelming cloud, and he collapsed onto a chair. "Oh, God," he said. "Oh, my God, what's happened?" Through the cloud he saw Edna looking at him from the open door of the dining room, with the Alhusons behind her. The man in plain clothes was saying, "I shall have to ask you to come down to the station and make a statement."

Fenton sat in the inspector's room, with the inspector of police behind a desk, and the plain-clothes man, and the policeman in uniform, and someone else, a medical officer, and Edna was there, too—he had especially asked for Edna to be there. The Alhusons were waiting outside, but the terrible thing was the expression on Edna's face. It was obvious that she did not believe him. Nor did the policemen.

"Yes, it's been going on for nearly six months," he repeated. "When I say 'going on' I mean my painting has been going on, nothing else, nothing else at all. . . . I was seized with the desire to paint. I can't explain it. I never shall. It just came over me. And on impulse I walked in the gate of Number Eight Boulting Street, and the woman came to the door, and I asked if she had a room to let, and after a few moments' discussion she said she had—a room of her own in the basement; nothing to do with the landlord, we agreed to say nothing to the landlord. So I took possession. And I've been going there every afternoon for six months. I said nothing about it to my wife—I thought she wouldn't understand ——"

He turned in despair to Edna, and she just sat there, staring at him.

"I admit I've lied," he said. "I've lied to everyone. I lied at home, I lied at the office. I told them at the office I had contacts with another firm, that I went there during the afternoon, and I told my wife—bear me out, Edna—I told my wife I was either kept late at the office or I was playing bridge at the club. The truth was that I went every day to Number Eight Boulting Street. Every day."

He had not done anything wrong. Why did they have to stare at him? Why did Edna hold on to the arms of the chair?

"What age is Madame Kaufman? I don't know, about twenty-seven I should think—or thirty, she could be any age—and she has the little boy, Johnnie. . . . She is an Austrian, she had led a very sad life and her husband had left her. . . . No, I never saw anyone in the house at all, no other men. . . . I don't know, I tell you. . . . I don't know. I went there to paint. I didn't go for anything else. She'll tell you so. She'll tell you the truth. I'm sure she is very attached to me. . . . At least—no, I don't mean that, when I say attached I mean she is grateful for the money I pay her . . . that is, the rent, the five pounds for the room, there was absolutely nothing else between us, there couldn't have been, it was out of the question. . . . Yes, yes, of course I was ignorant of her condition. I'm not very observant—it was not the sort of thing I would have noticed. And she did not say a word—not a word."

He turned again to Edna. "Surely you believe me?"

She said, "You never told me you wanted to paint. You've never mentioned painting, or artists, all our married life."

It was the frozen blue of her eyes that he could not bear.

He said to the inspector, "Can't we go to Boulting Street now, at once? That poor soul must be in great distress. She should see a doctor, someone should be looking after her. Can't we all go now, my wife, too, so that Madame Kaufman can explain everything?"

And thank God, he had his way. It was agreed they should go to Boulting Street. A police car was summoned, and he, and Edna and two police officers climbed into it, and the



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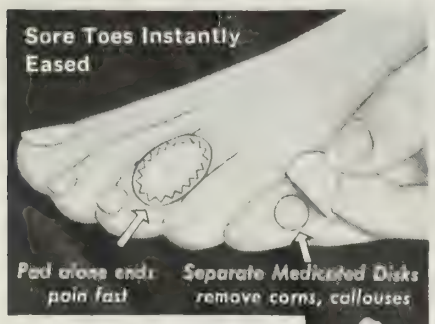
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Alhusons followed behind in their car; he heard them say something to the inspector about not wanting Mrs. Fenton to be alone, the shock was too great. That was kind, of course, but there need not be any shock when he could quietly and calmly explain the whole story to her at home, once they got home—it was the atmosphere of the police station that made it so appalling, that made him feel guilty, a criminal.

The car drew up before the familiar house, and they all got out. He led the way through the gate, and round to the back door, and opened it. As soon as they entered the passage the smell of gas was unmistakable.

"It's leaking again," he said. "It does, from time to time. She tells the men, but they never come." Nobody answered. He walked swiftly to the kitchen, the door of which was shut, and here the smell of gas was stronger still.

The inspector murmured something to his subordinates. "Mrs. Fenton had better stay outside in the car with her friends."

"No," said Fenton. "No, I want my wife to hear the truth."

But Edna began to walk back along the passage with one of the policemen, and the Alhusons were waiting for her, their faces solemn, and then everybody seemed to go at once into the bedroom, into Mme. Kaufman's bedroom, and they jerked up the blind, and let in the air, but the smell of gas was overpowering, and they leaned over the bed, and she was lying there asleep, with Johnnie beside her, both fast asleep. The envelope containing the twenty pounds was lying on the floor.

"Can't you wake her?" said Fenton. "Can't you wake her and tell her that Mr. Sims is here? Mr. Sims."

One of the policemen took hold of his arm and led him from the room. When they told Fenton that Mme. Kaufman was dead, and Johnnie was dead, too, he shook his head and said, "It's terrible . . . terrible . . . if only she'd told me, if only I'd known what to do ——" But somehow the first shock of discovery had been so great, with the police coming to the house, and the appalling contents of the parcel, that this fulfillment of disaster did not touch him in the same way, it seemed somehow inevitable. "Perhaps it's for the best," he said. "She was alone in the world. Just the two of them. Alone in the world."

He was not sure what everyone was waiting for. The ambulance, he supposed, or whatever it was that would take poor Mme. Kaufman and Johnnie away. He asked, "Can we go home, my wife and I?"

The inspector exchanged a glance with the man in plain clothes, and then he said, "I'm afraid not, Mr. Fenton. We shall want you to return with us to the station."

"But I've told you the truth," said Fenton wearily. "There's no more to say. I have nothing to do with this tragedy. Nothing at all." Then he remembered his paintings. "You haven't seen my work," he said. "They're all here, in the room next door. Please ask my wife to come back, and my friends too. I want them to see my work. Besides, now that this has happened, I wish to remove my belongings."

"We will take care of that," said the inspector. The tone was noncommittal, yet firm. Ungracious, Fenton thought. The officious attitude of the law.

"That's all very well," said Fenton, "but they are my possessions, and valuable at that. I don't see what right you have to touch them."

He looked from the inspector to his colleague in plain clothes—the medical officer and the other policeman were still in the bedroom—and he could tell from their set expressions that they were not really interested in his work, they thought it was just an excuse, an alibi, and all they wanted to do was to take him back to the police station and question him still further about the sordid, pitiful deaths in the bedroom, about the body of the little prematurely born child.

"I'm quite ready to go with you, inspector," he said quietly, "but I make this one request: That you will allow me to show my work to my wife and my friends."

The inspector nodded at his subordinate, who went out of the kitchen, and then the little group moved to the studio, Fenton himself opening the door and showing them in.

"Of course," he said, "I've been working under wretched conditions. Bad light, as you can see, no proper amenities at all. I don't know how I stuck it. As a matter of fact, I intended to move out when I returned from my holiday; I told the poor girl so, and it probably depressed her."

He switched on the light, and as they stood there, glancing about them, noting the dismantled easel, the canvases stacked neatly against the wall, it struck him that of course these preparations for departure must seem odd to them, suspicious, as though he had in truth known what happened in the bedroom behind the kitchen, and had intended a getaway.

"It was a makeshift, naturally," he said, continuing to apologize for the small room that looked so unlike a studio, "but it happened to suit me; there was nobody else in the house, nobody to ask questions. I never saw anyone but Madame Kaufman and the boy."

He noticed that Edna had come into the room, and the Alhusons, too, and the other policeman, and they were all watching him with the same set expressions. Why Edna? Why the Alhusons? Surely they must be impressed by the canvases stacked against the wall? They must realize that his total output for the past five and a half months was here, in this room, only awaiting exhibition? He strode across the floor, and seized the nearest canvas to hand, and held it up for them to see. It was the portrait of Mme. Kaufman that he liked best. The one which—poor soul—she had told him looked like a fish.

"They're unconventional, I know that," he said, "not picture-book stuff. But they're strong. They've got originality." He seized another. Mme. Kaufman again, this time with Johnnie on her lap. "Mother and Child," he said, half smiling, "a true primitive. Back to our origins. The first woman, the first child." He cocked his head, trying to see the canvas as they would see it, for the first time, and looking up for Edna's approval, for her gasp of wonder, he was met by that same frozen stare of misunderstanding.

Then her face seemed to crumple, and she turned to the Alhusons and said, "They're not proper paintings. They're daubs, done anyhow." Blinded by tears, she looked up at the inspector. "I told you he couldn't paint," she said. "He's never painted in his life. It was just an alibi to get into the house with this woman."

Fenton watched the Alhusons lead her away. He heard them go out the back door, and through the garden to the front of the house. "They're not proper paintings, just daubs," he repeated. He put the canvas down on the ground with its face to the wall and said to the inspector, "I'm ready to go with you now."

They got into the police car. Fenton sat between the inspector and the man in plain clothes. The car turned out of Boulting Street. It crossed two other streets, and then came into Oakley Street, and on toward the Embankment. The traffic lights changed from amber to red. Fenton murmured to himself, *She doesn't believe in me, she'll never believe in me.* Then as the lights changed and the car shot forward he shouted, "All right, I'll confess everything. I was her lover, of course, and the child was mine. I turned on the gas this evening before I left the house. I killed them all. I was going to kill my wife, too, when we got to Scotland. I want to confess that I did it . . . I did it . . . I did it ——" END

NEXT MONTH

CAN A STERILIZED WOMAN HAVE A BABY?

"My Fallopian tubes were cut without my consent or knowledge. Now, through an accident, I have lost my little girl. Can you make it possible for me to give birth again?" Dr. Goodrich G. Schauffler finds an astonishing answer to this patient's question in "Tell Me Doctor."

THE YEAR OF THE GREEN TOMATO

A divorced woman with only $100 a month to support 4 children on soon learns many things. For instance: 2 tablespoons of water replace an egg in 2-egg recipes. She tells the story of her hectic life, and what it has to do with green tomatoes, in "How America Lives."

WANTED: SOMEONE TO WANT THEM

At his ninth-birthday party, Tommy's foster mother had to whisper to him to open his presents and blow out the candles. He had never had a birthday party before. Hard-to-place children like Tommy, unwanted because they are past the baby-fat cuddly age, are a growing child-welfare problem. Learn what the New York Child Adoption Service would look for in *you* as a prospective parent.

THE MATCHMAKERS

"I'd like to know why there aren't ever any young men the nights you're invited to our house for dinner!"

"You mean you really don't know, Alden?" she challenged lightly. "I've turned into an old maid." But then Persis booked passage on the Danish freighter and everything changed. James Reid Parker's new novel is complete, condensed.

THIS KITCHEN MOVES WITH YOU

Young-married families with children frequently move—to a better house or up-the-ladder to a new job in another town. How to create an attractive kitchen you won't have to leave behind? Margaret Davidson tells what to buy and how to arrange it for maximum beauty and service.

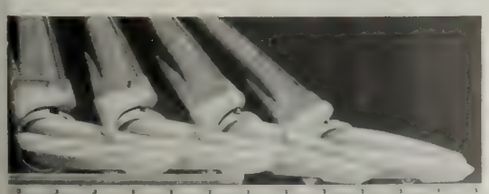
Also, a fascinating new story by Daphne du Maurier; Dr. Spock's page for parents; delicious recipes for "When the Doctor Says 'Cut Down on Salt'"; "Can This Marriage Be Saved?"; fashion news; news about lawns and how to make yours a smooth, velvet carpet; savory recipes for your Journal Recipe Treasure Box; and many, many other features.

IN THE MAY JOURNAL



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HOW IT FEELS TO EARN $200,000 A YEAR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

not a large place. You can see that we've made do with rugs from our old home and that this room has never seen the services of an interior decorator. We've bought our furniture piece by piece over many years and I've never thrown anything away. Those are originals"—pointing to several oil landscapes hung on the oyster-white walls. "They were done by a Flemish painter few people know about. We're very fond of them.

"This room," she remarked as we entered the TV den, "really needs some new furniture—it's a bit battered from use." Bookshelves reached to the ceiling in this small family room and the walls were hung with photographs of their five children at all ages—sailing, swimming and on school athletic teams.

"We have a summer cottage on one of the northern lakes, but it's not a very fancy place. We're in an out-of-the-way area and our meals are not caviar-and-champagne affairs. We do our own cooking and love it. We go on picnics, frequently sailing to some deserted cove. Once we landed at a place a good distance from home to discover that we'd forgotten the grill. But Jack's very resourceful—he wrapped the chicken in some metal foil and it was delicious.

"All our children are expert sailors. It takes skill and judgment, so much more than simply sitting and steering an outboard. There's our youngest boy now"—she pointed out the window at a school-sweatered adolescent raking leaves. "He's dating now, so he gets $10-a-week allowance. He earns extra money with yard work, fixing broken windows and things like that, for which we pay him $1.50 an hour."

A moment later she led the way into the dining room for a good lunch of fruit juice, salad and hamburger, served by the butler. "These dishes," she laughed, indicating the handsome plates, "were among my elder daughter's wedding gifts. She doesn't like them, so we use them. That's one way to save money."

After luncheon she remarked, "Some of our grandchildren are coming over to visit. Why don't you show Mrs. Hoffman around the grounds?"

My host led me out to a broad brick terrace. From here a lawn bordered by gardens and shrubbery led to a swimming pool. Off to our left, at the end of the gardens, we could see a couple playing tennis on a neighbor's court.

We stood watching the game. "That's our nearest neighbor, the one who's serving." Mr. O'Rourke indicated a tall, slender man in Madras shorts. "I haven't seen him recently. He spends much of his time between a ranch in Nevada and an apartment in Paris. He also skis and has a hunting lodge in Canada. That's his house over there." He waved toward a very large mansion with tall white pillars and a five-car garage. "He inherited a fortune made in his great-grandfather's day and very shrewdly invested. Today most of it is in tax-exempt securities. He's in the very fortunate position of not having to worry much about the thing that bothers me the most—high income taxes. I don't begrudge him his position, but I'm very envious. I wish I could be in his tax bracket."

His opponent, a short, dark, energetic man, delivered a smashing return. "That's another neighbor—he speculates in real estate. Recently, he told me, he made a profit of a million dollars on the sale of one downtown office building. He paid a capital-gains tax of 25 per cent and was allowed to keep $750,000.

"Supposing that you, as a writer, wrote a best seller. Supposing it was reprinted by a book club, made into a movie and a TV spectacular. Conceivably you could earn a million dollars in a few months. You would pay in taxes $870,000. You, as a creative artist, would be allowed to keep $130,000 of the million you made; whereas the real-estate promoter gets to keep $750,000. Highly unfair, isn't it?"

An elderly man in immaculate white slacks and shirt came slowly toward the tennis court. "That's Mr. Whitehead—he's in his eighties now—a very nice fellow. He was president of a utility company just after World War One when there was practically no income tax. He made a salary of about $50,000 a year and could keep all of it. He retired a millionaire thirty years ago.

"So you see why—compared with these gentlemen—I will never be able to accumulate a fortune, since my principal source of wealth is my salary, and because of the very high personal income taxes most of it goes to the Government. By economizing we can save only about 9 per cent of our salary. But you still want to know how the O'Rourkes spend $200,000 a year. I keep my tax records at the office. Come in someday early next week and I'll show you the figures."

Mr. O'Rourke's office is in a stately edifice of glass and stainless steel. Even in the large reception hall the atmosphere is hushed, courteous and well ordered. Upstairs on the executive floor acres of dark-red wall-to-wall carpeting intensify the quiet; even the secretaries seem to speak in whispers.

Mr. O'Rourke's office is as large in proportions as that of any corporation president; richly paneled and carpeted, with six large windows affording a panoramic view of the city on two sides. A satin-damask sofa and two upholstered chairs face a polished marble coffee table. During the hour we talked, all visitors and phone calls were smoothly diverted from the front office by a tranquil secretary who sat by her electric typewriter outside.

"My income is $206,721 a year," explained Mr. O'Rourke, handing me a typewritten sheet of paper. "This includes a salary of $200,000 and cash dividends amounting to $6721.

"This income automatically puts me into the 84 per cent tax bracket. This means that the Government takes, on a graduated scale, up to 84 cents of each dollar I can earn. Of course I am allowed a certain number of deductions in calculating my taxable income.

"First of all I can deduct all our contributions. These figures are for 1957, since I haven't yet figured out my 1958 tax. In that year we gave $10,510 to the church, $2537 to private schools and colleges, $7166 to hospitals and $2770 to the United Fund and other charities. All in all, we answered fifty-five appeals for money.

"Now as president of one of the larger local enterprises there are frequent offers to head charity drives and to attend dinners and benefits. I study such invitations carefully and accept those I consider worth while and for which I have time. When it comes to a fund drive, I work on one every two years or so. You have to pace yourself, and when you take on a job for charity, give it absolutely everything you have.

"One year I took the chairmanship for a drive to raise $3,000,000 for a hospital. We made the goal, but it took a tremendous amount of time. It meant luncheon, evening and weekend meetings and much personal solicitation week after week for about five months. It was a most difficult assignment that I could not afford to repeat too often.

"There have been other local fund drives also, including several United Fund campaigns. Also, I've helped raise money for a school gymnasium and for an old-folks home.

"While helping raise funds for a private school, I was interested to learn that the tuition charged never covers the cost of the student to the school. So I decided to give an extra $1000 a year to the various schools and colleges our five children attended. As they have all gone to first-class schools, the yearly gift has always been accepted in the spirit in which it is given—simply a desire to pay our own way because we can afford to. I didn't start making these contributions until our third child started private school, when I felt we could afford it. In 1957, with two children in school, we didn't give as much to education as in the past [only $2537], but that year we gave more than usual to church and hospital drives.

"I am also allowed to deduct interest charges from my taxable income. We still carry a $10,000 mortgage on our property [which is worth about $80,000] and I deduct the interest paid on this. But most of this $2771 item is interest paid on a bank loan to finance the purchase of a block of company stock. It was more advantageous for me to borrow the money from the bank than to raise the sum by selling other stock I own.

"Taxes I can deduct include $1382 in real-estate taxes for our two homes, and $892 in other state and local taxes.

"Uncompensated losses. This $1231 item includes extensive storm damage to our place not covered by insurance. This is a very stormy part of the world. Then we had a car

HOW THE O'ROURKES SPEND THEIR MONEY

TOTAL INCOME		$206,721
TAX DEDUCTIONS:		
Contributions	$22,983	
Interest	2,771	
Taxes (real estate, state and local)	2,274	
Uncompensated losses	1,231	
Uncompensated business expenses	6,104	35,363
INCOME TAXES		107,965
LIVING EXPENSES:		
Capital purchases	$ 1,793	
Political contributions	448	
Gifts (uncompensated)	2,838	
Club expenses	2,091	
Servants	4,183	
Vacations (not including summer cottage cost)	1,046	
Unreimbursed medical expenses	747	
Insurance	3,585	
Clothes (four people)	3,208	
Miscellaneous household items	975	
Maintenance of homes	596	
Maintenance of grounds	1,793	
Household supplies	5,527	
Automobile expenses	2,838	
Depreciation on automobiles	1,793	
Education	3,884	
Cash disbursements (including food)	8,285	45,630
SAVINGS		$ 17,763



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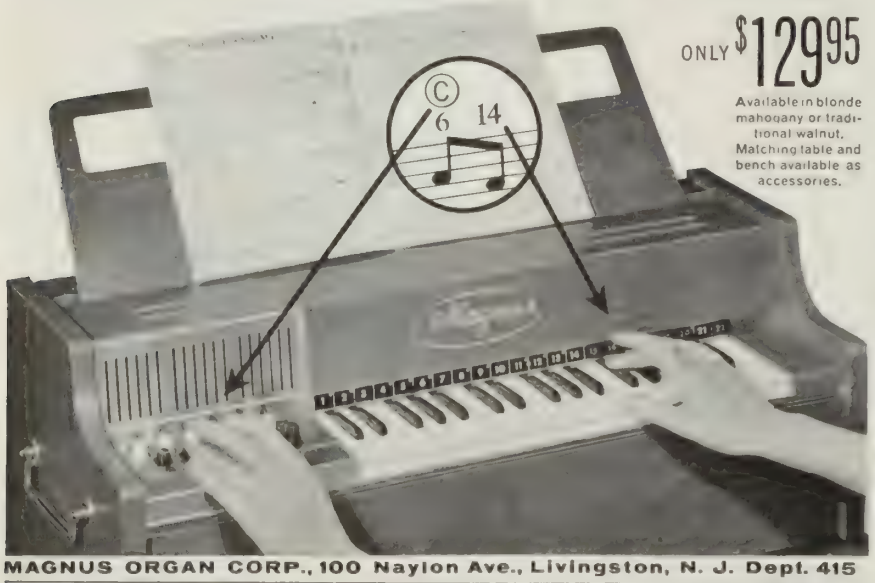


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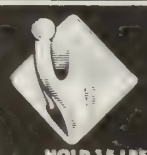
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accident and the first $100 worth of damages was not covered by insurance.

"Uncompensated business expenses come to $6104 a year. My wife and I don't agree on this at all. She feels that I should put this amount on the company expense account, since they are all legitimate business expenses. But I prefer to pay them myself, for this reason: I feel that the company expense account, in many cases, and because of high income taxes, has reached the point where it is out of bounds. It starts out as a petty, chiseling operation—as when Mr. X decides to take his wife along on a business trip and pads his expense account to cover her expenses. If he advances to a higher position in the company, he may be able to use the company plane for personal trips. Sometimes there's a company yacht, too, and the weekends Mr. X and his wife spend on it with other guests are charged to business entertaining.

"Have you ever been in Miami at the height of the season? There you see the abuse of the expense account in an acute form. It's a cancerous condition that begins in small dishonesties and eats away a man's integrity. At least, that's how I look at it. My wife thinks I'm too conscientious.

"But as president, I feel it's my job to set an example in expense accounts. When my wife goes along on business trips, I pay every cent of her expenses. We may take a suite of rooms in a hotel and do considerable business entertaining, but I charge the company only the price of a room for one and pay the difference myself. When traveling, I charge the company a flat rate of $15 a day for everything except fares, although they always come to much more.

"Then, at the end of the year, I figure out as accurately as possible what I've spent for business expenses and take this off my income under 'uncompensated business expenses.' I call in a tax expert to recheck everything.

"After subtracting these deductions, plus the standard exemptions for my family, from my income, I arrive at a Federal income tax of $107,965. I have $63,393 for savings and living expenses.

"In 1957 we didn't buy a new car, so our family purchases came to only $1793. Every year we seem to need a new outboard motor for the boat, or a new household appliance of some kind. This also includes purchases of some furniture and a rug.

"This wasn't a big election year, so the Republican Party received only $448 from me. In a presidential election year, I may give as much as from $750 to $1000 to the local and state Republican organizations.

"That $2838 for gifts is largely for things my wife buys for the children. When we visit them it costs us lots of money! Claire loves to give them appliances and clothes. Our policy with our five children is this: each gets a car when he or she graduates from college and $2500 as a wedding gift, then they are on their own.

"We don't believe in giving them an annual income—say, of $3000 a year—while we are still around. They would only spend it. We feel it's better to invest the money for them so they'll inherit it. Also, it teaches them to stand on their own feet.

"Of course, if they get in a jam, they know we are always here to lean on. If the babies come very fast, and the man's salary doesn't go up fast enough, we subsidize them—but only temporarily. We may help them buy a house by lending them the money, interest free. And of course if some misfortune should break up the family—death or illness—we would see that a comfortable standard of living is maintained for them and that our grandchildren are sent to college, if they want to go.

"We belong to several clubs. Some of these I use almost entirely for business purposes, but instead of charging the dues to the company (which I feel would set a bad precedent) I pay the dues myself and take them off my income as uncompensated expense. I belong to men's clubs in Detroit, New York and Chicago (and use their facilities occasionally). Also, a fishing-and-hunting club in Canada where I sometimes spend four or five days with a group of close business and personal friends. These are stag affairs and really relaxing. We belong to a golf club and a tennis club, and the dues to these, amounting to $2091 a year, I pay myself and do not deduct on my tax return, even though we do not play much golf or tennis ourselves and use the facilities mainly for the children, out-of-town friends and business acquaintances.

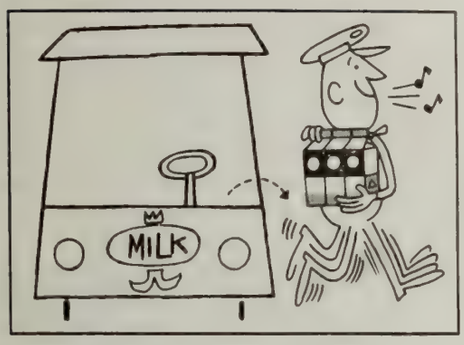
"My wife could have a chauffeur and more servants if she wanted them, but she doesn't. She would rather spend the money on presents for the children, or put it into savings. The butler is our man of all work; cleaning help comes by the day. He can cook and in an emergency press a dress, buff floors or wash windows. We don't pay him a high salary—only $50 a week—but he gets considerable time off and special gifts occasionally and doesn't have too much to do, besides the

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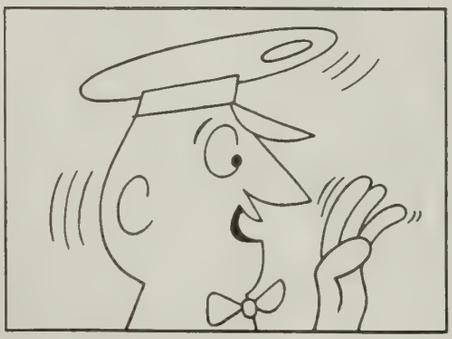


"Your father is going to take the grandchildren out for a walk."

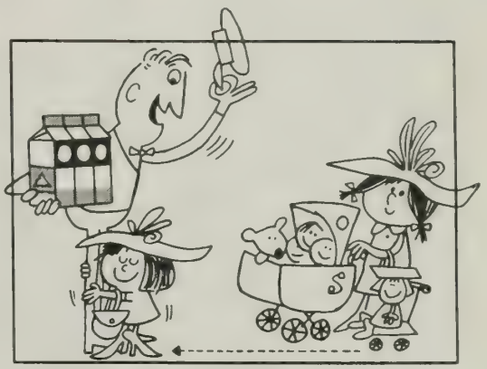
Mothers know best...



Hum-de-da . . . I hope lah-de-da . . . the dog's tied up.



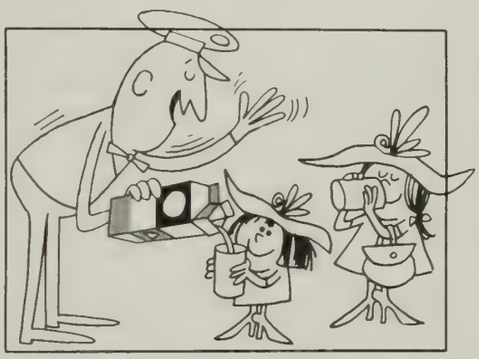
Hum-de-do . . . WHOOPS!?!



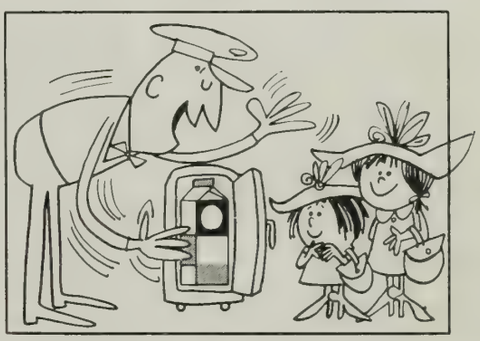
WELL NOW . . . good morning lovely ladies.



Say . . . milk's just what you need for these growing families.



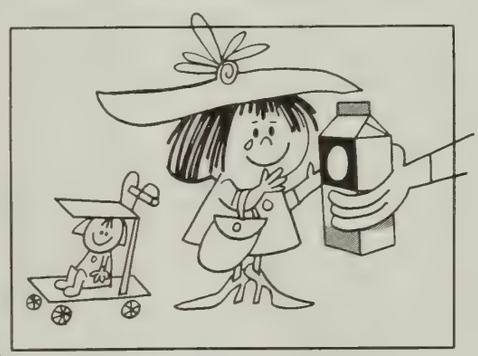
Here's Pure-Pak's economy-size half-gallon . . . it opens and pours easily...



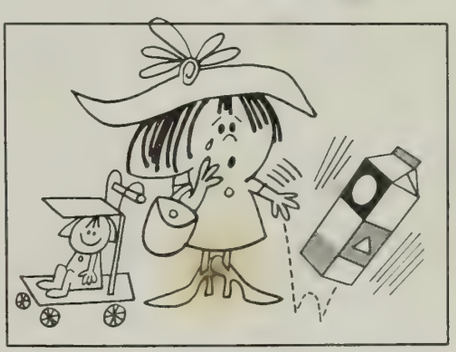
and saves refrigerator space, too, for necessary things like ice cream.



This is a sample just for you. Remember, it's a throw-away carton.



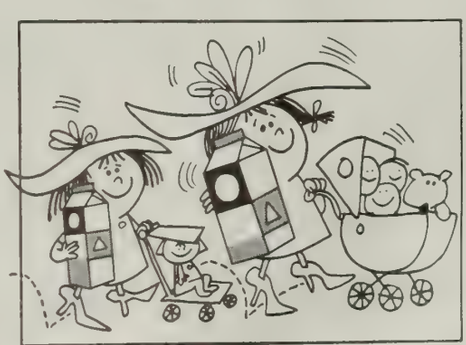
Now, now . . . we also have a size for smaller families like yours.



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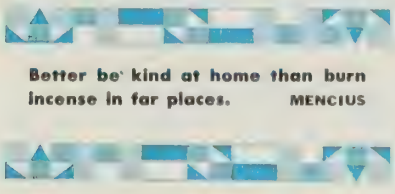
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cooking. Whenever he buys a car, we pay for it and then deduct the payments from his wages, without any financing or interest charges. He's been with us for so many years that he says he wouldn't want to work for anybody else. That servants item of $4183 includes his yearly salary, the day help and the cost of the caretaker for our summer cottage. He's a native who lives nearby and keeps an eye on the place. He opens up the house in the spring and closes it in the fall, paints and repairs the cottage and the boats, puts out the dock, and generally looks after the place.

"I take a month's vacation a year, but not all at the same time. Two weeks in August I spend at the lake, then usually a week off in the fall and another in the winter or spring. When my wife and I take a vacation together, I figure it always seems to cost about $100 a day, no matter where we go or stay. The vacations item of $1046 represents ten days' vacation for the two of us, not spent at our summer place.

"The cost of the cottage is broken up under maintenance of home and grounds. Including the cost of the caretaker, taxes, repairs, and so on, I figure it comes to about $2000 a year. The family generally spends two months of the summer there, although this arrangement will change as the last two children get married and more of them want to take turns sharing it—rent free, of course.

"Medical and dental expenses not covered by insurance come to $747 a year. We are all quite healthy. My doctor always finds my blood pressure O.K.—although it may go up when he's not around! My Irish temper is apt to flare under provocation, but I have a lot of stamina and am rarely sick. You have to learn



to forget business away from your desk. Just the mistakes I've made since I've been president would be enough to drive me crazy if I kept thinking about them.

"Insurance premiums come to $3585 a year. This includes $140,000 worth of life insurance which I started when I was fairly young. By the time I'm sixty-five, the accumulated dividends will pay the premiums. In addition, the company pays the premiums for another $25,000 worth of life insurance payable on my death to my beneficiaries. I also carry $150,000 in aviation insurance as well as the usual health, accident and surgical plans, of which the company pays half the cost.

"Clothes for four people come to $3208 a year. I buy about two custom-made suits a year at $150 each and rotate them. Right now I have about ten summer suits and ten winter ones, some of them eight or nine years old, as fortunately I haven't changed in size. I don't think I've bought a pair of shoes in five years—I'm still wearing out eight pairs. My clothes cost about $500 to $600 a year.

"My wife spends about $1400. Women's styles change, and she needs quite a few suits and dresses. But she isn't extravagant and will keep a favorite dress as long as six years. She buys most everything ready-made and has never owned a custom-made dress or suit. Our two sons still in school spend about $600 a year each on clothes. One is in college, the other in preparatory school.

"The thousand and one items for the house come to about $900 to $1000. This includes pots and pans, crockery items, linen, towels, and those myriad of small things that are bought at hardware, department, drug and variety stores.

"Home maintenance (including both our homes) was a low item in 1957—only $596, as we didn't do any major painting or decorating that year. Maintenance of the grounds at both places comes higher—$1793. We hire part-time gardeners during the summer months, for we have several flower beds (one of my wife's hobbies) which need cultivating and weeding and we can't do it all ourselves. Then there is snow removal and several acres of lawn to cut.

"Under household supplies [$5527] I have lumped a great many things:

Telephone (my wife can't resist calling the children long distance)	$ 500 a year
Electric	200
Heat and hot water	1,000
Pressing and cleaning	300
Entertaining (includes liquor)	1,000
Laundry (shirts are done at home to last longer)	364
Newspapers	60
Books (ten or twelve a year)	60
Magazines (about 15)	75
Extra household help for parties	1,000
Total	$4,559

"The remaining $968 in this category goes for such variable items as seamstress, paint, sails and repair for the boats [a small sailboat and outboard boat], films, TV service, swimming-pool materials and garden supplies. Flowers from the florist also come under here. I am unsystematic and send flowers whenever I think my bride or the house needs them.

"Automobile expense for three cars comes to $2838 a year. With two adults and two children driving, we run up a lot of mileage. Normally we have a Cadillac and two low-priced cars and keep each car running for four years before trading it in. This means that we buy a car three years out of every four. Because we did not buy a new car in 1957, I have added a $1793 depreciation item in the budget, which is what we would normally spend on a new car.

"During this past year, I have tried a new system which seems to work well for several of our friends. It may be a little cheaper to rent a car every year than to buy one. The rental agency takes care of all maintenance and repairs and pays for the insurance while all we

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St. John's A lakeside Mountain Camp. Sandy Beach on Hunter Lake, N.Y. Boys 6-16. 2300 ft. alt. 100 mi. from N.Y.C. Modern buildings. Lavatory in each cabin. Hot showers. Excellent meals. Recreational, instructional activities. Mature, professional staff. 1 counsellor for every 4 boys. Jesuit Chaplain. All incl. fee. Catalog.
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Idlewild The Oldest Private Camp. 69th year. Lake Winnipesaukee, N.H. For boys.—3 divisions. 8 weeks $495. No extras. Riding. Sailing, canoe, mountain trips. Golf, riflery, archery, speedboat, water skiing, aquaplaning, music, tutoring. Mature staff. Doctor, nurse. Cabins. Booklet. **Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Roys, 375 Otis Street, West Newton 65, Massachusetts**

Adirondack Woodcraft Camps
Fun and Adventure in the Woods. 34th yr. Boys 7-18. Five age groups. 2 private lakes, trout stream near Old Forge. Adirondack, Canadian canoe trips. Horsemanship. Riflery, forestry, fishing. Moderate inclusive fee. 3 nurses. Bklt.
William H. Abbott, Director, Box 2387, Fayetteville, N. Y.

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Boys 4-17. Near New York & Phila. Indians, magician. Nurse. Excellent care & food. Riding & canoe trips, tennis, water-skiing, riflery, crafts. Sunday services. Booklet.
David J. Keiser, 7733 Mill Rd., Phila. 17, Pa. Phone: MElrose 5-1682 (Phila.) Lakefront Hotel Guesthouse.

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Summer of adventure on Toms River. Boys 8-18 in 3 age groups. Trips on 63-ft. flagship. 42 land and water activities. Modern buildings. 2 gyms. 2 athletic fields. Approved summer school program available. Write for catalog.
Farragut Naval Camps, Box ABC, Toms River, New Jersey

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Camp for girls. In Colorado Rockies. Daily riding—Western & English. Red Cross swimming instruction. Heated pool. Pack trips, sports, drama, art, music, crafts, dancing. Experienced counselors. 56 girls—age 7 to 15. Write:
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Camp Watervliet For Girls 6–17. 25th season—300 acres. Private Lake. Experienced Guidance in Land and Water Sports. Pioneering, Ranch Program too. Arts, Crafts, Music, Dramatics. Dance. Nature. Horse Show. 4 or 8 weeks. Family Dude Ranch balance of the year. Booklet.
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For girls. On Ogontz Lake, near Sugar Hill, N.H. Aquaplaning, swimming, sailing, golf, riding, tennis. Crafts, nature study, dancing, music. Outdoor cooking. Mt. trips. Tutoring. Cabins. 750 acres of woods and meadows. 37th yr. Booklet. **Abby A. Sutherland, Box B, Ogontz Center, Pa.**

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ARE you looking for the right school or camp? Each one of the listings on this page is packed with important, interesting information to help you select the right schoo or camp. Read the advertisements carefully, then write for complete information and catalogs from those that interest you.

Coeducational Schools

Wayland Academy Near Milwaukee, Chicago. Coed. College prep. Grades 9–12. Fully accredited. Limited enrollment, individual attention. Christian environment. Graduates in leading colleges. Drama, music, speech. Athletics for all. 2 gyms, pool. Winter sports. Ice Carnival. Dorms. Est. 1855. Catalog. **R. A. Patterson, Hdm., Box 87, Beaver Dam, Wisc.**

The Arnold School Trains boys and girls, grades 5–12, for self-reliant living. Work, study, play program. Stress on fundamentals. Thorough college preparation; also general, agricultural courses. Guidance. Family atmosphere. 165 acres. Operating farm. Sports, hobbies for all. 28th year. Write for catalog.
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pay is $1200 annual rental fee plus gas and oil. In this way, I can unfreeze a little more capital for investment.

"Board and tuition for two sons in school came to $3884. (This does not include extra tuition gifted to the schools, which is listed under contributions.)

"Cash disbursements which include food purchases come to $8285 a year. My wife says she can't estimate what we spend for food, as it depends upon the amount of company each week. Feeding the three of us and one servant plus occasional company runs between $60 and $100 a week, I would say. On the average of once a week, we give a lunch or dinner for from four to eight to twelve people. Occasionally we entertain at a club, never in a hotel. This surprises many Chicagoans who seem to like a lot of social activity, for we could easily attend a half dozen parties a week, but I find the pace is killing.

"My wife likes simple, wholesome food, simply served. One couple we know have five servants at home, but they seem to prefer to come to our house and help us rustle up our own lunch if it's Sunday and there's no help in the house.

"Well, now we're down to savings: $17,763. I include mortgage payments in this, but most of it represents investments in stock.

"So there it is," he said, tapping the sheet lightly against his knee. "Of course achievement is what men work for, not money. Since taking over the presidency of this company, we have been able to introduce some very successful new products, to enlarge the company itself, to broaden our employee-benefit programs until they're among the most liberal in the country, and still keep the business expanding in sales and profits.

"Here's some advice my predecessor gave me." Taking a small card from his desk, he read: "'A business needs to be rejuvenated by new leadership periodically. Decide now that you'll retire when you reach sixty-five, for you'll be no judge of your capabilities when you reach that age. Besides, you'll be beloved by your younger associates.'

"That means"—he grinned broadly, looking younger than his fifty-five years—"that I have only ten years ahead of me as president.

"I really resent very deeply," he remarked, "the fact that today the man who earns his own money is discriminated against. He should be taxed no more heavily than the man whose income comes from investments. It is a generally accepted fact that no person on salary can hope to accumulate a fortune—no matter how much he earns.

"The social philosophy of our times is to soak the rich. But is it fair to subject the most successful executives in the country, most of whom have had to make their own way, to the most punitive tax laws? We're proud of the fact that we encourage ingenuity and enterprise and ambition in this country, but then we penalize it disproportionately with our taxes.

"If you figure my total income in this job over a period of twenty years—which is my maximum before retirement—I will have been paid $4,000,000. If I'm lucky, I'll manage to hang onto possibly three quarters of a million. This includes real estate, and cash value of my insurance, and investing my savings. If my savings—say $350,000 by the time I'm sixty-five—are invested conservatively at 3½ per cent, they will yield a yearly income of about $12,250. If these savings which are mostly in common stocks appreciate in value, that income would be higher.

"I should also mention that if I remain president of this company until the age of sixty-five, I will get a liberal pension, which will, however, disappear at my death.

"Don't misunderstand me. We'll always live comfortably; I've been far luckier than most.

"Here's the advice I'm going to leave my successor. It's by that unknown Chicago philosopher, O'Rourke: 'Reconcile yourself to the fact that the pleasures of life will come from your family, your friends and your achievements, and don't let those high taxes get you down.'"

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

the same period last year. The district engineer reported gratifyingly: ". . . much less litter—cans, bottles and paper cups—along the roadsides. The litterbag campaign has paid off, and many more people are using them."

Other cities are now requesting Los Angeles' help in planning cleanup campaigns of their own. "And through Keep America Beautiful our campaign material is being distributed to communities all across the country."

There are tangible financial benefits to be derived from a city cleanup-and-beautify campaign too. Clearing and landscaping an abandoned streetcar right of way down the center of one suburban boulevard ("Left to weeds and neglect, it rapidly became a public dumping ground for all sorts of litter") played a large part in increasing the value of property from $50 a front foot to $1000 a front foot. "Creating beauty in place of a weed-grown dump—or, at best, a strip of bare, black-topped pavement—encouraged property owners to make improvements to existing buildings and to put up handsome new ones." Beauty is a good investment in many ways.

And from Hollywood director Henry King: "The city is a more healthful, heart-warming place in which to live and raise one's family now that the people are being made increasingly conscious that it's in their own interest to keep public places as tidy as they would their own homes and yards."

Plaudits like his are, to that "handful of do-gooders" who first organized Los Angeles Beautiful, the most gratifying reward of all.

"I took a lot of ribbing about that 'do-gooder' label from old friends at the Press Club," onetime newspaperman Fred Chase grins. "But, you know, I just don't see anything wrong with being a do-gooder if you can really do some good. Do you?" END

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

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Admiral Farragut Academy
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Adm. Farragut Academy, Box AB, Toms River, New Jersey

Perkiomen Boys taught how to study. Graduates attend leading colleges, universities. Homelike atmosphere. Grades 8-12. Sports, activities for all. Modern dormitories. Near New York City, Philadelphia. 85th year. Summer school. Write for catalog.
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The Miller School of Albemarle
Military. Grades 5-12. College preparatory plus industrial arts, iron & wood working, auto mechanics, machine shop & electricity. Endowed. Inclusive rate $1200. Sports. Near Charlottesville. 81st year. Also Camp Wahoo. Catalog.
Col. W. Hugh Flannagan, Dept. L, Miller School P. O., Va.

McDonogh A leading preparatory school for boys. Grades 1-12. Fully accredited. Semi-military. Outstanding preparation for all colleges and the service academies. Small classes. Individual guidance. Music, activities. Sports. 80 horses; 2 gyms, indoor pool. 835-acre country campus near Baltimore. Est. 1873. Catalog.
Robert L. Lamborn, Ed. D., Box 117, McDonogh, Maryland

The Sewanee Military Academy
Division Univ. of the South. Fully accredited. Grades 8-12. Small classes. Individual attention. Boys Taught to Study. ROTC Highest Rating. All sports; gym, indoor pool. 10,000-acre mountain domain. Episcopal. 92nd year. Catalog.
Col. Craig Alderman, Supt., Box L, Sewanee, Tennessee

Junior Military Academy
Boys 4-14. Semi-military. Kindergarten–8th grade. Family life and affectionate care. Food from our own farm. 12 months' enrollment includes 8 weeks at Camp Whooppee. Enter any time. Moderate rate. 40th year. Catalog.
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Tennessee Military Institute
Boys planning to attend engineering schools and leading colleges need thorough preparation. T.M.I. provides that foundation. Over 90% of graduates enter colleges. Grades 8-12. Small classes. Summer School. 86th year. Catalog.
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Accredited. Grades 8-12. Also two years college. ROTC trains for military or civilian leadership. Supervised study. Stimulating activities program. 150 acres. Golf, all sports, pool. $995 inclusive rate. Founded 1852. Catalog.
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Peddie
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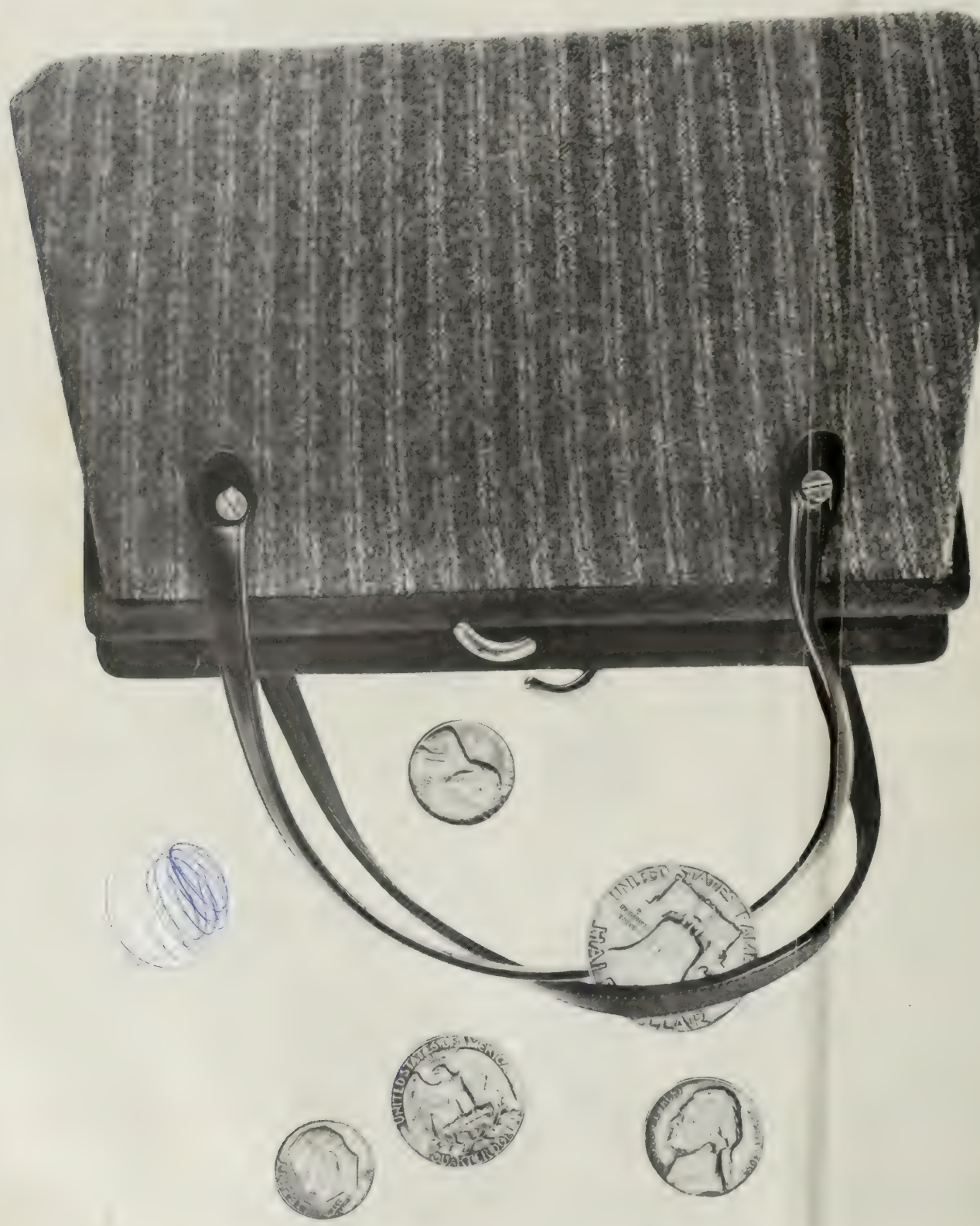
The reason this goes on, at your expense, is that most people don't know about it. And the best way to keep more of your money from going into "public power" is to spread the word among your friends and neighbors. When enough people learn what's going on, you can be sure they'll halt it.

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CAN'T WE FIND A BETTER PROGRAM FOR THEM?

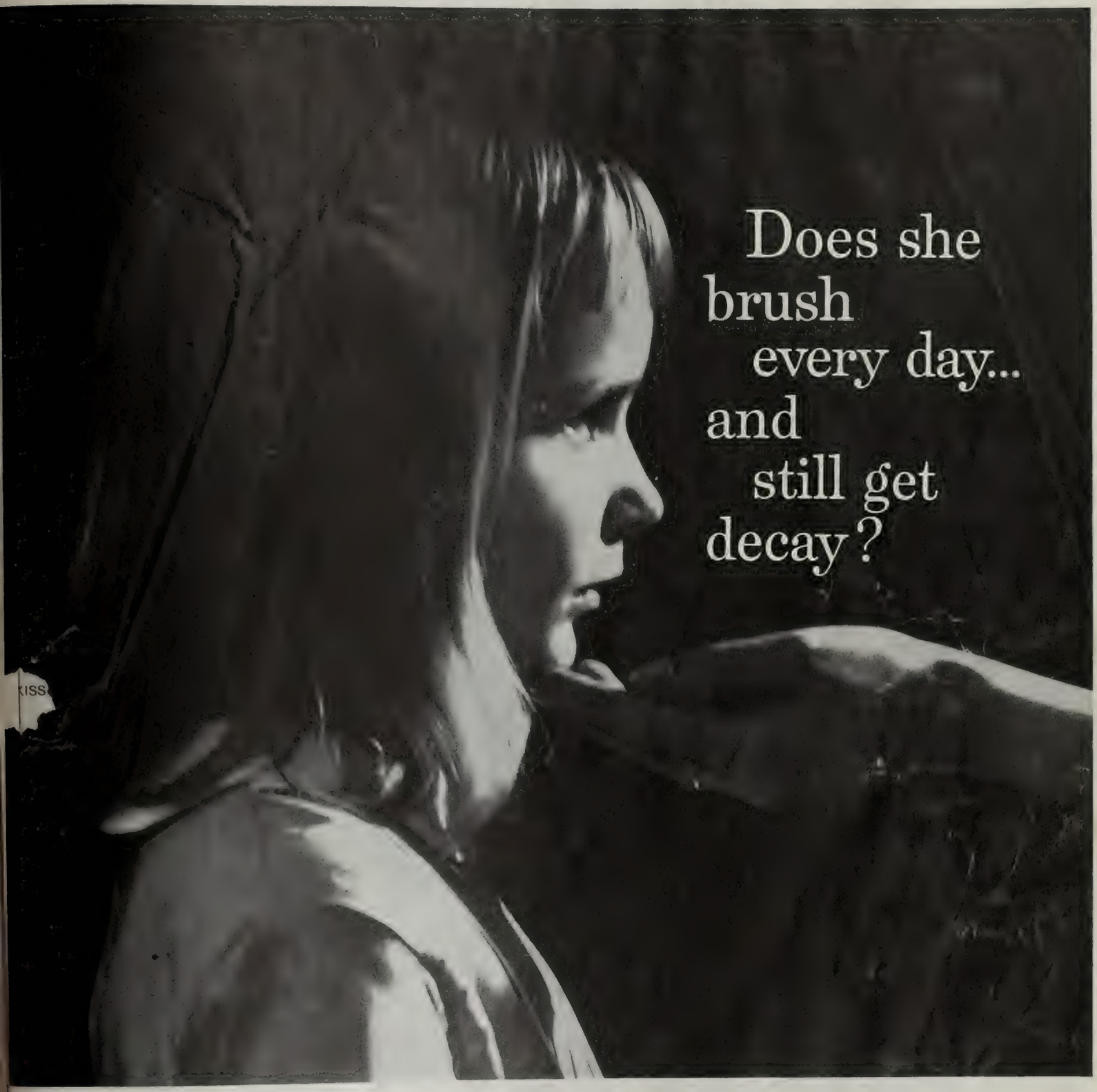
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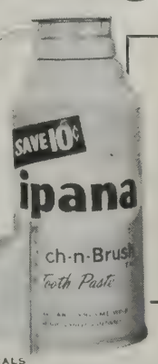
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Ladies' Home Journal

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VOL. LXXVI NO. 5

May, 1959

JOURNALITIES



James Reid Parker

Matchmakers (page 50) is JAMES REID PARKER'S first novel. He began to write short stories for *The New Yorker* while he was still in college, and has now been at the job long enough to have had four volumes of short-story collections published. He and his wife divide their time between Nantucket, Mass., and Bermuda. As anyone might easily guess, they are fond of sailing and water sports. On the subject of writing, James Parker remarks, "I don't see how anyone who practices it can do so with even the smallest degree of contentment. Almost everything I've done has been just plain hard work. I rewrite endlessly, or so it seems from where I sit, and I view the results with unvarying dissatisfaction." But in *Matchmakers* everything works out satisfactorily for the heroine, at least. Writers can't have every satisfaction or they would quit.



Richard Sullivan

RICHARD SULLIVAN lives in South Bend, Indiana, and he has taught in the Department of English at Notre Dame University for more than twenty years. In his spare time he has turned out eight books and "hundreds" of short stories—and taken the family dog for a walk many thousands of times. *A Box of Cigars* (page 74) is a brief observation of the tragic beauty of life, but possibly it would not have occurred without Samson, the aging bulldog in the story, who leads his master along paths he had no intention of taking. "An experience," Richard Sullivan says, "that I have had frequently with various stories and various dogs who, for a time, have owned me. The harassed look I have in the photo is the authentic and pitiable expression of a man owned by a dog." And, in this writer's case, by a wife and two daughters, but as his short story suggests, life itself we have on short-term lease and no one really belongs to anyone always.



Jean Bell Mosley

"No, *A Gift for the Bride* (page 54) isn't my first story, but near the 200th, including my nonfiction," JEAN BELL MOSLEY tells us. "I grew up in the cornfields and persimmon patches of a hard-to-get-to Missouri Ozark farm. I know possums, coons, foxes, hound dogs, hoes, milking, rail fences, sassafras tea, mules, and many other similar items. I hated to leave that farm, but my mom and dad thought more formal education was necessary for me. There was no high school or college near, so we moved to the out-country. I graduated from Southeast Missouri State College equipped to teach school, which I did for a while. Then I worked as a secretary for several years and then wrote that first story which changed things. I am married to Edward Mosley, a printer, and we have one son, Stephen, age 3, who wants to be President, or shortstop for the Yankees. He hasn't decided which."

Printed in U.S.A.

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OUR READERS WRITE US

Deplorable?

Lyndhurst, New Jersey

Dear Sir: Pictured on your February cover is a deplorable situation.



To what lowly degree have women demoted the male sex when, adorned with a flowered and ruffled apron, smiling fatuously, this specimen (a man?) will perform tasks which since the beginning of time were sacred to women—in every civilization, in every age so far back as history is recorded and beyond?

Very truly,
JADWIGA WARICK

▶ *We asked the lady in the pan; Clothes, she said, don't make the man.*
ED.

She Read an Article, and ——

Birmingham, Alabama

Dear Mrs. Shultz: I thought you might be interested in knowing that your "Death in the Hospital Nursery" (February) may very well have saved an eight-week-old baby's life.

I am in the hospital now fighting a battle with staph, but I was not told what was wrong other than that I had picked up a "bug." Since I had no idea it was contagious or so dangerous, I had been letting a friend take my soiled gowns home to launder them. She has just adopted a baby boy—and you can imagine my horror when I read your article. I asked my doctor if I had staph; he said yes; and then I told him about the baby. Of course he advised me not to let my friend take any more of my clothes.

After three operations, staph was the crowning blow! My husband and I now have a $2000 hospital bill to pay. The drug I'm taking costs $21 a day, and I cannot see anything fair about paying a bill for staph when it is the hospital's fault in the first place. Sincerely,

MRS. R. B. HAMONTREE, JR.

Overcrowded Nurseries and Staph

New York City

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: I thought you would be interested to know that the February 7 issue of the American Medical Association Journal describes two outbreaks of infection in a New Orleans hospital. The summary, which substantiates your own article on staphylococci, includes these quotes:

"The increasing frequency with which staphylococcal infections are being reported points up the desirability of 'rooming in,' smaller nursery units, or prompt discharge after postpartal recovery.

"The high incidence of umbilical infections in the 1957 outbreak re-emphasizes the dangers of the cord as a reservoir of infection. . . .

"Both outbreaks were associated with overcrowding, and investigations revealed no other correlation. In both outbreaks the umbilicus appeared to be a likely portal of entry for infection. . . . These epidemics again reveal the danger of nursery overcrowding with possible subsequent breakdown in rigid antiseptic techniques."

Also included was the prediction that even if hospital staph is brought under control, other dangerous organisms may arise, as long as the overcrowded central nursery remains. F.R.

Short-Legged and Pie-Eyed?

Columbus, Ohio

Dear Journal: HELP! My husband is away on a trip, and today I got the bright idea to lower our studio couch. So I cut a little off one leg, and then the same amount (ha!) off the other three, and it wobbled, so I started all over again. Now it's flat on the floor, and only a pygmy would be comfortable sitting on it. Please answer before my husband gets home. What do I do now? Truly,

Name Withheld

▶ *Cry. Then bake one 9" shell. Next mix together in a saucepan 1¼ cups sugar, 6 tablespoons cornstarch and ⅛ teaspoon salt. Add 2 cups boiling water and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Cook over direct heat, stirring constantly, until thickened. Continue cooking and stirring for about 20 minutes, or until no taste of cornstarch remains. Remove from heat. Add ¼ cup butter or margarine. Pour hot mixture gradually over 3 slightly beaten egg yolks and ⅔ cup lemon juice which have been mixed together. Beat until smooth. Return to heat, stirring, until steaming hot again. Now fill pie shell and bake just 5 minutes at 400° F. Remove from oven and cover with meringue made with 3 egg whites beaten stiff with 6 tablespoons sugar. Bake in 350° F. oven for 10 to 12 minutes, until delicately browned. Serve immediately on your husband's return.* *ED.*

Mad, Not Drab

Chicago, Illinois

Dear Editors: In "How to Make a Fortune," Vance Packard refers to "a rather drab section of Northwest Chicago." I was never so outraged.

Have you ever set foot around our neighborhood? Most of our older buildings have had a face-lifting, and we are always trying to improve our homes—new lawns, new paint, flowers, sidewalks and fences. We take great pride in our neighborhood, and no one is going to call us *drab*.

Very truly,
LEONE RUTKOVSKY
Mother of 4 boys and homeowner in Mayfair

Old Custom?

Bronxville, New York

Dear Ladies' Home Journal: Recently I came across a silver calling-card case that was an engagement gift to me in 1909. One memory it brought back was of a custom which, it seems to me, could be charming and useful to revive: namely, an "at home" day.

My mother's "day" was the second Monday of the month, and this was engraved in the lower left-hand corner of her calling card. On that day, the tea table was set up, and from 3 to 5 P.M. anyone who cared to call knew that mother would be prepared to receive them.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 45

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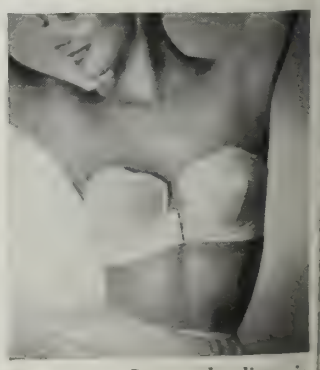


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Parsley Potato Salad Ring

Here's a potato salad to make any potato proud. Add ¾ c. Miracle Whip to 6 c. cubed cooked potatoes, 1 c. sliced celery, ½ c. finely chopped onion, ½ c. sliced stuffed olives, ¼ c. chopped parsley, 1 tbsp. salt, ½ tsp. paprika, dash of pepper; toss lightly. Pack into 1½-qt. ring mold already sprinkled with ¼ c. chopped parsley. Unmold. Garnish with peeled tomato wedges and lettuce. The secret, again, is the marvelous taste and texture of America's favorite salad dressing, Miracle Whip. No other dressing is so sure to please.

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Golden Potato Salad—Blend ¼ c. Kraft Salad Style Mustard and 1 c. *velvet texture* Kraft Mayonnaise. How smoothly Kraft's mixes in! It's creamier, fluffier, never curdles or separates. Add to 2 qts. diced cooked potatoes 1½ c. chopped celery, 2 tbsps. chopped pimiento, 4 chopped hard-cooked eggs, 2 tsps. salt, dash pepper. Toss. Serve in a lettuce-lined bowl.

Here's a hot one with Miracle French

Skillet Potato Salad—Miracle French's lively, onion-and-tomato flavor makes hot potato salad extra good. In skillet simmer 2 tbsps. sliced green onion in ¾ c. Miracle French for 5 min. Add 1 qt. sliced cooked potatoes, 4 slices crisp bacon, crumbled, 1 tsp. salt, dash freshly ground pepper. Toss lightly till potatoes are well coated. Heat, stirring occasionally. Serve hot.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
BRUCE GOULD
BEATRICE BLACKMAR GOULD
EDITORS



SAMUEL CHAMBERLAIN

In Pungoteague, Virginia, stands St. George's Church, an early-eighteenth-century building of brick with gabled roof. Though the church was badly damaged by Union soldiers—who used it as a stable during the Civil War—an early Bible and the Communion service presented by Queen Anne were preserved, intact, and are used for special occasions.

FREEDOM TO SURVIVE MUST BE SELF-LIMITED

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

Last February, seven eighths of the night-school teachers of New York City "resigned" en masse because they had been refused an "immediate substantial" increase in salary. Eight thousand seven hundred students were unable to register and some 33,000 were abandoned by most of their instructors. Outside the schools, teachers picketed with placards. They said they were not "strikers," because they had "resigned," but their association by referring to the possible use of "scabs" by the Board of Education to conduct classes made "strike" the correct word to describe their action. They did not "resign" for any other purpose than to compel by mass action an increase in salaries.

New York's evening-school teachers had been paid $4.06 an hour, or $12.25 for a three-hour session. The strikers demanded more than double that fee. Most if not all of them are engaged in other daytime occupations, the great majority in daytime teaching in the same system which employs them for the night classes. From these positions they did not resign.

Nobody is making a financial profit from their teaching work. The people of New York City and State pay the expenses of day and night schools, the latter as a service to those students who can expand their education in no other way. Most night-school students also have daytime employment. Some are in high school but attend night school to make up work in which they are deficient. Many are veterans who also must work but seek an opportunity to study, after two years or more of service to their country. Many are recent immigrants studying to learn the language of their new home. Some are in unsatisfactory jobs, hoping to obtain more congenial and better-paid work by improving their qualifications.

Those who go to night schools are not the well-to-do, who could afford to pay instructors.

The city of New York is perpetually on the verge of bankruptcy. State taxation is already so high that people who are able to do so—among them heavy taxpayers—are moving elsewhere.

Some weeks before these teachers "resigned" en masse, a strong attempt was made by the Teamsters' Union to organize the police force of the city. The police are engaged by all the people to defend them, *as a whole community*, against internal enemies. If the police of any city can be organized in a union, it can strike—and leave the whole community defenseless. The leaders of such a union would be more powerful than the mayor or all the community's elected officials combined. And a strike would be, in effect, a mutiny favorable to crime and criminals.

The attempt was rebuffed, but the threat remains.

If a police force can be organized by a union, so, logically, can the armed services. The commander in chief of those services is the President of the United States, who would then be unable to command them against the decisions of their union leaders if concurred in, actively or passively, by the members. A country with such an Army would be defenseless against any external enemy. The whole nation would be defeated the moment such a condition came to pass.

Are there no limitations on the right to organize and to strike?

Do the staffs of hospitals possess such a right? If so, from what and whom does the "right" derive? From the rights of the Declaration of Independence, inalienable because reposed in Man by his Creator, and certain to be alienated if Man defies the Creator's own laws? From constitutional liberties? These are not granted to organized groups but to individuals. Is it conceivable that any social order can long endure if every right is not modified by an obligation?

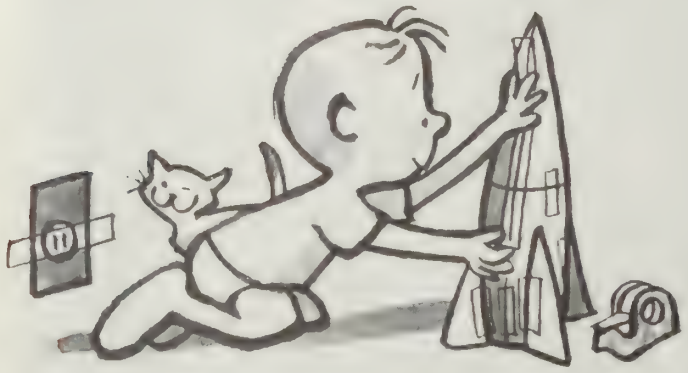
No one has a "right" to be employed at anything he pleases to do. He or she must qualify for it, and there are occupations where such qualifications involve something other than skills alone. They involve the acceptance of articulate or implicit moral responsibilities.

Such occupations are called "vocations," the word deriving from the Latin, whose meaning is identical with "calling."

In the original meaning of the word, "vocation" was the action of God in calling a person to exercise some special function, or the fact of being directed or guided to some work in life that was a concern of God. The priesthood, the ministry, the rabbinate

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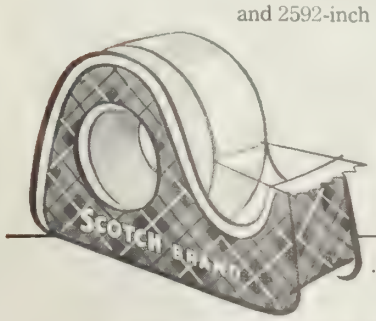
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. . . WHERE RESEARCH IS THE KEY TO TOMORROW

and all religious orders are naturally such vocations. Those who enter them freely accept certain vows and disciplines without which the occupation is meaningless. All these involve greater or lesser degrees of self-sacrifice. Anyone who becomes a priest or minister for any other ambition than to be of service to God and, through that, service to mankind is not a minister, no matter what pulpit he may occupy. And when such vocations become largely sinecures—as they often have—either a great reformation must occur or religion itself is doomed.

But holy orders or ministries are not the only vocations involving similar disciplines. Medicine, the profession of healing, has recognized its vocational nature of service attended by inescapable disciplines and sacrifices, differentiating it sharply from job holding since the days of the Hippocratic oath. Nursing, related to it, is another. Until fairly recent times service to the ill and helpless was rendered almost exclusively by members of religious orders, both Catholic and Protestant, in the name of Christ. It, too, is a *ministry*.

Education also has been such a calling and ministry.

The earliest European universities were built and conducted by religious orders. The public elementary schools of New England first flowered in parsonages, and in old England, too, the earliest efforts to teach the children of the poor were made in rectories, the teacher often being the pastor's wife.

The men and women who performed these services were paid nothing for the additional

Believe nothing, no matter where you read it, or who said it, no matter if I have said it, unless it agrees with your own reason and your own common sense. BUDDHA

duties they assumed over and above pastoral responsibilities. They were part of the "labor of love" to which they had been "called."

A life lived as a labor of love has satisfactions beyond anything money can buy. It is endowed with purpose; it is rewarded with joy—and it is a life genuinely lived in freedom.

It is the performance of these and other ministries too numerous to name, and the effect of the concept of such service upon all occupations, that turn a jungle of competing self-interests into a home, a community, a great nation within which all can be free and secure *because they can rely upon one another.* The more widely the concept of vocation enters into the social and economic life of communities and nations, the more certain are their stability and prosperity.

"Vocation" is a labor of love. Since people must eat, be clothed and sheltered, and should enjoy the civilizing influences of amenities, they must, of course, be compensated. But if their occupations are performed solely for monetary compensation or for satisfactions confined to themselves, they cannot serve a wholeness.

And if one can imagine a society in which a majority of individuals were guided in all they did by the concept of labor of love, one can imagine the first really free society that has ever existed.

It is of freedom that I would here speak. For upon reflection, does it not become increasingly clear that there is something wrong, something demonstrably false with the concept of freedom that has progressively dominated the Western world for far longer back than a century?

What has this concept been?

Despite the rear-guard ideas and actions that have been waged against it by profound humanistic thinkers, the prevailing concept of freedom has been that if everyone is free to compete in his own self-interest within, of course, limitations imposed by laws, everything will work out for the best in the best of all possible worlds. If everyone is efficient in his own self-interest, the economic progress of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 17

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And Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Beefaroni is a tempting way to get there! Imagine—tasty beef, tender macaroni, hearty tomato-cheese sauce all for only about 14¢ a serving! Makes a marvelous midday meal for children and a treat for anyone any time. Just look at the things you can do with Beefaroni!



Baked Beefaroni. Empty 2 cans into casserole. Blend in cup of shredded cheddar cheese; cover with bread cubes. Bake 15 minutes in 350° oven, till golden brown. Serves 4.



Stuffed Peppers. Boil 4 scooped-out green peppers 5 minutes. Stuff with Beefaroni. Bake in shallow dish filled with ½ inch water in 350° oven, till browned.



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"Glad Times"



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Butter Cake



That first report card . . . or Dad's thrilling "I got the promotion" phone call . . . and the day your neighbor comes home with her new baby . . . these are the warm and wonderful "glad times" when you want to bake your own buttery-rich home recipe cake as a reward.

"GLAD TIMES" BUTTER CAKE

⅔ cup soft BUTTER
1¾ cups sugar
2 eggs (⅓ to ½ cup)
1½ tsp. vanilla
3 cups sifted SOFTASILK
2½ tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
1¼ cups milk

Heat oven to 350° (mod.). Butter and flour three 8 x 1½" layer pans. Combine butter, sugar, eggs, vanilla. Beat 5 min. (high speed on mixer). Sift dry ingredients. Add alternately with milk (start and end with dry ingredients). Beat on low speed just until smooth. Pour into prepared pans. Bake 30 to 35 min. Frost with Creamy Butter Icing.

Creamy Butter Icing

¾ cup soft BUTTER
1 egg
6 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
about 3 tbsp. cream
2 tsp. vanilla
1 can (4 oz.) shredded coconut

Blend butter and egg thoroughly. Add sugar, cream, and vanilla; stir until smooth. (A few drops of food coloring may be added, if desired.) Spread between the layers. Ice top and sides of cake. Spread coconut around sides of cake.

Whatever the occasion—birthday, anniversary, whenever you feel like doing something special for someone—bake up your own favorite Softasilk butter cake. You'll bake a lighter, lovelier, softer cake with Softasilk because it's made from a special blend of the world's finest wheats . . . so that every time you bake you're sure to get the kind of cake you're proud to serve as your very own!



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See why the new DIXIE Built-in Gas Range wins the coveted Gold Star

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Only the finest ranges from the world's great Gas Range Makers qualify for this coveted Gold Star Award. Below are just a few of the more than 28 advances in performance, automation and design a range must have to meet new Gold Star Standards. No wonder now, more people than ever will be cooking with Gas!

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ONLY GAS does so much more...for so much less!

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

society will be advanced, and the inefficient either becomes more efficient or an efficient society is able to carry its drones.

But what *is* efficiency—in actual practice, when thought of wholly in terms of self-interest?

It cannot be separated from the capacity to wield power. An individual industrial worker in the last century might have been ever so efficient at his work. But as an individual he was incapable of securing even simple justice, or a wage sufficient to feed, clothe and house his family in modest decency, pitted as an individual against the great organization of industrial—and political—power that in a democracy is always attentive to economic power.

To be efficient in his own interests required that the industrial worker organize collectively as a *power*, a power that by withholding an essential ingredient of industry, or bartering it only for certain contracted conditions, could *force* the opposing power to give way.

Eventually, then, our economic life became subject to a struggle between two great powers—organized industry (or industrial management) and organized labor, each competing also for control of political power.

Inevitably this competition required state intervention in an attempt to balance forces—intervention, one might say, of a third force. But it never could nor can it be, in a democracy, a force "above the battle," from the mere fact that, deriving its suffrage from the votes of the people, it must seek that suffrage by its promises to the more or less powerful—and "sell" its programs and achievements through publicity campaigns (paid for by the people) designed to demonstrate that these policies serve "the common interest," meaning everybody's self-interest. They do not and *cannot*.

They cannot, because the concept of competing organized self-interests unalleviated by considerations of right, wrong, or of what is reasonable, destroys the very notion of "common interest" of community and of justice. It produces anarchy. This, in turn, leads either to open class war and reigns of terror or to collusion among the three great powers (Big Business, Big Labor and Big Government) or to the victorious triumph of one interest over the others. All three of them, directly or gradually, produce tyrannous dictatorship as the only way out of terror and anarchy. Thus, by way of total "democratic freedom," all freedom is finally destroyed.

In our country now the concept and practice are furthering the inflation that President Eisenhower has so far vainly tried to halt. The recent recession was the shortest in our history, but it was unique (in *all* history) by not being accompanied by a fall in prices. The declining value of the dollar leads organized economic groups to anticipate further shrinkage of its purchasing power and therefore to seek to get more money for themselves. But every time they succeed they further inflation, so that there can be no end to demands and no satisfaction with the results.

It is clearly in "the common interest" to take no steps and make no demands that will aid the inflationary process, by raising prices or increasing Government debt, or necessitate further Government borrowing. Yet no economic group or political party can today be exempted from the charge of furthering inflation. Congress is doing it by extravagant appropriations that cannot be met out of the public funds, enormous as these are. Business, taking advantage of every legal loophole for tax deductions, does it too. Yachts are purchased and country clubs, even whole resorts, are laid out and maintained for executives. Funds that should go into the United States Treasury in "the common interest" and to counter inflation are thus used for "bolstering morale," with no concept at all of "morale" as related to "morality."

The contrary idea of freedom is hidden in the word "vocation" and in the concept that everyone is *bound*. To be free and to be bound seem contradictory only to those who think superficially. Freedom is self-government and self-government is self-control. Those who wish to govern their own actions renounce the idea of doing anything they please provided it is "legal" and within their "rights," for doing anything one pleases is no government at all. Only those who bind themselves to interests and considerations beyond themselves or their group understand freedom or are fit to exercise it.

The massive, tyrannous and total dictatorships that occupy the stage of our century have grown directly from the false ideas of freedom of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The greatest of the eighteenth-century philosopher-statesmen, not only Burke but many others, saw what would come out of the concept of freedom that rose with and preceded the French Revolution.

William Penn, the Quaker, said succinctly, "Either men will be ruled by God or by a tyrant." He knew as well as did the great virtuous pagans that the common interest could not be promoted or maintained in freedom without voluntary self-administered self-controls.

When these fail the controls will be imposed from without and liberty extinguished or society will dissolve—all its members going to hell in a common hack. END



"Isn't it wonderful that the grandchildren are going to be here a whole week?"

It's the natural mate for every meat...

Ocean Spray Cranberry Sauce!









Ocean Spray Cranberry Sauce gives you

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ONE PAPER NAPKIN YOU DON'T NEED THREE OF!

UNDER COVER

By Bernardine Kielty



"Here it is! The Star-Spangled Banner!"

"*First there was just this Adam and Eve and they had only one state. Then this Columbus sailed in his three ships and found more states. Then Davy Crockett came along and took over.*"

This résumé of world history from a six-year-old is one of the gems in *H. Allen Smith*'s new collection of children's literary works: DON'T GET PERCONEL WITH A CHICKEN (Little, Brown)—school essays, letters from camp, notes to mom on the kitchen table.

"*Once there was a giraffe,*" writes a knowing little boy from Los Angeles. "*He lived in the jungle. He liked to eat grass and bananas and leaves. At night he visited the other animals. They talked and played poker and drank lemonade until midnight.*" (Mr. Smith longs to see that giraffe worrying over his hole card.)

Children frequently write of their elders as "dults." But by whatever name they call them, elders are none too popular.

"*ADULTS. Adults dont do anything. Adults just sit and talk and dont do a thing. Theres not anything duller in this world than adultry.*"

Once the Herald-Tribune sent a juvenile book to a twelve-year-old for review: "*This book is very good but too long in the middle.*"

•

No more appealing books of childhood have probably ever been written than WIND IN THE WILLOWS, DREAM DAYS and THE GOLDEN AGE. Now we have a biography of the author, KENNETH GRAHAME, by ***Peter Green*** (World), in which Mr. Green tries to trace the compulsions which created these charming stories about boyhood. For one thing, Kenneth Grahame's adored mother died when he was six. Her last—and characteristic—words were: "It's all been so lovely!" It must have been a lovely home! But now the boy had lost it. His mother died, his father abandoned his children, they were packed off to relatives, and the education which Kenneth craved was denied him by a parsimonious Scottish uncle. Green has done a scholarly piece of psychological analysis of the three beautiful books themselves, and of their sad, frustrated author.

Ted Roosevelt, son of President Theodore Roosevelt, died in France shortly after the Normandy landing, in which both he and his son Quentin took part. Now his wife has written a book about him, and about the New York in which they both grew up: **DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY** (Doubleday). It is a fine tribute to a valiant man, besides a delightful recollection of small personal detail.

When the Roosevelt daughter was to be married the leading couturier told her mother how to arrange her veil. "I will send you the tulle, yards long and wide. You must pick it up in the middle with the tips of your fingers. Put it on her head. Pin it. Add the orange blossoms. And then Don't Touch It!"

When her son was married all she had to do was to see that the soles of his new shoes were blacked so they wouldn't be conspicuous when he knelt at the altar.

When she herself was married—cold weather—her entire wedding costume was lined with fine pink albatross!

•

There has been almost enough said about the Ugly Americans abroad. Now, by way of contrast, comes a pleasant book about a nice American diplomat written by his wife: **LIVING IN STATE**, by ***Beatrice Russell*** (David McKay). They were young. They had two children, and amoebic dysentery, and not enough money. But they were eager to do the best they could for us—in Ethiopia, Tunis and Beirut.

•

THE PANE OF GLASS, by *John Bartlow Martin* (Harper), is an important contribution concerning the mentally ill in this country, examining prevailing institutional treatment—new methods as against old, private care versus public care. On the whole, a fairly optimistic outlook.

•

Now for a good rousing book for the men: **IT TAKES HEART**, by ***Mel Allen*** and ***Frank Graham, Jr.*** (Harper)—fourteen famous figures from the sports world, from Walter Johnson (baseball) to Con McCreary (racing), from Jim Braddock (onetime heavyweight boxing champion) to Clint Frank, of Yale. Well written, humorous, appreciative.

PRIZE RECIPES

Imagination adds gourmet touches to ready-to-serve foods

3 ideas by creative cooks: DILL STEAK LOGS • NEAPOLITAN CARNIVAL • POTAGE ST. GERMAIN

To the inspired women who created this trio of prize-winning dishes, Heinz chefs tip their tall white hats! For here are *delicious* examples of how easily Heinz time-saving, fully prepared foods can be fancied up to fare-thee-well . . . Just open a couple of cans of tempting cheese-sauced Heinz Macaroni and you're well on the way to tasty Neapolitan Carnival . . . Rich, fresh-tasting Heinz Condensed Cream of Pea Soup is your savory short cut to exotic, authentic Potage St. Germain . . . And with a flavorful assist from perky Heinz Processed Dill Pickles, wonder-working Heinz Ketchup and Heinz Worcestershire Sauce, plain round steak becomes distinctive Dill Steak Logs.



DILL STEAK LOGS

by Mrs. Lester Lewis,
Van Tassell, Wyoming

Pound 1½ lbs. round steak to ¼-inch thickness; cut into 12 rectangular pieces. Quarter 3 tangy Heinz Processed Dill Pickles lengthwise. Lay a pickle strip on each piece of meat. Roll. Secure with toothpick. Dredge rolls in mixture of 3 Tbs. flour, ¾ tsp. salt, ⅛ tsp. pepper. Brown in 2 Tbs. shortening in skillet. Combine 2 cups water, ½ cup of rich, flavor-lifting Heinz Ketchup, 2 tsp. spicy Heinz Worcestershire Sauce. Pour over meat. Simmer—covered—1 hr., 15 min. Remove to platter. Add three 2-inch ginger snaps, finely crushed, to sauce. Cook, stirring, until the sauce is thickened. Pour over meat. Makes 4 to 6 servings.



NEAPOLITAN CARNIVAL

by Mrs. J. Gottfried,
Roslyn, Long Island, New York

Heat oven to 375°F. In 1½-qt. casserole combine two 15¼-oz. cans Heinz Macaroni (the tender kind in nippy cheese sauce), 1½ cups diced cooked ham, chicken or fish, ¼ cup chopped pimiento, ¼ cup sliced ripe olives. Bake 45 min. Sprinkle with ½ cup grated process American cheese 5 min. before taking from oven. Makes 4 to 6 servings.



POTAGE ST. GERMAIN

by Mrs. Robert McAlesker,
Palisades Park, New Jersey

Shape ½ lb. ground cooked ham into 1-inch balls. Coat with 2 Tbs. flour. Brown in 2 Tbs. shortening in skillet. In saucepan combine an 11-oz. can smooth, creamy Heinz Condensed Cream of Pea Soup, diluted with an equal amount of water, and ¼ tsp. sage. Heat thoroughly. Add ham balls to soup just before serving. Makes 2 to 3 servings.



TWO QUICK GOURMET TRICKS

Italian Dressing—Combine in jar ½ cup olive oil, ¼ cup Heinz Vinegar (any of the five fine, full-flavored kinds), ½ tsp. salt, 1 clove garlic, split. Shake well. Store in refrigerator overnight. Shake well before using. Makes ¾ cup. Wonderful on tossed green salads.

Chili Butter—Melt ¼ lb. butter. Blend in ¼ cup thick, tomato-rich Heinz Chili Sauce. Warm. Serve with cooked broccoli, asparagus tips or green beans. You'll find this also makes a marvelous sauce for sea food.

You know it's good because it's

Heinz 57



No more ice jams when your guests are waiting! You'll never have to pry trays loose, chip at cubes, scrape off frost, break nails.

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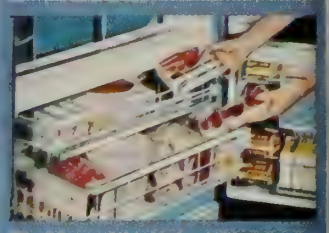
You'll feel like a queen with no frost-fighting ever. For this is not just automatic defrosting, but something absolutely new and different! *No frost at all*—in either the freezer section or the refrigerator section! The secret? Heat and moisture are whisked away so no frost can ever form.

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For a feminine kitchen—new Lacework Styling on the outside makes the Frigidaire Sheer Look more beautiful than ever. Choose from 5 colors including new Aztec Copper, and Snowcrest White.

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ADVANCED APPLIANCES DESIGNED WITH YOU IN MIND



This little waif was shy, painfully underweight when he first came, just over two years of age, to Child Adoption Service. As a hard-to-place child, CAS devoted extra time, personal concern to finding him "just right" parents.

NEED THE OLDER CHILD BE "HARD TO PLACE"?

Hazards of Delay

By MARGARET HICKEY

All too often the tragic history of the child who grows up without a home of his own is recorded on the police blotter and in the files of juvenile courts and public-welfare departments. Moving to prevent this bleak outcome, the Child Welfare League of America is giving special attention to the problems of boys and girls lacking parental ties for whom foster care is becoming a permanent way of life. Its findings are stark evidence of the urgent need for early adoption and the hazards of delay.

In a careful comparison of 30 children who had been adopted with 30 who had spent up to twelve years in foster homes, the study found that among the adopted youngsters, there were only 4 with symptomatic behavior problems. But two thirds of those in foster care revealed emotional disturbance, as seen in school difficulties, hyperactivity, marked fears and withdrawal.

Some of the difficulties, of course, were incipient before foster-home care. Yet, "we must assume," the study points out, "that behavior problems as obstacles to adoption have increased during the period of foster-home placement." Considering these and other characteristics which affect a child's "adoptability" (age, race, physical handicaps), the study found further that 13 of the foster-care children would have been adoptable if intensive plans for this had been undertaken when they first came to an agency's attention. But one year later only 10 were still adoptable; when the study was made, only 4. Clearly, we cannot "wait awhile" when we plan for children.

And the numbers of youngsters involved are not small. Of the 176,000 children in foster homes today (U.S. Census Bureau figure), from one quarter to one third, the samplings of recent studies indicate, have no prospects of ever returning to homes of their own. Some are in excellent foster homes; some need special care. But thousands—an estimated one out of every four or five foster children—genuinely need adoption planning and are not getting it.

These boys and girls could be placed if aroused citizens would persistently seek—through their community planning councils—the necessary improvement of adoption laws and child-placement services. Some adoption agencies, like the Child Adoption Service of the New York State Charities Aid Association, featured this month, have made admirable and successful efforts to find parents for the "hard to place." But the problem is so big that more is required. It will take community-wide knowledge of the plight of these deprived children and community-wide co-operation—of courts, agencies, lawyers, doctors, would-be adoptive parents and other concerned citizens—to give them the permanent homes they should have. END

One day a pleasant-faced woman in her forties, a Mrs. Dexter, sat down and wrote a letter that had been on her mind for some time. "My husband and I have been married eighteen years and have been one of the unfortunate couples not to have a family. We still refuse to give up; that is the reason for this letter. . . . Time and again we have talked together on adopting and felt that we should. . . . We would like very much to adopt a brother and sister, anywhere from four to eight years of age. Of course if two is out of the question, a little boy would make us most happy."

Mrs. Dexter probably underestimated how much interest her letter would have to the Child Adoption Service of the New York State Charities Aid Association, to whom she addressed it. There it reached the desk of Miss Lydia Hicks, supervisor in charge of studying families who apply for children, who at once set in motion the process of welcoming the Dexters as possible adoptive parents. It was too early to think in terms of a specific child, although she already knew that Miss Anita Colville and her staff down the hall, who work with CAS children before placement, had recently received Tommy, who would be a puzzle to place. The great thing was, Mrs. Dexter's letter had *not* asked for a blue-eyed baby girl. And Child Adoption Service, a private agency in the heart of downtown New York City, takes great satisfaction in placing not only bouncing, blue-eyed babies but others less appealing—even a nine-year-old boy who is undersized, looks older than his years and has nightmares.

THREE YEARS LATER AFTER ADOPTION



LEO STASHIN

Tommy had spent much of the first two and a half years of his life locked alone inside a single tenement room. He was then taken from his mother on a neglect charge and placed in a foster home. According to the records of this time, "Tommy was so neglected when he came into boarding care that he appeared retarded. He did not know what a hug and kiss meant, or how to take an adult's hand. Most of the time he had a vacant grin and he whimpered in his sleep."

Tommy had been fortunate in his foster-home experiences, for he was shifted only once in the next five years. His second home was successful, and the record notes, "He has learned to talk, and has changed into a friendly, appealing child." However, things were still not ideal. When he was four, a legal surrender was finally obtained from his mother, and he was now technically adoptable. He was placed in an adoptive home by his local agency, but the placement lasted only for one weekend. The couple decided they did not want such a high-strung "older" child. His social worker noted, "Tommy was hurt by this." He went back to his foster parents, a gentle, elderly couple who boarded several foster children for the county, and grew into boyhood knowing clearly that these were not his real parents.

His county agency, with few resources, finally referred him when he was not quite nine to the nonsectarian New York State Charities Aid Association, whose Child Adoption Service, they knew, put special emphasis on helping "hard to place" children. CAS accepted him and brought him to New York to one of their own temporary foster homes. There, over the next six months, one of Miss Colville's trained social workers got to know him—noted his courage, his unwillingness (almost an inability) to cry no matter how bad the cut or bump, his slightly too-loud voice, his shoving and excitable play, his passion for checkers. At his ninth-birthday party his foster mother had to whisper to him to open his presents and blow out the candles, because he didn't know how birthday parties went.

It was several months before Mr. and Mrs. Dexter were finally put in the same room for the first time with Tommy. CAS staff members are as sensitive as almost all professional workers in adoption to the charge that they move slowly, but they wanted to be very sure first that the Dexters would make the kind of steadfast, wonderful parents an older child needs. Another false placement in Tommy's life could be very damaging indeed.

Mrs. Dexter, who by now is very familiar with the sympathy and friendliness at CAS, smiles as she remembers her old attitudes. "The agency was the big bad wolf in our



minds. We'd never been *in* one before. When we came for our first interview, I was nervous. So was my husband. So much is at stake, you're scared you'll say the wrong thing."

"Actually," says Miss Hicks, twenty-one years with CAS, whose face is a wonderful mixture of kindness and common sense, "we'd be more worried if a couple *didn't* show a trace of nerves. If they only knew how little our interviews and home visits were designed to trip them up! We're after something much more elusive than 'right answers.'"

She leans back in her small, pleasantly old-fashioned office, her desk covered with fat files containing the life stories of human beings, and gazes thoughtfully at the ceiling. "Above all else, we hope to find a deepening, a growing. I really mean spiritual development, but you don't dare say that. An older child, particularly, needs from his adoptive parents an overflow of good will, a generosity, the courage to risk giving love even though it might not be returned. I don't mean we're going to turn down somebody who doesn't have them full blown. It's a question of *direction*.

"Our second criterion is a sound marriage. We make some mistakes here—couples can put up an excellent camouflage—but not many. Third, we try to make sure there is a real acceptance of this blow life has given them in not having a natural child. Sometimes hidden resentments on this score can be a block between the best of families and an adopted child. Finally, that well-worn word 'maturity.'" She smiles. "You can put income at the bottom of the list. We've placed *many* children in five-thousand-dollar-a-year families, with the greatest assurance they were going to get something money can't buy."

The day came when Mr. and Mrs. Dexter sat on a couch in one of CAS's attractive interview rooms while the CAS staff worker who knew them best told them everything about Tommy that would be important to them to know. Nothing painful was concealed. "She told us what kind of boy he was, and then she turned to me and said, 'You're going to have to be the one to get at him, Mrs. Dexter, because at present he hates women. When he looks at you, you may feel cold water going down your back.' I was so tense, I thought to myself, 'How can I make a decision like this?' but my husband was better about it than I was. He said, 'That's not too bad.'" When they decided they wanted to go forward, they were taken to the children's section of the CAS offices, to the little playroom where Tommy and his worker were waiting.

Tommy had been equally carefully prepared. He had come to know and trust his CAS worker, who had been gently explaining to him for some time that the entire purpose of these busy offices, and of her own attentions, was to find a "real mommy and daddy" for him. He had also been fortified as much as humanly possible about his past. CAS workers believe it is a mistake to ask an older child to pretend, for the benefit of adoptive parents, that his past doesn't exist. He can take on a new relationship more easily if he is allowed to talk freely about himself, and "goes forth with as much pride as he can in his identity." Tommy, for example, had been assured that his mother had had his safety in mind when she locked him in that room.

"Presentation day," when a child and a prospective family meet each other for the first time, is always a moving occasion at CAS. Mrs. Dexter laughs. "Becoming an adoptive mother! I have to laugh when I read those stories where everybody melts into everybody's arms. It's not like that at all!"

Tommy's and the Dexters' "presentation day" was a perfectly normal mixture of ups and downs. Mrs. Dexter remembers, "We played checkers with him in the playroom. We let him win—and oh, he was looking me up and down from under his eyelids. Then we took him out to lunch." She laughs. "He was *awful!* First off, he stood up on his chair and looked the restaurant over. Then his plate came and he picked up his fish by the tail and studied it from all sides. When we came back to the CAS building, Tommy said he was going to walk up. Seven floors! My husband just laughed and said, 'O.K.' I didn't know *what* to think. I grant you, I'd wanted a little cuddly boy."

After a chance to talk alone together, the Dexters decided to go ahead. "It was my husband who gave me the strength. He said, 'He's all boy. He's O.K.'" They saw Tommy once more and told him they would be back for him the next day, which would be "placement day." Tommy's worker described the occasion as follows: "I put my arms around him and told him that after meeting him the Dexters thought he was just the boy they wanted to be their own. Tommy grabbed me and hugged me, and with tears in his eyes and a great deal of feeling said, 'They really want me!' Later he shook Mr. Dexter's hand. I realized how really prepared he was for adoption. After they had gone, he remarked to me, 'They didn't kiss me good-by. I guess they're going to wait until I'm adopted to kiss me.'"

One of the most poignant paradoxes in the life of a woman is that when a man comes to her, he so often comes to recover his simple humanity, and to rest from being at his best. So a woman frequently has to forgo his better side, taking it on trust as a matter of hearsay, and she accepts his lesser side as her usual experience of him. . . . While she wishes to admire him she may lack the knowledge, and perhaps the intelligence, to understand the side by which he wins acclaim. She sees his collapse into his home, accepts his need of collapse, indeed receives him with every antenna alert, yet she may forgo his superiority with regret. She longs to see his greatness, but has to meet the claim of his smallness.

FLORIDA SCOTT-MAXWELL
Women and Sometimes Men
Alfred A. Knopf, Inc

That night Tommy said good-by to his foster family and packed his possessions, and the next morning he drove off with the Dexters, his small figure between them in the front seat. As soon as he was with them, his explosive feelings came once more to the fore. He was red-eyed (leaving his foster mother had broken down his defenses and made him cry), and during the entire fifty-mile drive he kept climbing from front seat to back to front again, asking a stream of questions about their house, their ages, the horse that a neighbor owned that Mr. Dexter had promised he might ride. He asked them almost belligerently, as though half expecting something to be put over on him. He informed them that at his foster mother's he was allowed to look at television all day (later found untrue). Mrs. Dexter peeked into the brown paper shopping bag that held everything he owned, and her heart sank when she saw his small supply of clothing and a dilapidated Teddy bear. What did nine-year-olds wear? What did nine-year-olds eat? It was raining, and the CAS worker had recommended that Tommy be given a few days at home before starting school. What would he do with himself? What would she do with him? It dawned on her that "placement day" meant, for her and her husband and Tommy, not the end but the beginning of a long, long road. Here was where her courage was needed.

Until he was referred to CAS, Tommy was one of the very great number of children living out their lives in foster homes or institutions, for the most part publicly supported, whose chances for adoption dwindle with every year they remain. They may be handicapped, a member of a minority race, or perhaps merely over the magic age of two. Tommy's story is typical of cases that cram welfare files in that he was not even legally adoptable until he was four years old.

Child Adoption Service is solely a placement agency, and does not care for children on a long-term basis, but its director, Mrs. Amelia Igel Sternau, is keenly aware of the problems

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

Callouses

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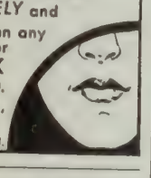
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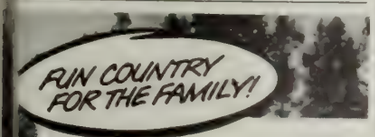
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

confronting those who do. She was director of New York City's vast Bureau of Child Welfare before coming to CAS, and most older CAS children are referrals from the broader child-caring agencies. Mrs. Sternau, a small, vital woman who keeps alive the spirit of her predecessor, the much-loved Miss Sophie Van S. Theis, who retired in 1952 after nearly fifty years with CAS, has herself seen thirty-five years of changes in social work, and she explains why the "hard to place" child has become an increasingly greater concern to those in child welfare.

"We've come a long way since the 1870's, when the New York State Charities Aid was founded. In the late 1800's the main problem was orphans and foundlings who were clapped into almshouses or in places like New York's old Infants' Hospital where the death rate once reached ninety-seven per cent. Today, can you guess how many foundlings New York City averages a year?"

She smiles politely when a visitor guesses hundreds, but the answer is twenty-five. "The picture has changed drastically just in the last twenty-five years. Today a mother has Aid to Dependent Children and other services to see her through, and with better maternity care she is not apt to leave her children orphaned. In the year 1934, the city's Bureau of Child Welfare had nearly 22,000 children in foster homes, either temporarily or long-term. The annual figure now is about 16,000, and it has remained about that for the last ten years, in spite of the pressures of a growing population. Our Social Security laws are definitely helping to keep families together.

To be furious in religion is to be irreligiously religious. WILLIAM PENN

"In other words, economic conditions alone are no longer the chief cause of homelessness among children—although poverty certainly helps. Most of the children who now land in foster homes without a home of their own to return to have some pathetic or miserable story of emotional instability behind them. The public assumes most of them are infants born out of wedlock, with legal releases tidily arranged. They probably are the most numerous. The campaign to reach the mother of an illegitimate baby early enough, and counsel her wisely enough, is never-ending.

"But the really permanent foster-home population are the victims of divorce, separation, mental illness, desertion, illegitimacy—children whose parents can't offer a home but don't surrender them either—children of all ages. A mother may leave a whole family of brothers and sisters with her county welfare department after her husband deserts her. She has a glimmering of maternal responsibility, so she makes no arrangements for releasing them. She may visit quite frequently for the first year, once or twice the second, and for a few years more send Christmas cards. By the time the overworked, understaffed agency realizes that these children would be a great deal better off in adoptive homes, she has disappeared. Before they can be legally freed for adoption, a 'diligent search' must be made for her, and if she had a legal husband his consent must be sought, too, whether he was the actual father or not. All this takes time and money and, if the parents are actually found, great counseling skill—all things most child-caring agencies are short on. Meanwhile, the years have slipped by. Her children are older, less appealing, and unless just the right foster homes have been found, are probably deeply troubled. If they are released, who is going to adopt them? We need many more couples like the Dexters."

Tommy came to the Dexters with a recurring dream of himself in a coffin being lowered into a grave, and with almost no emotional experience of mothering. Yet by a miracle that is almost a commonplace among adoptive

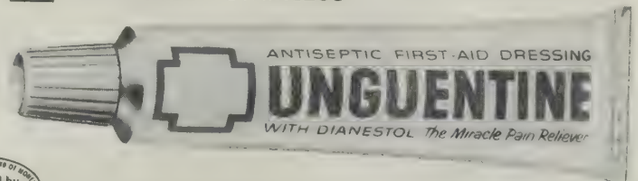


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children, he seemed to know what he had missed. Mrs. Dexter says, "He wanted a pair of cowboy boots right away, and he didn't think much of our television reception, but that night when I put him to bed he pulled me down for a hug and a kiss as though he'd been doing it all his life. The next day he hardly let me out of his sight."

Mr. and Mrs. Dexter took him to a movie soon after he arrived, and before the family left Mrs. Dexter stepped into their downstairs powder room to put on her lipstick and hat. When she came out, Tommy went in, shut the door, and stayed so long that they called to him to hurry. He finally came out made up with Mrs. Dexter's powder, lipstick and rouge. He told them, "I'm so ugly. I wanted to look pretty like mommy."

Mrs. Dexter says, "After that, we'd kid him about being handsome. We got him a haircut quick and taught him to comb it back, and when he'd come in we'd say, 'Who's that handsome boy?' "

The story of Tommy's unfolding is a long, slow one. There were early reports of shoving and picking on younger children at school. There was open jealousy of a younger, slighter cousin. Mrs. Dexter says, "Food! Food was a terrific thing to him. If we took him visiting and there was a dish of nuts, he'd just grab a handful. He *still* eats like a horse." Yet soon after his arrival, Tommy's worker wrote, after one of her infrequent, tactful visits, "Tommy looks different. He is more and more childlike instead of like an old man. He is now able to lose at checkers without trying to cheat, though he still delights when he can win."

Mrs. Dexter says, "He could talk about things more easily than we could. He'd say, 'You teach me about mothers, I'll teach you about boys.' I never had to tell him rules about manners more than once. He was *grateful* to learn." Never once has she or Mr. Dexter experienced any hostility directed at them. When asked if Tommy has ever, in a temper, said he was sorry they adopted him, she looks almost frightened that a relationship so important to both sides can be so misunderstood, and she says, "Oh no, *never*." It was almost a year before Mrs. Dexter dared deal him a maternal smack, partly out of fear of raising such hostility. "But then one day I got exasperated at him—I can't even remember what about—and I hit him on the cheek. He sailed out the door and got on his bike and rode off. By that time I was crying; I didn't know whether I'd ever see him again. He came back in an hour—just walked in naturally—and I told him I'd figured he was pretty mad at me. 'Oh no, mommy,' he said, 'that's what mothers are supposed to do.' "

Tommy is now eleven, and legally and forever Tommy Dexter. He has filled out to a handsome, freckle-faced boy with a happy smile, with the single idiosyncrasy that he tends to boast (sometimes to the Dexters' embarrassment) about almost everything his parents do. Although he started out behind at school, he now averages B, and Mrs. Dexter says, "He's smart; he admits he could do better if he worked on it." He still works extra hard at proving himself ("The way to his heart is to ask him to do something special for you. Ask him to dig a hole, and he'll go out and dig one six feet deep"), but this appealing bounce and courage have made him a leader in his class. Mrs. Dexter says, "He has more social life than we do. He's just all boy. Now that he's older, he can talk big-league baseball to my husband during dinner until I can hardly understand a word they're saying." She smiles. "He can cry now too. As a matter of fact, he's rather softhearted. He *bawls* in front of television."

On the momentous day that Mr. and Mrs. Dexter and Tommy drove to their county capital to get their final adoption papers, Tommy could hardly contain his excitement. "All the way in the car he was saying nice things, such as 'I'm sure glad you didn't change your mind that day you first saw me. I'm glad I'm your boy.' It was a hot day in July, and when we got back home my husband sat on the patio outside, and I went in to make us some iced tea to celebrate. When I came out my husband motioned to me to be quiet, and whispered, 'Look at that son of a gun.' I looked through the living-room picture window, and there was Tommy, thinking no one was watching, turning in circles all over the room. He had his arms out, and he was spinning these circles. He was just dancing for joy."

Back at CAS, Mrs. Sternau is sure that, until all the states have raised their standards of public care, the small, private agency, with its highly qualified workers and the time to take pains with each child, makes a large contribution. CAS was begun by women who saw a sore in the community and tried to better it, and this spirit still moves the 130 men and women who serve on its board and its four committees. Some of them are "volunteer" parents, giving $600 a year apiece to the maintenance of a child in a foster home; others contribute time in the pediatric department. Forty-three per cent of CAS's budget comes from private contributions raised by its committees. (Another 20 per cent comes from appeals to the public. Only 2 per cent comes from city and county welfare funds.) The board enthusiastically endorses the tough assignments and high standards Mrs. Sternau and her staff set for themselves.

One of these tough assignments is to expand CAS's counseling services to unwed mothers, perhaps the best hope of preventing future stranded children. Meanwhile, its service to hard-to-place children continues. Last year CAS placed 97 children, of whom 59 were "in this twilight zone," and it is now, with the help of a special grant, assisting a larger child-caring agency in looking among its foster children for those who might be adoptable.

Scenes such as three-year-old Billy's placement day are fortunately frequent occurrences at CAS. Billy is all dressed up in new clothes but his round, rosy face looks anxious as he is carried to the elevator in the arms of the lady he met just yesterday, and he is calling for his foster mother. The nice lady, who looks on the verge of tears herself, jiggles him up and down and says hopefully, "I'm your *new* mommy. See the pretty earrings!" Beside her is her husband, looking a little sheepish, a child's suitcase in one hand and in the other a crammed paper bag with a small hoop sticking out the top. Although Billy is still calling for his foster mother as the elevator descends, the CAS staff is pretty sure things will work out quickly, for Billy is only three. His capacity for learning and love is still green.

Less fortunate is Nicky, who has been in two foster homes, an institution, and now is in a CAS boarding home. When he was young he dismembered dolls, and when a kindly worker once asked if he would like a mommy and daddy of his own, he said quickly, "I'd better not be mean ones." "Did you ever ha

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

THE MOMENT CLEARLY

By MAXINE W. KUMIN

The pipes thump in the still house.
A mouse scratches behind the stair.
I hear the rise and fall of
sleeping children
Calibrating the quiet and the night.
Write, saying this much clearly:
Nearly all, this is nearly all,
The small sounds of growing,
the impress
Of unarrested time, raising
The prized moment.
And this is ours.
Love moves about, opening the doors.

Clean and shine pots faster— have more time for family fun...



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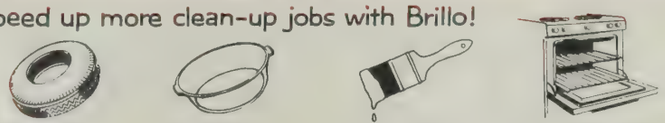
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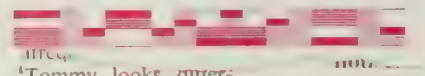
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

a mommy and daddy who were mean to you?" the worker asked, and Nicky answered, "I hid under the bed."

Nicky is a handsome boy, with flashing brown eyes, but he has three strikes against him. He is half Indian (his mother, whereabouts unknown, is Canadian), he is ten, and he is a seriously disturbed little boy.

Nicky overeats. He is disruptive at school, cannot concentrate on schoolwork, and, as his foster mother says, "Some days he can't spell 'is.'" Once, driving across the George Washington Bridge with his worker, he told her, "I wish I could jump off here and kill myself."

His new foster mother, Mrs. Maratos, is all on his side. CAS speaks of its foster mothers as "our real heroines," and Mrs. Maratos has been one of them for fifteen years. She has had children come and go, and she freely admits that Nicky is the next to worst (although she likes to point out that the worst has turned out very well). Nicky has set two small fires in her kitchen, and went through an entire summer doing things that would challenge her to send him back to the institution. He didn't *want* to go back, but he had to make sure his security was unlimited. Now he, like Tommy in his early days, does not like her out of his sight. "He asks me forty times a day if I love him. He's *always* with us. If I haven't noticed him for ten minutes, he'll slam something on the table, or accidentally step on my toes. He's always kissing—just like a St. Bernard puppy. He notices everything I wear, and every time I change my hair. And yet, you know—a lot of



'Tommy looks different. He is more and more childlike instead of like an old man. He is now able to lose at checkers without trying to cheat, though he still delights when he can win." Dexter says.

A mouse scrat
stair.
I hear the ris
sleeping
Calibrating t
night.
Write, sayin

times I come up against an empty place in him and I have a feeling he doesn't really care. About anybody, even himself. I just wish he'd get fond of the dog—get fond of *some*thing."

CAS places no children in adoptive homes until it is sure they are capable of responding to love, and Dr. Arthur Gillman, CAS's consulting psychiatrist, has recently given his opinion, based on tests, that Nicky is not. CAS has now given up the thought of an adoptive home for Nicky, and hopes to arrange long-term psychotherapy for him instead. It may be that he will spend all his years until sixteen or eighteen as a public dependent. His stability as an adult after that would be highly speculative. Nicky was three when he was finally removed from his mother on a neglect charge; four in his first foster home, where it was later found he was physically abused. He was nine, and making little headway in an institution, when CAS found him. Those concerned for him now cannot help speculating how much psychic pain would have been spared if he could have been adopted anywhere during his first four years.

When a child is given a home, as Tommy was, before he is too hurt to respond in a wholesome manner, the rewards are immeasurable. Tommy danced for joy. Mrs. Dexter speaks of her and her husband's far richer family life. Shortly before Tommy's adoption papers were signed, the CAS worker paid her last official call on the Dexters, and made a final entry in Tommy's case history: "Mrs. Dexter took on a very big job, and must have had a lot of anxiety at times as to whether she could do it. It seems to me that she has worked through something and has found it utterly satisfying. Something lovely has come into this woman's face."

The Dexters have now applied to CAS for a daughter. Although she no longer needs the old friendly, confidential talks with her CAS worker, Mrs. Dexter still drops into the offices occasionally to prod things along. She tells Miss Hicks, "It's all right with us if she has straight hair, freckles, and teeth that need straightening. I think I could be more tender to a *homely* little girl."

END

Soup-er Supper!



Serve it hot and hearty—Herb-Ox Instant Bouillon and Seasoning makes one of the most delicious soups you ever sipped! One level teaspoon is equal to one cube of your old favorite, Herb-Ox Bouillon.

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Unequalled Salad Appeal—when you add Pompeian Olive Oil to your favorite dressing! Flavorful, delicious. Pure virgin imported—first press only of choicest olives. Best in U. S. A.!

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HOW many times have you asked yourself that question when you are faced with household expenses that have to be met? We would like to suggest an answer that can mean increased income for you.

By selling magazine subscriptions, you can earn generous commissions. Many of our representatives earn more than $2.00 an hour in their spare time—and you can do the same! Just send us your name and address on a postal, and you will receive our offer and easy-to-follow instructions.

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Try this quick-fix dessert idea-tonight

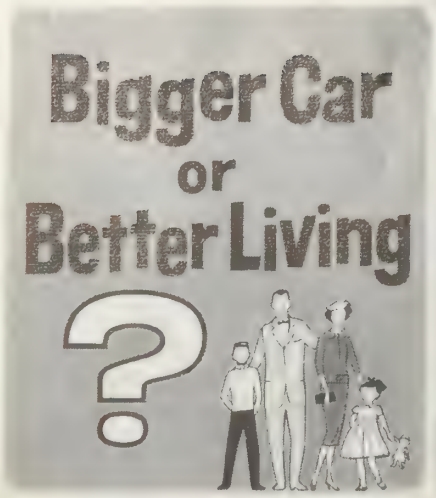
fruit 'n cookie Smörgåsbord

with STOKELY'S *Finest Fruits*

and ARCHWAY *Home Style Cookies*



Everyone loves fruit 'n cookies for dessert... especially when the fruit is packed-fresh Stokely's Finest, and the cookies are the big, delicious Archway Home-Style kind! Fix a "Smörgåsbord" tray of fruit and cookies tonight.



Will a too big, too costly car deprive your family of things you want and need?

by GEORGE ROMNEY
President, American Motors Corporation

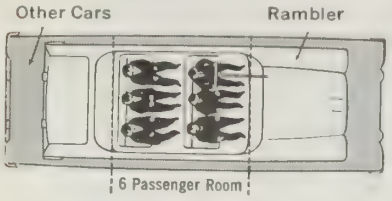


Perhaps you and your family have been planning for a very special vacation, or a new kitchen, or a youngster's college education. If you are finding it difficult to put the money aside, it may not be the high cost of food and other essentials so much as the high cost of driving a big car. Most models of so-called "low-priced" makes cost much more than $1,000 a year in depreciation, insurance, repairs, etc. Yet, 1959 models are even bigger and costlier to buy and own.

Rambler Helps You Save



Can you get a 1959 car with family room, yet without the burden of big-car expenses? Yes, the compact Rambler—with big car room, small car economy—can save you hundreds of dollars when you buy. It is even thriftier on gas than before, and has the highest resale value of all.



Inside, Rambler seats six adults in *comfort* (including the "middleman"). And, because Rambler is *compact*, it is easier to turn and park, and fits your garage with room to spare.

Rambler Personalized Comfort



Rambler alone offers sectional sofa front seats that glide back and forth individually, with reclining seatbacks and adjustable headrests. I urge you and your husband to visit your Rambler dealer, and examine this fine car closely. You will agree, I believe, that Rambler is superior in important ways to cars costing hundreds, even thousands of dollars more.

George Romney



DR. SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHERS

The world widens for the school-age child

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

"At six a child's preschool convictions and emotions are challenged. He must learn to weigh the opinions of outsiders as well as those of his parents."

CHARLES HARBUT



He questions, may rebel. "Parents don't know all the answers!"

After the age of six or seven a child's interests and drives change surprisingly. He formerly spent most of his waking hours directly copying adult activities. A boy pushed toy cars around the floor, rode his tricycle as if he were a fireman, pretended his wagon was a trailer truck, built skyscrapers and bridges with blocks or boxes. When he got into dramatic family play he wanted to be the father and gave a pretty good imitation of his own father's behavior. A girl spent a good part of her time imitating the activities of her mother—right down to her tone of voice and the curl of her little finger when lifting a teacup.

From the age of six, a child of course spends most of his daylight hours in school. Have you ever stopped to wonder why this age was chosen, in most of the countries of the world where there are schools? It's not because children can't be taught many many things before that age. This is the age when the great majority are ready and eager to understand and to use impersonal, abstract symbols—numbers and letters particularly. This requires a certain level of intelligence. It requires even more a positive interest in such impersonal things. To be sure, a younger child is interested in the number of his socks and in recognizing the letters that spell his name, but these are very concrete matters that have a personal significance to him. In the school years, numbers and letters and maps and diagrams become not only comprehensible but fascinating in themselves—just because they are abstractions.

There are many other matters not so unreal but still quite impersonal that become absorbing interests in the early school years: how machines work, how plants grow, how the earth was made.

Whom is the school-age child trying to pattern himself after? As far as you can see on the surface, the boy is much less interested in imitating his father. Instead, he is striving to be like the other kids in the neighborhood. I can still remember at seven no longer wanting the even-all-over haircut my father had always ordered for me. I wanted the regular-guy style of 1910: clippered right down to the white scalp all around, and a thick thatch on top, which we all tried to train into a "pompadour" by going to bed in skullcaps made from the tops of our mothers' black cotton stockings.

When a mother buys a new suit for a four-year-old, he's all eagerness to try it on. And when she beams on him, because he looks so cute in it, he beams too. He takes it for granted that her taste—in suits and in boys—is impeccable. But when a mother brings home a new suit for an eight-year-old he's more apt to scowl suspiciously before he's even seen it. He's so sure that boys' taste is the opposite from adults' taste that he half assumes the suit his mother has bought him will make a monkey of him with the gang.

He prefers old clothes (they are tried and true) and he prefers to wear them messy. He balks and argues against washing his hands, brushing his hair, taking a bath, as if these acts were painful or dishonorable.

Children in the preschool years make an earnest attempt to copy their parents' table manners. After six or seven they often look as if they are trying to see how much crudeness they can get away with. They sprawl over the table, guzzle their soup and kick the leg of the chair.

Very young children strive to copy their parents' diction and vocabulary. They feel proud when they borrow big adult words whose meaning they don't yet understand. That's being grown up. In the school years they wouldn't be caught dead using precocious words. Now the aim is to pick up the words which their contemporaries use and which parents disapprove of, whether or not the meaning is exactly understood. Bad words are most relished. But if a child doesn't dare use these at home—even experimentally—he will ostentatiously and defiantly use the word "ain't" as if to say, "You can't keep me in innocence any longer. I'm finding out at last how they talk in the big rough world."

Play becomes increasingly impersonal too. No more playing house—no more playing mommy and daddy. The only kinds of people left in games are teams of cops and robbers or cowboys and Indians. What count now are skills, and rules, not the human drama. Most typical are games like rope skipping, hopscotch, jacks, mumble-the-peg, which are utterly impersonal.

Children are now apt to develop several irritating habits. These vary from child to child and from season to season: leaving open doors that are meant to be closed, slamming doors that should be closed gently, drumming on the table, dropping the coat always in the middle of the living-room floor, scratching the scalp, picking the nose, belching loudly and often without other evidence of indigestion. These drive a parent mad; but no matter how frequently and firmly they correct the child, he always acts surprised or mistreated, as if he felt quite innocent. He is innocent as far as his conscious intentions are concerned, but I doubt whether anyone can be that irritating by accident.

A child in the school years will try to use the authority of adults outside the home—such as teachers—when he feels like arguing against his parents. "Miss Huckley says we don't need to wear snow pants until after Christmas." "Miss Huckley says the sky isn't really blue—it's black." A boy asks his doctor father, "Which are bigger, red blood cells or white blood cells?" The father falls into the trap of thinking he is being asked for information and is pleased. He says, "White blood cells are larger." The boy replies with a tone of voice in which belligerence is barely covered by politeness, "Oh no, they're not. Red blood cells are larger—our science teacher says so."

Some of these quotes from outside authorities are for the simple purpose of trying to gain privileges or to avoid having to be dressed differently from other children. But the topic and the tone of voice often show that the real purpose is to prove that the parents don't know all the answers. I don't think the child is as much interested in putting the parents in their place for their own good as he is in convincing *himself* that they aren't the final authority. He senses that if he is to continue to grow up and become an independent, co-operative citizen, he must learn to weigh the opinions of outsiders. To be free to do that he has first to outgrow his early-childhood idea that his parents are the wisest people in the world; in fact, the only ones whose knowledge needs to be considered at all.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 33



NEW

Soothing as Slumber

NEW—A RICH, FLOWING CREAM. Johnson's Baby Liquid Cream provides complete skin protection with one application. Soothes, softens, sweetens and cleans baby's delicate skin. . . . Not oily. Not greasy. Gently antiseptic. In a new squeeze bottle. . . . The newest achievement in baby care from the most trusted name in baby products. Johnson & Johnson

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Johnson's baby liquid cream
SKIN CARE
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HINTS COLLECTED BY MRS. DAN GERBER, MOTHER OF FIVE . . .

bringing up baby



What's Your Line?

Have you ever noticed that when mothers appear on TV programs, they sound apologetic when they identify themselves as housewives and mothers? Apologize! It seems to me there is no career so rewarding as motherhood. Being a mother enriches your heart, expands your horizon, lifts your dreams above the humdrum. What other job pays such rich dividends in love? *National Baby Week*—April 25 to May 2. What better time to remind ourselves that a "baby is the Future, snuggled in a bootee . . . our link to Eternity, hiding under a bonnet."



Nutritious Small-fry Favorites

1. For babies about to start on cereal: Gerber Cereal Quads. This handy, 4-in-one package contains small-size boxes of Rice Cereal, Barley, Oatmeal and Mixed Cereal—all vitamin-and-mineral-enriched—all ready to serve with formula or milk.

2. Popular as you please with the crib set! Gerber Strained Chicken is a "little gourmet" delicacy with a big nutritional bonus in body-building protein. Made from selected, inspected Armour chickens, it's specially processed to preserve true-chicken flavor and the utmost in nutritive values. Most of the coarse tissue is removed so even tiny babies can digest it with ease. Like the other 7 delicious Gerber Strained Meats, it's pure meat—nothing added. P. S. Toddler in the house? You'll want to try the *new* Gerber Junior Chicken . . . suitably textured for tots with teeth.

ARMOUR



The Whys of Cries

A wise mother I know says that crying is a perfectly natural part of a baby's life. It's baby's way of telling you he's hungry, needs bubbling, a fresh diaper or a change of position. These things can be remedied promptly. But sometimes baby will fuss for no apparent reason at all. If you can't quite determine just what it is that baby wants, cuddling and rock-a-bying are still among the best cheer-uppers I know.



Vitamin C . . . a Daily Necessity

Since vitamin C cannot be stored in the body, your baby needs a daily ration of it for sound gums and body tissues. You'll find Gerber Strained Orange Juice or Apple Juice the pleasant, digestible way to give baby this important vitamin. The Orange Juice is rich in natural vitamin C; the Apple Juice is fortified with vitamin C. Both are pasteurized for baby's protection. Older babies will enjoy Gerber Strained Orange Pineapple or Pineapple Grapefruit—also fortified with vitamin C.

P. S. from Dan Gerber

"30 years ago, when we started making baby foods, our primary purpose was to prepare more nourishing baby foods than we could at home. That purpose still holds true today, and nothing is left to chance where your baby's nourishment is concerned. Through the development of special processing methods, we are able to preserve a high degree of natural food values. Moreover, all Gerber Baby Foods are subjected to 28 tests to insure quality and the utmost in nutritive values."



Ideas to "toy with." Along about 3 months, when baby's vision begins to sharpen, "look toys" that move are a joy to behold. A gently swinging mobile above his crib, a gay balloon tied to his playpen, or a spinning pinwheel attached to the carriage will enchant a contented baby, often quiet a cranky one.

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BABIES
ARE OUR
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5 CEREALS · OVER 90 STRAINED & JUNIOR FOODS, INCLUDING MEATS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

What happens to the romantic attachments to parents? You can see most boys pulling back from their mothers after the age of six. They become less willing to be kissed and finally they balk altogether, at least in public. The thought of the mother in any romantic connection becomes objectionable. A father told me of a discussion in his family about what name to give to a boat they were getting. He himself eventually suggested the endearing nickname by which he called his wife. The ten-year-old son promptly made a loud retching noise, as if he were about to vomit.

Some boys at six and seven continue to talk about their special girl friends of their own age. But a great majority, by nine or ten, protest loudly against the whole female sex. They call girls silly, disgusting. They groan when they have to see a preview glimpse of a love story in the movies. Of course they protest too much. Under the scorn there is obviously positive interest still, but it is certainly strongly repressed.

How do all these aspects of the six-to-twelve-year-old fit together? Freud found the meaning during his lifelong work in the psychoanalysis of patients, and it has been well confirmed by others. A boy's intense attachment to his mother in three-, four-, five-year-old periods is beset with difficulties. It creates feelings of rivalry with his beloved father, which he assumes his father reciprocates, and this frightens him. At the same age he misinterprets the meaning of the physical difference between boys and girls and fears that he might lose his own penis, perhaps as punishment for sex play or for his wish to supplant his father. He represses these anxieties into his unconscious mind. But they eventually get so disturbing that the romantic feelings for his mother lose their positive, pleasant aspect and become uncomfortable; he wants to avoid them and forget them.

This turning of positive feelings into negative feelings, because of painful associations, takes place in other situations and age periods also. You may remember some food that you previously loved and then became disgusted with, because you became ill once soon after eating it.

Of course a boy continues to love his mother deeply as comforter, protector, guide. He just senses that he has to give up the special yearning for her that implies competition with his father.

Freud called this renunciation (around the age of six) the resolution of the Oedipus complex. He named the stage from then until the beginning of adolescence the latency period, in the sense that the romantic and sexual drives, which played such a vital part in the child's emotional growth between the ages of three and six, are, for the time being, largely repressed.

But the slowing down of one aspect of development is the very means of fostering others. There is lots of evidence that the child's renunciation of his intense, personal devotion to his parent frees his mind for academic learning. It makes all the subjects that are studied in school particularly welcome just because they are impersonal.

But the readiness for academic learning is only part of the story. The transformation of interests—in the latency period and afterward—is not so fundamental or complete as it seems on the surface. The psychoanalyst, who studies the dreams and thought associations of a patient, often finds connections in the unconscious mind between curiosity about science, for instance, and curiosity about the mysteries of sex and reproduction. Similarly he finds that the drive to create new inventions, works of art and literature may be partly derived from the yearning to create children. As a matter of fact, the world has always said that the creative individual "gives birth" to his idea or project. So we can say that the noblest things that man has thought and made are partly the product of his longing for and then renunciation of his beloved parent.

The same can be said of the spiritual, idealistic and chivalrous aspects of human love. If there were no Oedipal period, followed by the inhibitions of latency, love in the sexual sense would consist of a succession of brief physical attractions, such as occur in many animals, which involve no particular tenderness, no devotion, no establishment of family. The fact that a boy's first intense love is for his mother, who is vitally important to him in so many respects, that it occurs in the stable setting of the devoted family, that it imitates the admired father's love of the mother, all these attributes of the first love are what impel the boy, when he is grown, to channel his love in a similar pattern. But if he remained throughout the rest of life as in love with his mother as he was at the ages of three and four, he'd never be able to take another girl very seriously. (In real life we see an occasional man who can never love any woman but his mother and an occasional girl who never finds anyone as good as daddy.) So if the child is to grow up whole, there first must be the love and then it must be quenched.

I have been talking almost exclusively about the boy and the vicissitudes of his relationship with his mother. But the resolution of the Oedipus complex brings a shift in his relationship with his father too. Before, his feelings were a mixture of almost slavish admiration and considerable unconscious fear. Now, on the surface, it looks very much as though he were pulling away from his father, as from his mother, giving him up as a model, arguing with him.

But when we look more deeply into his feelings we find that he had succeeded so well in identifying with his father that he now feels like a grown-up, independent man of the world in his own right. He doesn't have such an intense need any longer to look constantly to his father for his cues.

This transformation recalls the old saying, "If you can't lick him, join him." From now on he is in a position to continue to learn from his father in a more selective, man-to-man way, and at the same time to learn much more about the outside world as a replica of his father.

A girl comes to the resolution of her Oedipus complex, too, in repressing her wish to have her father for herself, in order to lessen the uncomfortable rivalry with her mother. She makes a more thorough identification with her mother and turns her interest to the less personal outside world. But on the average the shift is less drastic and less complete in the girl. She usually doesn't have to be quite as balky and messy as her brother; she's apt to find less fascination than he in mathematics, mechanics and science. In other words, she isn't compelled to repress so vigorously her personal feelings, and this shows up quite clearly in her ability still to express affection for her father and to accept it from him.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—Ed.

GIFTED

By ELIZABETH MC FARLAND

The children and I worked all morning to make
This tremulous, sugary, overwrought cake,
With candles limp from a hot little hand
And icing a bit more *pink* than we planned.

You might think that even a doll could fix
A cake from a modern add-water mix,
You might think *our* cake looks a bit unbalanced—
But, dear, love's just one of those lopsided talents!



Today she's . . .

The fairest of them all

She's a princess in her dreams . . . dressed for the part by Carter's in a shorty gown of softest cotton knit, blended with Dacron for coolness and lasting shape, flowering with lace. Of course, it's machine-washable, no-iron, like *all* Carter's cotton knit sleepwear and underwear. And a lovely gift for the loveliest princess in dreamland!



ABOVE: Cotton-Dacron Shorty Pajama. Nylon neck ruffle. Pink, aqua, yellow. 3-16 yrs. $3.00.

RIGHT: Mother-Daughter Block Print Shorty Pajamas. Cotton knit terry. Aqua, pink, yellow print. 3-16 yrs. $3.00. S-M-L, $4.00.

Carter's

THE WILLIAM CARTER CO. NEEDHAM HEIGHTS, MASS.

It's NEW...It's the American

...designed for greater beauty, more

This beautiful, brand-new bathtub was designed to make bathing more relaxing, more pleasant than ever. To cradle you in soothing comfort, it is contour-shaped. For lazy stretching, it is long and roomy. Yet for all its beauty and comfort this new American-Standard bathtub is ever so practical.

Notice how the contour shape brings the back of the tub close to you for easy-reach cleaning. Look at those wide, wide corner ledges. One is perfect to sit on when bathing the children . . . the other holds all sorts of bathing accessories.

The simple, restrained design of this modern beauty is highlighted with a swept-back, decorative line across the front. The off-center contour of the bathtub is repeated in the off-center lavatory with wide side ledge.

Picture this new bathtub in your home. Everyone will love its exciting style. Because it is an American-Standard bathtub, it is made of cast iron with a thick coating of gleaming enamel in six decorator colors and white. And, best of all, *it costs less than you think.*



FOR MORE LUXURIOUS bathing this bathtub follows a smart new diagonal design that gives maximum width where needed, maximum comfort all the way. For more information see your American-Standard retailer, listed in the Yellow Pages of the phone book, or mail the coupon below.

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Please send me your 1959 Bathroom Planning Booklet. I enclose 10¢ to cover mailing. I am modernizing ☐ I am building ☐

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Standard CONTOUR bathtub

comfortable bathing, easier cleaning





OAY . . . is the way you will describe this new con- bathtub. Large enough to bathe all the children at to let a he-man take a relaxing soak!



CLEANING IS A BREEZE because the contour shape of this new bathtub brings the back of the tub within easy reach. No more stretching and straining when you clean the tub!



THE OFF-CENTER DESIGN of this new contour bathtub is excitingly different. Yet for all its style it is roomy, provides delightful bathing comfort.



Today's ban® rolls on the most effective ingredients yet discovered to stop odor and check perspiration!



No Doubt! Ban *really* keeps you safe. Ban stops odor a full 24 hours! Ban checks perspiration round the clock! You never need fear embarrassing perspiration and odor again! You *know* you're safe with Ban.



No Doubt! Ban can't irritate any type of normal skin. Ban can't harm even the most delicate fabrics. Ban lotion is really effective, yet Ban's strength is gentle. You and your clothes are always safe with Ban.



No Doubt! Ban roll-on works best! Ban's unique, patented applicator always rolls on the right amount of deodorant lotion—smoothly and evenly . . . unlike messy creams, sprays, sticks and imitation roll-ons.

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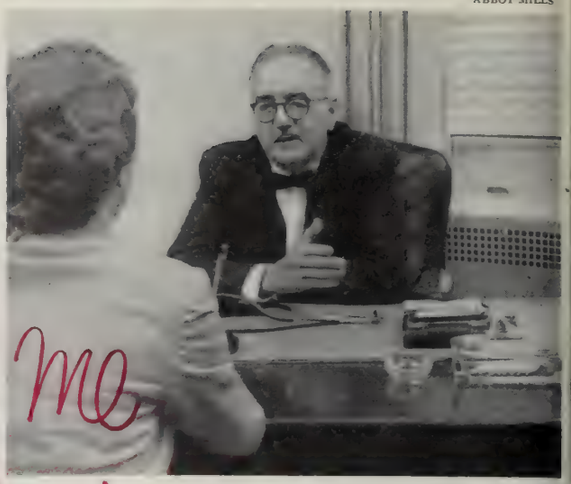


No Doubt! Ban rolls on the most effective ingredients yet discovered to stop odor and check perspiration . . . and actually 22% more active ingredients than the average of leading deodorants. Next time, buy Ban!

NOW **ban** IN 2 SIZES Large Size 73¢ Economy Size 98¢

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ABBOT MILLS



Tell me Doctor...

There are many questions which women would like to ask a trusted physician, but there is not always the opportunity. In this series, Tell Me Doctor, Doctor Schauffler will discuss some of the problems which have been sent to him by readers. The situations are all real, but all the names are fictitious.

By GOODRICH C. SCHAUFFLER, M.D.

"My Fallopian tubes were cut, without my consent or knowledge, in the course of an operation. Now I have lost my little girl. Can you make it possible for me to have another baby?"

"I hope you didn't think me impertinent, Doctor—asking your secretary to allow me extra time on my very first visit to you. I thought you ought to be warned that my problem is pretty complicated. I have a good many questions for you."

The doctor had been impressed by his new patient's quiet air of good breeding. Her low, modulated voice added to the favorable estimate he was rapidly forming.

"It was good of you to let us know that, Mrs. Weller. The fact is, I am intrigued by the notes my secretary has just given me. You are thirty-three years old, you have already had two children. You wish to consult me about the possibility of having another baby. I sense a good deal more here than you told my secretary."

"There is, Doctor," his visitor told him. "It's something I've never told even my closest friend. Now that I'm here, I scarcely know how to begin."

Mrs. Weller's eyes met the doctor's frankly, but he could see that she was deeply agitated.

"In that case, why don't you just begin at the beginning, tell me the story in your own way?" the doctor said encouragingly. "Troubles of this kind are one of my chief concerns, you know." He settled back in an attitude of relaxed, though attentive, listening.

"Thank you, Doctor. You do make one feel at ease," Mrs. Weller said more composedly. "Let me see. I suppose it really begins when my husband and I agreed, as soon as we became engaged, that we wanted a good-sized family. I was an only child. I had always longed for brothers and sisters. Phil, on the other hand, is one of five. It's a particularly close-knit, devoted family. He wanted his children to have the same kind of experience.

"We got off to a fine start. A fine sturdy little boy. Two years later, a beautiful little girl. Some months after that I missed a period. I thought I was pregnant again. But then I began to have irregular spells of bleeding. I felt quite ill. My doctor—it was old Doctor Colt—wanted to observe me for a while. But maybe I'm giving you too much detail, Doctor?"

"No, no, Mrs. Weller. I want you to tell me every single thing that has any importance in your eyes."

"Well, briefly, one day I had a sudden sickening pain low down on my left side. I was suffering so much that my husband rushed me to the hospital. As soon as Doctor Colt arrived, he ordered me into surgery. When I came out from under the anesthetic, he told me he had removed a growth. It wasn't malignant, there was nothing to worry about. That was all I knew.

"But I thought that both Phil and Doctor Colt acted peculiarly. I felt that something was being kept from me. One day when I was in Doctor Colt's office, he was called out of the room. My case record was on his desk. I suppose it was very bad of me, but I read it. I wanted to *know*. That was my first intimation that—that I had been sterilized."

"Sterilized!" The doctor frowned. "There must have been a reason. Perhaps the growth had been malignant after all, or could Doctor Colt perhaps have performed a hysterectomy?"

"No, I have my uterus and ovaries. The 'growth' Doctor Colt removed had been a tubal pregnancy. He removed that tube along with the embryo. Then he cut the other tube to prevent me from having any more babies. There was something in the record about a 'blighted ovum,' but I was so horrified to learn I had been sterilized that that part didn't register.

"When Doctor Colt came back into the room, I demanded to know why he had sterilized me. All he would say was that the medical indications had made it advisable. When I asked him why I hadn't been consulted first, he said he couldn't have anticipated such a necessity; he said my husband had consented, so he had gone ahead while he had me opened up and under anesthesia.

"I had never dreamed that a woman could be deprived of the power to have babies without her knowing anything about it. I simply couldn't accept it."

The doctor was leaning forward in his chair now. "Well, this is strange, I must say. Or perhaps 'unusual' is a better word. I don't believe such a thing could happen now in a first-class hospital. Unless, of course, there had been urgent medical grounds aside from the tubal pregnancy. In good hospitals today, permission for sterilization, on *an*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

PHOTOGRAPHED IN FRANCE BY DERUJINSKY ©COTY 1959

NEW! THE COLOR Tying Up TRAFFIC ALL OVER PARIS!

A flaming Pink with a wicked wink and a heart of gold

Only *one* color could create such heavenly havoc. *Rue de la Pink!* For this gilded, giddy season, Coty took a gorgeous giddy pink . . . tangled it all up in gold . . . fanned it into fashion's newest flame. *Rue de la Pink!* See it strike black with lightning . . . delight white . . . set fire to pastels . . . electrify everything you wear! *Rue de la Pink!* What a delicious snare, whether you're sunnied or fair. What honeyed flattery for lips and fingertips. *Don't venture out without it.*



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SUPER-SHEEN NAIL POLISH .75

Coty
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...when it's Lavoris-clean!

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*Lavoris removes the mucus coating in which germs thrive and most food odors start. Its gentle astringent action stimulates mouth, throat and gum tissues . . . leaves them fresh, invigorated and truly clean.

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Denture Breath — Bleeding Gums

Take a tip from your dentist | Lavoris is used by more dentists than all other mouthwashes combined

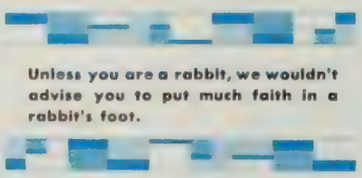
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

grounds, has to be signed by both the wife and husband. In most of these hospitals, the surgeon must also get permission from a specialty committee, which studies the circumstances.

"Of course consent would be given to remove a tube if it was diseased, or threatened the future health of the mother. And I believe a number of the hospital committees today will allow sterilization after four children, if a couple do not wish to have any more. But in the latter case I'm not sure I agree with them. Actually, it's against the law. Sterilization is forbidden legally, except when further pregnancies would jeopardize the life of the mother, or incur the risk of bringing subnormal offspring into the world.

"Personally, I would not do a sterilization for any other reasons than those allowed by the law or justified by other circumstances at operation. I have seen too many unhappy results. Young couples may get to feeling desperate after having three or four children, think life will be impossible if they have any more. But later on, things may change. One or more children may be lost in some way. Or the husband may die, the wife may remarry and wish to give her new husband children. These things happen more often than you would think."

A peculiar expression had come over Mrs. Weller's face. "Don't ever change your attitude on that, Doctor!" she exclaimed. "To want babies, and know for a certainty you can't ever have them, must be the worst frustration there is, I believe. And yet, in my own case, you might have done just what Doctor



Colt did. I'm afraid you haven't heard the worst."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Weller. I didn't mean to interrupt—this is something I feel pretty strongly about."

"I'm glad to know the facts about sterilization, Doctor. And I don't blame anyone now. You see, what bothered me most was that Phil had consented to this dreadful thing. I kept after Phil until finally he told me the whole truth. It wasn't just that our third baby was growing in the Fallopian tube instead of the uterus. The embryo apparently had something the matter with it. I guess Phil was shocked out of his wits. When Doctor Colt advised that it would be best not to have another pregnancy, Phil didn't know of anything to do but consent. They had kept the knowledge from me because they wanted to spare me the same distress."

The doctor started to say something, then decided he had better hear Mrs. Weller out first. She began speaking rapidly, as though to get through the next part quickly.

"It *was* a dreadful shock. There had never been anything like it in Phil's family or mine. Phil and I realized, though, how lucky we had been to have two normal, lovely children.

"But how right you were when you said that things can change! And they can change so quickly! Six months ago"—Mrs. Weller's voice started to tremble, but steadied again—"our little girl was killed by a car that ran up on the sidewalk in front of our house. No, Doctor, please!" She checked his involuntary expression of sympathy. "I can get through this if you just don't say anything. I'm about finished, anyway. I collapsed and Phil called a new doctor—Doctor Colt had died a short time before. I overheard this man say to Phil, 'The best thing is for Mrs. Weller to have another baby immediately.' Phil said something in a low voice, and the doctor replied, 'What a pity!' I never told Phil—he feels dreadfully enough, without knowing that I heard. It started me thinking, though, about adopting a baby."

"You thought I might be able to assist you in adopting a baby?" The quiet question

CONTINUED ON PAGE 109

How To Easily
STOP CORNS
BEFORE THEY CAN DEVELOP...



Speedily Remove Corns and Callouses

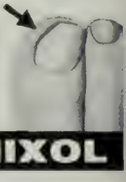
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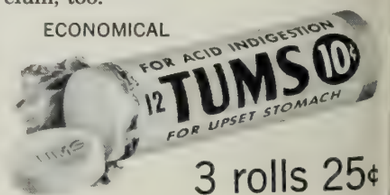
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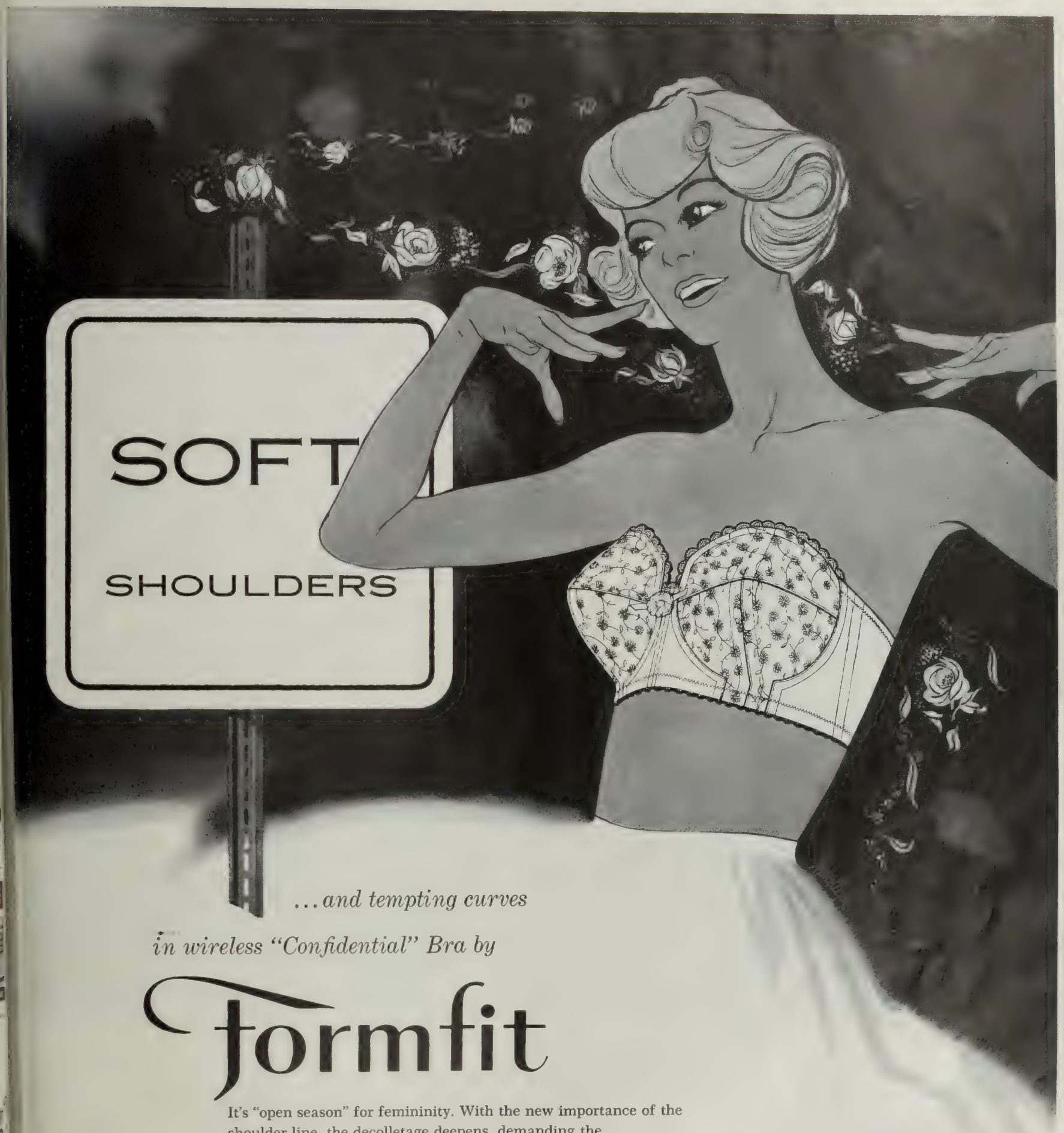
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To relinquish love for the sake of others is heroic and spiritually rewarding.

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University Department of Psychology

BREAKING OFF AN AFFAIR

Although more husbands than wives become involved in affairs, both research and counseling show that women are far from immune. Sometimes a casual friendship born of loneliness drifts into intimacy, without conscious intent. Then the wife is apt to be beset by doubts, confusion, guilt. If she voluntarily gives up her lover, and sincerely tries to make her marriage work, there is still hope that she can succeed. Though her first impulse may be to "confess," she must face the fact that to do so will make the problem more severe. The chances of saving the marriage are better if she spares her husband the facts.

This letter reports the progress of a wife who turned to counseling when her burden became too great. Her story illustrates what sincere effort can accomplish:

"I think I knew I had to solve my own problem, and that whatever I did would not be easy. But when I finally turned to you I desperately needed an impartial ear. I felt that I loved the other man, and that he loved me, and I still respect him. But I made a clean break, and we are both trying to work things out in our own marriages. Fortunately neither his wife nor my husband ever found out about our affair.

"Three months have gone by. At first it seemed I could never overcome that empty and awful lonely sensation inside. I must have been very selfish and immature or I would have thought of my children instead of myself. But I tried not to let myself think about him, and this was easier when I kept myself as busy as possible. I got a job from ten to three, while the children were in school, and this has raised my spirits.

"You had emphasized that I must improve communication with my husband; I tried to talk about things that would interest him and get him to talk to me. It still isn't easy for him to put his feelings into words, but we have made surprising progress. Once he told me he'd always been afraid he might lose me, something I never suspected. After twelve years of marriage each of us is beginning to learn how the other really feels. Our sex life has improved greatly, and this has relieved a lot of my tension and he seems happier.

"My husband and I are trying very hard, and it gets easier all the time. Each day it seems that the two of me are shaping into one of me. This I like. The sad part is that it couldn't have happened long ago."

The precipitating reasons why this wife turned to another man were not dramatic, and no one alone was fundamental. Her husband was a shy quiet man, and they never developed a close relationship. While the children were young the wife was fairly content, but when they entered school loneliness became a problem.

Close by lived a childless couple both of whom held jobs. Because of a strike the husband was out of work for several weeks, and this provided an unplanned opportunity for him and another lonely person to be together. Out of such casual circumstances grew a sexual attachment which led them to talk of divorce.

But then the wife began to worry about the effect on the children, and it was this problem that led her to seek help. A review of her program may help some wife to avoid or relieve a similar difficulty.

She began thinking of others instead of herself. This capacity is a characteristic of maturity and is crucial. Until an entangled person can think beyond self and begin to consider the well-being of children, husband, relatives, the situation is hopeless.

The counselor raised questions which helped her define her problem. Would her husband consent to a divorce? Would the other man's wife? Who would have custody of the children? If she and the other man married, could they live in the same community? How would his job future be affected? How would their parents react?

She postponed immediate action to give herself and the man time to evaluate the answers. But the unfavorable answers made the prospects of happiness look dim. She began to see that if they carried out their plans, they would be exchanging one set of problems for another.

She made a clean break. Having decided that there was no future in the relationship, she wisely ended it once and for all, instead of attempting postponement or halfway measures.

She stayed busy. By filling her life with activities, she left herself little time for brooding or thinking of her lover. The job gave her a new sense of accomplishment and of contributing to the family's progress.

She began to understand herself and her role. The real clue to her problem and its solution is her statement that "the two of me are shaping into one of me." There is a vast gulf between living the life of a single person and that of one who is married. Unless a wife can identify herself with the role of a married woman, she remains in a state of conflict.

The other man provided temporary escape from tensions she didn't understand. But no marriage, to him or anyone else, could relieve her difficulty until she learned to think of herself as a wife. Now she has begun to do so, there is hope for her marriage.

"I FEEL TO BLAME"

The case was out of the ordinary, for my client was not herself involved in the marriage that disturbed her. She was Miss K., in her fifties and never married. Some twelve years before, when her sister and brother-in-law were killed in an accident, Miss K. assumed the care of their daughter, Ann, fourteen.

Ann lived with her for three years, while she finished high school, and they "got along all right," though they had little time together because Miss K. worked six days a week. Ann's home life had never been easy, because her father was a shiftless drinker, and her mother had to continue teaching to support the family. Ann was quiet, more interested in books than in boys, and her few dates were mostly for school functions.

Following graduation and a few months' business course, Ann got a good job as a secretary. Soon after, the company opened a plant in another state, and Ann accepted a position there. Before long, her letters mentioned her dates with a "wonderful man" of twenty-two, and in two more months she wrote asking Miss K. to be present at their marriage.

"I was heartsick," said Miss K. "I knew she wasn't ready for marriage, and she wasn't even eighteen. But it was her life, and I felt helpless, shocked as I was to learn the man had been divorced only a month before marrying Ann. They had two children, a boy and girl now six and five years, and their marriage has lasted nearly eight years. But now it's breaking up, and I feel to blame.

"Ann first admitted she was unhappy four years ago. I offered to pay the bill if she would see a psychiatrist. Since there wasn't one close by, Ann paid monthly visits to a social worker, but gave up when she didn't seem to be getting anywhere. Last fall she wrote she was going to leave her husband. At my request she wrote out her story, and I showed it to a psychiatrist. He said she was immature, probably needed analysis.

"I invited her to visit me right after New Year's, so she could talk it over with him. Two weeks later, she said she had decided on analysis, and wanted to bring the children and move in with me. I didn't know what to do, but I couldn't refuse her a home. So they moved in, bag and baggage. The children are in school, and Ann has a job. Jim says he will divorce her if they don't return soon. But Ann doesn't seem to worry about the future. Her analysis will take at least a year.

"I'm terribly upset about it all. Maybe if I hadn't invited her to visit, this wouldn't have happened. Maybe if I'd raised her differently, she wouldn't have married so young. I was against the marriage, but I'm against divorce too. Jim wouldn't have been my choice for Ann, but he hasn't been a bad husband."

Ann's report for the psychiatrist bore out what he and Miss K. had said. She was indeed immature and unready for marriage. She "never loved Jim," but "I guess I married him for security and for fear of being an old maid like my aunt." She says he is overweight, her only specific complaint, and "repulsive" to her, though she admits he makes and keeps more friends than she does. She regrets the fun she missed by marrying so young. She thinks she could still have it with a man she met recently—"just twenty-five and a doll." "I wouldn't miss my husband, but I don't want to leave him until I'm sure I have another man waiting for me. I'm afraid to be alone. I ought to think about the children, but I'm miserable. There is nothing to look forward to from one dreary day to the next."

There wasn't much a counselor could say or do. Ann had already taken action, and it's still too early to predict the outcome of the therapy she is receiving. It doesn't seem likely that she and her husband will be reunited, though the aunt has asked him to defer divorce proceedings in hopes that the treatment will help Ann find herself. If Jim will accept counsel, he may be able to understand that it is really herself Ann is trying to escape rather than her husband or their marriage. Only time will tell.

Meanwhile I can only try to reassure the aunt. At fourteen Ann's personality and standards were too firmly established for Miss K. to influence them profoundly. Nor could she control the girl's future. She did her best in providing a home and is still stanchly supporting her niece both psychologically and financially. Whatever the outcome, no one else will blame her. I hope I can prevent her from blaming herself.

DO YOU AGREE?

What makes my husband get frequent but short-lived crushes on other women?

Probably either because of deep feelings of personal inadequacy or because of an unsatisfactory relationship with you.

ASK YOURSELF:
Is Our Marriage Threatened? Is Disaster Approaching?

Even though a couple may know that they have an unhappy marriage, neither may recognize how close they are to disaster. Listed below are the symptoms and, to a great extent, the underlying causes of marital breakups. Any one of them could damage a marriage, and in nearly every divorce history at least one of them is found on the record. Check them against your marriage to see if they apply to you and your husband.

Are You and Your Husband:

1. **Far apart in your standards and ideals?**
2. **Unable to confide in each other?**
3. **In sharp disagreement about religion?**
4. **Beset by in-law interference?**
5. **In bitter conflict over money matters?**
6. **Childless by choice (or are any children a constant bone of contention)?**
7. **Often not on speaking terms?**

In Respect to Mutual Relationships:

8. **Has there ever been a triangle problem?**
9. **Do you frequently nag him?**
10. **Is your husband brutal or vicious?**
11. **Do most discussions end in dissension?**
12. **Are you two poorly adjusted sexually?**
13. **Does either detest the other's friends?**
14. **Is his or your love dead or dying?**

Though even one "Yes" can indicate unhappiness, two checks almost always mean that neither you nor your husband is happy. Three or more presage separation or divorce. You must take remedial action at once because time is fast running out. If no marriage counselor is available, talk to your minister or physician.

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A Catholic point of view in this series on sex and religion as presented by
Rev. HENRY V. SATTLER, C.SS.R., Ph.D., Assistant Director, Family Life Bureau, National Catholic Welfare Conference.

SIXTH OF A SERIES

SEX and RELIGION

THE CHALLENGE OF CHASTITY

The poet Swinburne can be taken as spokesman for many moderns. He challenges Christ: "Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean; the world has grown grey from Thy breath." Many modern people feel that Christianity and the virtues involved in it have taken the color, enthusiasm and the joy out of life and left to the world only a pale, plodding experience of the dullness which, to them, virtue seems to be.

This idea has grown alarmingly in the modern world, particularly in the field of sexual experience. Lust, or sexual-passion-for-itself, is the too frequent theme of our pocket books and our new novels. The authors of such materials paint lust as delightful and swashbuckling. Many of our movies and television programs are at least slyly suggestive that lust is a Technicolor experience! Movie blurbs carry the descriptions: lusty, raw passion, daringly frank, and so on. Every hero is presented as a *great lover*—even when he satisfies his lust by force. Male readers and viewers are presumed to feel that *this is living*. Feminine devotees are expected to be thrilled at the possibility of being "swept off their feet" by the brutal attack.

It is a sad fact that religious people frequently smile wryly at the presentation and practically concede to the immoralists that vice is scintillating and virtue is dull. Instead of painting positively the real attractiveness of virtue, we attack vice on the basis of cold ethical reasoning. We appeal to the hope of an eternal reward after a lifetime of avoiding the "joys" of vice! Granting that sin does leave a certain false glamour, and that there are times when only the hope of heaven or the fear of hell will keep us on the "straight and narrow," we too seldom go about proving that we are also concerned with the goods and values of this life! Virtue is of top priority in building a joyful life *now*.

Worse than this, in his effort to fight sin, the Christian is sometimes led to give an impression that passion itself is evil. Christians are maneuvered into the position of seeming to oppose eating, when in reality they oppose only gluttony. They speak of the swinish pleasures of the flesh while attacking lust and are then accused of implying that the joyful love expression of marriage is merely a concession to men and women too weak to control themselves. Indeed, some religious people apparently accept the pagan idea that the marriage license is only "a license for lust." At least, they often do not distinguish between physical passion at the service of love within a permanent marriage, and sexual passion in the service of lust.

Vice is basically passion out of control and undirected. There is no glory, but rather terror, in power out of control. There is nothing glorious in the flooding Mississippi destroying homes and lives; nothing beautiful in Yucca Flat atoms out of control. The avaricious penny pincher, the congenital liar, the food glutton, the sex glutton are just brutish and vulgar—less than men.

Nor is there happiness in vice. The very facial contortions of smirking slyness, thunderous anger, voracious greed and hungering lust prove that, for all their claims, the immoralists are unhappy. Casanova was not a great lover. Indeed, it is doubtful if he could love at all. He merely sought to gratify himself by sampling the bodies of many partners. He showed the same selfish immaturity a child shows in taking a bite of every piece of candy in the box without savoring any of them.

Though a flooding river and an atom bomb terrify the beholder, a majestic river draining the melting snow delights. There is also hope for a fabulous future in Atoms for Peace. And so the true Christian, though he condemns the vices of anger, greed, lying, gluttony and lust, is careful that he does not despise the majesty of just indignation; the sweetness of human speech; the Christian joy in earthly possessions; the reasonable delights of the palate; the ecstasy of the marital embrace. In short, though he opposes vice with all his being, he can never allow himself to be maneuvered into seeming to attack the good, when he is really attacking only the *abuse* of the good.

Virtue is a "do," a strength, a joy! Yet the Christian often is surprised to find himself in the arena defending a "don't" approach, a weakness, an emptiness! The word *virtue* comes from the same root as the word *man*. Virtue means strength, virility, manliness. It is virtue which is love in action, as vice is either hatred in action or mistaken love in action.

Chastity is not a weakness, but a virtue, a strength. Chastity is the virtue which controls bodily-love-in-action according to God's law. This virtue applies to one object—sexual self-control—but in two different areas: nonuse of sexuality before marriage and use according to God's law in marriage.

This virtue—human love of man and woman in control—is a lifelong virtue and not, as pagans would have us think, some sort of joke about the struggle of the young for self-mastery till marriage can "justify lust." Nor is chastity the crushing of passion; it is the tempering and direction of passion. Spring is more temperate than summer, but more passionate.

A challenge is an invitation to a contest. Chastity is a challenge to every human being, an invitation to control turbulent passion and make it serve, not lust but love. In order for the challenge of chastity to be taken up by young and old, we must learn to *reverence* the value which chastity guards. Children will learn to be honest and just only when they learn to receive material things as the gift of God. Delinquents will leave off their beating and cutting only when

CONTINUED ON PAGE 155

NEW FOR MAY—TOWLE STERLING FOR AS LITTLE AS $1.00 PER WEEK*



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REFILLS... ONLY 85¢* *PLUS TAX

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OUR READERS WRITE US

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

In these maidless days, don't you think an "at home" would be a welcome custom again? Sincerely yours,

M.D.

P.S. As a side issue, it taught me, in my early teens, how to behave myself in a room of adults. Though I hated it then, I had to be on hand to pass tea things and talk with the callers.

Love Letter to a Traveling Man

Jackson, Mississippi

Dear Editors: My husband is another traveling man. He returned home on Saturday night, after a sojourn of three weeks in New York.

During the past week I scrubbed, waxed, polished, ironed and mended everything in sight, often working into the wee small hours. I took our two small boys to the barbershop—an outing I detest—and spent the best part of an afternoon shopping for all those titbits he enjoys nibbling.

I spent the weekend opening his beer cans (just an occasional one, mind you), cooking his favorite meals, typing his reports, laundering his shirts, fetching his slippers, and sometimes indulging in some frustrating necking (frustrating in that my forearms were immersed in dishwater at the time).

Now ask me, did he notice the glorious shine on floors and furniture, or the singular miracle of an empty clothesbasket? Don't be silly! Did he comment on the quantity or quality of the roast or the pie? Of course not! Then why bother? Is it worth all the backache, or the long lonely weekday hours? Let me answer you this way: Yesterday, I turned from straightening a picture on the piano to find him staring at me. Then he said, simply, "Dinny, you're beautiful!"

Oh, I tell you I'm that man's slave! Let him go when and where he must—I can see him on his way, as I did this morning without a qualm. Because he'll be coming home again. And two days spent with him is, in my book, worth a year with any other man. Sincerely,

MRS. WILLIAM BETTS

Pretty Awful?

Alturas, California

Dear Ladies' Home Journal: I was so impressed by Mary K. Blackmar's "The Prettiest One" idea that I thought I would try it on my two tough little boys.

This morning they were yelling and beating each other on the head and I said so softly, "Who is the nicest? The nicest one will stop fighting first." (You can't say "Who is the prettiest?" to boys.) And Michael said, "I am the awfulest."

What to do now? Yours fondly,

ANN SCHNEEGAS

Once I Had a Teacher

Riverton, New Jersey

Dear Editors: When I was very young, things were like this: the prevailing wage for all but the most skilled jobs was $12 a week for 60 hours of work—the mill foreman who lived next door was reputed to earn (though no one could credit it) $25 a week; the legal age for obtaining "working papers" was 14, and many youngsters beat the gun by a year or two; high school was two streetcar rides (at a nickel each) away; fewer young folks went on from grammar school to high school than today go from high school to college.

It follows, then, that Miss Adele Winpenny, my eighth-grade teacher, knew that for almost all of us her classroom was to be our last stop on the road to formal education. Miss Adele was dedicated to her calling, and she believed that it was part of her calling to sell education. We had no P.T.A.'s in those days, but Miss Adele made it a point to maintain contact with parents, particularly of her most promising pupils, and to urge that these students be sent to high school and, if at all possible, to college. Where "higher" education was clearly out of the picture, her sales talk revolved around the opportunities that evening schools offered.

In class Miss Adele was like this: We were beyond formal penmanship lessons then, but on the first day of the term she wrote her name on the blackboard and said, "We have a beautiful language and a beautiful alphabet, and I'm glad my name is Adele Winpenny, for *A* and *W* are the most beautiful of all letters," and in lovely flowing script she wrote them on the board. "And each one of you can add beauty as well as legibility to your writing." When we read Lady of the Lake, we saw the stag at eve, we joined battle with Roderick Dhu; when we recited "We, the people of the United States," we *were* the people. When we finished a mathematics session we knew what Bertrand Russell meant when he said, "Mathematics possesses not only truth, but supreme beauty"—she had shown us.

And what has it all added up to? Let me cite a few classmates:

Because of her ability to make figures live, one boy is now vice president of a large metropolitan bank. Another, whose interest was aroused by her "rudimentary science" lectures, became head of an electronics outfit. A third, particularly enthralled by her discussions on the Declaration and the Constitution, is now an outstanding constitutional lawyer. Another—I do not know what the motivating factor was—is president of a large construction company. And the last, because of the interest Miss Adele aroused in him for English as a vital, living language, and her insistence on the proper use of each word in that language, and on adherence to the grammatical rules she so painstakingly taught, and because of the passion for the printed word she passed on, has for the past 35 years held down the copy desk on great magazines—the last 26 years that of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

These boys had one thing in common: from Miss Adele's they all went, not to high school but to full-time jobs. But because of their year in that classroom, they knew that their hunger for knowledge need not go unsatisfied, that high-school credits, and even college and law-school degrees, could be earned at night; and because of the inspiration of Miss Adele, they believed there would be as much pleasure and profit as work in the earning—and time proved them right. Sincerely,

J. H. WERNER

48 I Love You's?

Newton, Massachusetts

Dear Editor: Every person on Mother's Day would like to present to "mom" the most wonderful gift to be purchased. My gift this year is small of necessity (we bought a house, then discovered we were going to have another baby, then the car collapsed for good!), but I *am* presenting my mother with a four-year subscription to the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

Many thanks,

GRACE GATEMAN

How to Help Sick Friends

Newberry, Michigan

Dear Editors: A year ago when I was seriously ill my church circle came up with a plan which I think is worth passing on to your readers.

For two weeks they brought our evening meal each weekday. (My husband could help on weekends.) Three women co-operated with each: one prepared the main dish, one a salad, one a dessert. Not only did the six of us have a tasty meal which we would otherwise not have had, but being able to sit down with thankfulness instead of exhaustion was such a morale booster (and appetite booster) for me. It was especially helpful when the food was brought in disposable containers, and when only one call was made at the house just before mealtime.

Another friend came to do my ironing one morning, and picked up groceries for me. One took my preschooler for a three-day visit so I could have quiet days; one did all my Christmas baking; yet another brought several pans of rolls or coffeecake. How welcome those unsolicited gifts were!

With the best of intentions we often say to a sick mother, "If there is anything I can do, be sure to call on me." But for fear of imposing, the call might never be made. Perhaps these suggestions will make it easier to really be of help. Sincerely,

MARY LOU SAINIO



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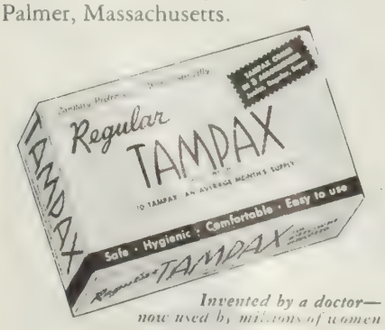
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THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER



"Alice . . . Alice, honey . . . how do I like my eggs?"

For a wife in the kitchen with electric dishwasher rumbling to chat with her husband shaving with an electric shaver in the bathroom while the radio's on—that, I suppose, is what the colleges mean by "communications skills." (Maybe she'd better write him a note?)

My favorite war hero, who tried to have "obstacle courses" erected near the Pentagon and beside Ike's SHAEF headquarters overseas to toughen the staff officers, is now trying to induce his corporation to build one for flabby execs.

Why do they overdramatize the weather so? To judge by last winter's daily weather predictions, you'd think it was a four-month blizzard. Yet men wore summer-weight suits and their wives stuck all winter to toeless and heelless shoes.

My latest gift from my Lady Love is a new kaleidoscope. She knows how I like to relax from my chores by watching the changing designs and colors inside the tube, and buys me one every year or two. It's even an antidote to TV.

Are we on a zany space binge? In the stilly watches of the night I suspect 100 determined men on the North Pole could protect us from Russia better'n 1000 lonely outposts on the moon.

I welcomed my Dream Girl home from her trip to Oregon to visit three-month-old red-haired Tracy with an offer of a home-cooked meal: a can of corned-beef hash mixed with a can of chili. (I might even slice in a few hot dogs!)

After I'd shopped two years for a sun-tan gabardine suit, like my military uniform, without fracturing our Main Street merchants' apathy, I halfway resolved to have the old uniform remodeled into civvies.

You're cagey to talk about your trip abroad *before* you go. Due to some Freudian quirk, people listen then who don't want a word of your travel tales after you return.

I know one or two brave-new-world types who address their letters a new-fangled way: name of the town on the first line of the address, in the center of the envelope. (I hear our cautious postal experts have cogitated such a change for forty years.)

One of our neighbors has bought a new electronic dwarf piano; it has a plug-in for earphones. His kids can practice piano while he reads his magazines and papers nearby. (They don't even have to hear it themselves.)

Egad, sportive souls are reviving the derby hat in our town; more grays and browns than black ones. I hear the governor even wore one to an official blast. They're lighter, softer, and easy to tip without losing shape.

We've tried to pick the ideal couple to go along on our trip to Russia this July. Ever try to pick a couple to go along on a tour, cruise or vacation? If you want to fly transocean jet, they want to go by oil tanker or banana boat.

I'm inclined to think that a variety of obligatory dates in college are as important as archery, calculus or field hockey. Half the people on earth are of the opposite sex: fifteen different assorted dates a semester is one way to study 'em.

"What a lucky break it is," exclaims Betty Comfort, hiding her husband's golf clubs and laying out his rake, "when both halves of a married couple are good company! We don't know a dozen such."

Our autocrat of the luncheon table complains that too many feeble comedians aim their lamest gags at husbands. "If they aimed a laugh at a wife," he says, "they'd be insulting motherhood."

If I shave myself with a new blade before a party, instead of a quick once-over with an electric shaver, my Princess of Sheer Delight surmises I'm grooming for some cute matron I'm especially soft on.

I'm not quite in favor of separate vacations and trips for husbands and wives. But maybe it wouldn't hurt if every two or three days they'd separate for the day's sight-seeing. They might see twice as much, then brief each other.

Ike might win several million votes for his party if he'd call a few dozen scientists off their missiles and rockets and induce 'em to devise nonfattening bacon and eggs or pie alamode.

As a temporary substitute for Love Your Tax Assessor Week or Love Your Exterminator Man Week, could we mobilize Hatred? We could have Hate Wild Drivers Week, Hate Billboards Week, Hate Greasy Food Week.

My wife triumphantly brought home some doughnuts at six for a dime! I investigated and found 'em one-bite pastry, size of a silver dollar. Not like the old dime-a-dozen doughnuts that cost 50 cents now.

"I ate a meager $1.50 campus meal at a college dormitory," confesses Peter Comfort, hiding his wife's incredible new hat. "By careful comparison with such meals (paper-thin ham, a skimpy salad) at public cafeterias I deduce that off-campus you can buy such a meal (only better) for $1.17."

My neighbor told me on the coldest day last winter that he had a chance to buy a bargain vicuña overcoat for $225. "But I dasn't," he told me, "until my wife has a $2500 mink coat."

A pretty secretary in the next office tattles to me that her boss packs a pregnant briefcase, rushes out wild-eyed for an important conference, then dives into a three-o'clock movie. (Maybe he's efficient, does his day's work in four hours?)

My Dream Girl pouts when I (no steak lover) exclaim, "This is better'n steak!" when she serves me a Lima-bean casserole or tamale pie. (She happens to *like* steak.)

I can count on my Lady Love always to exclaim "How nice you look!" every time I put on a dark suit. It's because in dark blue I look like one of her appurtenances or accessories.

. . . When I see a snapshot of Harlan III with Fujiyama in the background,
. . . Or my Dream Girl agrees to bob her hair if I really want her to,
. . . And I get a strand of hair in a plastic box to prove Tracy's a redhead at 100 days,
. . . Or our youngest turns out to be an honor student between mediocre marks,
Then I nod tolerantly to our town's bachelors with their parades of beauteous strangers.

"It vanished overnight, Ava... that divine TEMPO, the new vanishing hair spray by Helene Curtis. I've been using TEMPO every day for *five days* and there's still not the tiniest trace of stiffness. Monday I sprayed . . . (Elsa's party was a love!) TEMPO holds *and* conditions, then vanishes overnight. It does! Tuesday morning my hair was perfectly fresh. Wednesday TEMPO took me through a day of trying the new Diors—I was exhausted! Thursday I even changed my hair style . . . yes, *all thumbs* me! Then Friday . . . before Frank arrived à la black tie . . . another swoosh of TEMPO. Now, this morning . . . zillions of sprays later . . . there's not a bit of sticky goo. T-E-M-P-O! Oh, just ask for the vanishing hair spray, Sweetie . . . they'll know!"



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WHAT WE DO Journal about WHERE WE GO town WHOM WE MEET

EDITED BY EILEEN SHARPE



HARALD O BERTING

Spring comes to the U.N.

50 years ago in the Journal

In May, 1909, the first wireless message was sent between New York and Chicago and it was predicted that someday we would telephone across the Atlantic. The beloved skirt and shirtwaist gave way to the slim one-piece gown. Marie Dressler in Tillie's Nightmare made famous Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl. A snappy-looking Reo touring car cost $1000; the new electric vacuum cleaners weighed twenty pounds and cost $25.

The May, 1909, JOURNAL was called A Girl's Number and in his editorial Edward Bok commented, "Rats and puffs in the hair have caused an unheard-of increase in that class of vermin associated with the most unclean of God's creatures. Some milliners no longer let customers try on their hats."

A male JOURNAL reader tells how he shortened his wife's working hours by cutting out all cakes, pies, puddings and pastries for the family. "Now, twelve years later, my wife has rosy cheeks and the vivacity of a girl of twenty, and during that time our four children have cost us but $2 in doctor's bills."

"You can't be keyed up if you relax your jaw," reveals a woman reader. "That simple little trick has saved me many a breakdown."

"Should ice cream be eaten with a fork or a spoon?" "Either," decrees Mrs. Kingsland.

Good Manners for a Young Man: "When calling upon a young woman always leave a card for her mother. A gentleman never joins a lady on a thoroughfare without her permission. Men raise their hats to each other if any trifling service is shown to a woman in their charge. Never take a liberty with a girl you would resent another man's taking with your sister."



ABBOT MILLS

Marcelene Cox brings in two of her lively "yeastcakes."

MARCELENE ("Ask Any Woman") COX turned up the other day with some family to show them a favorite painting now hanging in *Hugh Kahler's* office. It illustrated a story, "Aunt Ella Takes a Trip," Marcelene wrote for us in 1942. The artist was *Norman Rockwell*, the little girl model talented child actress *Joan Carroll*. "Please say I'd like to hear news of her and wish she'd write," said Marcelene. What about Miss Cox's own writing? How do so many gems—fiction, food ideas, monthly column—come steadily from her pen? "From listening," she told us, "to neighbors, friends, family, even my granddaughters Kitty and Ellen, who have ideas too. Other people's opinions are like yeast—necessary to start your own thoughts rising."

Ask ***Ruth Matthews*** to list the ways she's traveled and she'll run out of nouns. Jet, Cub plane, yacht, limousine, jalopy, jeep, beach buggy and horse have all taken her scouting on How America Lives stories, and once she took a taxi from Idaho to Utah ($40). "On my last Western trip I ended up in a ghost town," said Ruth. "The postmistress wrote us about an idea, but the population was only sixty, mostly retired shepherds, and when I walked through the empty town over wood sidewalks all I could hear was an odd whirring. Finally I asked. 'Oh, yes,' said a shepherd, 'those are rattlesnakes—they're not used to people.'" You can see Ruth scouts *everywhere*. Slightly rattled, she came back to the Workshop, but she's headed west again. Oregon is having a 100th birthday and has stagecoaches running. There's no telling where she'll end up.

Recent luncheon guest of the Goulds was Baroness Karen Blixen (who as Isak Dinesen soon brings you a new story in our pages) and her menu is the most poetic we've ever heard. She eats mainly oysters, grapes, artichokes, fresh pineapple; drinks tea, coffee, champagne. During her whole stay in New York she deviated once. The lure she couldn't resist: Journal cupcakes. Biographers please note.

Inflation data: Benjamin Franklin, who indirectly founded us, sleeps peacefully near Independence Square, from where ***Gerry Rhoads*** reports: "Philadelphians throw pennies on his grave for good luck. Can't you picture thrifty Ben spinning every time it happens?"

Sometimes a fashion shot is so good it gets tapped for a cover. That happened this month. It started in Italy. ***Wilhela Cushman*** *saw a visitor in Florence who was ideal to model a yellow beach robe. The girl was a lovely Argentinian,* ***Kouka Gaspar,*** *who had never modeled for an American magazine. Plans were made, and with photographers* ***Joseph Leombruno*** *and* ***Jack Bodi*** *the troupe set off for an ancient villa at Fiesole. There dreamy-eyed model, classically cut robe and gold Mediterranean light made a masterful study. As soon as the color shot came off the plane we voted it to head this issue.*

An alert fiction editor goes after the best new novels while they're still gleams in their authors' eyes. Here (facing you, center) is a JOURNAL fiction editor, *William McCleery*, with two famous young comic-novelists—*Peter* ("Tunnel of Love") *De Vries* (left) and *Kingsley* ("Lucky Jim") *Amis* (right). The self-effacing fourth member of the group is *Armitage Watkins*, De Vries' literary agent. De Vries lives in Connecticut and is a fan of Amis, who lives in England but is here to do some teaching. Amis thinks De Vries is "the funniest serious writer to be found either side of the Atlantic." But the two hadn't met until our man got them together one day recently. "We talked about women's and men's sense of humor," reports Bill. "Both men felt there wasn't any real gulf, but agreed that they laugh at different things. Men think *women* are funny and women think *men* are."

Fiction editor McCleery finds out about humor from humorists De Vries and Amis, and agent Watkins.



DI PIETRO

It's a glamorous part of ***Nancy Wood's*** job to collect recipes from celebrities who like to eat. So when Nancy's at work, it may mean she's lunching with devilishly attractive ***Christopher Plummer,*** who plays the devil in the hit play "J.B." As he stalks the stage in ***Archibald MacLeish's*** poetic message to man, what's his primary emotion? Hunger. "Acting burns up so much energy," he told Nancy, "that I need rich, creamy foods to build up again." Restaurateur ***Vincent Sardi, Jr.,*** who joined them, said that no creative people are *indifferent* to food—all respond to it as an art. Touchy eaters, said Sardi, are likely to be brooding over job or marital

ABBOT MILLS



Nancy Wood discusses food with actor Plummer, restaurateur Sardi.

problems or homicidal thoughts on agents. Nancy asked if they'd heard about tranquilized beef. They hadn't. It seems some steers get edgy, too, caught up in the tensions of modern life, and now get soothing shots that wear off fast but produce butter-smooth steaks. "Don't you fall asleep eating them?" asked Plummer. "No," Nancy assured him, "but you get a contented feeling."

***Bulletin from Dawn Norman:* One of the beauties we "transformed" for the March issue was engaged a day after her picture came out, married a month later.**

Our theater department tells us: Now that "My Fair Lady" has passed its third birthday, it has grossed a glittering $10,000,000 to break all Broadway records, and on four continents (North America, South America, Europe, Australia) hero Henry Higgins is busy polishing the accent of Eliza Doolittle. In Spanish the play is "Mi Bella Dama," but how can you translate "The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain"? Translated or not, the play is lovely, we are sure, in any language.


"I will not kiss you
tomorrow night.
I will not kiss you again, ever,
until you have kissed me."
the

What does it take to make a prim girl from Boston impulsive and warmhearted? Would a sea voyage and a young Dane named Eric be enough?

By JAMES REID PARKER

Rain lashed the portico of the museum. Persis, standing just inside the main entrance, buttoned her topcoat collar. Looking out at the cold, wet avenue, she sighed.

The month of March in Boston wasn't a novelty to Persis. She'd lived through twenty-four and had grown philosophical about them.

"Will you be needing a taxi, Miss Winthrop?" the doorman asked.

"Not this evening, thank you, Mike," she said. "I'm expecting my aunt's car."

The director came out of the nearby Publications Office. He hurried over to Persis. "Miss Winthrop, I have very good news! So good, in fact, that I've just phoned your chief about it, even though he's down with the flu."

"Do you mean good news for our department in general?"

He nodded. "The Aylmer Collection is coming to us on loan in the autumn, thanks largely to you."

With an instinctive gesture Persis touched her fingers to her throat. Her attractively sculptured but rather pale face colored and her gray eyes shone with pleasure. "No!" she said. Unaccustomed to displaying extreme elation, she groped for a way to express her delight. "How *very* gratifying! The Aylmer Collection has never gone out on loan before."

"I know," the director said. "Also, I'm aware that you were the one who made the inquiries that led to such a happy outcome. Doctor Lyman and I both realize how much credit you deserve." Unconsciously the director and Persis were employing the rather courtly academic speech they generally reserved for full staff meetings, but this merely indicated the degree of importance they attached to the coming loan.

"My inquiries weren't in the least official, as I do hope Doctor Lyman told you," Persis made haste to say. "But I *had* worked with the Aylmer group for two months, the summer between my junior and senior years. I was lucky enough to become well acquainted with Mrs. Aylmer, who later was made honorary curator of the collection; after Doctor Aylmer died I felt that in the circumstances it might be permissible for me to broach the suggestion to Mrs. Aylmer, simply saying the loan would be something I myself would very much like to see happen. What I hoped to find was that an official request, if one *were* made, just *might* have a chance of success. And eventually I was able to tell Doctor Lyman just that."

"He confessed that the thought of asking for such a loan actually had never even occurred to him. And he pointed out with a good deal of pride that it took his young research assistant to evolve the idea."

"Doctor Lyman is much too generous," Persis said.

"We must begin to think in terms of an exceptionally interesting catalogue," the director said. "How would you like to do it for us, as your first museum publication?"

"I'd like it more than anything in the world!" Persis said.

"In that case we certainly should ask permission to send Mr. Coggeshall to photograph the Aylmer as soon as possible. You'll want to go to Philadelphia with him, of course. I've just been speaking to the editor of publications, and he tells me the material should be in his hands not later than the first of July. Can you manage that, do you think?"

Persis smiled faintly. "It looks as if I'd have to."

"Take as much time from your regular duties as you like. Perhaps you'd prefer to do a good deal of the catalogue work at home. Speaking of your home, by the way, may I give you a lift?"

"Thank you, but one of my relatives is sending her car for me. I'm dining with her tonight. I believe you know her—Mrs. Minturn?"

"Yes, of course," he said. "Do give her my very best. One more thing, Miss Winthrop. How did you happen to become addicted to such a very special subject as Roman Britain in the first place?"

He had touched on the one delectably romantic secret of an otherwise sedate young life. It was a secret Persis intended to guard.

"Oh, you know how one develops hobbies," she faltered. Then, to her infinite relief, she was able to remark, "At last! Here comes Alden with the car."

The Roman British Room of the British Museum was not designed primarily to brighten the lives of young women. It was planned, instead, to inform the public about the way of life practiced by the Romans during their more-than-four-hundred-year occupation of England. Its archaeological treasures are admirably arranged in chronological sequence so that visitors may make a period-by-period tour around the room.

The Persis who entered the Roman British Room for the first time, the summer she was nineteen, in many ways fell as short of the English ideal of beauty as of the American, despite her well-modeled features, her forthright eyes and her neat figure. In a land where superb complexions are commonplace, her waxen pallor suggested poor health. Furthermore, her indifference CONTINUED ON PAGE 112

THE MATCHMAKERS
is soon to be published in book form by Doubleday & Co., Inc., under the title
THE MERRY WIVES OF MASSACHUSETTS

THE JOURNALS
COMPLETE IN ONE ISSUE
CONDENSED NOVEL

ILLUSTRATED BY LYNN BUCKHAM

Matchmakers



HERE IS A STORY YOU HAD BETTER NOT START READING UNLESS YOU HAVE A

This was the day for the bandages to be removed, and the blue lenses fitted. Marda West put her hand up to her eyes and felt the crepe binder, and the layer upon layer of cotton wool beneath. Patience would be rewarded at last. The days had passed into weeks since her operation, and she had lain there suffering no physical discomfort, but only the anonymity of darkness, a negative feeling that the world, and the life around, was passing her by. During the first few days there had been pain, mercifully allayed by drugs, and then the sharpness of this wore down, dissolved, and she was left with a sense of great fatigue, which they assured her was reaction after shock. As for the operation itself, it had been successful. Here was the definite promise. A hundred per cent successful.

"You will see," the surgeon told her, "more clearly than ever before."

"But how can you tell?" she urged, desiring her slender thread of faith to be reinforced.

"Because we examined your eyes when you were under the anesthetic," he replied, "and again since, when we put you under for a second time. We would not lie to you, Mrs. West."

This reassurance came from them two or three times a day, and she had to steel herself to patience as the weeks wore by, so that she referred to the matter perhaps only once every twenty-four hours, and then by way of a trap, to catch them unawares. "Don't throw the roses out, I would like to see them": and the day nurse would be surprised into the admission, "They'll be over before you'll be able to do that." Which meant she would not see this week. Actual dates were never mentioned. Nobody said, "On the fourteenth of the month you will have your eyes," and the subterfuge continued, the pretense that she did not mind, and was content to wait; even Jim, her husband, was now classed in the category of "them," the staff of the hospital, and no longer treated as a confidant.

Once, long ago, every qualm and apprehension had been admitted, shared. This was before the operation.

"YOU WILL SEE," THE SURGEON TOLD MARDA, "MORE CLEARLY

THE BLUE LENSES

By
DAPHNE du MAURIER



STEADY HEARTBEAT AND NERVES OF STEEL

Then, fearful of pain and blindness, she had clung to him and said, "What if I never see again, what will happen to me?" picturing herself as helpless, maimed, and Jim, whose anxiety was no less harsh than hers, would answer, "Whatever comes, we'll go through it together."

Now, for no known reason except that darkness perhaps had made her more sensitive, she was shy to discuss her eyes with him. The touch of his hand was the same as it had ever been, and his kiss, and the warmth of his voice, but always, during these days of waiting, she had the seed of fear that he, like the staff of the hospital, was being too kind. The kindness of those who knew to the one who must not be told. Therefore when at last it happened, when at his morning visit the surgeon said, "Your lenses will be fitted tomorrow," surprise was greater than joy, she could not say anything, and he had left the room before she could thank him. It was really true. The long agony had ended. She permitted herself only a last fear, before the day nurse went off duty: "They'll take some getting used to, and hurt a bit at first?"—the statement of fact put as a careless question. But the voice of the woman who had tended her through so many weary days replied, "You won't know you've got them, Mrs. West."

Such a calm, comfortable voice, and the way she shook the pillows and held the glass to the patient's lips, the hand smelling faintly of the French fern soap with which she washed her, these things gave confidence and implied she could not lie.

"Tomorrow I shall see you," said Marda West, and the nurse, with that cheerful laugh that could be heard sometimes down the corridor outside, answered, "Yes, I'll give you your first shock."

It was a strange thought how memories of coming into the nursing home were now blunted. The staff who had received her were dim shadows; the room assigned to her, and where she still lay, like a wooden box built only to entrap. Even the surgeon, brisk and efficient during those two rapid consultations when he had recommended an immediate operation, was a voice rather than a presence; he gave his orders, and the orders were carried out, and it was difficult to reconcile this bird of passage with the person who, those several weeks ago, had asked her to surrender herself to him, who had, in fact, worked this miracle upon the membranes and the tissues that were her living eyes.

"Aren't you feeling excited?" This was the low, soft voice of her night nurse, who, more than the rest of them, understood what she had endured. Nurse Brand, by day, exuded a daytime brightness. She was a person of sunlight, of bearing in fresh flowers, of admitting visitors. The weather she described in the world outside appeared to be her own creation. "A real scorcher," she would say, flinging open windows, and her patient would sense the cool uniform, the starched cap, which somehow toned down the penetrating heat; or else she might hear steady fall of rain and feel the slight chill accompanying it. "This is going to please the gardeners, but it will put 'paid' to matron's day on the river." Meals, too, even the dullest of lunches, were made to appear delicacies through her method of introduction. "A morsel of brill *au beurre?*" she would suggest happily, whetting reluctant appetite, and the boiled fish that followed must be eaten, for all its tastelessness, because otherwise it would seem to let down Nurse Brand, who had recommended it. "Apple fritters; you can manage two, I'm sure," and the tongue began to roll the imaginary fritter, crisp as a flake and sugared, which in reality had a languid, leathery substance, and so her cheerful optimism brooked no discontent; it would be offensive to complain, lacking in backbone to admit, "Let me just lie. I don't want anything."

The night brought consolation and Nurse Ansel. She did not expect courage. At first, during pain, it had been Nurse Ansel who had administered the drugs. It was she who had smoothed the pillows and held the glass to the parched lips. Then, with the passing weeks, there had been the gentle voice and the quiet encouragement, "It will soon pass. This waiting is the worst." At CONTINUED ON PAGE 172

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From the Daphne du Maurier collection
THE BREAKING POINT
soon to be published by Doubleday & Co., Inc.

A Gift FOR THE Bride

By JEAN BELL MOSLEY

Plain girls are better at dreaming than pretty girls. They've had more practice.

As late as the day before her wedding Lacey Doran was trying to get it into her head just what it would be like married to big Micah Matthews. "You're not in for no picnic, Lacey," her mother had warned. "It's washin' and scrubbin' and hoein' and bein' sick and tendin' squallin' babies. If I had it to do over again ——" The sentence was never finished with words, but with an angry clap of a pot lid or a resentful hitch of the ironing board.

Lacey had hoped that just once during her last days at home her mother would hint that there was some part of it, some secret little part, however fleeting, that made up for everything else. But here it was, her last day, and there had been no softening, no relenting. Even the new shoes for her wedding were cause for harsh words.

"Now, Lacey, you take this ironin' back to Wallens' and stay till you get your money, hear? You let 'em put you off and put you off with their 'Well, we just ain't got no money in the house now.' Tell 'em there's no money in our house either! A whole month's pay is coming. Then go buy your shoes."

"I don't need the shoes, ma," Lacey protested. "You keep the money or get Rosie something." Lacey had disciplined herself to do without. New shoes were necessary once in a while, but having them now, for the wedding, would make it look as if she was trying to fix up.

"You get 'em, hear?" her mother demanded. "Probably the last ones you'll get for quite a spell."

Lacey knew she and Micah would have a hard time, starting out sharecropping a patch of corn on the thin, rocky soil of this hilly back country. But then they'd never had it easy, neither of them. She was used to washing and ironing and scrubbing and hoeing. No, it was not the hard-times part of being married to Micah she was trying to get into her head.

But what else is there to get? she asked herself ruefully, picking up the big basket of clothes and starting across the fields to the distant highway.

It was midmorning, but the dew was still heavy in the June fields, bowing down the millet heads and making white patches of the spider webs. Lacey took her shoes off and carried them so as to save them. They were good, sturdy brown oxfords and, though they had been resoled twice, they had a lot of wear in them yet. She wouldn't want Micah to have to start spending on her right away. Precious little she had to contribute in a material way to this marriage—a couple of goose-down pillows and one quilt. She wondered if tomorrow she should take the pillows and quilt along wherever they were to go after the wedding.

Better not to think of tomorrow. Better to admire the field daisies right here and now. "Just like the Milky Way fell down here last night," she said softly, almost reverently, for a thing of beauty made Lacey feel reverent. It made her throat grow tight and odd little tremors run over her body.

Setting the basket down, she gathered a few of the flowers into a bouquet. Then, looking around to make sure no one was within sight, she practiced a few slow marching steps, holding the bouquet at her waist the way she'd seen Nora Adkins do when she got married. Nora had had a white lace dress and veil and bouquet. Nora had to fix up and be pretty, for she had married an artist fellow from the city. Why, he could draw pictures of some of the old run-down shacks thereabout and make them seem utterly beautiful. You wouldn't have minded living in them at all, the way they looked in the pictures.

Lacey fixed her eyes on a fence post, pretending it was Micah she was walking toward. "Not that you haven't got just as good qualities, Micah," she said in a rush of love and loyalty. "Good thing for me you don't—you aren't an artist."

A crow, flying overhead, called out as if in derision of the spectacle Lacey presented, pretending to be a beautiful bride, and she hastily threw the bouquet away and resumed her journey.

After all, facts were facts and there was no use trying to twist them around into anything else. Hard and plain and simple they were that one day about three months ago when she and Micah had happened to walk home from town at the same time. Micah had said haltingly because he had a speech difficulty, "I guess you and me might as well get married, Lacey."

She had waited for bright, sparkly things to burst inside, a bolt to spring open—the good, warm, exciting things she had always imagined she would feel at such a moment. When they didn't come she had said, without missing a step, "Yeah, I guess so, Micah."

And that was that. Not at all the way she had planned it or dreamed of it. And a girl had a right to dream, even a plain one like her. Plain ones were better at it maybe. The trick was just not to let it show. Pretty girls could dream and let it show and somebody would make it come true for them, but when homely girls showed their dreams it was ridiculous and people laughed. Once she had tried to do some tricks with lipstick and rouge to remedy her too big mouth and too high cheekbones and the girls at school had giggled and asked her if she was thinking of going to Hollywood.

She wished now that she had looked at Micah when he had said it. Maybe there would have been something to sort of build on—a look in his eyes, maybe. Micah did have such nice brown eyes. Lots of people missed his eyes, she bet, set in a face marred by scars. Long ago he had been in a hunting accident. She

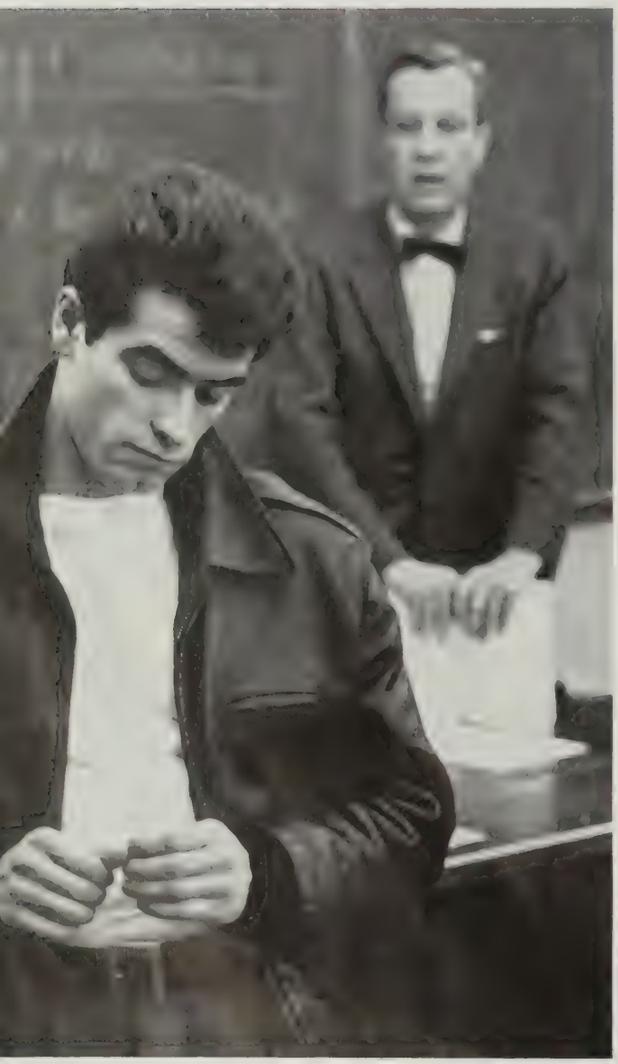
CONTINUED ON PAGE 160



She made a feeble attempt to laugh. "Brides just get jittery, I guess."

The Zeros of

The per cent of teachers reporting that someone on the faculty had been struck within the past year was only 8.3 in schools with above-average pupils, but 30.4 in schools where pupils have below-average I.Q.'s.



CARL BERNSTEIN

"Students can shift to the more difficult classes if they are able," the principal said, "but for the most part the Zeros do not aspire to be Mediums. They're content to remain Zeros."

A hulking, fifteen-year-old boy stood before a judge in a municipal court. The charge against him was rape. He didn't seem to understand what all the fuss was about—or to care. He could not remember his father's first name. Police reported his mother had been visited by four men on the night he was arrested.

"Tell me," the judge said, "who was the first President of the United States?"

The boy looked up at the courtroom ceiling, as though in thought. Then he stared at the floor. "I don't know," he mumbled.

The judge handed him the morning newspaper and asked him to read the first paragraph of any story on the front page. The boy glanced at the newspaper a moment, then shrugged helplessly.

"You have been truant more often than you have been present at City High this year," the judge observed. "Why don't you go to school?"

"I feel funny there," the boy said.

The judge nodded. It was easy enough to see what the defendant meant. A brawny, towering, full-grown male, he was unable to read or to do any of the schoolwork that children half his size could do. Along with many like him, he had been pushed through grade school according to his age and size, to advanced arithmetic when he couldn't add three figures, to pages of solid print when he was incapable of reading a three-word picture caption.

"I see hundreds like him," the judge told me after the hearing. "Who can miss the problems of these youngsters? They have no real homes and they don't belong in high school. They're in over their heads in every way—bored, baffled and helpless."

Yet in what has come to be considered a part of the democratic tradition in American education, youngsters, regardless of ability or achievement, are passed through the elementary grades. Often they are graduated from three-year junior-high schools and permitted—actually, forced—to enter a comprehensive or vocational high school. Since this merely adds to their frustrations, the endless line of illiterate juvenile delinquents in court continues. Some are sent to disciplinary schools; many inevitably return to regular public schools. Not only are youths with police records permitted to attend City High, but truant and probation officers are employed to herd them in.

"I know very well there are pupils in our regular high schools who shouldn't be there, but I don't think they should be on the streets," the superintendent of the city school system said when I visited him—a refrain I was to hear repeated many times. "I am perfectly willing to have the school-leaving age lowered to fourteen if some other agency will take care of them. We are doing everything we can."

Somewhat reluctantly, he gave me permission to observe in any high school in the city, provided its real name was not published and its more difficult problems were "generalized" as typical of those which are besetting many high schools in the nation.

With his endorsement, and the promise of anonymity, teachers spoke freely to me, as my friends in the profession always had. "You won't write what I tell you," one friend gibed. "What are you going to call a boy who solicits in school for a sexual aberration? And how will you describe the dozens who deliberately 'break wind' in a class on good citizenship? There are stairways in this school teachers won't use for fear of being spat on from three floors above—and try to find out who did it."

In more pristine language, a recently published "Inquiry Into the Nature and Needs of Slow Learners at the Senior High School Level" states in preface: "Within the last fifteen or twenty years there have come into our city high schools great numbers of young people who reputedly profit little from any of the traditional programs. Limited in reading, writing and computational skills, inarticulate, sometimes unruly in manner and behavior, these pupils are baffling and discouraging to the best of teachers. Teachers sometimes even seek transfer to the 'better schools' which have the fewest number of such pupils in order that they may do the kind of teaching for

"When I ask parents to permit their child to switch to the Achievement Course (the program for slow learners) because we think it will be better for him, their usual question is 'Will he get a diploma?' When I say 'Yes,' they feel everything is all right and agree."

City High

by Glenn Matthew White

which their training prepared them. The increasing numbers of slow learners imply to some a tragic deterioration of our high schools. Intermittently, there are even waves of protest that the schools should be asked to deal with so many unlovable characters. . . ."

Although this is the central problem of many urban high schools today—and, to a degree, a problem in all high schools—the attitude of many school administrators is "Let's not look at it and maybe it will go away."

Some would conceal the low ability and bad behavior of pupils in their schools because, they say, these characteristics will be exaggerated and discourage well-behaved youngsters who are seriously trying to learn. In some schools subordinate officials and teachers refuse to discuss bad situations because they feel such situations will reflect on their competency.

Dealing with the great influx of Negroes, many of them almost totally lacking in background or preparation, into Northern city schools is another extremely touchy problem. Public-school officials refuse to comment, or request anonymity, because they do not wish to appear discriminatory or unfair. Some Negro boys and girls are leaders, academically and socially, in the mixed schools they attend. A sizable percentage of the graduates from any comprehensive high school qualify for admission to a variety of colleges, and many others proceed to responsible work. Most school authorities would prefer to turn the spotlight on these.

"If I had my way, I wouldn't allow a reporter to enter this school," one elder dean of boys said to me with amiable directness. "I don't think you see the whole picture; and what's more, I don't think you want to see it."

But even he conceded that the number of slow, reluctant and recalcitrant pupils in many city high schools has become too large to be overlooked or glossed over. It requires a major portion of a school's time and personnel merely to control them. Teaching inevitably suffers.

And this problem is by no means confined to any one race or any one school in any one city. I chose to visit a particular comprehensive high school, described to me as "not the worst but one of the most difficult in the city," because several boys whom I had observed in court were enrolled there. It has an enrollment that is about 30 per cent Negro, a figure that may be considered typical of numerous city high schools.

Here is City High—a huge five-story E-shaped building, once buff-colored brick but now grayed by the smoke of many factories rising in the industrial valley behind it. Nondescript business buildings and houses crowd close to the block it occupies; on the street the school faces, swift and heavy traffic pours into and out of center city. A great bank of steps leads up to its impressive doors and above them is inscribed in stone: *Learning is the Eye of the Mind.*

Upon entering, a visitor finds himself in a spacious, vaulted foyer, two stories high, unexpectedly clean and polished, with gleaming athletic trophy cases along the walls and lighted paintings and busts in specially designed niches. On a shoulder-high pedestal stands, astonishingly, a full-size copy of the Louvre's famous Venus de Milo. Initials and dates have been scratched on her feet and legs; her breasts, far beyond the reach of even a basketball center, have been touched with spots of red ink or lipstick. The building was completed in 1928 when heroic statuary was considered suitable to the dignity of the city's largest and finest three-year high school.

Like most school buildings, City High is oppressively warm; the air is heavy with indefinable odors and motionless as in a sealed tomb. Faintly the sound of an orchestra practicing can be heard. A bell signals a change in classes and a stirring like distant thunder begins, swelling to a steady roar as the halls fill and flow with life. For such great numbers, the movement is orderly, with only an occasional raucous voice or slamming of a locker door rising above the din to be expected of a small army in motion.

While I waited to see the principal, a steady stream of pupils moved into and out of the office of the vice-principal in charge of discipline. One boy had been throwing nails in shop; another had been insolent and excluded from class; another maintained he "wasn't doin' nothin' and she sent me to you." Waiting also were several parents with subdued offspring by their sides. A parent must accompany a pupil to school if he is to be readmitted after suspension, I was told later. This is routine in any big-city school.

"Yes, there is a lot of life here," the principal agreed when I was admitted to see him. He leaned back in his chair and brought the tips of his fingers together under his chin. "This is a metropolitan high school with an enrollment of nearly four thousand. We have CONTINUED ON PAGE 163

"Basic education! You're just trying to fool the public! Why don't you just call them Slow Learners? That's what they are."

CAN THEY BE PUT TO WORK?

Better programs should be developed for very slow learners, for nonacademic youth as well as for those who are morally irresponsible. They should not be forced to sit through watered-down high-school courses until they are seventeen or eighteen. Thousands of youngsters are in high school who should not be, teachers and school administrators say. Increasingly frustrated, they damage the education of others while doing themselves no good—*but there is no other place for them.*

Dr. James Bryant Conant, after a two-year survey of high-school education, calls for a new attitude on this issue. Speaking in San Francisco before the annual convention of the National School Boards Association, and at a press conference afterward, he suggested that some pupils should abandon classwork in the tenth or eleventh grade for jobs.

"Take the case of the very slow readers," he said. "If, even with special attention, their reading level is still low and their interest in the required general program is slight and if the simple type of vocational training is leading directly to a job, I see no reason why transfer to full-time employment during the tenth or eleventh grade should not be applauded by all concerned.

"But I want to emphasize that educational problems cannot be separated from employment problems for the type of student who is a potential dropout. Being out of school and unemployed is one thing; being out of school and satisfactorily employed is quite another."

Vocational high schools or vocational courses, many of which require special aptitudes and high ability, should not be made a "dumping ground" for the academically inept, as some, today, in fact are. A truly "simple type of vocational training . . . leading directly to a job" is rarely found, but such a program can and should be widely offered.

—The Editors



"A tall girl with palest hair and deep blue eyes."
Jane Seymour, lady in waiting to
Queen Catherine, became Henry VIII's third wife.
From an original drawing by Holbein.

The Queen's Grace

"You dared to make love to me. And then would leave me!" Her face was defiant.
"Love?" Tom Seymour said. "There was no talk of love."
Here is the true story of a beauty whose adventures and marriages made history.

By Jan Westcott

SYNOPSIS OF PARTS I AND II. Katryn Parr, sixteen, married Lord Borough, a rich widower of fifty-five, telling no one that she was secretly betrothed to Hugo Burlingame. With Hugo away, serving Sir Francis Bryan, discovery was unlikely. On the way to Gainsborough Hall, Tom Seymour, an infuriating young man who knew her secret, saved Katryn from meeting Hugo but refused further help. By using her wits, Katryn managed to avoid an encounter with Hugo.

At Gainsborough, Thomas and Henry, sons of Lord Borough, and unmarried, were kind to Katryn, but his daughter Lucy was openly jealous and threatening. Had Lucy inherited the madness that killed her mother? When Lord Borough was killed hunting woodcocks because Katryn, who was pregnant, craved them, Lucy, enraged, pushed her down the stairs. Katryn lost her baby.

Thomas, the new Lord Borough, cruelly banished Lucy from Gainsborough. The younger brother, Henry, and Cat Strickland, Katryn's cousin, decided to marry, but after a quarrel with Thomas they left the manor hastily. Ill and weak, Katryn soon realized why Thomas' gaze was so intense, devouring. *He wanted her for himself!* Was it he, not Lucy, who was mad? Somehow, Katryn knew, she must find a way to escape! Outside, the gates of Gainsborough Hall were locked tight.

PIX-STUDIO GRAPHIS



Thames River below Windsor Castle.
From Windsor Ann Parr wrote her sister, Katryn,
"The king has left his wife [Catherine of Aragon]."

Contemporary painting of Gainsborough Hall,
where Katryn lived as bride of Lord Borough,
by Terrot, an artist of the period.

Lucy knew there was someone following her. She had left the nunnery where she had spent the night, sleeping in the stable on the straw, for the nuns had been afraid to let her into the cloisters. She had slipped away early without as much as a morsel of bread or a sip of water.

There were many convents and monasteries through Lincolnshire, but as each day passed she felt a deeper driving need to reach the shrine to which she was pilgrimaging. Otherwise she knew her immortal soul was in danger.

She peered from behind one of the trees. She saw no one, heard nothing. Down the road was a tiny stone bridge and she put her courage in the saints and began to make her way toward the water. Once she reached the bubbling stream, she knelt and put her hands and face into the cold water and drank of it thirstily. When she had done, she stood up. That is when she saw Wat.

She cried, "Wat! You ha' been following me!"

Lucy was overcome. She sank to her knees and began to pray, and Wat stood motionless until she motioned him to join her. She prayed for both of them. When she was done, she sat down on the grassy bank. Wat did the same and held out to her a bit of dark bread, dry and hard.

Lucy ate jerkily. When she was half done she said, "I thank thee, Wat."

He pointed to her bare feet, cut and dirty; then he gingerly touched the edge of her dress. She understood. "Nay, I cannot bind up my feet. I go barefoot to the shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham. And so dost thou, my poor companion. There together we shall pray and I shall do penance."



FRIENDS OF OLD HALL ASS'N

She rose. "Now we must go on," she said. She wondered if she could make him understand that should aught hap and she not get to the shrine, she might spend an eternity in hell. "Come, we must away," she said, as they started down the winding road.

In the palace garden at Greenwich the king's wench, Nan Boleyn, was dressed in gay scarlet this morning, with red petticoats and red hose. She sat on a bench while the king and a group of his men played at bowls.

Sir William Parr, the king's lord chamberlain, hurrying up the path toward the knot of men who stood watching the bowling, bowed briefly to Nan Boleyn and hastened on.

Sir William came to halt before John Dudley. Dudley's father had gone to the block. He had been an unwelcome leftover from the previous reign and young Henry had dispatched him quickly, for the elder Dudley had reached the topmost heights of unpopularity in gouging the English people. But this young Dudley: there was a force about him; an upstart, too, he was. Like father, like son. Sir William Parr felt sure he would come to the same bloody end. *But*, thought Sir William, *whilst his head is still on his shoulders, I can beg him a favor.*

"Good morrow," he said, and bowed.

Dudley's voice was unctuous as he bade Sir William a good morrow, and presented the three young men who attended him. Sir William evaluated them swiftly—the one a towering, lithe young blade with a face as dark as sin, and with eyes as bold as a pirate's.

Sir William said, "'Twas thee I saw at the joust yestermorn!" He was momentarily diverted from his mission, for his mind went back to the drama on the tournament field yesterday, when the great black charger this man had ridden had balked and thrown his rider. Sir William could still see the sprawled figure on the grass and the mounted opponent wheeling his steed for making an end to the duel. There was a concerted gasp from the gallery when the

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© 1959 by Jan Westcott



She felt herself lifted.
"Put your arms around me," Tom Seymour said.
The blue eyes glittered
and the dark face was set.



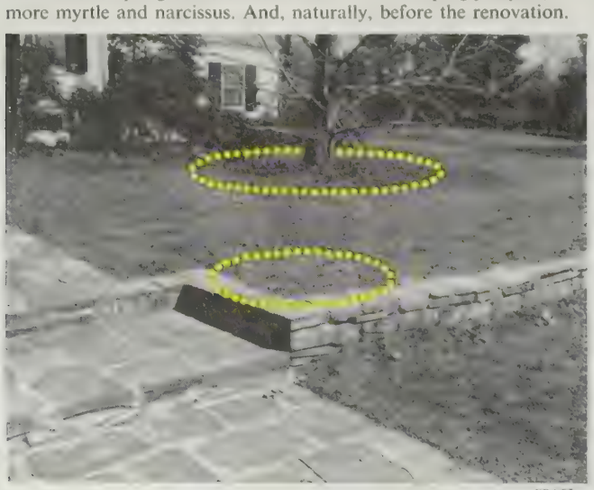
WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED LAWN?

This is the problem lawn pictured below after it had been renovated with Merion blue grass as described in the article. Note the lush green look even ahead of the beech leaves.

The answer to that question makes all the other answers come a whole lot easier, like olives out of a bottle.

By RICHARD PRATT

This is before myrtle and narcissus were planted under the beech tree whose summer shade was too dense for decent grass, and before the traffic-tempting corners were covered with creeping junipers, more myrtle and narcissus. And, naturally, before the renovation.



PRATT

Lawn is grass which we will not allow to grow tall and have tassels as Nature intended. Instead, it is grass which we keep mutilating with a mowing machine to create a smooth, green, inviting velvet carpet for the ground. If we would let grass grow, it would be able to take care of itself entirely, also as Nature intended. So now it is no longer the responsibility of the grass in our lawns to keep itself alive and lovely. It is utterly and everlastingly our own.

I think it was very likely the knights and ladies of Tudor times in England who started lawns. They would be strolling through the vast private parks that spread out from their castles, and they could see that where the herds of deer were grazing together the grass was ever so much smoother and greener. And I feel sure that soon the ground right up to the castle moat was covered with gardeners as thick as dandelions, shearing the grass short with sickles and scythes, which were all they had.

Modern man has everything. His lawn today provides him even with a smooth green moat that makes his house a castle. He has every conceivable tool at his command. He can get his ground graded to just the right degree of levelness and smoothness so water will drain but not wash away, and so the lawn mower will cut the grass evenly without gouging. He can hire a man with a nice big rotary tiller to come and fluff up the ground six or seven inches deep and till in whatever it takes to grow a good lawn. He can buy a good lawn spiker for less than $20, and it will be one of his best investments.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

Etiquette for Children



MARY MORRIS STEINER

The author, in a moment of success with her own Colin, Christopher, John and Gilbert.

Adults have Emily Post; dogs have Obedience classes. Why should the children go scot-free? By JEAN KERR

Have you noticed a strange thing about etiquette books? They are all written for grown-ups. *Us.*

I really don't understand it. Most adults have lovely manners; it's a pleasure to have them around. Ask an adult to hand you your glasses and he says, "Here they are, dear." He doesn't put them behind his back and say, "Guess which hand." And when you give him a birthday present he doesn't burst into tears and say, "I already *have* Chinese checkers!" What I wish is that Emily and Amy and the others would get to work on the real trouble area—people under twelve.

I know that small children have a certain animal magnetism. People kiss them a lot. But are they really in demand, socially? Are they sought after? Does anybody ever call them on the telephone and invite them to spend the weekend in Long Island? Do their very own grandmothers want them to spend the *whole* summer in Scranton? No. For one thing, they bite; and then they keep trying to make forts with mashed potatoes. It holds them back, socially. If you have any doubts about the matter, ask yourself one question. When, by some accident, you find yourself at a large party with children present, do you just naturally gravitate over to the corner where the little ones are playing Indian Spy under the table? See what I mean? These kids need help—and direction.

Now, I'm the last one to be talking about manners. Just this week at a dinner party I let myself get rattled by the innocent question of a young man who was the son of my hostess, a freshman at Lehigh. All he wanted to know was whether I voted for Al Smith or Hoover in 1928. In the deep, troubled reverie produced by this line of questioning, I lost my head completely and consumed not only the entire salad of the man on my right but also one of his Parker House rolls. As I say, I'm not the one to write that book, "Tips for Tots." But in the absence of any definitive work on the subject, and inspired by a passion for public service, I would like to make random suggestions:

TABLE MANNERS FOR CHILDREN

The first point to be established is that one does not sit *on* the table. One sits on the chair, and in such a way that all four legs touch the floor at the same time. (I am of course speaking of the four legs of the chair; children only seem to have four legs.) For children who will rock and tilt anyway, I suggest (a) built-in benches, (b) the practice of instilling in such children a sense of *noblesse oblige*, so that when they go crashing back onto their heads they go bravely and gallantly and without pulling the tablecloth, the dinner and a full set of dishes with them. This latter may sound severe, but it will be excellent training if they should ever enter the marines, or even Schrafft's.

We don't have to bother about little niceties such as which fork is the shrimp fork (at these prices, who is giving them shrimp?). We shall suppose, and safely, that the child has only one fork. If this child is interested in good manners and/or the sanity of his parents he will not use the fork to (a) comb his hair, (b) punch holes in the tablecloth, or (c) remove buttons from his jacket. Nor will he ever, under any circumstances, place the tines of the fork under a full glass of milk and beat on the handle with a spoon.

So far as the food itself is concerned, it would be well for the child to adopt a philosophical attitude about that dreary procession of well-balanced meals by reminding himself that in eighteen years or less he will be free to have frozen pizza pies and fig bars every single night. And he should remember, too, that there is a right way and a wrong way to talk about broccoli. Instead of the gloomy mutter "Oh, broccoli again—ugh!" how much better the cheery "I guess I'll eat this broccoli first and get it over with."

Finally, children should be made to understand that no matter how repellent they find a given vegetable, they may not stuff large handfuls of it into their pockets, particularly if the vegetable is creamed. This sorry but unfortunately common practice not only deprives the child of necessary vitamins but frequently exposes him to intemperate criticism and even physical violence.

BEHAVIOR AT THE THEATER OR MOVIES

Children should not bring guns or slingshots or cats to the theater. And for other reasons they shouldn't bring hats or gloves or rubbers—unless you yourself have the time to go to the theater and pick them all up afterward.

It is always worth while to give them exact change (30 cents for the movie, 5 cents for candy), especially if the movie is going to be The Son of the Monster. Suspense has the curious effect on many children of causing them to swallow nickels.

In any case, the mannerly child will decide once and for all whether he wishes to sit on the seat pulled down (like old people) or whether he wants to sit high on the edge in the "up" position. Once he has made up his mind, he will not vacillate between the two positions, or he will very likely be thrown out onto the street by the ushers.

If children are going to eat at the movies—and they are—they should be encouraged to buy candy that doesn't roll. Sourballs roll. And the fall-out from a ten-cent box of sourballs is considerably greater than from a five-cent box. If you have any interest in making a host of new acquaintances all at once, there is no better way than to escort a pair of five-year-old twins to the movies and present each of them with a large box of sourballs. With the sense of timing that is innate in even the youngest children, they wait until the main feature starts before dropping both boxes on the floor. And then they're *off*, scrambling on hands and knees, down under the seats through a forest of legs, foraging, retrieving, sobbing. And for six rows in every direction wild-eyed patrons are leaping to their feet and splitting the air with questions: "In heaven's name, what are you doing down there? Will you get out? Where do you belong? Where is your mother?" And so on. For this reason, I suggest chocolate bars. It will ruin their clothes and spoil their dinner, but that can't be helped.

RULES FOR PEACEFUL COEXISTENCE WITH OTHER CHILDREN

Children should eschew violence, by which I mean that they should not hit each other on the head with ice skates, or telephones, or geography books. It ought to go without saying that polite children never push each other down the stairs, but I'm not sure that it does. Karen, my four-year-old niece, recently

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

These five will take you anywhere



Gray chiffon flannel—looking new again with a slightly longer jacket by Jean Bronstein. The rolled sailor from Mr. John's junior collection. Patent-leather handbag and pumps, air-light luggage.



For dinnertime or evening, wear the black dress without its jacket, with brilliant satin stole (any color you like best) and satin bag by Philip Hulitar, velvet bow-bandeau by Irene of New York.

The navy-blue silk-shantung suit (right) is a hot-weather traveler worn with a raffia hat by Frances Nelkin. Below: City to city—always a perfect choice, this black linen-weave silk jacket dress. Both by Ben Barrack.





The seasonless basics of travel

The most happy traveler is the one who—at any hour, in any situation—can whisk out of her suitcase the perfect thing to wear. The coat in a beautiful color is the key fashion. Red in this instance, phenomenal over violet, pink, pale green, sharp yellow. The essential dark silks, gray flannel and a beige casual pack and unpack effortlessly and improve with every wearing. Given the world of clothes to choose from, these five will turn in a perfect performance.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor



Take the right red coat anywhere in the world and wear it over anything. This is cashmere, lovely to feel and pure joy to wear, by Henry Friedricks. Here you see it over a beige raw-silk dress by Julia Richards with all the travel virtues.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST

Five summertime



Once the essentials are settled, you stretch your wardrobe with still more marvels for travel. The dress-and-jacket fashion goes so many places, so cheerfully, that we suggest two of them—one a casual cotton knit, one a printed silk with a zillion uses. Then you add: something pleated that stays pleated, the brightest cotton you can find, a colorful stole, things for the beach, straw bags and hats for the fun of it. All these are small investments, still bought with the thought of summer weekends to come.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST

Knitted cotton dress and jacket (above) travels by car or plane, goes casual sight-seeing anywhere from Rome to Santa Barbara. By Joseph Guttman.
LEFT—*Pleated white Arnel-and-nylon sharkskin, forever young and classic, a dress for shipboard or Long Island to Hawaii. By Julie Richards.*

additions

Depending on
destination
and occasions



ABOVE—*Printed cotton bare-arm dress and jacket, for city shopping and lunching, by Rappi. Indigo blue and black go with patent-leather pumps.*





For any season as well as summer, the floating white chiffon dance dress is ageless, and global. This year with a brilliant taffeta coat, preferably violet, by Rappi. Wear with cool pearl and crystal jewelry, pink satin slippers.
LEFT—*Flowered cotton bathing suit in yellow-and-orange combination by Pembroke Squires. Accented with a yellow kerchief.*

The fashions on all these pages are presented to you because they show you the trends of the season and serve as a guide as you shop. You will find many of them in stores throughout the nation. However, if you do not find identical styles in your local shops, we believe similar ones will be available.

THE SHIRTWAIST DRESS



Blue-printed surah silk with a full skirt, wide neckline. Pretty and adaptable, by Ben Barrack.



Disk-dotted silk shantung town or country dress by Lou Kornhandler. Wide-brimmed breton by John Frederics.

Mint-green striped silk organdy with big sleeves and a wide satin belt for summer evenings, by Edward Abbott. Wear it with pearls and crystals.



Brilliantly in fashion
Never out of fashion

Greatest of all American fashions through the years, the shirtwaist dress has a new incarnation. The little morning-and-marketing classic is transformed into the most glamorous afternoon, evening and at-home kind of costume. Big sleeves, wide belts, full skirts and narrow ones, versions in chiffon, organza and silk shantung—these are the new variations on this best-loved theme. One of the prettiest and most becoming of all fashions for all ages, the shirtwaist dress is an addition to any wardrobe, at any season.

By RUTH MARY PACKARD



Tina Leser combines pale pink and flame-orange Oriental silk shantung in the newest silhouette—a shirt with enormous sleeves, a slim ankle-length skirt. Add a third color in the Spanish pink slippers.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST

New neckline, new sleeves on a pink-and-fuchsia printed silk shirtwaist dress with softly pleated skirt for afternoon and at home—by Larry Aldrich.

THE NEW NEVER LOVELIER



This delightful challislike fabric printed with the gayest roses is a synthetic fiber known as Dralon. It has a soft, drapable hand and washes like a hankie. It is durable, wrinkle-resistant, and is a good traveler. The tie neckline highlights the bodice, the skirt is gathered. The pattern also includes an alternate version with an above-the-elbow sleeve, a collar and patch pockets. Vogue Design No. 4004.



The most becoming American classic, the shirtwaist dress, has many variations. This pale-yellow rayon crepe has an abundance of soft pleats both back and front, a flattering away-from-the-neckline collar, and three-quarter sleeves with neat cuffs. Wear it with Sally Victor's beautiful yellow straw hat with mounds of magnificent flowers. Vogue Design No. 4892.

SYNTHETICS

Each year the new crop of synthetic fabrics becomes more lovely. New blends, new weaves and new colors all contribute to their beauty. Kitten-soft Orlon, light-as-a-feather nylon fleece, snowy-white Arnel sharkskin, *plus* easy-to-care-for finishes, are all a boon to your summer vacation wardrobe. We know you will like soft rayon crepes that drape into soft pleats, sheer nylon with pleats, bright prints in all sorts of combinations, and wonderfully easy-to-care-for Dacron-and-cotton blends in glorious colors.

By NORA O'LEARY *Pattern Editor*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL HIMMEL

The great virtue of this coat is its look of stability plus its feather weight. This light navy nylon fleece is washable (make sure your lining is too) and it has pockets in the side seams. The brass buttons are for decoration. The slim Arnel sharkskin dress (also included in the pattern) is sleeveless and has pockets in the seams of the gored skirt. Both, Vogue Design No. 4007. Add yellow polka-dot belt and matching fabric bag.

CHALK JEWELRY BY JOSEPH BOBLEY
BELT AND BAG BY BELLE CALDERON NATHAN



Shocking pink in a variety of textures. The dress is made of a pleated fabric combining nylon and acetate tricot. Belt is rayon satin, and the sweater is Orlon. The kidskin shoes and straw hat match too. This is an exceptionally lightweight packable dress that should be considered if your vacation plans include travel. Dress, Vogue Design No. 9747.

PEARLS BY DOROTHY ADAMS
SHOES BY BEN SOMMERS





A bright plaid combines prettily with gay shirts. The plaid is a blend of Orlon and Corval which washes and holds its shape. The shirt is Dacron and cotton. The wrap-around skirt closes with a self-adhering nylon tape. Shirt, Vogue Design No. 9075. Shorts. No. 9233. Skirt. No. 9743.

BELT BY BEN KING JEWELRY BY ROGER VAN S.

The gayest slacks this summer will be printed. Ours, in Arnel sharkskin, are topped by a crisp sky-blue jacket with pearl buttons. Pansy enamel pin. Slim white flats. Slacks and jacket, Vogue Design No. 9488.

PIN BY HOWARD BENEDIKT SHOES BY FAIE JOYCE



Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Page 149.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10c additional for each pattern ordered.
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What do you know



"There is a garden
in her face
Where roses
and white lilies blow..."

THOMAS CAMPION

PAUL HIMMEL

about your Skin?

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN *Beauty Editor*

Through the ages romantic gentlemen have poured out their hearts and their poetry to women "fair of face." Enchanted by such tributes, dewy-skinned beauties of ancient times allowed themselves to become so preoccupied with their complexion pastes of "donkey's milk, swan's fat or fresh, wet leaves" that the Roman poet, Ovid, warned them to stop such nonsense, "for the quality of the soul illuminates the face." For modern-day women, we suggest mixing Ovid's good philosophy with an equal share of complexion care. Start while you are young. If that is impossible, one look at camellia-faced Lynn Fontanne or rose-petaled Diana Duff Cooper will reassure you that this formula is beauty insurance no matter what your age. Read on— and see how emotions, health and cosmetic know-how all play a part in keeping your skin young and beautiful.

Your Emotions and Your Skin

When the pretty model whose picture illustrates this story was complimented for always arriving promptly for studio sittings, she said, "I have to! If I'm late, I get so nervous and flustered about holding people up, my skin breaks out in an ugly rash, making it impossible to photograph."

Any woman who has ever turned scarlet with embarrassment or, more appealingly, blushed prettily with joy knows how quickly skin can act as a barometer of our inner feelings. When emotions are fleeting, their effect on the skin is too. But when inner tensions are allowed to simmer along unsolved, then skin can become seriously disfigured.

A dermatologist tells us, "A young schoolteacher came to see me, her potentially pretty face marred by a profusion of eruptions. She was particularly distressed and confused because this was the first time she had ever had trouble with her skin. A physical examination revealed that she was in excellent health. She had no allergies. Her diet was perfect, as was the external care she was giving her skin. In talking with her, I learned she had recently broken her engagement to a young man with whom she was still very much in love. As she shyly bared her heart, it became increasingly apparent that she was deeply hurt and unhappy. I explained to her that her suddenly poor complexion was undoubtedly a manifestation of the emotional strain she was under. Beyond giving her a medicated ointment to keep the infection from spreading, there was little I could do to help her. It wasn't until her romance was in full swing again that her skin cleared up. Six weeks after her first visit my pretty patient returned, all smiles, to show me a complexion as flawless as the diamond engagement ring she was wearing."

In contrast to these disturbing examples of how tension can play havoc with skin, doctors assure us that *well-tuned* emotions can reward us with engaging radiance. Happiness, contentment and feelings of general well-being are almost always prettily apparent in healthy, look-alive skin. One obstetrician says, "I have had patients whose complexions have improved immeasurably during their nine months of pregnancy. A stepping up of the entire glandular system is partly responsible—but I believe a great deal of credit goes to just the sweet anticipation of motherhood."

Emotional stability cannot, of course, *guarantee* a flawless complexion. But the above examples make it obvious that the avoidance of emotional upsets, or at least the ability to face them with equanimity, can be major contributions to skin beauty.

Your Health and Your Skin

The fundamental precepts of good health involved in diet, rest, exercise and elimination are so familiar to you we will get on with a discussion of some of the news in relation to skin care and protection you should know.

A dry, rough skin may indicate a lack of vitamin A in your diet. Yellow and leafy green vegetables as well as dairy products (milk, cheese, butter, eggs) are excellent sources. If you avoid an abundance of dairy products out of deference to your figure, then take your vitamin A in concentrated capsule or tablet form, 50,000 units maximum each day unless otherwise specified by your doctor. In addition, some dermatologists recommend taking two teaspoonfuls of wheat-germ oil each day to clear up dry skin. The daily use of face creams containing vitamin A is also considered beneficial.

From now until September sun can be a blessing or a real peril, according to your skin type and your common-sense protective measures. Everyone should gradually build up exposure time in the morning and late afternoon, and avoid the noonday sun. The best news is in the sun-screening preparations which contain certain chemicals to prohibit the passage of ultraviolet rays, enabling most people to tan without toasting. Their names are "sodium-para-aminobenzoate" and "menthyl-salicylate" and you will find them listed on containers of sun-screening preparations in which they are included.

People who suffer severe reactions from poison ivy, sumac or oak will be delighted to learn that there is now on sale a new tablet which can be purchased without prescription and taken orally for immunization. In scientific testing the tablets were discovered to be 95 per cent effective. The 5 per cent who were not completely immunized suffered only minor eruptions after exposure to the poison plants. These tablets are *preventive* and should be started at least six weeks in advance of possible exposure.

The treatment for a severe attack of plant poisoning has been revolutionized by the discovery that cortisone-derivative tablets combined with ACTH injections can turn a three-week siege into twenty-four hours, with clearing of eruptions within a week. These treatments, given by a physician, are often contraindicated with people who have diabetes, high blood pressure, gastric stomach ulcers, old or recent tuberculosis. Let your doctor guide you.

More good summer news: A vaccine has been developed to prevent severe reactions to insect bites. The vaccine is given in a series of injections in advance of the summer season.

To reduce the local irritation and swelling from an insect bite, use cold compresses and follow with an application of a cooling lotion such as calamine or witch hazel.

Your Skin and its Beauty Care

Keeping skin thoroughly cleansed and sufficiently lubricated each day is elementary procedure for any woman who wishes to maintain a fresh bloom of beauty through the years. For a complexion *bonus* try these little suggestions and routines:

Want to be a glowing hostess or party guest? Try a steam-cream facial in advance of the big event. Clean your face and neck thoroughly, rinse, pat dry, and then massage a rich lubricating cream into your skin. Wring out a facecloth in clear water as hot as you can comfortably stand it, and gently press the steaming cloth into your face and neck. Three "steamings" in all. Follow with a brisk patting of cold water to close the pores, and your face will be delightfully dewy, pink-toned and ready for pretty make-up.

For an all-over body glow, try a weekly "salt rub" at bathtime. Dampen your hands with water, coat them with regular table salt and rub it over your entire body (excluding your face) to help whisk off top layers of dead skin and to stimulate local blood circulation. Follow the "rub" with a brisk shower.

One woman troubled with frown lines softens them with little "facial plasters." The plasters (invented in Victorian times and still enjoying steady popularity) are moistened with water and pressed onto wrinkle areas of the skin where they stick to smooth things out. They can be used overnight or during the day when you are at work and in deep (frowning?) concentration! Another antiwrinkle "treatment"—free for all: avoid age-making expressions. Make a conscious effort to stop frowning, squinting, wrinkling your forehead.

A creamy make-up base (tinted or not as you like) is an excellent daytime guard against the drying effects of harsh weather and strong sun. Many contain moisturizing and other softening ingredients purposely designed to protect while they prettify.

Skin softeners do their job in twenty minutes. If you don't like leaving your cream on overnight (or if your husband objects), take your twenty minutes at any time of the day or evening that seems most convenient.

Dermatologists assure us estrogenic hormone creams are perfectly safe, and actually quite beautifying when used by women who have passed

CONTINUED ON PAGE 101



White paint, bright colors, extra storage space transformed room below into a cheery, neat, functional place. Dutch door replaces many-paned door to garden, will let in light and summer breezes.

DI PIETRO



Foolproof Color Scheme #6

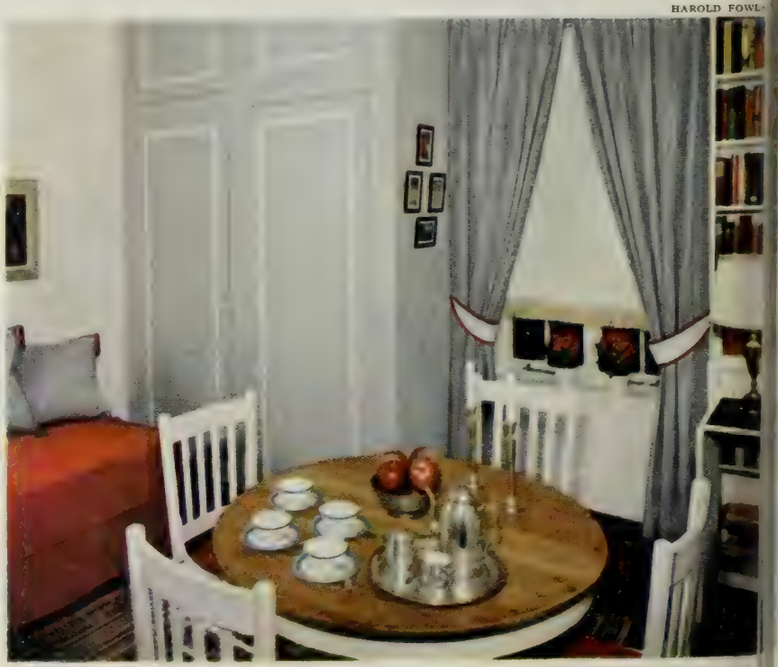
Ugly-duckling room blossoms with paint-and-fabric treatment.

By CYNTHIA McADOO WHEATLAND *Interior Decoration Editor*

For our sixth "Foolproof Color Scheme" a very nice bachelor we know let us "do" his study/guest room. It appears in its before state in the small photo above. This could be the multipurpose room of any house. That room that most of us let go, where books pile up and drabness is the keynote until an overnight guest appears. Then the bills and papers are hurriedly replaced by flowers, and there is a scramble of tidying up. This room once led such a hectic and blemished life. Now it is presentable and inviting at all hours, ready for guests, weekend or small-dinner variety, and comfortably organized for work. Aside from installing a bookcase, new radiator cover and Dutch door, this change was accomplished with paint and inexpensive cottons. Draperies are of black-and-white striped denim, 79 cents a yard; studio couch and chair seats are covered in red corduroy, about $1.50 a yard. Rug of many colors is woven cotton and fiber; this 6′ x 9′ size cost $39.50. Total cost of fabrics plus rug was $85.10. Paint (2 coats) cost $17.34.

The walls and woodwork were painted stark white, excepting the closet and outside door. These are pale gray, given detail by the addition of white moldings. On the closet this trim is effected simply by nailing strips of wood painted white to the doors. It relieves the starkness of a rather ordinary cupboard, adds a bit of decoration. Chairs and table base were also painted white; tabletop sanded, cleaned up and waxed. An added fillip is the cotton fringe glued to existing window shades.

HAROLD FOWLER



A few guests for dinner will enjoy an evening in this cozy room. Studio couch looks tidy and tailored in red corduroy, bed pillows hide in striped ticking cases tasseled in red.

COURTESY REV. THEODORE PITCAIRN



TERRACE AT THE SEASIDE NEAR LE HAVRE

CLAUDE MONET 1840–1926

American collectors were among the first to recognize and support the French impressionists. Paris itself was coldly unreceptive to these artists: one critic dismissed their first major exhibit in 1874 as "the affirmation of ignorance and the negation of the beautiful." Only three years after painting the charming *Terrace at the Seaside Near Le Havre*, young Monet was driven by poverty to attempt suicide; Renoir subsisted a whole winter on potatoes he had grown himself; in 1875 Degas almost gave up painting altogether. Yet that very year the future Mrs. Henry O. Havemeyer bought one of his pastels for £100. Mary Cassatt, herself a fine painter, brought rich friends to the galleries of Durand-Ruel and helped him finance the first American exhibition of impressionist art. In 1891 Mrs. Palmer Potter visited Monet and bought one of his paintings—the first of many. Four years later the Steins "discovered" Matisse.

It seems fitting that the important loan exhibition now on display at the National Gallery of Art in Washington is devoted to that period of French art in which American collectors have been pre-eminent. The fifty masterpieces (including Monet, Renoir, Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, Cézanne, Gauguin) have all been borrowed from private collectors. Some are familiar to the public; others—such as Monet's delightful seascape—are virtually unknown. The exhibition, which celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the American Federation of Arts and honors the meetings of the International Chamber of Commerce in Washington, will not be shown elsewhere after it closes on May 24.



He said approvingly, "Well—hello!"

A

Life had never seemed sweeter— and never more a mystery.

When he came out of his house in midmorning that late May Saturday Tom Barnaby, in middle age, coaxing his aged bulldog into a walk, was struck all at once by the delicacy and profusion of spring. The two locust trees at the corner of the yard leaned together under their intermingled spray of flickering green and white; the purple iris stood as if posed in the still, fresh morning; and the lawn was covered with an absolute abundance of fallen tan maple seeds. Perpendicular each one, point down they stood by thousands, tens of thousands erect in his grass; and he admired them profoundly as beneficent, yet with the dim foreboding that he might have to rake them up, for the grass' sake—imagine every one of them growing into a maple tree, and this a forest!—and he dragged at the leash of the aged bulldog, murmuring, "Come on now, boy. Come on, Samson."

For with the aged one must be insistent but gentle. Samson, who had had his high and dramatic moments, lived now by love alone. He had survived ulcers, seizures, fights, falls, heart attacks, moments of misunderstanding, and the annual summer endurance of thunderstorms, with all the rest that honorable dogs endure; and he had survived as an arthritic, companionable old animal whose memory apparently failed often but whose dignity and simple creatureliness made him dear. Barnaby tugged sternly but with true love at the bulldog's leash; and a new maple seed twirled down right in front of his face, so that he faintly dodged; and Samson, snuffling, came hippity-hop down the porch steps.

Once man and dog had ranged wide about the town. But Samson could no longer take even a short jaunt without slowing up and heavy puffing. These shorter, slower walks gave Barnaby a chance to know his own neighbors, round the block, more thoroughly; this he liked. Yet on this particular May morning, even more than the sight of Mrs. Morris' plump, full-grown but unquestionably retarded son George, on a ladder, painting the white siding carefully with a three-inch brush dipped twice a stroke; even more than the sight of old Mrs. Morris herself, upended in the side yard as she dipped to finger with love the rising, tender sweet alyssum; even more than the now empty house on the corner of old Mr. Pettrucci, who had played the clarinet sometimes into the dead of night, atrociously, winter and summer, God rest him, though in the summer it was worse with all the windows open; even more than all these Barnaby this morning felt moved and pierced by the faintly swaying long-stalked coralbells in the old bed at the side of the high-grassed, unmown Pettrucci yard, where a hummingbird with an iridescent red throat was hovering in a dazzle of pale sun, bumping and battering the flowers.

And then all over all the lawns lay the thrusting, perpendicular maple seeds, demanding in delicate profusion to be born. This urgency, thought Barnaby, this drive and abundance, this—this showing forth. As he guided Samson (or was guided) he felt simple adoration rise in him like desire. The whole block this morning was like a shimmering and balmy revelation, in radiant signs; and Barnaby, tugging Samson, adored, as possibly Samson in his own way adored. It was that kind of sacramental May morning. Ineffable, with lace and grace on the tree limbs and power and glory in the lovely, leaf-splattered sky.

But Samson boggled at the alley. He couldn't take the whole block on such a morning. It was too alive a journey for an old dog. He tugged and snorted and turned at the alley, wanting to go home and to the sleep he lived in, these days, twenty hours out of twenty-four.

But Barnaby insisted. Down the alley lay the back yard of a family he admired; the two little Desmond girls reminded him, not because of real resemblance but purely because they were little girls, with crisply tied bows on their neatly braided hair, of what his own daughters, now grown to women, had once been. Harry Desmond, who had something to do with electronic calculating machines, was a man Barnaby knew only slightly but liked profoundly. He was a fresh, bubbling, eager, compact young man with brown eyes, pink cheeks and an abundant pride in his daughters. It was this pride in daughters which perhaps primarily endeared young Harry Desmond to Barnaby, who had no sons. Walking his bulldog these past two years, Barnaby had occasionally stopped to chat with Harry Desmond in the front yard, or even in the back yard. But the back yard, this one on the alley, he had avoided absolutely ever since, last summer, he had come upon young Mrs. Desmond, in pale blue shorts and bright red halter, fiercely weeding a dismal little back-yard flower bed in which only a pair of willowy pink petunias bloomed, amidst a jungle of high grass stems and three unmistakable and gigantic milkweeds. Her obvious fervor had touched him; it is always good to see a human being earnestly concerned about whatever it may be; and she was—in red, pale

Box of Cigars

By RICHARD SULLIVAN

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY ANDERSON

blue and leggy gold—clearly dedicated to her work of digging up tulip bulbs: a pile of them lay in the grass beside her. He had paused in the alley, walking Samson that day, knowing her, he thought, knowing her husband, already admiring her daughters, one of whom was at that moment just coming out the back door. He had paused and said approvingly, "Well—hello!" On hands and knees she had glanced at him under her right armpit; then she jumped to her feet, hitched at her sloping halter, grabbed at her belt, glared, and fiercely strode away. Her long bare golden legs moved like scissors; her bare golden shoulders swung militantly high. With indignation he knew exactly what she thought of him.

And it irritated him strongly to be taken so assuredly as a middle-aged lecher, crawling up from the alley at a pretty young scantily clothed woman. He didn't mind being known for what he was, but he didn't relish being taken for what he was not. So thereafter in plain pride he avoided the alley route past the Desmonds' back yard. When he saw young Mrs. Desmond in the front yard he spoke only when her husband or the little girls made a greeting general. The affront she had given him endured, though he realized in time that she must, knowing him a little better, regret—if she remembered it at all—her early show of outrage. But he could not forget. Even this past late winter and early spring, when he had seen her as magnificently pregnant, he had refused to take what might have been a pseudo-grandfatherly interest, though he did hope, liking her husband and remembering, that this time it might be a boy.

So now at the alley, out of proud habit he contended with Samson, who wanted to cut through and diminish the walk by half. Yanking at the leash, Barnaby was winning, when a feisty little terrier whose existence he had forgotten (because this idiot dog was usually kept on a rope in its own back yard) came snarling and snapping into attack. A reddish little monster with a kinky coat and a bedlam manner, this terrier darted at Samson, stopped stiff-legged six feet away, yapped at Barnaby and retreated, only to dart in again, not at the bulldog but at Barnaby, who shouted and kicked.

The terrier ran. Barnaby stooped over his own dog. Ten years ago Samson would have trampled such a terrier down before biting in deep and tossing the thing, whatever it was, like a rat. Five years ago Samson would have wheeled bowlegged with his flanks low and then would have barreled in like a shark turning up for the throat hold. He had been in his day a beautiful fighter, old Samson, on the occasions when Barnaby hadn't been able to stop him from fighting. But now he simply stood facing the terrier—which had backed into its own front yard, twenty feet away, where it chattered with hysterical bravado—and bristling. He didn't even growl.

Barnaby felt the moment as historic—and pathetic. He patted Samson. "Come on," he said. "We'll go home." He started down the proudly neglected alley.

Ahead he saw young Desmond hurriedly crossing his own back yard, carrying something. He flung what he was carrying—a box—into the faintly smoking wire trash burner in the alley at the edge of his lot.

Barnaby waved, but the younger man seemed not to see him. He ran back across the yard into the back door of the house. At the same time Samson, whose reactions were always slow, turned, growled, and plunged back toward the now invisible but still yapping terrier. "No!" cried Barnaby. "This way! Heel! Come on now!"

And he managed to soothe the ancient bulldog out of vengeance into progress down the alley. At the Desmonds' trash burner, richly smoking, Barnaby paused; for the smoke had flavor and aroma. The box just thrown in on top of the smoldering fire was a box of cigars; and it had come open, so that all its fat, round, long, brown, pointed contents lay there in red-and-gold bands, slowly burning on the embers below. Not one cigar was missing. It was a full box. And Barnaby, passing, pausing, glancing, wondered why young Desmond in his right mind would ever throw away a full box of fine cigars.

And then Barnaby in middle age on this fine May morning, walking his poor old bulldog, had an awful apprehension. It dropped him into a depth of the kind of anticipatory agony we all occasionally endure for somebody else, ourselves feeling it, sharing it, even though a thousand times removed. Down the alley ahead of him he saw Loretta Millane, shrewd spinster beyond deceit or deception, teacher (retired) of American history, round-shouldered, plump and peering; his own daughters had sat under Loretta and been made to memorize the elastic clause of the Constitution; now seeing her in her back yard, peering, he knew what he would have to ask and what she would surely answer. What he felt was not quite dread but a kind of awful fascination; and he wished he could feel some clear, appropriate, definable emotion at a time like this.

"'Morning, Loretta."

"Do you have forty bushels of maple seeds in your front yard this year?" she demanded.

"Closer to fifty."

"Such a litter!" she said. "But I do admire the way they insist."

"Loretta, do you know this young Desmond family down the alley?"

"Oh, I had her in class, and she was such a bright girl."

"What happened?"

Loretta, pudgy, turned away and turned back; the pale sun glinted on her thick glasses. "Well, last night I heard the ambulance. They took her to the hospital and the baby came early and it died and she died, last night. Keep that dog away from me!"

"He won't hurt you. Was it a boy or a girl?"

"A boy."

"Dear good God," said Barnaby, and he looked back down the alley, where the smoke was getting thick and blue. He yanked at Samson. "Come along now. I'll see you, Loretta."

He strode toward home, trusting Loretta to understand his haste. Walking, with the old dog beside him, he thought of that box of presentation cigars burning, of the chaste young woman he had startled last summer, digging up her tulip bulbs, and of young Desmond's manner just now, running across the yard, in mourning, this morning, for a golden wife and a lost son; he thought of the two unmothered girls with the neat crisp bows on their braids; and over him as he hurried home the leaves made a soft green lisping sound; a squirrel whisked to the far side of a tree trunk; a blue jay screeched and a robin chirped; everywhere, on all the lawns, on the sidewalks, the curbs, in the street, lay the profusion of maple seeds, browning in the sunlight, dying, yet insistent, sacramental. *This is the way things are*, he thought suddenly, with the fierce exultation of one making a discovery; *this*—but now he remembered calmly that he had felt this grief and this wonder many times before—*this, dear God, is how it is to live. What a man must do is get used to it.*

END

Can this Marriage be Saved?



Ideally, any man and woman who marry should have a similar background, similar tastes, similar values and some common goals for their family life experience. But what can be done when two people with different interests, aims, personalities, and even with a different pace of living, are already married and are unable to cope with the inevitable adjustment difficulties? Often, as in the case presented here, it is possible for one of the skilled marriage counselors at the American Institute of Family Relations to help such people in several ways. He can help them understand themselves, their resentments, and their own real reasons for opposing their partner's way of life. He can help them work together in practical ways on problems concerning finances, sex and mutual friends. And he can help them to increase their happiness by concentrating their attention on the good and desirable aspects of their relationship rather than constantly dwelling on their partner's "faults." All these measures lead to a new feeling of closeness which makes further adjustments much easier and ultimately leads to a successful marriage. . . . The counselor in this case was Dr. Edmund W. Raab.

PAUL POPENOE, SC.D., *General Director*

SHE: "Brady thinks it unnecessary to talk to me or to keep me advised of his mysterious comings and goings. He never admits that he is sorry or wrong in anything. I like books, music, painting, but all he cares for in this world, except the children, is sports. 'Dreary' is the word for my marriage."

HE: "Athletics has always been the thing with me, the big thing, the only thing. I'm no reader, and my vocabulary is poor; I don't go for operatic music or the long-hair literature Amy favors. I've no idea why Amy is so disappointed in me—except maybe because I'm away from home so much."



DON ORNITZ

"Brady devours the sports pages of newspapers, sports on television and radio, football games, basketball games, baseball games, track meets. But he refuses to even glance at the stories I write."

AMY TELLS HER SIDE: "Summer is only a step away," said Amy, a dark-eyed vivid young woman of twenty-six. "Everybody in the world is ready for vacation and making wonderful vacation plans. Everybody except us.

"Brady teaches biology and physical education in high school—he's also a part-time, unsalaried football, basketball, what-have-you coach on the side—and his school closes in June. Instead of taking the twins and me for a holiday, he automatically locates another job. Brady's take-home pay from high school is $450 a month, which isn't spectacular these days. However, we could well afford to drive somewhere in summer and enjoy a little variety instead of continuing the same dreary grind.

"Until ten days ago I hoped we could treat the youngsters to an inexpensive camping trip in the mountains. But then the blow fell. Brady announced that he'd already arranged to begin manning a taxicab switchboard the day after school lets out. He says we need the money more than we need diversion.

"'Dreary' is the word that describes my marriage. If I were asked what was wrong with Brady's and my life together I doubt I could specify my complaints in A B C fashion. Our trouble is that nothing is really right. Everything about our existence is stale and disappointing. I'm reasonably sure Brady feels the same, although he hasn't said so. He isn't a whiner and complainer. Actually he doesn't stay around enough to do much complaining. If Brady were so inclined, he could get home a lot earlier.

"For the past five nights in a row he hasn't appeared until after seven o'clock. Last night he didn't show up until eight. I was frantic with trying to keep his dinner warm and the twins quiet. Ann and Joe are four years old and crazy about their daddy. I believe in being considerate of my children's rights and I let them stay up for Brady, although they both got cross and irritable. Brady kissed the children and helped bed them down, but he didn't kiss me. Nor did he explain why he was so late. When I finally asked why he hadn't telephoned me to hold dinner, he muttered that he hadn't thought of it. He didn't apologize for his tardiness. I've never known Brady to admit he was sorry or wrong in anything.

"He munched his way, without a word, through the good meal I'd prepared for him. Then he settled before the television set to watch the wrestling matches. He was still there when I gave Ann and Joe their glasses of water, washed and ironed the clothes they'd worn that day; then I listened to thirty minutes of music on the hi-fi, and went to bed by myself. I hadn't talked to anybody except the children since early morning and I would have appreciated a little grown-up conversation.

"Brady thinks it unnecessary either to talk to me or to keep me advised of his mysterious comings and goings. Frequently, for no reason at all, he pulls a vanishing act and is away from home for hours. Unfortunately for me, we live six blocks from a firehouse. Brady prefers the company of the boys in blue to the company of his family. Last Saturday I was expecting him to mow the lawn and he promised he would. Instead he spent the afternoon pitching horseshoes with the firemen—as I discovered by walking past the station with the children. On Sunday he disappeared again; I was too proud to check on his whereabouts a second time. I'm not going to hunt my husband in a neighborhood hangout to remind him of a promise. I'd rather let the grass grow. By now our back lawn is practically a hayfield. Just yesterday I saw our next-door neighbor staring at it from her porch.

"When I first fell in love with Brady—he was the star quarterback on our college football team—I set my hopes high.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 105

LITTLE KITCHEN...

Big Party

MENU

SPICY HAM STICKS

ORANGE-GLAZED CHICKEN

PECAN PILAF

TOSSED GREEN SALAD WITH
AVOCADOS AND WATER CHESTNUTS

CHEESE PIE

COFFEE



The flavor is provocative. Can that tanginess be a combination of anchovies and mushrooms? Do I trace a hint of orégano, of allspice in the tomato sauce? Everyone's having fun trying to guess and pursuing the mystery with second helpings.

FOOD TO RELISH AND REMEMBER

MENU

NEAPOLITAN BEAN CASSEROLE

MIXED VEGETABLE SALAD WITH GREEN DILL TOMATOES

FRUIT COMPOTE

DATE BARS

COFFEE

Friends gay and hungry on a warm spring evening . . . party food as deliciously tempting as the weather. That's our recipe for a good time. Serve young fryers, for example, crisply browned and baked with pecan pilaf under an herb-scented orange glaze so that each forkful is savory and tender; or meat balls given new piquancy with minced anchovies, then simmered with marrow beans and a tangy Italian tomato sauce to emerge as an elegant dinner in a dish; or pink nuggets of ham teamed with the thinnest spaghetti and succulent asparagus tips bubbling in a heavenly hollandaiselike sauce so that all flavors mingle—conveniently *en casserole*. Add a collector's item of a salad: a classic of greens or vegetables with green dill tomatoes, avocado crescents or crunchy water chestnuts mixed in so that friends will exclaim, "What makes it so different!" For dessert, a cool and luscious creamy cheese pie (you've never tasted one so good); or a lemony, velvet-smooth sherbet crowned with ruby strawberry sauce; or perhaps a fragrant mélange of springtime fruits. Invite in a houseful of friends. And have fun! You can because these menus were planned with the limitations of a little kitchen in mind.



SPICY HAM STICKS

Mix three 2¼-ounce cans deviled ham with one 2-ounce tube anchovy paste, 1 onion, grated, and 1 teaspoon powdered dill. Set aside. Into a large bowl empty enough piecrust mix to make 2 two-crust pies; add 2 cloves garlic, crushed, and 2 tablespoons poppy seeds. Now, according to package directions, add water and make the pastry. Divide pastry into 4 equal parts. Roll 1 portion thin into a large square. Using a ruler and a very sharp knife, trim to make a 12″ square. Now thinly spread the deviled-ham mixture over the left half of the rolled-out pastry square and fold the unspread portion over so that the edges meet—just as if you were closing a book. The filled pastry will measure 6″ x 12″. Cut this piece in half to make two 6″ squares. With a very sharp knife—and using the ruler—cut the squares into strips ¼″ wide and 6″ long. Repeat with the 3 other portions of pastry. Bake strips in a very hot oven, 425° F., for 8–10 minutes or until golden brown. Makes 192 sticks. Make a day or two ahead and store in a canister.

ORANGE-GLAZED CHICKEN

Allow 2 pieces boned chicken per person. Ask your butcher to bone legs, breasts and thighs. You can do the job yourself by using a sharp knife, cutting down to the bones and slipping them out. It isn't easy, so let your butcher do it if he will. Make the orange sauce the day before and keep it refrigerated. Sauté 2½ pounds mushrooms, sliced, and 6 yellow onions, sliced, in ¼ cup olive oil until tender. Season with 2–3 teaspoons salt; pepper to taste; 2 cloves garlic, crushed; 2 bay leaves, crushed; 1 teaspoon each orégano and powdered savory; ½ teaspoon basil and ¼ teaspoon nutmeg. Add 1½ cups orange juice, ½ cup sparkling white grape juice (or, if you prefer, dry white wine) and simmer for 5 minutes. The morning of the party, brown the chicken and refrigerate it. Shake 1½ cups flour with 1 teaspoon each orégano, basil and powdered savory, and ½ teaspoon each nutmeg and powdered rosemary in a paper bag. Salt and pepper chicken, then shake in herbed flour. Brown well in ¼ cup olive oil, adding more oil as needed. To make casseroles, make beds of pecan pilaf in each of 2 large shallow casseroles. Spoon ½ of sautéed mushrooms and onions into each and mix lightly. Lay browned chicken pieces on rice and pour remaining orange-juice mixture over all. Cover casseroles with aluminum foil and bake in a slow oven, 300° F., for 1–1½ hours or until chicken is tender. Makes about 15 servings.

CHEESE PIE

Roll enough graham crackers to make 2 cups crumbs, or use 2 cups of the packaged crumbs, then mix with ½ cup each sugar and melted butter. Press into the bottom and up the sides of a 9″ spring-form pan to form a crust. Now cream two 8-ounce packages cream cheese, softened, until smooth and blend in 2 eggs, ⅔ cup sugar and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Pour into crust and bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for 20 minutes. Remove from oven and let pie stand 15 minutes. Meanwhile, combine 1 cup commercial sour cream with 2 tablespoons sugar and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Carefully spread over baked filling. Return pie to a very hot oven, 425° F., and bake for 10 minutes. Cool pie, then chill overnight before serving. Makes 10–12 servings (cut the pieces small—the pie's rich!).

NEAPOLITAN BEAN CASSEROLE

Cover 2 pounds dried white marrow beans with water and soak overnight. Also, the night before the party mix together 1½ pounds ground beef, 1 pound ground veal and ½ pound ground pork. Soak 3 cups fresh bread crumbs in ¾ cup milk and add to the meat along with 2 cups finely chopped onions which have been sautéed in a little butter until golden, 1 cup chopped mushrooms and two 2-ounce tins anchovy fillets, drained and minced. Season with 2 cloves garlic, crushed, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon orégano and ¼ teaspoon allspice. Mix all together well and shape into balls the size of walnuts (makes about 75). Refrigerate. Now make the sauce: Heat together over medium heat the contents of two 1-pound-14-ounce cans Italian tomatoes, 2 cups canned tomato sauce, 2 cloves garlic, crushed, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, 1 beef-bouillon cube, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon orégano and ½ teaspoon pepper. Simmer gently, breaking up tomatoes with a fork, until flavors blend, about ½ hour. Cool and chill sauce. In the morning, drain beans, place them in a large kettle, add 2 quarts water and 2½ cups undiluted canned consommé; cover and cook over medium heat until beans are just tender. Set aside. To make casseroles, lightly flour meat balls and brown in a large skillet in 1 cup butter. Drain on paper toweling. Now combine meat balls, sauce and beans, divide mixture in half, place in 2 large shallow casseroles. Cover each loosely with aluminum foil and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 1 hour. Makes about 15 servings.

PECAN PILAF

Place 1½ cups pecan meats on a shallow baking pan and toast in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., for about 20 minutes or until crisp (these can be done ahead of time). Meanwhile, cook 5 cups long-grain rice according to package directions, and salt to taste. Coarsely chop nuts and mix lightly into the cooked rice. Use pecan pilaf for making orange-glazed chicken, or serve as a separate accompaniment at another meal by adding butter (about 4–5 tablespoons or to suit your own taste). Makes about 15 servings.

CURRIED PEPITAS

These keep well if made several days ahead. Mix together in a saucepan ¼ cup curry powder, ¼ cup warm water, 1 clove garlic, crushed, 1 teaspoon salt and the juice of ½ lemon. When well blended, add 1 cup water, then heat, stirring constantly, until mixture simmers. Add 2 cups pepitas (Mexican pumpkin seeds) and simmer (do not boil), stirring occasionally, for 5 minutes. Drain (save curry mixture for currying more pepitas), spread pepitas out on a baking sheet, dot with butter, sprinkle with salt and toast in a very slow oven, 275° F., for about 1 hour or until pepitas are crisp. Makes 1 pint. (To curry more pepitas, mix 2 teaspoons curry powder into the mixture you saved, add water so that you have 1½ cups of the curry mixture and repeat as before.)

HAM-AND-ASPARAGUS CASSEROLE

The night before the party, cut enough baked ham into 1″ cubes to make 3 quarts. You'll need about 4½ pounds meat. Refrigerate ham cubes. Also the night before, make the following sauce: Melt 1 cup butter and blend in 1 cup flour. Slowly add 6 cups light cream, 3 cups milk and 1 cup chicken broth. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Add 1⅔ cups grated sharp cheese, 1 cup grated Parmesan cheese and the juice of 2 lemons. Season with 3 tablespoons grated onion, 2 tablespoons each prepared mustard and minced parsley, 5 teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon each powdered rosemary and pepper. Remove sauce from heat and stir in 2 cups mayonnaise. Cool sauce and then chill. When you're ready to make the casseroles, warm the sauce slowly, stirring occasionally. Cook 3 pounds fresh asparagus until just barely tender. If you use the frozen, you'll need four 10-ounce packages. Cook according to package directions, but only until crisp-tender. Also prepare 1½ pounds spaghettini according to package directions. When spaghettini is tender, drain and rinse well. Mix together the sauce, the spaghettini and the cubed ham. Now, in 2 large shallow casseroles, arrange layers of the spaghettini-ham mixture and layers of asparagus, dividing the asparagus between the two casseroles. Top each with spaghettini-ham mixture. Bake, uncovered, in a moderate oven, 350° F., about 30 minutes or until bubbly. Makes about 20 servings.

STUART-FOWLER



MENU

CURRIED PEPITAS
AND RIPE OLIVES

HAM-AND-ASPARAGUS
CASSEROLE

CUCUMBER-RADISH SALAD

LEMON SHERBET WITH
STRAWBERRY PUREE

BABAS

COFFEE

Clip these recipes and add them to the 50 treasures you'll find in the new Journal Recipe Treasure Box.
To order the Recipe Treasure Box, send $1.35 (Pennsylvania residents add 3% Pennsylvania sales tax) to
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL RECIPES, *Dept. 5, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Offer good in U.S.A. only.*



It's Love

7 Budget Treasures from

So savory, so succulent, so irresistible that you can't help asking, "What *is* the secret ingredient?" The answer is a mysterious blending of seasonings that makes a low-cost dish high fashion and high adventure. Our editors treasure these seven recipes as their own favorites. Cubed steaks of beef, for instance, with a gingery marinade, sizzling atop buttery French bread, have an unusual flavor and texture that are completely satisfying. For another creative casserole, a combination of tuna and mixed spring vegetables, dotted with crisp bacon crumbles, rimmed with down-light biscuits; or veal paprika in which less expensive cuts emerge elegantly in a rosy cream sauce. Four more recipe dividends: 1—hard-cooked eggs sliced into a spicy curry sauce and served over early spring asparagus; 2—sharp Cheddar cheese, melted and then molded into a velvety ring with bright bits of pimiento to be served with a tossing of your favorite salad in the center, surrounded by cornucopias of thinly sliced ham; 3—a melt-in-your-mouth meat loaf whose flavor secrets are ham and veal in just the right proportions, plus a baked-in piquant goodness; 4—a soufflé-light salmon loaf lined with delicate fish fillets and crowned with a sauce of sliced green olives and crunchy toasted almond slivers. These recipes, truly, are seven to save and savor.

VEAL PAPRIKA

Sauté 6 slices bacon, cut into small pieces, with 3½ pounds boneless veal shoulder or shank, cut into ½" cubes, and ⅔ cup chopped onion until meat and onions are golden brown. Add 5 cups canned chicken broth (three 13-ounce cans), 3 tablespoons paprika and 1½ teaspoons salt. Cover and simmer slowly until veal is tender—about 1–1½ hours. Now mix 3 tablespoons flour with ½ cup cold water and 1 cup commercial sour cream. Stir into the veal and cook until thickened, stirring all the while. Taste for seasoning and add more salt and paprika if needed. Garnish with toasted, slivered, blanched almonds. Makes 8 servings. Serve with *spätzle*, or homemade noodles.

BEST-EVER MEAT LOAF

Mix together 2½ pounds ground veal, ½ pound ground ham, 1 cup each cracker crumbs and milk, ¼ cup each catchup and prepared horse-radish, 2 eggs, beaten, 1½ teaspoons salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Sauté 1 large onion, peeled and finely chopped, 1 cup finely chopped mushrooms and ¼ cup finely minced green pepper in 2 tablespoons butter until tender. Add to meat mixture and blend well. Shape into a loaf and place on a shallow baking pan, laying 4 slices bacon under loaf and 4 slices over top of loaf. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for 1½ hours. Serve with *Sour-Cream Gravy*. For this, blend ¼ cup flour with ¼ cup drippings from meat loaf. Add 1 cup water and heat, stirring constantly, until thickened. Blend in 1 cup commercial sour cream. Heat through and season to taste with salt and pepper. Makes 12 servings.





TUNA POT PIE

Sauté 5 strips bacon until crisp and drain on paper toweling. Remove all but 4 tablespoons fat from skillet and blend in 8 tablespoons flour. Gradually add 4 cups milk, stirring until smooth. Season with 1 tablespoon dried parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper and ⅛ teaspoon powdered savory. Cook until thickened, stirring frequently. Drain oil from three 7-ounce cans tuna (3 cups) and break into bite-sized pieces. Add to sauce and keep hot. Meanwhile, heat leftover or cook enough mixed vegetables to make 3 cups. Add ½ cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese to 2 cups packaged biscuit mix and cut with a pastry blender until evenly mixed. Make 2" biscuits according to package directions. Add the hot vegetables to the sauce and pour into a 2-quart casserole. Sprinkle with crumbled bacon and arrange biscuits on top. Place immediately in a very hot oven, 425° F., and bake 15 to 20 minutes or until biscuits are golden brown. Makes 8 servings.

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For 50 additional Budget Treasures to file in your JOURNAL *Recipe Treasure Box, send 50 cents (Pennsylvania residents add 3% Pennsylvania sales tax) to* LADIES' HOME JOURNAL RECIPES, *Dept. 5, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.*



SALMON-AND-FISH-FILLET LOAF WITH ALMOND-OLIVE SAUCE

Butter a 9"x5"x3" pan well. Drain and flake three 1-pound cans salmon, removing skin and bones. There'll be about 5 cups. Now mix in the juice of 1½ lemons, 1 cup fine dry bread crumbs, 1 onion, grated, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, 1 teaspoon dried dill, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and a dash of liquid pepper seasoning. Melt ¼ cup butter over a low heat and blend in 6 tablespoons flour. Gradually add 1 cup milk and heat, stirring constantly, until thickened and smooth. Season with 2 teaspoons salt and a dash of pepper. Fold in 3 eggs, well beaten. Now wash 3 fillets of sole or 4 of flounder—large fillets are best—and salt and pepper both sides. Line the buttered loaf-pan sides with the fillets, 2 whole ones for each side and a half for each end. Carefully pack in salmon mixture and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 1 hour. Let loaf stand 10 minutes after it's done, then carefully loosen around edges and turn onto a platter. Garnish with cucumbers dressed with vinegar, sugar, salt and pepper. Serve with *Almond-Olive Sauce:* Melt ¼ cup butter and blend in ¼ cup flour. Slowly add 1 cup each milk and cream. Heat, stirring, until thickened. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Keep hot. Just before serving, stir in ¾ cup sliced stuffed olives and ½ cup toasted slivered almonds. Makes 6 to 8 servings.



URRIED EGGS ON ASPARAGUS

Sauté ⅓ cup minced scallions or finely chopped onion in ¼ cup butter until golden. Remove from heat and blend in 3 tablespoons flour and 1 tablespoon curry powder to make a smooth paste. Return to heat and gradually add 2½ cups milk, stirring until thickened. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Peel and slice 8 hard-cooked eggs and add to the sauce. Meanwhile, cook four 10-ounce packages frozen asparagus spears according to package directions, or use 3 pounds fresh asparagus while it is in season. Drain well and arrange on a platter. Serve curried eggs over asparagus. Makes 6 servings.



JELLIED CHEESE RING

Finely grate enough good sharp Cheddar cheese to measure 3 cups. In the top of a double boiler, heat 2 tablespoons plus 1 teaspoon gelatin in ½ cup milk until dissolved. Add the grated cheese, 2 teaspoons prepared mustard, ¾ teaspoon salt and a dash of cayenne. Cook, stirring frequently until cheese is melted and mixture is smooth. Remove from heat and cool but do not chill. Whip 3 cups heavy cream until soft peaks form (don't beat until stiff). Carefully fold cream into melted cheese mixture along with one 4-ounce can pimiento, drained and chopped. Pour into a rinsed 6-cup ring mold. Refrigerate for several hours until set. Unmold. Fill center with a tossed green salad and serve with cold baked or boiled ham. Makes 6 servings.



GINGER BEEF ON FRENCH BREAD

Mix together ½ cup soy sauce, ¼ cup each water and finely chopped onion, 2 cloves garlic, crushed, 2 tablespoons sugar, and 2 teaspoons powdered ginger or 1 tablespoon finely ground ginger root. Pour sauce over 8 cubed steaks and let marinate for 1 to 2 hours. Drain meat, pat extra oozing with a towel, and pan-broil in a very hot, generously greased skillet 1 to 2 minutes on each side, depending on whether you like steak rare or medium. Cut into halves lengthwise and serve at once on slices of heated, buttered French bread. Makes 8 servings.





Breakfast set is new "go-with" platinum finish; table stores extra leaf under plastic top. Tray slot uses space gained in new refrigerator design.

PORTABLE KITCHEN

that you can take with you

One out of five families moves every year. For homemakers who travel, this kitchen has essentials you can take along.

By MARGARET DAVIDSON *Homemaking Editor*

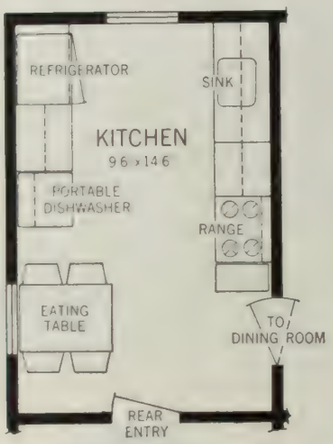
It's the young-married family with children that moves the most, so naturally budget matters loom large. Problem: how to create a good kitchen you can take along when the moving van rolls up. This month's JOURNAL kitchen started as a very routine one in a three-bedroom house—just like others on the street. The basic sink-and-cabinet arrangement was there, but gaping holes were left for appliances. For the family for which a move up the ladder meant a move to a new city, the kitchen investment wisely went for appliances that fit neatly in any home and do their share to make the work easier.

Even the dishwasher is portable and needs no plumbing-in, so saves on installation charges. The floor covering is thoroughly handsome, but needs no adhesive. Paint for walls and gay accessories add to the kitchen's charm but are not costly.

With a plan of this sort, even a stay-put family on a budget can count on long years of service from its investment. Later replacements fit easily—it's a very workable mix-and-match arrangement.

TAKE-WITHS

- Range, a compact 30″ width that fits anywhere, has big-time features: temperature-controlled surface unit, windowed oven, uncrowded top surface. Range and handy wheeled shelf unit use space reserved for larger model.
- Refrigerator is hinged so no extra allowance is needed for door opening—inches saved can make a big difference on moving to new space.
- Portable dishwasher. Set on wheels, it rolls over to the table for loading, then to the sink for washing.
- Hanging lamp over table plugs into any electric outlet to save special electrical costs.
- New felt-base floor covering in spatter design can go with you, too, needs no permanent securing to floor.
- Panel of perforated hard board to carry pots and pans, carpentered to 30″ range size, and bulletin board with cookbook shelf transport without fuss.
- Even the curtains made of dish towels are versatile and packable. To launder, just unclip; and they lie flat for ironing. With extra sets you can alternate by seasons.



Kitchen is 9'6″ x 14'6″—not large, but gives adequate walking space, even room for breakfasting. Compact units do it.

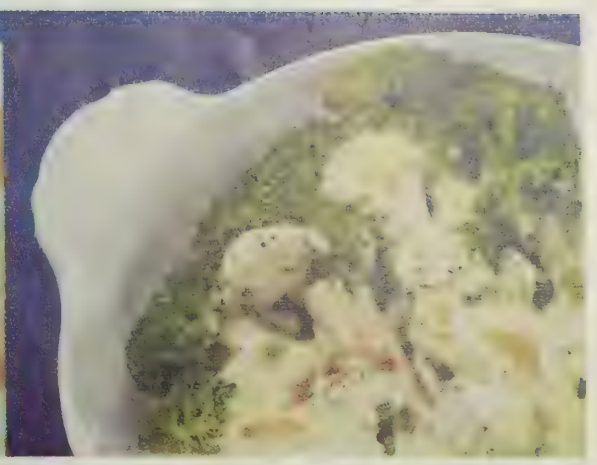


STUART

Blue walls contrast crisply with white steel cabinets, and combine with other gay colors. At far right you see storage unit on wheels that swings wherever needed. The dishwasher is at work here, near the sink, but when finished it goes to home base across the room (see above).









Sauce Poulette. Cook 2 tbsp. minced onion in 2 tbsp. butter until tender. Blend in 1 can Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup, ⅓ cup milk, 2 tbsp. chopped parsley, 1 to 2 tsp. lemon juice, and 1 tbsp. sherry (optional). Heat slowly. Pour over 4 to 6 servings asparagus, peas, lima beans.



Cheese Sauce. Combine 1 can Campbell's Cream of Celery Soup with ⅓ cup milk, ½ cup shredded cheese (or a 3-oz. package softened chive cream cheese). Heat, stirring often. Ever so good over carrots, cauliflower, onions, potatoes, broccoli. Makes 1⅔ cups—for 4 to 6 servings.



Mock Hollandaise. A gourmet's delight—smooth, creamy, delicious! Blend 1 can Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup with ¼ cup mayonnaise and 1 tbsp. lemon juice. Heat, but do not boil. Serve over cooked broccoli, carrots, asparagus. Makes 1½ cups sauce—enough for 4 to 6 servings.

Gourmet ways to sauce a vegetable!





Sauce Amandine. A souper-elegant way to sauce your favorite vegetable! Cook ¼ cup chopped blanched almonds (or salted cashews) in 2 tbsp. butter until lightly browned. Blend in 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup, ⅓ cup water, and 1 tbsp. minced onion. Heat slowly. Pour over cooked green beans or asparagus. Makes about 1⅔ cups sauce—enough for 4 to 6 servings of vegetables.

Good cooks cook with *Campbell's Soups*



What happens in a hospital at 2 A.M.?

IF THERE IS a good hospital where you live, it is *always* ready to serve you regardless of the hour or the need.

While you sleep, its staff may be performing emergency surgery . . . caring for a victim of sudden illness . . . or bringing a new life into the world.

In fact, the responsible hospitals of our nation treat millions of patients and care for thousands of emergency cases every day. And many hospitals also find time for teaching and research.

Suppose our hospitals suddenly closed their doors entirely . . . *or even locked up for the night.* When you consider the consequences, you'll realize that a good, modern hospital is as essential to your community as good school, police, fire and health departments.

Fortunately, we have many excellent hospitals throughout our country which are worthy of the trust and the support of the communities they serve. Other hospitals, too, are trying to improve their facilities and services. In some of these cases, the primary need may be for better equipment, while in others, personnel shortages may be the most pressing problem.

Whatever the need, a hospital which has a strong board of directors composed of representative citizens will be the community's best guarantee that everything is being done to insure progressive standards of hospital care.

How does a hospital become better? By meeting and maintaining standards specified by the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals.

If your hospital meets the Commission's requirements, it is a sign that the facilities and the quality of medical and nursing care have been inspected in great detail . . . and found worthy of approval. And to maintain its accreditation, the hospital must undergo inspection every three years.

Many people find satisfaction in giving some of their spare time to volunteer work in hospitals. Perhaps there are many things that you could do in your hospital to comfort patients . . . and ease the load on its busy professional staff, especially its doctors and nurses.

Most hospitals urgently need more volunteer workers.

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THE QUEEN'S GRACE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

figure on the grass moved, doubling up and away from oncoming man and horse, seizing at the reins, gaining the saddle in a swift bound. The black horse had reared and wheeled just in time to meet his opponent's charge.

Sir William looked up at Tom Seymour. "You acquitted yoursel' nobly, my lad."

"Thank you, Sir William," Tom Seymour said.

"Aye, and I know thy father well." He nodded his head and pursed his lips. Tom Seymour knew he had been given the stamp of approval.

Sir William turned to Dudley. "I've a favor, sir. My brother's widow lies very ill and has had no word from her daughter in Lincolnshire for two months now. His Grace, the king, told me last eve that you ha' business in the North. I would deem it a great boon for you to carry letters for me, and bring news."

Dudley bowed again. He would be delighted to do any favor for Sir William. "Attend Sir William, Tom," he said, "and fetch from him the letters and instructions."

"Aye, sir," said Tom.

Sir William gave a little sigh of relief. He thought the task was in the right hands.

Tom Seymour left before daybreak and by the time the skies were red and gold and violet with the sunrise he was at the edge of the causeway across the Wash. The sea glittered a thin dusty blue and then caught the colors of the sun. The air smelled of salt and sand, and he reined his horse for a moment to drink it in. Then he gave the signal to ride on, and the small troop of men began to cross the Wash.

At midday they had sighted the Lincoln heights, rising pale blue in the distance, with a bluish haze. They had dinner in Lincoln at the Golden Arrow, and then they were ahorse again.

They reached Gainsborough at four o'clock. Tom looked ahead at the great house, its mullioned windows reflecting the afternoon sun, rising in the distance from the thick walls of the outer court. With quickening curiosity he rode forward, pushing aside the vague feeling that something was wrong, noting the lack of bustle, and the vague air of unkemptness that clung all about. When he was in front of the gates he saw they were shut tight.

Tom Seymour reined up sharply. He raised his voice to shatter the quiet. "Halloa, there! Halloa!"

His voice echoed in the silence. There was no immediate answer. Then he saw an elderly man come out of the gatehouse and stand looking through the barred gates. His voice was surly. "What want ye here?"

"I've business here. Open me those gates!"

The old man squinted up at horse and rider. "What business, my master?" he asked.

Tom Seymour made up his mind quickly. "I' the king's name, ye'll open me those gates or ye'll suffer for it!"

The old man said, "In the king's name?"

Tom Seymour knew him for a country dolt so he said, almost patiently, "D'ye not see the green and white of Tudor livery, my man? Now open me the gates." He fished in his pocket and held up a coin.

The old man began to unhook the chain. Slowly the gates swung inward and Tom Seymour pressed forward, motioning his men to follow. Once inside, he reined up. He tossed the coin to the old man. "Leave them open," he commanded, "for my business is not long."

The old man said doubtfully, "Aye." But Tom did not trust him. He waved a man to his side. "Stay here, and see my order's obeyed," he said, then clattered across the court and thus before the big doors of the hall itself. He flung off his horse and ran up the steps. He lifted the heavy knocker and banged it sharply.

On each side of him stood his sturdiest knaves. The three of them waited, while within the house the clang of the knocker sounded and resounded through the dusty halls, back into the kitchens, even up in the top room where Thomas knelt at the *prie-dieu.*

Thomas rose and went down the stairway, wondering who it could be. But his staff had orders: if anyone knocked they were to come into the hall and help him, in case of trouble. It might be Henry, returned to make just that—trouble.

Thomas came down the last steps and saw with satisfaction that twenty of his menservants were already within the hall. He nodded to them, and went over to open the doors.

He saw Tom Seymour with his two men. He saw the seven others ahorse in the court. He bowed. "Pray come in," he said. He opened the door just wide enough to admit the three men. Then he closed it. Out of the corners of his eyes Tom Seymour saw two knaves sidle past him and take up a stand next the door. He frowned deeply, and faced his host.

He said sharply, "Who are you, sir?"

"I am Lord Borough," Thomas said. "My father is dead."

Tom Seymour glanced about, seeing the knot of men grouped under the shadows of the stairwell. Into what kind of mare's nest had he stepped? How had Lord Borough died? By violence? And where was the little wench with the red hair?

Thomas' voice broke the silence. "Howbeit, I would wish you to surrender your weapons, master," he said. "I know you not and you and these knaves are armed. Surrender your weapons and we can then proceed, and you can tell me whyfore you are here."

Tom Seymour smiled and said easily, "Why certes, m'lord." He drew his sword, proffering it to Thomas, hilt first. His men, their eyes darting to their master, hesitated. Tom, perceiving it, gave them a nod of affirmation, paused to see they did as bidden, and swung back to Borough.

"Now," he said, "I forgot to introduce myself. I am Thomas Seymour, my lord, here on a mission from Sir William Parr to deliver letters into the hands of Lady Borough. Lord Borough, where is the Lady Borough?"

Thomas raised dark eyes to his face. "In her chambers, sir, confined there by illness."

"Illness?" asked Tom. "What kind of illness?"

"That is none of your concern," Thomas said distantly. "Each day she betters a trifle. But she is still bedridden."

Tom Seymour quickly weighed two plans. Should he retreat and enter this place by stealth after nightfall? Should he insist on seeing Katryn now?

He would try the latter. "May I deliver the letters to Lady Borough then, my lord?" he asked. "I have a long way farther to ride and the day's going fast."

Thomas hesitated. "No," he said, "you cannot see Lady Borough. I shall take the letters." He held out his hand and Tom Seymour nodded. He started to unfasten his jacket.

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this moment Katryn appeared at the top of the steps.

She was trembling with excitement. She had heard the hammering on the doors. She had heard the sound of horses in the court. Now she stood at the top of the stairway with Meg at her side, and Mrs. Dawson watching from behind.

"Oh, God be thanked!" she cried out, her voice echoing down the stair well. And even though the sight of those stairs unnerved her, she started down them with one hand on the balustrade. She called out joyously, "Oh, Master Tom!"

She had reached the last step when Thomas had fully digested her words and her appearance. Not only had she tricked him, but she knew this man. Thomas stepped between Tom Seymour and Katryn.

"Seize him!" he cried. He watched two of his men lay hold of Tom Seymour, one at each arm. When he was satisfied that Tom Seymour was truly helpless, Thomas swung about to Katryn. He advanced on her slowly. "You tricked me," he snarled.

She looked as though she were about to faint. Then words spilled out, desperate words. "You can't keep Meg and me here any longer! Unhand Master Tom and leave us go!"

Thomas smiled. Katryn looked at Tom Seymour and the two big men on each side of him. She looked again at Thomas' face. Into her sudden despair, Tom Seymour's voice cut.

"My lord," he said easily, "you cannot keep me here. Have you not noted that these knaves of mine are the king's men? I am on the king's business, traveling north to Scotland. Under my coat I have royal dispatches. Now if your men will leave go my arms, I shall give Lady Borough the letters, and we shall go."

"No," sobbed Katryn. "No!"

Tom Seymour said, "I cannot prevail against such superior force, my lady. Be quiet now."

"Aye," growled Thomas. "Get the letters, then, and ye can begone!"

Tom Seymour said, "Loose my hands, masters, whilst I procure them."

The hands which held his let loose their hold. Tom Seymour made a motion of easing his shoulders, flexing his arms. His hands went to his coat and he withdrew a thick white packet, which Thomas could see was an ordinary letter. Tom Seymour held it forth and Thomas reached forth his own hand. It was seized in a grip of iron. And while the letter fell to the floor Thomas felt another arm pass about his body across his shoulder and under his neck. He let forth a howl of pain.

Tom Seymour said grimly, "If any man comes near me, I break your master's back. Not his arm, lads, his back!"

For a moment there was no sound in the hall. Katryn stared at Tom Seymour's face; the blue eyes glittering, the dark face set. He said, "It would pleasure me to exact a heavy toll from you, my lord, for I mislike you much. Now, lass, come and stand aside of me and m' lord's men will give you my sword and dagger. They will also return their weapons to my men."

Katryn obeyed. Through a mist she heard Tom Seymour's voice again. "Have ye retrieved your arms, lads?"

"Aye, sir." They had come forward and were standing on each side of him. Katryn faced him, his own sword in her hand.

"Then back up and open those doors," Tom Seymour said. "Lass, you go first, and your woman."

Katryn faltered past him. She breathed the fresh afternoon air, she went down the steps and turned. The two men came right behind her, and then Tom Seymour, backing out, carrying Thomas like a clay figure.

"Mount," he called.

"We are mounted, sir," one of his men called.

"Now," Tom Seymour said, "all of you within the hall back to the stairway and under it. Quick!"

They obeyed. Tom Seymour stood motionless for a moment. Then Katryn heard the sound of Thomas' agonized gasp as his prisoned arm was twisted. Katryn heard the snap of the bone. She saw Thomas crumple and saw Tom Seymour fling him down. She felt herself lifted and set in the saddle.

"Put your arms around me, and hang on," he commanded.

Dimly Katryn did so. The big horse wheeled and was urged to a canter, even within the court. She saw the gates open; she saw them fly past. She shut her eyes and leaned against his back. She hung on tight as the graveled drive ended and the rutted road to Lincoln began.

Katryn had never stayed at an inn before. She sat, watching a boy light the fire, listening to the sounds of the inn and its busy yard. Even though she had ridden far and even though it was the first real exercise she had had in weeks, she was not hungry. She forced herself to eat a piece of bread, and wash it down with ale. The ale was strong and sharp, but it gave her strength.

She knew she had to get to London, to her mother. Maud Parr's sweet face floated comfortingly in the distance. Oh, what joy to see her mother, to feel her mother's arms around her, to know she was safe at home again! She blinked back the tears. Tom Seymour would take her to London, and she would be safe. Soon he would come to tell her what time to rise upon the morrow and all the myriad details of the trip. And she must have money. She stood up and wriggled out of her petticoat. She handed it to Meg.

"Undo some of the jewels," she commanded. "The gold chain—'twill be easy to sell."

She sat down again on the bench at the foot of the bed. She took the chain Meg handed her, and held it absently, listening for his step and the knock on the door.

They came soon. A quick step; a quick knock. She waved Meg to the door, and saw the curtsy Meg gave him, and saw him enter. She rose, too, the gold chain dangled from her fingers.

His glance went briefly about the room, and returned to her.

"Pray sit," Katryn said, pointing to the bench.

He said conversationally, "Ye look none the worse for your ride, save you're a mite white."

She gathered up her skirts in one hand and sat down on the stool. Tom Seymour took the bench, and stretched out booted legs.

"I cannot quite credit it—that I am truly here, and safe." She threw him a small smile. "I would hope you deem me properly grateful, sir. For it may well be I owe you my very life and sanity!"

Tom Seymour said diffidently, "I don't deserve such an accolade."

"Lord Borough was quite mad, sir," said Katryn. "Indeed, complete mad! And obsessed with the"—she hesitated—"the idea of keeping me there. And I his father's widow!" She shuddered.

Tom Seymour gave her a quick smile. "I can guess from what you've not said."

She blushed. "Still," she said, "when I think on how you left him, lying there ——" She made a grimace.

He said lazily, "Now do spare me your show of pity! I broke his arm and pulled that shoulder out of joint not for the pleasure of hurting but to keep him from following us!" He got to his feet and picked up another log and tossed it on the fire. "He will not follow you, and that's an end to it. You will learn that I can be as infamous as the man whose badge I wear." He faced her, his back to the fire.

"Why do you wear it then?"

He frowned, dark brows drawing together. He said lightly, "I have my reasons."

"Why?" she persisted. "Tell me them."

He drew a deep breath. He eyed her uncertainly. "Well, lass, it used to be that, for a younger son, there were politics and the church and the army. Now there's yet another avenue."

She looked puzzled. "And what is that?"

"The sea, lass. Let me tell you something. Infamous my Lord Dudley may be, but he's a fine sailor, and when I finish this mission I go to sea." He grinned at her. "Aye, on the flagship the Grace à Dieu. Lord Dudley commands her."

"Dudley," she said, low. "I cannot but remember how his father made us suffer and how bitterly he was hated! Take care he does not bring you grief!"

He shook his head. "A man brings grief to himself," he said, dismissing the subject. "I came to tell you I have procured horses for you and your woman. You didn't want a litter, did you? You rode well."

"Thank you," she said. "And you rode magnificent!" In a more commonplace tone she continued, "I have little money, but I sewed jewels into my petticoat." She held up the chain. "Will this recompense you?" She held the chain to him. "Please take it."

He asked instead, "How much money have you?"

She knew exactly. "I have three rose nobles, ten shillings, eight pence. Meg had ten crowns," she added.

"Save the chain then," he said. "Ye have more than enough."

"But you ——"

"Have paid for your lodging, and hired the nags. I still have enough left." He waved the chain away and stretched out as far as he could on the bench, crossing his feet at the ankle. He yawned; he had been up at dawn and was sleepy. "I'm soon for bed," he said, and then his eyes opened wider and he gave her an impudent smile.

Katryn said, "By the Mass, you're a knave, sir." She looked at his almost recumbent figure. He had closed his eyes; in repose his face, even with the roughening growth of a day's beard, looked young as his twenty-one years. He seemed less formidable, and she was conscious of a certain tenderness. He'd not taken her money. Mayhap she had judged him too harshly. There was a little smile on her face, and as she leaned forward Tom Seymour opened his eyes. He struggled up to a sitting position. Lazily he reached out a brown hand and captured hers.

"I must say good night," he said.

Her hand lay within his. He turned it over. Gently he raised it to his lips and kissed the palm. His lips were warm; she felt the beginning of a tide of warmth that seemed to travel from his lips. She felt a desire to touch the dark head so near. For a moment more she let the current of warmth continue. Then she swallowed suddenly, as if she had forgotten to breathe, and said, to break this spell that seemed to envelop her:

"I'm glad you are going to take me to London, and very grateful."

He said, incredibly, "But I am not taking you to London."

She hardly breathed for a moment. He was going to leave her here! Miles from London; alone; miles from help. Ahead of her stretched long hours on horseback, with fields and forests ready to disgorge any manner of ruffians. She would be killed!

In terror, she turned her huge golden eyes on him. "You cannot leave me here!"

He had risen to his feet. "I cannot take you, mistress," he said, and there was a note of finality to his voice.

Hatred and fear stood her on her feet. "You villain!" she sobbed. A rush of anger suffused and consumed her. "I hate you! I hate you!" she sobbed aloud. With both fists she was pounding at him, trying to reach his face.

Tom Seymour caught her hands in his. She struggled wildly, but he transferred her hands to one of his and held both wrists. Then he passed his other arm around her body, lifting her off her feet. She tried to kick at him, but collapse came then. Her head dropped to his shoulder and she shook with sobs.

Then she heard his voice: "Sweetheart, stop, for God's sake. You'll have the whole inn here!"

"I hope I do!" she cried with all the breath left in her body. If she could do nothing else, held this way, she could scream. She opened her mouth to do it and, swift as a cat, he took one step to the bed and laid her down on it, her face pushed into the mattress. Tom Seymour lifted one big hand and hit her hard across the buttocks, once, twice, and then again. Then he pulled her around to a sitting position.

"Be quiet or you'll get more of that!" His hands held her shoulders in a merciless grip. "You little wildcat. You'll have no difficulty getting to London! I feel sorry for the poor knave who tries to stop you!" His fingers dug into her shoulders and she gave a gasp of pain.

"You're hurting me!"

"Aye, and I intend to hurt you! This night you're going to listen to me, and if hurting will tame you, then that's what you'll get."

He looked from Katryn and his eyes found Meg. Abruptly he began again. "You listen too, woman. Tomorrow you will make an early start. I've hired two knaves to go with you. You will stop each night at a wayside convent or nunnery. Do not stop at inns. D'ye hear me? No inns!"

Katryn's mouth puckered. "Aye, I hear you."

He smiled grimly. He said, "The next man you strike may not be as gentle as I. You little fool!"

His hands left her shoulders. He stood straight, looking down at her, satisfied that she was quieted now.

He looked so tall and strong. "Why can't you take us?" Katryn whispered. "Why are you leaving us?"

His jaw hardened. "Because I have a duty to start north immediate to Scotland where I deliver letters."

"Letters," she said contemptuously. "If you were a true gentleman and a lord, you would not have to carry letters!"

He stiffened. "That was an unfair thrust and I mislike treachery in swordplay!"

Her eyes gleamed. "The truth hurts!"

He drew a deep breath. "Does it now I ——"

She interrupted. "Aye, and you dared to make love to me! And then would leave me!

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"Here comes mommy."



















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We'd love to tell you how to make all the treats you see here. But there's only space for a single surprise out of many.

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Rainbow Cake. Each pastel layer is a different flavor of whipped Jell-O. The trick? Pour each layer separately. Let each set before pouring on the next layer of Jell-O. And use a spring-form pan. Frost with Dream Whip.

Strawberry Bavarian. Want to wow hard-to-wow guests? See recipe—at right.

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2 cups milk • Ladyfinger halves
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Prepare pudding mix with milk as directed package. Chill.

Dissolve gelatin in 1 cup *hot* water. Add ½ cup c water. Chill until slightly thickened. Set bowl ice and water. Whip Jell-O with egg beater un fluffy. Add chilled pudding gradually. Beat af every addition.

Spoon into large glass serving bowl which h been lined with ladyfinger halves. Chill. Garni with Dream Whip. Makes 8 to 10 servings.

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Perched on the bed, her legs tucked under her, her face defiant, she waited for his answer.

"Love?" he asked. "There was no talk of love. I shall wait until you are a bit older to speak of love."

She shot him a glance from under her lashes. "I don't know what you mean."

He smiled. "There is a lot of French spoke now at court, due to the pretty Nan. We could be *en rapport*, you and I. Do you know what that means?" He put his hand on her hair, fastening his fingers in the red curls. Her lashes were smudged against her cheeks, for she wouldn't look up. She bit her lip. "You know what I mean well enough, Katryn." It was the first time he had used her name and there was a caressing note to his voice. "I mean," he said, "that when you grow up a bit and I achieve a higher station in life, I shall have the pleasure of asking you to become my mistress."

"Your mistress?" she said furiously. "Why, why ——"

"Did you think I was going to say 'wife'?" he inquired. "No, but when I can afford you, you may depend upon it, I'll offer for you."

Her eyes blazed. "I wouldn't lie with you for a million pounds!" She spat out the words. "You couldn't pay me high enough for your loathsome kisses." She stopped for breath. She couldn't believe it. He was laughing. He had backed away from the bed and he threw back his head and he was laughing at her!

She set her teeth and was about to say more when Meg cried, "Oh, madam! My lady!" She came around the side of the bed, her hands holding up her apron as though she would have flung it over Katryn's head to stop her.

Tom Seymour patted her shoulder. "Why don't you teach her how to be a lady?" he asked. "'Twill be quite a task, but she might learn."

Meg stood between Katryn and Tom Seymour. "Pray leave us, sir," she said.

Tom Seymour was at the door. He looked amused and assured. "Good night," he said politely.

Katryn raised her head. "Good night," she said evenly. Then she couldn't stop the next words. "Get out!"

Tom Seymour gave a shout of laughter. Then he shut the door.

London lay one hundred twenty miles to the south, at least a week's journey for Katryn and Meg and the two knaves Tom Seymour had hired. Katryn did not see him the next morning. He had left before the sun was up, leaving a scrawled message that said simply, "Godspeed, my lady." She crumpled it furiously and threw it on the floor, stamping her foot.

Nonetheless, it was Tom Seymour and that message that did much for her that day and the following ones, for her anger gave her courage. On the third day she was able to enjoy the fresh spring air. The sound of horses in the distance meant greetings to her instead of trepidation concerning their riders. She learned to enjoy the sights and sounds of new towns and new faces. Bits of gossip long denied her ears came her way. King and court, politics and people, ladies, lords and peddlers. On the fifth night she went to bed full of wine and high spirits.

The morning of the sixth day all the nuns crowded about to bid her good-by and Godspeed. Their friendly faces smiled up at her. The sun shone; how marvelous it was just to be alive! She turned for a last look at the nunnery as she neared a bend in the road.

"Tomorrow," she cried, "we'll be home!"

They crossed the river, busy with traffic. Twice Katryn had to ask her way. Her ears rang with unaccustomed sounds, the bustle of London reached here. Through the new-budded trees rose the towers of the royal castle at Greenwich; from its gilded pole flew the royal flag, splashing color against the pale April skies. It had been eleven years since Katryn had seen her mother's house at Greenwich. Nothing was familiar. Asking their way, they pressed on in the direction of London.

"There it is!" she cried suddenly. She would approach from the back, for the house faced the river, its pretty gardens sloping down to the silvery banks, the trees waving across its pointed roofs. She flung off her horse, and to the postern gate, set in a brick wall. She was through the small garden and through the side door into the house itself, calling out, "Mother, mother! It's I, Katryn, come home!"

Her voice echoed through the house. "Mother," she cried again, "mother!" She stood in the center of the hall and whirled at the sound of sudden footsteps.

"Anne!" She flung forward and seized her sister, hugging her tight, laughing. "Anne! Anne! I'm home!" Anne was crying. Was it with joy?

She squeezed Anne again. "Silly goose, don't cry. You'll set me abawling!" She held her off and looked at Anne's tear-stained face. Anne's face was white. Katryn looked at her again; Anne was wearing black! She felt herself stiff all over. Dread and stupefying terror seized her. She grasped Anne's arm. "My mother!" she whispered. "Is it my mother?"

Anne didn't answer. Her eyes grew huge. There were heavier footsteps coming down the stairway. Katryn whirled toward them. "Will!" she screamed. "Will! Where is my mother?"

Will had stopped, one hand on the stair rail. "Our mother is dead, Katryn," he said. "She died two days ago."

Later she did not know exactly how the days had passed. First Sir William had come. Wifeless and childless, he was gruff but steady, and Katryn took a measure of comfort from him. The funeral would be tomorrow. Maud Parr would be laid to rest in Blackfriars as she had requested.

"In my letter, I told you your mother was gravely ill," Sir William said. They were in the garden and the sun was shining warm. In spite of it, Katryn shivered. "I told you that I had asked the king to send his own physician, but there was no hope, my dear. I called a lawyer for your mother, and she made her will. Her affairs are in bad case and it may well be a full year afore they're straightened out."

After a while he left her, leaving three or his menservants to help ready the house for the funeral.

Katryn worked hard that day, instructing Anne and Will, too, for there was the whole house to be made ready. "My mother," Katryn said proudly, "was much loved, and there will be many mourners."

She didn't cry. Not until her mother's body was interred beneath the stones at Blackfriars did the tears suddenly spring into her eyes. She drew her black shawl across her face and put her arm around Anne, who sat shaking at her side. That night she took Anne into her bed, and they slept together.

That week passed, the first week in May. There were many callers, and when the callers left there was time to weep and sleep and eat. Exhaustion claimed Katryn. She slept long, wakening feeling but half alive, wakening to another day of sweet May weather and bitter grief and sorrow.

"But you are young," Sir William said, "and time will heal your wounds. How old art thou?"

"Almost seventeen, my lord," she said. "And I feel forty."

He smiled. "Even at forty, one has a future. You must ponder yours, and think on tomorrow." He took her white hand. "In two days I shall come and have dinner with you, and we can talk. Sleep, eat, and get thy strength."

She explained to Sir William two days later her decision to go back to Kendal. While they ate dinner, and while she watched Anne and Will to make sure their manners were full of respect for their uncle, she told him of her decisions. But first, as proper, Sir William told his.

"I shall take Will with me to court," he said, "till his marriage one year hence." In a year Will would be seventeen, and of suitable age.

Katryn thanked him. She asked if he would speak with His Grace, the king, on Anne's appointment to be a maid in waiting. Katryn said she had heard that Queen Katherine had been permitted to reorganize her court and therefore 'twas the right moment for Anne to put forth her request.

"Quite so," said Sir William approvingly. "And what of you, my dear?"

Katryn swallowed her meat and laid down her knife. "I have rented this house furnished, sir. The moneys can be paid out to Anne and Will for pocket moneys. And I shall go back to Kendal!"

Sir William frowned slightly. He reminded himself that some one of the family should look after Kendal. It was a vast estate, and a great responsibility. Sir William looked again at Katryn. She was too poor, truly, to apply for the post of lady in waiting, and widowed. He took a bite of bread and chewed reflectively.

"Take care you're not retreating to Kendal to lick your wounds, my dear," he said.

She flashed him a look of complete bewilderment.

He said then, "You have a talent for living. Any talent is both a burden and a joy; one pays high for't."

She tried to be polite. "Aye, sir," she said. "But someone has to look after Kendal till Will does!"

Three days later Sir William sent for Will. The leave-taking was not tearful; Will seemed pleased, and eager. Then two more days passed while Katryn frantically remade her mother's clothes for herself and Anne. Then another message came. They were to meet Sir William in the garden at Greenwich, and speak with Her Grace, as she passed through from morning Mass. "Her Grace wants to see thee before she passes final judgment, I expect," Katryn said.

These words made Anne extremely nervous. Early in the morning she was dressed in dark Kendal cloth, in respect to her mother, its color relieved only by a white collar. "You look good enough to eat," Katryn exclaimed enthusiastically. She herself was gowned in sober black with a veil.

Sir William met her and Anne at the entrance to Greenwich, and Katryn was glad to see him, for as they drew nigh she began to be nervous herself. As she entered the palace gardens her eyes fell on the brilliant colors of the women's dress, the little hats with gay feathers, the pretty painted mouths, the flashing jewels. Her feet dragged as she saw Henry's court for the first time.

There were a great many people gathered in the gardens: some of them petitioners like themselves; some of them gentlemen and ladies out for the morning air, dukes, duchesses and the daughters of earls. Katryn's eyes flew about, taking in dress after resplendent dress.

Sir William drew them over by a path of crushed stone. "Here we shall wait," he said "for His Grace accompanied the queen to Mass this morn."

Anne looked terrified. Sir William squeezed her hand. Faintly through the air came the sound of organ music from the chapel. Then there was a stir and at the end of the long garden came Henry and Katherine. Their progress was slow so Katryn had time to observe. She noted the queen was dumpy in figure. *Perhaps,* Katryn thought charitably *'tis because under her gown she wears the habit of the order of St. Francis.* Her face was sweet and reposeful this morn, and one could see she was proud to have Henry beside her. Henry who towered above her massively, his cap ablaze with jewels, on his red head, his pale eyes narrowed a bit against the bright sun

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

NEXT MONTH

WHAT A WAY TO BE MARRIED!

Creamy "wedding" chicken; rosy platters of lobster salad rimmed with avocado; molds of jade-green cucumber aspic; thin, heart-shaped water-cress sandwiches; a wedding cake veiled in gleaming white frosting; strawberry ice cream with fresh berries; and Mrs. Appleyard's famous white-grape punch—happy the bride! Happy, happy the groom! Recipes.

"I'M PRETTY IGNORANT ABOUT SEX MATTERS, DOCTOR.

One of my girl friends advised me to see you early. When *she* was going to be married, she thought all she had to do was have a blood test, so she put it off to the last minute. If there is anything wrong with me, I'd like to know about it before we send out the invitations!" Dr. Schauffler tells brides what to expect in a premarital checkup. "Tell Me Doctor."

HOW LOVABLE ARE YOU?

Your honest answer to this question reveals a lot about your personal appearance. Beauty Editor Dawn Crowell Norman explains why doctors call love our greatest cosmetic—and what it can do for *you.* "Love Can Make You Beautiful."

"WE ENGLISHMEN KNOW HOW TO HANDLE AMERICAN WOMEN!"

What is it like to leave a comfortable American suburb for young-married life in London? Katie Collins, heroine of Rosalie Packard's fascinating condensed novel, "Love in the Mist," hardly noticed any fog!

JESSAMYN WEST ON LOVE

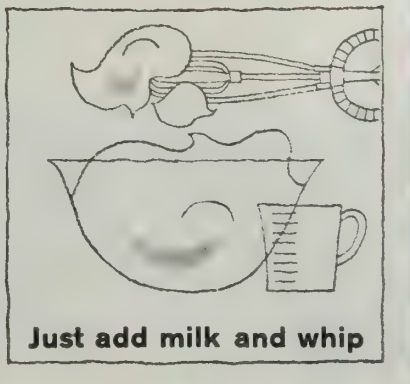
Men may write about *women,* but a woman writes about a certain man. Jessamyn West, distinguished author of "The Friendly Persuasion" and other beloved tales, tells why "Love is Not What You Think."

Also, tempting views of romantic summer evening dresses; "Redecorating on a Shoestring"; Dr. Spock's "Can You Teach Love?"; kitchen plans for newlyweds; "Why Love is the First Commandment," by Ralph W. Sockman; an inspiring "How America Lives" account of an extraordinary minister; love poems; love stories; for: *It's love we're talking about*

IN THE JUNE JOURNAL

Dessert dreams are made of Jell-O and NEW DREAM WHIP

Quick-and-easy Jell-O has a fancy new taste-mate . . . a luscious whipped topping from a mix! Dream Whip comes in a box, needs no refrigeration, stays fresh on your shelf. It's low in cost, low in calories—only 17 per serving. And Dream Whip never fails. Just add milk and whip. You can fix it ahead of time, too—won't wilt or separate. Our suggestion: Pick up a box or two of Dream Whip every time you stock up on Jell-O Desserts. You will find both in the packaged dessert section where you shop.



Just add milk and whip





Light and lovely Dream Whip costs so little. You can heap it high on Jell-O—or *any* dessert —with never a thought for the budget.

Fluffy Dream Whip and Jell-O fantasy...another of the exciting dessert recipes in every Dream Whip box. Calories? Hardly any.

Perfect parfait . . . simply layer fruit cocktail, Dream Whip and Jell-O in tall glasses. Any left over will keep for *tomorrow's* dessert.

Tested by General Foods Kitchens. Jell-O and Dream Whip are trade-marks of General Foods Corp.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91

Katryn sank low before her king. She heard her uncle present her; still low, in a graceful curtsy, she took the outstretched hand that Henry extended and laid her lips on it. Her heavy lashes raised and she looked up to meet Henry's gaze. The narrow eyes approved; he smiled. Katryn, trembling, took her queen's hand. "Your Grace," she said, "we come to beg a favor for my sister, Anne Parr."

The queen inclined her head. *She is much older than the king*, Katryn thought swiftly. The queen's voice was accented as she said, "We shall be glad to have the Mistress Anne as one of our maids."

Anne paled visibly. The queen raised her to her feet and inspected her. "A lovely child," she said, and then she passed on. The king and the queen were gone.

Anne's eyes were shining. "How kind she is!" she exclaimed. "I shall adore her and serve her faithful."

Sir William felt moisture in back of his eyes. "What a sweet nature thou hast, my little one," he said.

Katryn hardly heard them. Down the path was a slender woman, dressed in glowing green. Her black eyes were languorous and inviting. They rested on Katryn, appraising, faintly approving. Katryn caught the look; she understood it perfectly, as one very attractive woman to another, gauging, speculative, sisterly with claws. Katryn smiled.

"She is stunning," she said to Sir William.

He smiled, raised an eyebrow. "That is Nan," he said.

The hour was four of the clock in the morning. The air was warm and dewy. The doors of the hall stood open, with Katryn in their center and Meg holding high a hastily lit candle. On the top step knelt Lucy Borough.

"I have found thee," she cried.

Katryn pushed back her tumbled hair and tried to realize that this was true and Lucy knelt before her. Lucy was praying. Suddenly she lifted her head and began to speak.

"When I entered the shrine and went on my knees to the altar, Our Lady spoke to me. It was like a shaft of light, and I heard as though she had spoke aloud. My madness was gone; and though I was not cleansed of my sin, I saw in what manner I should atone for it. Then we set forth, Wat and I, to find thee, my lady, and make restitution." She held out the great glittering cross of rubies on the long pearl chain.

Katryn shrank back. "Lucy, oh my poor, poor Lucy!" she said. "I want not thy mother's cross!"

"You must take it, and wear it always!" Lucy said. "And it will protect you, and hold its blessings on you. I do not offer this as a jewel. I was jealous, and to erase my jealousy you must have it and wear it, so I may see it on you and be reminded of my wickedness. I shall see it daily, whilst I aid thee and be at thy side, for this is what I've sworn to do."

"Sworn?" whispered Katryn. A thing sworn could not be undone.

"Aye. I devote my waking and sleeping hours to thee." Lucy stood up. "And as Wat is my servant, so is he thine."

"Holy Mary," said Katryn aloud. She glanced at Meg, who was much moved. "But I do not need thee, Lucy."

"Mayhap not, but we need thee! To redeem our sins."

Katryn flung out both hands almost in supplication and, looking for words, found none.

"I shall always love thee, madam," Lucy said, "for you will be my salvation. I shall love and protect thee."

Katryn blinked back the tears. She said, low, "I don't deserve it, Lucy."

"Oh, my lady," Lucy whispered, "pray accept us."

"I shall," Katryn said. There was no choice; the memory of Lord Borough was sharp. This was his legacy to her, and one which she had earned through her own follies, her mistakes. Instead of a child of her own, she would take his child, Lucy, who knelt at her feet. "Rise up, Lucy," she said.

Lucy struggled to her feet. Suddenly Katryn was aware of her physical appearance. "Oh, by the Mass, Lucy!" she cried. "Ye cannot come into the house like that! You are crawling with lice, I warrant!" She pointed to the path. "Ye'll have to enter by the kitchens."

In the kitchen Lucy undressed and, under Katryn's pointing finger, cast her chemise onto the fire. Katryn threw a shawl about her. "When you ha' washed, and made thyself clean, we shall find clothes for thee. This morning we start north for Kendal."

"Aye, my lady," said Lucy, a bright smile on her face.

Katryn left her to Meg. Upstairs she laid the ruby cross on the mantelpiece. Again she reviewed what had happened this night, once again she looked at the great ruby cross. "By God's most precious soul," she muttered, "how do all these things hap to me?" Then she went to the door. "Meg," she called, "bring Mistress Borough up here as soon as she is made clean!"

The great residence of the Earls of Essex was dubbed Newhall, and when Katryn first glimpsed it she was conscious only of wonder. It was enormous, and so were its spreading acres and parklands.

It was very hot. The July afternoon sun burned down, and dust flew from the horses' hoofs. Sweat dripped down Katryn's neck; she would look a sorry sight afore she arrived there.

She had been so proud of herself this morning, dressed in her green Kendal cloth with her horse trapped in it also, with great roses embroidered on it by Lucy's fingers. But now, as she rode nearer the magnificent ancestral dwelling of the Earls of Essex, she began to doubt that she would make the impression Lucy thought she would.

Behind her came Lucy and Meg, and four menservants. Still, she reminded herself, at least she had left off mourning clothes; she had been able to pack them away in the late spring, just after she had received the long

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letter from Anne, telling her the news. Anne had written:

The king has left his wife. On the first of June, I and the other ladies were working with wool for tapestry. Of a sudden we heard a commotion in the hall. All of us cried out, save the queen, who bade me inquire who was without. I obeyed, though I was full of fear.

In the hall was a deputation of noblemen, and two dukes, one of them Suffolk, the king's good friend. We all stood about the queen's chair and heard them speak, as she bade them do.

Then Nan Boleyn's father, the Earl of Wiltshire, began to speak of a wife's duty to her husband and prince, and that an absence of duty could be construed as treason. Her Grace did not falter at that terrible word. The queen said, "I shall always serve and obey my husband, but as to the spiritual realm, it pleases neither me nor God that I should consent to a nullification of my marriage."

Then Suffolk said, "Madam, the king considers you his brother's wife and he considers the Pope has no power to transcend the word of God, as it is writ in the Bible."

But the queen did not list to that. She said, "The Pope is the true vicar of God, and he alone has the power to judge, not kings."

The duke said, "Madam, you take a hard course, and one which indeed comes close to disservice to your king."

The queen did not answer, but bade them good night.

We slept almost not at all that night, what with whispering and talking. I have in my room Jane, and Kate Willoughby, who is in love with the Duke of Suffolk.

Jane who? Katryn thought. *And why did she put that in about Kate Willoughby being in love? Is she trying to say she, too, is hankering after a man, a special man, when I have already*

People who light fires on the slightest provocation are always the nicest. There's something comforting about fires. JANE ENGLAND

betrothed her? She says nought about her betrothal! But perhaps she would. Katryn read on:

A month passed with no further word to us. Then one morning at dawn we were awakened by the horns of a hunting party. I got up and looked out the window, and there was Nan Boleyn, dressed in green with a new hunting cap on her head, riding off with His Grace, and the yard was full of baggage carts! We were told the next hour that the queen was to leave Windsor and go to Moor Park to await the king's pleasure.

We helped the queen pack her few belongings, for she was not allowed to take even the worn hangings, nor her bedstead, nor the carpets and furniture. We all sobbed and she told us to be brave. But she will never return; we are all sure of it. So now we are still at Windsor, awaiting the king's return, and we are told we must join Nan Boleyn's ladies when the court returns. How we shall ever serve her, I do not know, but Sir William says I owe allegiance first to His Grace and that we do it for him, for he truly thinks his marriage was cursed, and that he has sinned in living with his brother's wife. It is very hard to know, indeed, and I feel sorry for both of them.

But I shall see thee at Will's wedding, next month. Until then, my dearest sister, I remain your loving and obedient sister,

ANNE P.

Katryn laid down the letter in amazement. *Why, she said not a word about her betrothal, nay, not a word about the dowry I've saved so hard, three hundred pounds, and done without, myself, to save it! How could she forget to mention it?* Sir William had written that Sir Robert Trywhit, Anne's betrothed, was a fine man, widowed, who would make a good husband. *I shall settle it next month*, she thought; *they can be wed here at Kendal in November.*

Now, riding near to the great looming swelling, she thought of Will too. How pleased he would be when she told him how much both had been woven this past year, that their mother's debts were paid, and that twelve new fields had been enclosed for new flocks. The monastery at Kendal, where much weaving was done, had doubled its brotherhood. Much, much had been done, and she glowed with pride.

Through the thick-leaved groves of trees she saw the castle plainly now. *I warrant there must be four hundred rooms*, she thought. *By the Mass, however will I even find Anne and Will there?* She slowed her horse, looking ahead at the castle. They might not even know who she was and try to turn her away! "Well, they shan't," she said aloud, and spurred her weary animal forward through the gates and into the outer courts of Newhall.

The court was full to overflowing. Men and horses, servants and baggage, dogs, women, little boys dressed in bright livery. *Everyone is shouting*, Katryn thought, *and I am complete bewildered.* Her own servants dismounted and one came over to aid her down from the saddle. Afoot, she tried vainly to see a familiar face. Lucy and Meg stood on either side of her.

Katryn said to her groom, "Find the stables and then pray return and help us with our baggage."

"Aye, my lady," he said, touching his cap.

At Katryn's side stood Wat, dressed in Kendal green with a rose embroidered on his sleeve. He had not grown, and hardly reached her shoulder. Still, she was a bit proud of him, for no one else had a manservant like Wat—almost like a toy man and devoted as a puppy.

"Come," she said, gathering up her skirt in one hand, and holding her red head high, "come, we shall enter." She marched ahead. She stepped to the doors. "The Lady Borough," she said clearly, and passed into the dimness of Newhall.

This hallway, too, was crowded. Katryn glanced about herself, wishing desperately to lay eyes on Anne or Will. Instead she found herself looking straight at a tall man, slender, with hair almost the color of gold. His eyes were gray and rested on her a moment; then incredibly he was coming toward her.

He bowed and said, "I heard you speak your name. I am Lord Latimer. We are kin,



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and I have been waiting for you. Sir William is unable to attend the wedding. Shall you mind if I look after you?"

"Oh, how kind!" she exclaimed. *What a real gentleman*, she thought dizzily. "Are we kin?" she asked, looking up at him.

He smiled. "I should have told you my family name of Neville. Your grandmother was my cousin." He took the hand she held out, and kissed it in a most courtly manner. "Will you present me to your lady?" he asked.

She blushed. *What a dolt he must think me*, she thought. She found her tongue, and presented Lucy. "This is so kind of you, my lord. Could you help me find my sister Anne? In this vast place, I know not where even to begin to look! And we, Lucy and I, are weary, and wanting water, for washing." Should she have mentioned washing? *His manners are truly elegant*, she thought, *and here I stand talking about washing*.

"Of course," he said. He put Katryn's hand in his arm, and they started off together, with Lucy and Meg coming behind.

"I should never," Katryn said, as they went along, "have been able to find my way. Oh, I cannot thank you enough! You are familiar with Newhall, my lord?"

"Aye, I've stayed here," he said offhandedly. *He must be important, then, and used to wealth*. She admired his coat and its cut, but she thought she should not say so yet. When he took her hand, she noted the big diamond on his finger, cleverly set in heavy gold, as became a man's ring.

He said, "I shall see you at supper, I hope."

"Of course, my lord," she said, and her smile flashed out, radiant. "But I may be a poor companion, for I'm so very hungry!" She gave him another dazzling smile. "Good-by till then," she said softly. Then, head high, she opened the door and flew into Anne's arms.

But were Anne's arms as tight and welcoming as she had thought they would be? Freeing herself from Anne's embrace and paying no mind to the other women in the room, Katryn remembered the greeting she had had from Anne a year past, at their mother's death. She held Anne off. "But you look so fair!" she exclaimed. "Mother would be proud of you."

Anne's face softened. Then she said, "I *am* glad to see thee, Katryn!"

"Weddings are so exciting!" another voice said, and Katryn turned to see the speaker. *She must be Kate Willoughby*, she thought, *for she is half Spanish, and she looks it, with her tawny hair and great black eyes*. She drew Lucy forward and presented her. She had been right, it was Kate Willoughby.

Then Anne said, gesturing to a tall girl with palest hair and deep blue eyes, "And this is Jane."

Jane who? Katryn wondered. The tall girl smiled. "My name is Seymour." she said. She was lazily unhooking her dress and she stepped out of it. The figure revealed by her short chemise was full and voluptuous. *Seymour*, thought Katryn.

"I know your brother, I think, Mistress Jane," she said.

Jane lifted her arm and pushed back her hair. "My brother Ned?"

"Nay," said Katryn, watching her.

Jane said warmly, "My brother Tom? I adore him." She sat down on the edge of the bed and began to brush her shining golden hair.

Katryn felt Lucy's fingers at her cloak and, since it was what the others were doing, she let Lucy undress her, while Meg unpacked. The room was so crowded they could scarcely move. Pallets piled in one corner told plainly the story of not enough beds. Boxes were open, their pretty contents spilling out, lacy chemises, vivid robes, little feathered slippers and mules, the gleam of satin dresses. They all seemed to be wearing one another's clothes, borrowing one another's jewels and hose. And they talked constantly.

"The black gown is cut very, very low, and it looks beautiful," Anne was saying. "And she says she will prove His Grace wrong, for he thinks he mislikes black."

Kate said, "And do kings like to be proved wrong?"

"Who is 'she'?" Katryn asked, fascinated.

Jane Seymour said, without any expression, "Nan, the goggle-eyed whore. Can I borrow your blue shawl, Anne? The lace one?"

Anne dived into her box. "I don't know whether I brought it or not." There was a flurry of talking till the shawl was found. Katryn, who was washing, could feel their eyes on her. She affected not to notice. Then, a bit puzzled, she threw down the towel.

"Anne," she said, "you didn't write about your betrothal."

Anne's eyes got huge. "No."

"Why not?"

Anne sighed deeply. "I know Sir Robert and I don't like him for a husband. I ——"

Katryn said sharply, looking about at the three of them, "And is't the new fashion to pick and choose? Do you all think you can pick your husbands?"

Kate put another pin in her hair. "Aye," she said, "and I've picked a man and I'm mad about him." Her eyes challenged Katryn and then flew to Anne's face, as if to give her encouragement.

Katryn turned to Jane. "You think thus, too, mistress?"

Jane said sweetly, "Aye, but it is my business."

"Anne," Katryn said, "I've paid your dowry, and ——"

Anne said, "We cannnot talk here! Later, please, Katryn!"

Katryn, unwilling to give up the battle, hesitated. From below came the sound of bells being rung lustily.

"Supper!" cried Anne with great relief. "Supper!"

They were not ready for supper, so it took ten more frantic minutes of powdering and fastening garters. Then they sallied forth, as though to battle, Katryn thought, eyes flashing, jewels gleaming. She felt a brief envy; they were so carefree and gay and pretty. They had not the slightest notion what it meant to be married and they had no troubles, and no one to look after. That made Katryn remember Lucy.

"You look lovely, Lucy," she whispered as they went down the hallway. She had spent hours on Lucy's dress, cut from a robe of her mother's. She was very conscious, too, of her own dress. It was creamy-white satin, creamy with age. A long time ago she had made a handsome counterpane and embroidered gold and red medallions on the front panel. She had used it to make this dress. Did Anne recognize it? she wondered. Aye, she did, for on the other side of Katryn, Anne suddenly spoke.

"I remember it," she whispered. "But it looks beautiful."

Katryn made a face. She didn't know how well it looked, with the great ruby cross catching the colors of the red embroidery, and the look of the aged satin against her skin and hair. She didn't realize it until she saw the look in Lord Latimer's eyes as he came forward to greet her. Then she saw Will.

"Will!" she cried. They kissed. "How much you have grown," Katryn whispered, holding his hand and looking up at his face. Smiling, Will presented his bride.

Will's bride was slim and dark, and possessed of an elfin beauty. Her smile was quick and begged for approval. "To think I'll be wed tomorrow," she cried, "and you shall be my dear sister! I've never had a sister."

"You've never had a husband either," Will said.

Lord Latimer and Katryn laughed. "Thou'rt just the same, Will," Katryn said.

They sat together near the head of the table, as befitted the bride and groom and kin. Only after they had started to eat from the great platters of food did Katryn realize that Anne had eschewed their company, and was with the maids in waiting, farther down the table.

Katryn herself was near the king and Nan Boleyn. There was so much to see that she hardly tasted her food. Nan Boleyn was indeed garbed in black, an evening gown of black satin, cut well away from her throat and shoulders, and through the overgown of net her white skin glistened. Katryn could not



hear the king's conversation. But once she saw Nan lean close to him and whisper something, whereupon Henry laid his hand on her throat. There was a savageness in the gesture that was as though the king desired both to caress and to destroy. Nan laughed, and laid her white hand against his. Slowly Henry released her.

Marry, Katryn said under her breath, meeting Lord Latimer's eyes. Lord Latimer raised his handkerchief and wiped his lips, as if to wipe away the picture he had seen. Katryn lowered her eyes to her plate. Lord Latimer then asked Lucy, who sat on his other side, how she liked living in the north.

Katryn didn't hear her reply. In the big doorway she saw two men, alike and unlike, cutting an undeniable swath. She had never seen him dressed in aught but leather. Now in sober black, with white shirt, a swinging black cloak lined in red, with the glitter of jewels in the dagger at side, and his brother dressed in dull red, they moved together into the great room. Katryn could hear Jane's high voice, as she called:

"Tom! Ned!"

Lord Latimer raised his head. "The Seymours," he said. "They manage to look different from every other man in the room. Do you know them?"

She did not answer for a moment. The question had fallen on other ears than hers, and she knew it. Across the narrow trestle table was the gaunt face of William de la Pole, member of an ancient family, and boasting the blood of the Plantagenets. Next him was one of the Courtenay women, kin. It had not escaped Katryn's notice that she sat among the oldest and greatest of the old families. What would Lord Latimer think if she told him of that scene of violence in Gainsborough Hall? Such raw adventures belonged to the past of a tavern wench. No decent girl got herself fought over by men who used their hands. *I mustn't even but say a hallo to Tom Seymour*, she thought rapidly; *I must hardly acknowledge him, and God knows I never wanted to see him again, anyway.*

Aloud she said to Lord Latimer and the Countess of Courtenay, across the table, "I know Thomas Seymour but slight, and Sir Edward I know not at all."

"Sir Edward," said the countess, "is an iconoclast!"

By the Mass, Katryn thought, *whatever is that?* "I didn't know that, my lady," she whispered in tones of horror.

The countess nodded and leaned forward. "Frightful, is it not, that we have such amongst us?" She nodded again. "And more frightful when one realizes that his mother is the granddaughter of the Duke of Clarence."

Now Katryn did truly look surprised. Her eyes went over to Thomas Seymour with some respect.

"He is direct descended?" she asked.

"Aye, my dear," said the countess. "And young Master Tom looks like a Plantagenet. He has that strong face and blue eyes. I've a soft spot for Master Tom," the countess was saying with a smile.

"You do?" asked Katryn in amazement. Again she glanced over at Tom Seymour, who was standing in his usual posture, shoulders wide, thumbs hooked into his belt, looking as assured as always. "I cannot endure him," she said haughtily. A flush stained her cheeks. *I truly cannot endure him*, she told herself, and took a big swallow of wine. *I shall hardly speak to him.* Lord Latimer was regarding her with some surprise. She smiled. "It is just that his manner is so bold and ungentlemanly, my lord," she said lightly. Her eyes told Lord Latimer she considered him a true gentleman. "We are so glad you are here, Lucy and I. We should feel lost without you!"

Lord Latimer smiled. "You are so young," he said. *Does he mean I'm too young for him?* she wondered. His face was so distinguished, and yet he must be over forty. Did he think her too young for him then? She pouted a little.

"I'm not so young, my lord," she said. "I am almost eighteen." It would be five months before she was eighteen, but it was not much of a lie.

"Eighteen," he said and sighed. "A wonderful age, my dear, and one to be proud of." His smile was fond, she thought, but removed. *He has such aplomb, and restraint. I wonder if I could ever break that down, but I wish I could. I am half in love with him already*, she thought. She sighed deeply, and gave him a melting look. He turned away from her, almost quickly. He spoke to William de la Pole across the table, asking some inconsequential question.

Katryn felt taken aback. *I don't understand him at all*, she thought; *if he likes me, why doesn't he respond? I'll wait for a while, and sometime tomorrow I'll let him know again that I like him. Now I'll be reserved, too, and a real lady for the rest of the evening. I'll just lean a little close to him once in a while when we dance.*

If you live according to nature, you will never be poor; if according to the world's opinion, you will never be rich. EPICURUS
Irish Digest, C. J. Fallon, Ltd.

The trestle tables were cleared away, and food and wine placed on the sideboards. Great rooms opened off this one; gaming tables were set up, and the dice rolled and the cards slapped, and light glittered on the piled gold coins. The doors stood open onto the gardens; against their greenness, a few torches were set out, illuminating the paths, and allowing other paths to stretch away into the dark hot summer night. And the music played loud.

Katryn danced with Lord Latimer. She danced with Will. She thought the music wonderful; when Lord Latimer said it was a bit loud, she looked surprised, and he smiled at her, fondly, she thought with a catch in her throat. He looked straight at her. "Would you care to walk in the garden?"

Her heart leaped. "Aye, my lord," she said primly. "I think the fresh air would be most salubrious."

He chuckled at the choice of word. When they had left the hall and its music behind, they walked slowly along the path. "There is the maze," he said, pointing.

"Oh, let's try it," she exclaimed.

He put her hand on his arm. "And what if we get lost?"

She didn't answer that. "I wish there were a moon," she said wistfully.

"Then we would not get lost, were there a moon." He squeezed her hand. "Now we have a chance."

Why, he's making an advance, she thought, *but I shan't answer that, because of all things I don't want to scare him off.* She said, doubt in her voice, "I know we are kin, but I don't know you very well, my lord."

He drew her into the first path of the maze. "Why, I'm old enough to be your father," he said gruffly.

Katryn stopped walking. She looked up at him in the darkness. "Mayhap," she said steadily, "but you are not my father."

He was silent for a moment. Then he said, "True, and I'm glad. Are you?"

She hesitated. "I don't know," she said.

In the darkness Katryn's eyes gleamed gold. *I'm in love*, she thought dizzily, *and I think he's in love too.*

They walked for half an hour; they did not get lost. Katryn had an inner knowledge that Lord Latimer never got lost. He told her his principal dwelling place was in Yorkshire. Snape Hall, he called it. He described it briefly. He told her of his London town house, on the Charterhouse, and of his two children. Two and four they were, a girl named Margaret and a boy named John for his direct ancestor, the Duke of Warwick.

When they re-entered the hall, she looked at him proudly. *I'm in love*, she thought, *I'm in some kind of spell. I don't think I had best*

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even talk with him more this night. She said aloud, "It is eleven, my lord. I have so enjoyed myself, but would you excuse me now? I—we have had a long journey."

He looked pleased. He said, "I mislike staying up late myself, preferring to rise early and enjoy the day."

She held out her hand. "Good night, then. I shall find Lucy, and we shall retire."

He bowed. She spied Lucy across the room. Gathering up her skirts to avoid the whirling dancers, she started across the floor. At the door Lord Latimer waved to her, and she waved back. She sighed deeply. *I'm so happy,* she thought. Her eyes shone. Shining bright, they rested on Tom Seymour, almost in front of her. She came to an abrupt stop.

"Good evening," he said. "And where have you been?"

"I was in the garden," she said absently.

"Ah," he said. "I suspected as much. And with what luckless knave?"

She said haughtily, "I think that choice of word is not very happy!"

He grinned. "But true. Will you dance?"

She looked up at him. His blue eyes were merry, and she almost smiled; her foot tapped to the beat. *Why do I want to dance?* she wondered. "I think not," she said, forgetting to add her thank you.

He looked a trifle taken aback. Perhaps she should make some explanation, some amends for her refusal.

"I am most weary, sir," she said, essaying a small smile.

Tom Seymour said, "That's the weakest smile I ever saw. You look like a sick cat. What's the matter with you?"

She shot him a glance. His face was as impassive and hateful as ever. "Oh, shut your mouth," she whispered angrily. "I was merely trying to be polite!"

"Well, don't try. It ill becomes you. Could it be," he wondered, "that you are setting snares for the gentle Lord Latimer, and do not want to jeopardize your standing with him by being seen with me?"

I'm not going to answer him, she thought. A word slipped into her mind then. "Pray tell me, Master Tom," she said, "what is an iconoclast?"

He said, surprised, "An iconoclast? But I am not ——" He frowned, gazing at her with narrow eyes. "Was that epithet applied to my brother Ned? Well, an iconoclast is a destroyer of images, one who disbelieves in images, in church, for instance, and thus an advocate of the new learning. Does that answer your question?"

His manner was so superior that her eyes flashed. "Aye," she snapped.

"Well, say 'thank you,' then," he prodded. "How was your trip to London? Did you tramp on heads and hearts all the way down?"

Katryn was truly speechless. "You villain," she managed to get out. "You left me in Lincoln!"

"You're none the worse for it," he said casually, sipping his wine.

"I hope you choke on that!" she whispered furiously. "Good night!"

Her skirts swished as she went away from him; she gathered up Lucy almost as though she were a satchel.

They started up the stairs together. Lucy was talking about the evening, and how lovely Will's bride looked, and Katryn was paying no attention to her until Lucy suddenly said something that brought her up short. She turned on Lucy incredulously.

"Lord Latimer told you about his children?" she repeated.

"Aye," said Lucy.

Katryn felt a twinge of jealousy, tempered by dismay. Then Lord Latimer's conversation had run about the same with both of them. "When did he tell you that?" Katryn asked.

"When we danced," Lucy said.

Katryn looked at her face. Then she dismissed her fears. Lord Latimer could not possibly be interested in Lucy! She yawned. She was sleepy. All she, Katryn, wanted was to sleep. She yawned again, stretching.

The little room was empty of all its occupants; only the powder and colorful confusion were just the same. "Unhook me, Lucy," she said.

The wedding ceremony was early the next morning. Will's bride looked radiant, her dark beauty against her white dress; against the profusion of white satin and lace, her hair flowed over her shoulders. The day was warm, and the sun was brilliant, not a cloud in the whole sky.

Katryn's eyes were bright. There was so much laughter on the way to the church. "Weddings are such wonderful fun," she said happily. Oh, this was different from Kendal!

Lord Latimer said, "Marriage is a solemn sacrament, though, my dear. I think its solemnity gets lost in weddings such as this."

"I think so, too," Lucy said, and Katryn flashed her a stormy glance. What was she trying to do, buttering up to my lord Latimer?

Now in the church, Katryn bent her head, and certes if Lord Latimer looked at her he would see how prayerful and sweet composed was her face. *I'll think on my mother,* she vowed. *I'll ask the Lord to bless this marriage, as she would have.* "Bless Will and Bess," she murmured, over her clasped gloved hands. "Bless Will and Bess."

Then the organ pealed forth, and Will and Bess rose, and so did all the guests. It was time to celebrate.

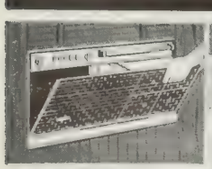
All day long the feasting and dancing and games went on. "It is almost like a huge county fair," Katryn exclaimed. Wine was always to her hand. She crammed food in her mouth. She had never laughed so much. Almost convulsed by the clowns, she sat on the ground and held her sides. "I'm weak from laughing," she cried. Even Lucy's eyes sparkled. "Oh," said Katryn, "think on the moneys this must ha' cost!"

At supper she ate ravenously again, and quickly, for she and Kate Willoughby and Anne were to help the bride get ready for bed. When the time came, they seized Bess' hands and ran, stumbling over their gowns. Pursued by a goodly number of young men, they flee the hall, and up the wide stairway. Shouts from

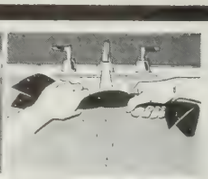
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below and giggles from Bess and Kate rang in Katryn's ears. When they finally gained the sanctuary of Bess' big rooms, redecorated for her bridal suite, they leaned weakly against the door, helpless with laughter.

"I've never had so much fun, Bess," Katryn said. "Never!" So many men had paid attention to her. The whole long day swam before her eyes. She had danced innumerably; she had even danced with Tom Seymour. "The whole day was wonderful," she added, turning to see Kate and Anne, and Jane Seymour, and some other girls Katryn didn't know.

There were Bess' personal servants in the room, too, two older women. While Katryn and Anne undressed her, they put away Bess' bridal clothes, and readied and tidied the room. But when Kate drew the gown off Bess, she stumbled and almost fell. Katryn caught her, and steered her to the bed. Bess closed her eyes and leaned back, half dressed.

Kate whispered, "She's had too much wine. Aye, as we all have," she added, rubbing her head. Kate lifted Bess' feet up onto the bed, and started to take off her slippers and hose. Then Bess' eyes opened and she sat up, blinking at them. Katryn saw with horror that huge tears stood in her eyes. Presently they poured down her face, her whole body shook, and she cried on soundlessly.

"Marry," whispered Katryn, wondering helplessly what they were going to do. She looked about the huge room. Certes Anne had come in with them. Now she was nowhere to be seen.

Kate said, "Bring me a basin and a piece of soap." She was leaning over Bess, shaking her.

He who comes to do good knocks at the gate; he who loves finds the door open. RABINDRANATH TAGORE
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"Bess! Bess!" she said commandingly. "You'll have to retch that up! Now sit up!" She dragged Bess over to the side of the bed. "Do it, I say! You have a husband coming in here immediate!"

Bess cried. She cried, but she obeyed. *She's done this afore*, Katryn thought, *mayhap many times*. She began to retch. The women were about her now; Katryn backed away a little, so as not to stain her gown.

Kate had backed away, too, now. "She always cries and feels sorry for herself," she whispered.

"What on earth for?" Katryn asked.

"Some cry," said Kate enigmatically.

Katryn watched as Bess' women sponged off her face and throat. The basin was carried away, and Kate went over and got the perfume, which she sprinkled lavishly in every direction. Bess now lay on her stomach and sobbed. "I love him so much," she sobbed. The rest of her words were lost.

Katryn's eyes grew horrified. She stared at the figure on the bed while Bess continued to mutter and sob. But the import of her words was unmistakable. Katryn said incredulously, "She's been seduced!" What kind of woman had Will married? Katryn felt the sly eyes of all the women present upon her. "And to think you bear our name and shall be mistress of Kendal!" The words were wrung from her. Eyes wide and her hand pressed to her breast, she came closer to the figure on the bed.

Bess struggled to a sitting position, like a sulky child. Her lips curled, her face was contorted with sudden hate. "Mistress of Kendal!" she screamed. "And what is that? The same poor puling mess your brother will be after Tom Seymour!" She sat back, her hair falling over her face, but not enough to conceal the drunk and cunning gleam to her eyes. She started to laugh; abruptly she stopped and cowered back, for Katryn was advancing on her, hands outstretched.

Fury had seized Katryn. Sudden overwhelming fury. Katryn Parr seized Bess by the hair.

"Shut your wicked mouth!" Katryn cried. She yanked Bess, yanked her head in jerks as she talked. "If you betray my name, I'll kill you! You're never to go near him again! Never!"

She dropped Bess' hair; she dropped her hand. The room swam. *I'll have to get out of here*, she thought. *I must not be here when Will comes; I couldn't bear it.* Only when she was out in the hall did she realize Lucy was beside her. She stumbled along to her own room, with Lucy following.

The little room was empty. Katryn sat down on a narrow bed and put her head in her hands. Images swam in front of her closed eyes: Bess drunk and screaming, and herself screaming back. What a dreadful scene!

She looked up at Lucy. She said miserably, "I made a scene too. But what else could I ha' done?"

"Oh, my lady," Lucy said, taking her hand.

"Thou'rt a comfort to me, Lucy," Katryn whispered, holding her hand tight.

"Oh, my lady," Lucy said, almost in a moan, "I shall not be this night. What I have to tell you will truly undo you, madam!" She went on: "I have to tell you Anne has disappeared, run away with Will Herbert!"

For a moment Katryn did not take in her words. Then she gasped. "Run away?" she whispered. Surely it was not possible! But Lucy was nodding her head, to say it was.

Oh, God, thought Katryn. *Oh, it cannot be! Double disgrace, falling upon our house!* "Oh, God," she said aloud, moving toward the door, "I'll have to find her. And You, Lord, will have to help me!" She caught her lip on her teeth, and she opened the door, and went out of it. With a stifled exclamation, Lucy followed.

Katryn paid no attention. She started down the stairway. Blasts of music and laughter poured upward, almost engulfing her. She couldn't seek out Lord Latimer, for he must not know the events of this night. Halfway down, she stood and looked carefully at those below her, her eyes searching for the one man whose name came to mind, odious name, but



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the only one who could help. Right below her was a familiar face.

Desperately she called, "Sir Edward!"

Ned Seymour turned. Down the steps Will Parr's sister came flying. He stopped, he bowed; he didn't know her name. Thus for the first time they met, and Katryn said:

"Sir Edward, pray thee, find your brother for me. And send him here!"

Ned Seymour raised one eyebrow in a manner similar to Tom's. "Certes. I shall tell him a lady in distress. But I do not know the lady's name."

"Lady Borough," Katryn whispered, her voice shaking. "Tell him I shall wait here!"

He bowed. "Hurry," she commanded and with that one word ringing in his ears, Ned Seymour obediently hurried his step.

Katryn waited. She saw Ned Seymour disappear behind large enameled doors. She waited while within the room Tom Seymour digested Ned's message, threw down his cards. "Excuse me, gentlemen," he murmured.

Katryn saw him coming, making his way through the crowd. Some of his aplomb reached her; by the time he stood in front of her, she had walked a few feet toward him, and she felt his hand under her arm. All the words that Bess had said came flooding back. She felt herself tremble as she looked at him.

"What's amiss?" he asked.

"I," she began, "I can't find Anne!" Did he know? She shot him a glance, but his face was as impassive as always.

"Ah," he said. Then, "Come, we cannot talk here." He was steering her toward the nearest door to the gardens. "Did you have too much wine, by any chance?" he inquired. "I warrant you're not used to much."

She paid no attention. "But Anne ——" she began.

"There is a long way to walk, Katryn," he said, "and people are looking. Smile. Did you have too much to drink?"

"I warrant so," she said miserably. "My head aches."

"It will be cool and quiet in the garden," he said.

Katryn cried, "But she's not yet sixteen! And to run ——"

"Smile," said Tom Seymour. "And remember you were her same age when you became involved with Hugo. Here is the garden."

Katryn stepped down onto the path. She trod carefully. She could see the outlines of the tall hedge about them. She blurted, "And last night I was so happy here!"

There was a moment's silence. Then he said, "With that parfait gentle knight, the Lord Latimer?"

"Don't dare mock at him," she cried.

"I am not mocking at the Lord Latimer," he said. "He is a fine gentleman, much too good for you, my dear. Much too old, much too gentle, much too refined. Why do you always want what you shouldn't have, Katryn?" He looked down at her, her eyes bright even in the darkness. "May I ask, then, why you didn't ask him for help tonight?"

"I wish I could have!" she cried. "Instead I had to turn to you! You ——" She broke off. *The despoiler of my brother's wife;* she was about to hurl the words at him. She had stopped in time. "I had to ask you," she burst out, trying to keep her mind on what was happening to Anne. At this moment, a hummock of ground almost tripped her; she felt his hand under her arm. She stopped to face him. "Pray don't touch me," she said, very low. "We have gone far enough. Oh, tell me what you know about Anne afore I ——" She flung out her hands.

Tom Seymour hesitated a moment, his eyes studying her in the darkness. Then he said curtly, "Anne is perfectly safe. True, she has run away, but by this time she is honorably wed, aye, and even in the ancient chapel of the castle of the Earls of Pembroke, with the old earl present, for he dearly loves Will, his grandson. If I were you, I should not fret over Anne. Anne will be the Countess of Pembroke, for her husband is the only male heir. She will outrank you shortly and I warrant be much happier. Anne is gold; you, my lady, are half dross. Am I sobering you, a little, after too much wine? You need it!" He took her by the elbows. "What did you mean, 'pray don't touch me'? By God ——" He broke off, anger roughening his voice.

"I meant exactly what I said!" she cried, her voice shaking. She was trying to take in all he had said. Anne was safe; this was better than she could ever have hoped for, and no disgrace would fall upon her, Katryn, either. "Thank God," she murmured. Relief washed over her.

"Are you thanking God for yourself or for Anne?" Tom asked. "Or are you thanking all the stars that you won't be tarnished by what Anne has done in the light of Lord Latimer's noble ideals? Were you afraid you'd lose your chance with him? Was that it? I cannot believe you were worried so about your sister! You are far too selfish for that, Katryn, far too selfish and willful."

"But I love Lord Latimer," she said. She loved him and certes she was thankful about Anne! Suddenly the disparity between her and Anne filled her eyes with tears; her shoulders shook, the lump in her throat got huge, and she tried to swallow, blinking hastily. *I'm not going to let him see me cry*, she thought stubbornly, but the events of the night were so heavy on her she didn't know how she could bear it.

The pretzel is a Pennsylvania Dutch gift to America. Moravian monks at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, first made the distinctive crisp salty pretzels in the symbolic shape of "seraphim in adoration" with their arms crossed across their breasts. MARIE LEACH

The Rainbow Book of American Folk Tales and Legends. The World Publishing Company

She might never truly live at Kendal again, not any more, and surely not with Bess. In a short twenty-four hours she had lost what she had labored for during the past years. She loved Kendal. She might not be sure of loving any man, but she knew she loved Kendal. Now that Will was married, and going there in a short week, she would have to leave. All the woes of the evening piled high. "Oh," she said, and anger stiffened her voice and stopped her tears, "oh, I wish I'd been born a man!" She stood still, scarcely breathing, her hands flung out, her face turned up to Tom Seymour's.

Slowly he took the outstretched hands in his. He said gently, "What an impassioned childish protest, sweetheart. You are so very young. And how your mind hops about, like a rabbit! A true female mind you have, Katryn, and it bewilders me entire."

She blinked and shook her head, to deny the words. But she said nothing, for suddenly the whole garden seemed to stand on end. "Oh!" she cried. *I'm going to faint*, she thought, and grasped at his coat.

"The wine is catching you up," she heard him say as if from afar. He was holding her now. "Are you going to be sick?"

"I don't think so," she whispered. "I just feel dizzy."

"It'll pass," he said. "Breathe deep, and keep your eyes open." After a minute he asked, "Better?"

She nodded. She laid her head back against his arm; the arm around her waist supported her, but the shakiness had passed. She blinked her eyes rapidly and tried another smile.

"Can you listen to me now?" he asked. "You redheaded wench, you, Katryn, I love you."

He isn't serious, acourse, she thought, *for he has that smile on his face which I never understand.*

"Oddly enough," he went on, "'tis not your lips I covet so much as that spirit of gallantry I perceive in you."

"Gallantry?" she asked, thinking that was an odd word to apply to a woman.

"You know so little of yourself you don't know what I mean," he said. "Listen, Katryn, I go away tomorrow early. I have my own command. I have been given five smallish

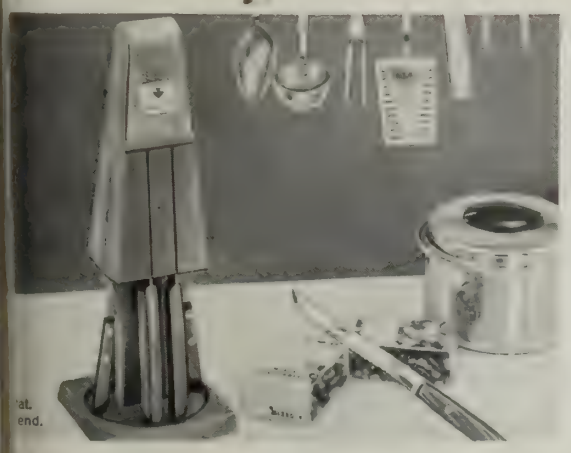
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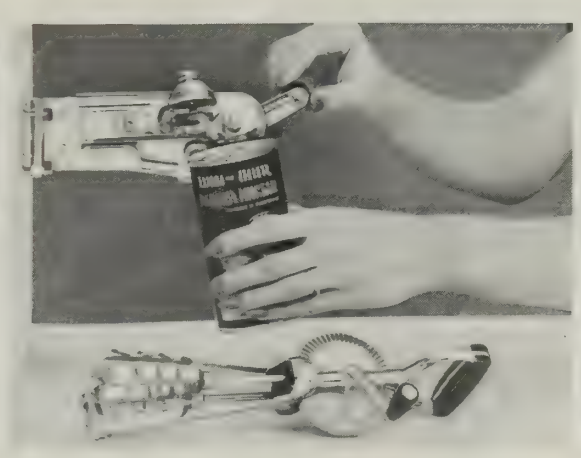
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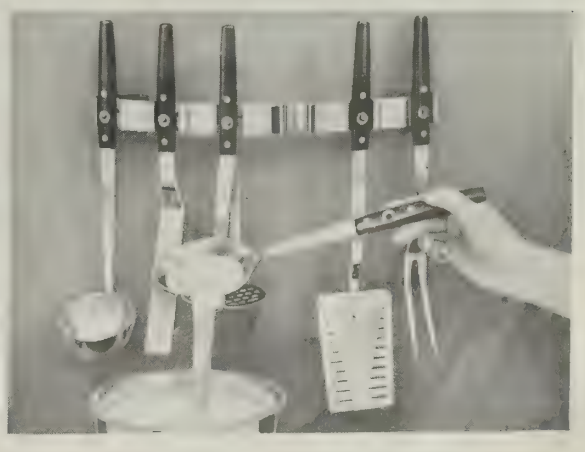
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

hips with which to sweep the narrow seas of irates. Will you not give a sailor a kiss before e goes to sea?"

He was holding her close. Her limbs seemed o feel heavy and weightless at the same time. t was so very dark. The hot summer night olded her as tight as his arms. He began to iss her.

No one had kissed her like this. Not Hugo, or Lord Borough. *What is happening to me?* he thought. *I can feel his kisses even in my omach.* His thick hair tickled her chin; he as kissing her throat, and the edge of the hite skin where it met her bodice. A delicious de of warmth poured through her, and she new that her arms were around him. His outh was on hers again.

"I am going away to-orrow, Katryn," he whis-ered.

The words pierced rough her mind. She ruggled with them. His ad was bent; his lips rned like fire right rough her dress. *I am be-g seduced*, she thought ldly. *I am just like Bess.* Oh!" she cried. She raised r hand and struck at the le of his face, pulling away from him with her strength. "Oh, you false seducer," e sobbed. "To think that you would—and at I ——" She had felt him free her, and e stood by herself. Her knees were trem-ng. "You false seducer!"

"What a silly epithet, Katryn," he said, his ice cold. His face was unreadable in the rkness.

"I know about you and Bess," she gasped. nd don't you ever touch me or come near again! And you needn't bother to deny it! ou needn't try! I warrant you'd try, to act e a gentleman!"

"I ought to act just like a man," he said, nd lay you flat on the ground and undo ur dress." His voice was a bit weary and a mocking, as though at himself. "It's either t or leave you to the mercy of your own garies during the time I'm away. However, dear, I doubt that Lord Latimer will rry you. And he is far too honorable to be uced, as you put it." He laughed, then, t hateful laugh.

He had said that he was going away to sea. "I hope you drown!" she said viciously. "I hope the pirates catch you! I hope they hang you!"

He bowed. "Thank you. When I come back, wench, I shall just as soon cuckold Lord Latimer as any other man."

Her mouth opened. She could think of nothing crushing enough to say. Her heart beat so fast with anger she thought she would choke. "You, you knave!" she gasped.

He laughed. "How feeble, Katryn," he said. "And I mean it. Don't count on your precious Latimer, for I think he's going to marry Lucy. He is quite right, too, for she would be perfect for him. You go to your dower manor in Tansfield, and wait for me."

"Wait for you?" she echoed. This was another of his base proposals. "Never, never, never!"

"Turn right twice, Katryn," he said. "Good night." He gave her a little bow.

She stood where he had left her, a white figure in the darkness. When she could see the outlines of his broad back and shoulders no longer, she sank down onto the grass. She put her head in her hands, and two big tears squeezed out between her lashes. *I wish I were dead*, she thought. Here she was, all alone; now that he was gone, was it possible she wanted him back? No, of course not. "I must be crazy," she said, aloud, "to want him back."

More tears rolled down her cheeks. And he had said Lord Latimer wanted to marry Lucy! What if it were true! She swallowed. He was so often right. Wait for him, he had said. *I suppose he means wait for him and be his mistress. How does he dare! Before he comes back I'll marry the king! I wish I could!* Her eyes snapped, and her brain whirled. *I'd have him thrown into gaol, I would! In the Tower!*

She struggled to her feet. She wiped her eyes and shook out her gown. Turn right twice, he had said. She started to walk purposefully down the grassy walk toward the sound of laughter and music and voices.

(To be Continued)

A small town is where everybody knows what everybody else is doing and they all buy the weekly paper to see how much the editor dares to print.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT YOUR SKIN?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

nopause and whose hormone activity has wed down. Scientific "before and after" nparisons show that middle-aged skins ich have been treated to daily hormone amings have a somewhat "plumper" ap-rance than before.

Oily skins freshen up with the use of beauty ins. The grains are mixed with water to n a paste which you rub gently into your e and neck and allow to dry. As the paste emoved, the oil and dirt in the pores come h it. Tonic and stimulating too.

Most of us enjoy and benefit by the refreshing y ritual of soap-and-water cleansings. Some s, however, are irritated by soaps. Der-ologists say such sensitivity is usually sed by an allergy to one ingredient in a o. It may be the perfume, or the lanolin e, or the high alkali content of the par-lar soap you are using. Certain chemicals, as hexachlorophene, can irritate sensitive s. By experimenting with different soaps probable that you will find one singularly ed to your skin type. Mild, unperfumed os or "superfatted" soaps (those in which ratio of fat to other ingredients is unusually h) are soothing to easily irritated skins. new facial preparations which combine duties of cleansing and lubricating in one lication are gentle for all skin types, and be used as a soap alternate for the face or, if ecessary, as a substitute.

owadays, any woman can coax her hands feet into silken smoothness with one of the preparations designed to rub off dry and do away with all rough spots. Elbows, s, cuticles and calluses all respond to treatment. And for hot tired "summer feet" try one of the new liquid sprays with soothing ingredients which give cooling relief. They can be sprayed on the bare skin or, safely, right through your stockings!

For glowing pink-and-fairness, try this for evening: Use the scantest amount of cream rouge (or your lipstick) to blend with feather lightness across your forehead, along the bridge of your nose and on your chin. The effect should be so beautifully subtle that only you know it's make-up and not your natural radiant coloring!

A pretty powder trick we learned from a woman who travels from winter-into-summer weather: Have, in addition to your best powder shade, a box of powder in quite a bright pink. This is never used by itself but is dipped into and mixed with the basic powder shade to blend in with your skin tones as they gradually change from winter pale to warm and sun-tanned.

A clever selection of clothes colors can beguilingly flatter your skin. Rosy reds, pale pinks, apricot shades and buttercup yellows all add warmth of color. Delectable blues, turquoises and greens bring out creamy clarity. The trick is to discover *your* best colors by testing them, against *your* skin, in a good clear light.

Faces bothered by moles, superfluous hair, acne scars or discolorations of one sort or another can be beautifully helped by medical treatment. There are a number of chemical and surgical methods of taking care of these problems safely and successfully. Check with your own doctor. END



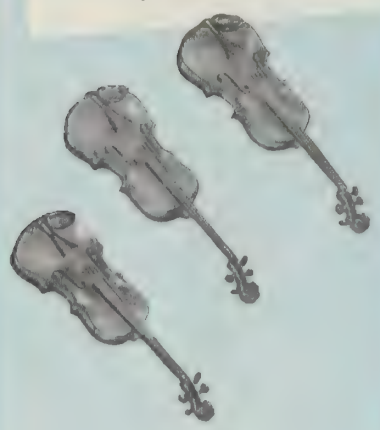
HAMBURGER originated in Hamburg, Germany, where fresh chopped beef was a popular main course. German butchers who pioneered the meat packing industry in Cincinnati and Chicago gave hamburger its name. The hamburger sandwich reportedly was invented at the St. Louis Fair in 1904. Today it is estimated 3 billion 'burgers are eaten every year in America, and like most of the foods we enjoy, hamburgers taste even better with Morton Salt. That's why more women look for and buy Morton's.

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To take fullest advantage of the remarkable technical excellence of ffss records, we recommend the new London-Scott stereophonic Pickup and Arm.



WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED LAWN?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

No need to mention a lawn mower. This implement he already had, even before he had a place to put it.

But will he have the good judgment to sow the best and most expensive grass seed he can buy? If not, he will the next time. Turf-grass seed has never been better; thanks less to the private lawn maker than to the games that are played on turf grass in public. Oh, that's where to look for the lawn makers! How wonderful it would be if the men whose jobs depend upon how good the grass is on the golf courses, the ball fields, the tennis-club courts could only come to make and repair your lawn for you, or even come and show you how, right on the spot. How wonderful for you. How wonderful for me! I could tear this paper from the typewriter and go lie down on the grass.

The thing that makes a lawn loveliest to look at or lie down on is the feeding it gets. Other people may say it's the seed you sow, or the way you mow and with what kind of mower. And some may say it's what you use to kill the beetle grubs and the crab grass. But I say it's the fertilizer.

One thing is sure: it takes a good year to get a good lawn. This goes if you are starting from bare ground to build a brand-new lawn, and it also goes if you are renovating your present lawn.

It just what degree of dreadfulness it is better to turn your present lawn back into bare ground and begin all over again, rather than renovate, is a difficult decision to make. I myself would make it on the basis of good grading only. Let it be all broken out with brown spots and bareness; let it be crawling with crab grass; if the surface was smooth and regular enough so that with a little shaving off here and a little filling in there it could be made really finicking smooth and regular, I wouldn't dream of rebuilding; I would definitely renovate.

The reason is this: even a lawn that looks simply awful offers some root hold and leaf shade to the new good grasses you are going to plant; it makes a kind of mulch; the old roots help resist erosion. Whereas there is almost a month of holding your breath before a new seeding of grass on fresh bare ground begins to tighten into turf.

Good grading is where a regular down-to-earth disquisition on lawn making would ordinarily begin, but it is too late now to start this article all over again; and besides, I have been hinting at it all along. Every time I've mentioned smoothness, evenness, levelness, drainableness, I've been thinking of good grading.

Good grading is mainly the modeling of the ground so that if there are noticeable slopes they will be gentle and slight. Steeply sloping ground should be terraced with retaining walls. If banks there must be (though this is not good grading), let them be planted with myrtle, ivy, pachysandra, honeysuckle or stones. Any slope that is bad for the lawn mower, meaning either the man or the machine, is bad for the lawn. How I love a nice level lawn! And how a nice level lawn loves you!

Let me talk for a moment about tilth; then we shall take a brisk run-through on how I would make or renovate a lawn. Tilth is the texture of the soil. Good tilth is the way soil feels when you plunge your hand into the dirt right after a rotary tiller has tilled up the ground. It feels nice and fluffy. Your hand goes in easily. But the soil doesn't stay that way. It settles. Clay soils settle hard. Very sandy soils may not settle hard enough. The best easily obtainable medium to correct the tilth in either case is peat moss. Spread on plenty of peat moss to do the job (guessing is good enough) and as much 0–20–10 fertilizer as you feel you can afford, and a good sprinkling of ground limestone; then let the rotary tiller till all this in. Now wait until I tell you what to do next.

Notice I have not been saying "topsoil" and "loam." If that's what you already have a lot of, fine; but to buy it you have to be a millionaire—and most of it is bursting with weeds. Besides, in this day of fantastic fertilizers, the good nourishing tilth which I've been describing is all that you need.

Notice, also, that I am not attempting here to deal with Deep South and arid desert conditions, either in my dates or in my lawn grasses. General principles are good all over. But if your climatic conditions are extraspecial, you might consult your county agent. Consult him anyway.

This piece is not in the May issue by chance. This is the time to start. If you're building up a brand-new lawn from bare ground, get ahead with your good grading and your good tilth while I speak about renovating. Renovators remember this: you are renovating because your lawn, primarily, was undernourished; partly, perhaps, because it wasn't smooth; and partly, perhaps, because it was planted with poor-quality seed.

Anyhow, here is where your lawn spiker comes into action, if you have already done what I said about smoothing out the wrinkles, ridges and depressions in your old lawn. If your lawn is hard, as most lawns are, load the tray of your spiker with as many rocks or sash weights or anything else heavy as you need to make your spiker really dig in. Run the spiker *both ways* across the lawn at right angles to each other. Now with your spreader (something else you must have), give your lawn a treatment of insecticide like chlordane in dry form (follow directions), and follow this up with an application, also dry, of 10–6–4, the 10 being nitrogen from the fabulous new urea-formaldehyde compounds. If your soil analysis shows acidity, spread on ground limestone too. Then water all these things right in well, unless you have been too bright for words and have done all this spreading right before a good rain.

If the lawn you're renovating is really an eyesore, give it a sowing of annual rye-grass seed right along with the fertilizer and the rest. The fresh greensward this will lay out for you in less than two weeks will be a blessing for both you and your lawn. Mow it just as you would a regular lawn grass. You're not going to sow your permanent new grass seed until around the middle of August, you know.

In the meanwhile, the maker of the brand-new lawn is ready to sow something. He sows the same annual rye-grass seed and gives the insecticide treatment I've just described, but nothing else.

The insecticide is mainly for June-beetle grubs (which can do damage) and other appetizing worms, without which moles will not like your lawn.

Now the weather is getting warm and the weeds are beginning to come. Let them come. This is not a permanent lawn, whether brand-new or in process of renovation; it is just a preliminary lawn. So when the weeds are at their worst sometime in July, give them the works with a herbicide or herbicides that will hit them all, from dandelions to crab grass, and *follow directions!* Hit them again if you have to. You may make a mess of your preliminary lawn; but if you do, make a quick new sowing of annual rye-grass seed. And don't let your lawn get compacted. Keep after it with the spiker.

Now it is getting close to the time when we shall be sowing the permanent lawn-grass seed, sometime between the fifteenth of August and the first of September. I myself am not a mixture man. The reason for mixtures is to *play it safe*, for both the buyer and the seller. If one grass seed in the mixture doesn't do well, *because you didn't do something right*, then there are others in the mixture that probably will. If between the first of May and seeding time in August I thought I had done everything right, I would sow Merion blue-grass seed on the fifteenth of August, straight Merion. It is slow to germinate, but when you get a stand of Merion and treat it right, your lawn troubles are over. It is a beautiful blue-green. To my mind it makes the loveliest of lawns, both to look at and to lie down on.

Next to Merion, for me, are the two wonderful new creeping red fescues, Illahee and Pennlawn. The straight seed in either case. They are in the same class with Merion when it comes to permanence and performance; and if you have a little lawn shade, they might even be better.

Most all grass seed comes in mixtures. If you decide to buy a mixture you will have plenty of company. But do me a favor, and yourself: if you do buy a mixture, at least buy one with a lot of Merion or Illahee or Pennlawn in it.

So mow your annual rye grass as close as you can, give the ground another spiking, and sow your seed with your spreader. Give it a good but gentle watering and keep it mildly moist until it becomes a turf. And give it a fall feeding of 5–10–10 for good luck. Keep it mowed to 1¼". And don't let any leaves lie on it over the winter. Then as soon as you can spike through the frost in spring, give it a double ration of 10–6–4. Dose it with your insecticide in April. Give it a single ration of 10–6–4 in June. Raise the cutting height of your lawn mower to 2" in hot weather, and remember that the more often you mow, the less you'll have to rake up the cuttings which can cause fungus diseases if they lie too thick and heavy.

If all goes well, you won't have to worry about weeds. But mow often. Don't water until your grass shows signs of droopiness, but then water way down deep. Spike it if the ground gets hard. Feed it the 10–6–4 in March and June, the 5–10–10 in September. Insecticide it in April. Mow it often. Don't water until . . . oh, I've said that all before! END

LET'S KISS

By LUKE ZILLES

**Let's kiss in hay, in Dan
Grasshopper's eye,
that, cock o' tilting timothy,
kicks high
and whirrs away. Love help us,
leave us not,
if we be quick to make the
grass a cot
and on our backs regard the
wandering sky.**

**This sweet's a clover, yellow
melilot
the tinkering bee takes to his
honey-pot,
but that we keep no more than
butterfly.
Let's kiss in hay.**

**Here's what we are, and that
is not a lot.
Our legs, our limberness are
all we've got
to kick awhile by the hopper's
antic thigh;
and since they'll mow the tall
grass by and by,
and lay many a delicate to rot,
let's kiss in hay.**

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this is the place for BEST FOODS

(it's real mayonnaise!)

A topping of Best Foods® Mayonnaise makes a *special* treat of individual tomato aspic rings filled with shrimp. Best Foods adds such delicate flavor and creaminess, no wonder it's America's favorite mayonnaise.

SHRIMP-TOMATO RINGS!

Soak 1 pkg. unflavored gelatin in ½ cup tomato juice. To 1½ cups tomato juice add 2 slices onion, 1 tsp. sugar, 1 tbsp lemon juice, salt and pepper. Simmer five minutes. Remove onion. Add gelatin and stir until dissolved. Pour into molds and chill until firm. Fill with shrimp and top with Best Foods. *Makes six ⅓-cup molds.*



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beautiful discovery!



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Creates an all-day "moisture reserve"
At last a cream that goes beyond superficial smoothing . . . actually controls the moisture level of your skin *under* make-up. At the same time, it normalizes your skin's protective chemistry all day.

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Pond's Moisture Base
NEW GREASELESS UNDER-MAKE-UP MOISTURIZI

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

Too high, perhaps. Everybody in school—my sorority sisters, his fraternity brothers—seemed to think he and I were the ideal couple. Nobody commented on our differences.

"By nature I'm romantic and, I guess you might say, 'artistic.' I'm ambitious too. I want Brady and the children and myself to be special and out of the ordinary. Brady is satisfied with our present circumstances, his present job and prospects, our present house. He doesn't object in the least to working at any old thing during the summer to tide us over. Last year he sold pots and pans from door to door and got a boot out of it; the previous year he put in the summer working with a construction gang. I was ashamed to have the neighbors see him coming home in his greasy, grimy coveralls. Brady just laughed at me. He has no dreams of bettering or improving himself and no patience with my dreams.

"I like books and music and painting. I would enjoy concerts and the theater if I had a chance to go. I devour books from the public library and for a long while I tried reading aloud to Brady. He so consistently went to sleep that at last I gave up the effort. I now satisfy myself by reading to the children; ridiculous as it may seem, Brady opposes our reading sessions and he literally hates the library.

"One time in the car he became so enraged he threw into the middle of the highway an armful of library books I was returning. The traffic was too heavy for us to stop and the books were lost. I cried and so did the children, who were frightened by the scene. Brady made no apology, but I suppose he was sorry. Anyhow, he gave me the money to pay for the missing books. I made excuses to the library, but I felt so guilty that it was months before I really enjoyed going back there.

"Not long after he threw away the books, we staged a battle because I wanted to take the twins to an exhibition of Van Gogh paintings. He would neither drive us to the museum nor allow me and the youngsters to travel on the bus. He contended that looking at masterpieces was too sissy an occupation for young Joe. When I pointed out that he had once taken Ann as well as Joe to a boxing match, he left the house. He slammed the door so hard one of the hinges had to be repaired.

"About a year ago, I joined the neighborhood literary club. Brady is terribly antagonistic to the club, which meets only once a week and scarcely ever interferes with my housework. I loathe keeping house, but with system and organization I've almost defeated it. I whiz through most of my major tasks by noon. If the ironing and mending pile up, I get them done at night. Although Brady can't honestly complain of neglect, he sulks whenever I'm busy with club activities. I've been obliged to miss numerous meetings. Club night is his favorite evening for being extra late coming home.

"Despite the obstacles, I've written six short stories and nine poems. Someday I would like to write commercially—my fellow club members say I have talent—and ease a little of our financial pain. Brady won't listen when I try to talk about my ambitions and he stubbornly refuses to glance at a single line of mine. Yet I know he would welcome a second source of income. I worked for three years after our marriage and he didn't mind in the least. Now that our youngsters are almost old enough for kindergarten, he is urging me to finish college, earn my degree and qualify as a teacher. I don't want to teach now or ever. Brady's indifference to the writing goal I've set myself and his lack of confidence in my ability have hurt me deeply.

"For a long while I knocked myself out attempting to share his interests. All that Brady cares for in this world, except for the children, is sports. The sports pages of newspapers, sports on television and radio, football games, basketball games, baseball games, track meets. He and his friends shoot movies of sports events and then pore over and analyze the films for endless hours. Three years ago we turned our living room into a projection room. I was willing to watch the uninteresting movies, but I wasn't wanted at the gatherings. I was driven into sitting out those evenings in our bedroom. If I played my hi-fi to pass the time I was immediately shushed and told the noise was disturbing. Some while ago the projection room was transferred to the apartment of a bachelor teacher who is a member of Brady's car pool. That move was certainly a relief to me.

"Back when I was growing up, my parents and I used to sit over the dinner table and discuss everything under the sun. History, art, politics. I was an only child and we three were very close. Brady is close to his family, too, but he and his folks don't talk about anything of consequence. When I press Brady for an opinion on a public issue, a judgment of literature or music, political controversy, he hangs his head and mutters that I should consult somebody expert. He won't even talk about methods of child rearing, although I know he doesn't agree with all my methods in bringing up our youngsters.

"Looking back, I can realize that he and I were far too inexperienced to marry. I was carried away by his campus reputation, his good looks and popularity. Even on our first date, I now believe, an older, wiser person might have seen the signs of trouble ahead. Brady took me to a fraternity dance and unceremoniously abandoned me at the door. He spent the evening rehashing the afternoon's football game while I danced with other people, embarrassed to tears. It was months before I forgave him. We then became engaged. He would telephone three or four times a day, convince me he loved me, but then he would turn around and break a date without explanation, convince me that he was untrustworthy and unreliable. Our engagement was called off several times.

"I doubt we would have married except for my father's sudden death a few weeks before my eighteenth birthday. My grieving mother had a horror of being the kind of widow who hangs onto a daughter. She virtually swept Brady and me into marriage. After my father died we had a wedding, with 200 guests, which she managed almost singlehanded.

"At the last moment, I remember, I panicked. On the morning of the wedding I still hadn't chosen between navy or red shoes for my going-away outfit. My inability to decide between the shoes became so all-important in my mind I declared I wouldn't marry. Mother rushed to the shop in a taxi and came back with both pairs of shoes. The blue and the red. She also brought Brady with her and that was that

"From the very beginning our marriage was a disillusionment to me. I took sex-education courses in college, so my first experience didn't come as a shock. Brady was gentle and considerate, but I got little pleasure from our love-making. Even now I find little joy in sex. Maybe it is because Brady doesn't seem ardent and romantic to me. Or maybe it is because I counted too much on having a strong, dependable husband.

"During our first year together I threw everything I had into being a good wife. I dropped out of college and went to work so Brady could graduate. His scholastic schedule was light and he took a part-time job in a filling station, but he quickly lost it. He blamed the burden of his studies, which was ridiculous. The truth is that Brady isn't a student. I helped him study in my off hours, but he was always slipping out of the tutoring sessions or else going to sleep.

"During that period when we were barely scraping by on my earnings, plus what he received from an athletic scholarship, Brady didn't scrimp on anything he wanted in the way of clothes. I'm almost sure his mother was giving him money, though he wouldn't admit it. I inherited my father's automobile, but Brady took possession of it. He was supposed to pick me up every evening after work. More than once he left me stranded while he went skylarking. On one occasion I waited two hours on a street corner in a driving rain and then I caught a bus. When I reached our apartment, drenched to the skin, Brady was cozily talking football with half a dozen teammates he'd collected in the car. He had forgotten all about me.

"After the crowd left I blew my stack and made some cutting remarks about the actual ownership of the automobile. Brady got so mad he carried me bodily to the car, shoved me under the wheel and then tossed in an armload of my clothes. He ordered me to drive home to my mother in my automobile. I was ashamed of what everybody in the neighborhood would think, but mad enough to take him at his word. Mother persuaded me to return to Brady that same night.

"I've sometimes wondered what would have happened if she had let me stay on with her. Brady and I had many other quarrels, but I never again saw my way clear to leave him. He received a knee injury in his senior year that ended his college football career and the hopes he had of joining a pro team. I was just as glad. Not glad that Brady was hurt, of course, but glad that in the future he would be doing something more dignified than playing professional football.

"By the time the twins were born Brady was graduated and teaching and I was able to quit my job. Brady is devoted to the youngsters and they need him. I'm not thinking in terms of a divorce, although my existence seems meaningless and empty. I do wish our marriage could be more satisfying to us both."

MARRIAGE IN THE CORNERS OF THE WORLD

Herodotus relates that once a year all the marriageable Babylonian girls were brought together. The handsome ones were sold to prospective husbands, and the money so collected was given to the ugly ones as a dowry, so that they, too, might be wedded.

The Maori believe that the moon is the permanent husband of all women. To them the marriage of man and woman is of no particular account because the true husband is the moon; man plays no important part in reproduction.

On the borders of Tibet some women are flourishing under the attention of four husbands, one for each season of the year, because the hillmen are too poor to afford the expense of a full-time wife.

According to Fijian beliefs, he who died wifeless was stopped by the god Nangganangga on the road to Paradise and smashed to atoms.

L. L. SINGER

Brady Tells His Side:

"I hate to be disappointing to my wife," said twenty-eight-year-old Brady, who didn't sound as though he meant it. Medium in stature, he was so well co-ordinated and muscular he conveyed the impression of being a much larger man. "Apparently I just can't keep from disappointing Amy. Whatever I do or whatever I say to her I'm likely to find myself up the creek without a paddle. Half the time I have no idea what I've done wrong.

"Last night I guess I could have turned up earlier for dinner, but I was chewing the fat with a few friends, discussing school football prospects for next year. This past year we were lousy. No talent. Now there is one particular kid—a transfer and a natural athlete—I hope to build next season's team around. So far he has refused to commit himself. Says he needs to work in a grocery store on Saturdays, wants the balance of his time to study, and hasn't a grain of school spirit. My friends and I were trying to figure out how to show this kid he might be throwing away the chance of a big future. Unless all of us are mistaken, he is college material, very probably All-American caliber. His folks aren't able to finance a college education for him and he is a shoo-in for an athletic scholarship at any top Western university.

"What with this and that, our conference last night dragged on longer than I anticipated. Maybe I should have telephoned Amy and told her I would be delayed, but she would have given me an argument and I would have looked foolish. The fellows I was with aren't always excusing themselves to telephone their wives. Harry, the bachelor of our group and a great kidder, often remarks that all of us are free, white and over twenty-one. He is always on the lookout to see if anybody is tripping over apron strings.

"Amy doesn't care for Harry or any of my other associates. She says they're crude, dumb, loud. On Sunday afternoons I used to invite the gang in to study the play-by-play movies we take at our own and other schools, but invariably she blew up a storm with her hi-fi. She played the machine at top volume in the bedroom until the fellows felt so unwelcome that we transferred our meetings to Harry's apartment.

"Amy simply won't admit that coaching football and coaching basketball and running our track meets in the spring is my livelihood. It's true I'm entered on the school rolls as a biology instructor, but if I flopped as a coach, if I had too many losing teams, there would be another biology instructor. Amy would prefer to have me teaching social science, English or music, regardless of the fact I have no skills in those fields. Every evening when I step in my door I'm greeted with a blast of concert or operatic music. For years Amy has been trying to educate me out of my lowbrow taste for pop tunes, just as she has tried to educate me in the long-hair literature she and her friends favor. It's a waste of time.

"I'm just not a reader and when it comes to putting my own ideas into words I also draw a blank. My vocabulary has always been poor. Way back in high school my counselor told me I was the 'physical type' and he was right. I had a college athletic scholarship awaiting me, but for quite a while it was touch-and-go with the language and English requirements necessary for a high-school diploma. I failed in French, I tackled German and failed in that; then I tried and failed in Spanish. By repeating Spanish in summer school I finally squeaked through. And I was allowed to enroll in college with an 'incomplete' in English.

"This doesn't mean I was or am a dummy. I was better than average in math and shop—I can repair any mechanical gadget in our house that goes on the blink—and it's a snap for me to understand the rules and strategy of any game, antique or modern. Unless I'm participating in some athletic sport or watching a sport or thinking along those lines, I get bored and sleepy. If I'm bored I can go to sleep in fifteen seconds. I often do. Athletics has always been the thing with me, the big thing, the only thing. My father died when I was three years old—my four sisters were considerably older—but at the age of twelve I found another hero. Mr. Jenkins was a Scoutmaster who ran a boys' camp—for six years I gave him a hand every summer—and he encouraged me to seek a future in athletics. Except for his aid and advice, I doubt I would have made it to college.

"Without Amy's help, although I should be ashamed to admit it, I'm darn sure I wouldn't have managed to get a degree. After our marriage she held a full-time job—my athletic scholarship covered only tuition, board and books—and she worked just as hard in her off hours to shove me through my exams. Kinetics, a course which involved memorizing the names of all the muscles and their functions and motions, was a nightmare to us both. In those days Amy used to get so angry she would break down and cry. She thought and said I was brainless at books. She thought I ought to hold a steady part-time job so we

CONTINUED ON PAGE 107



Modess ... *because*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105

could get ahead. But when I got mad at my boss, which happened frequently, I usually quit. I guess I knew I could always fall back on my mother in a financial bind.

"Because I was the baby of the family, mother spoiled me. She liked it and I liked it. If I needed five or ten dollars she hired me to weed her garden or wash her car, and if I forgot the weeding or the car washing nothing was ever said. Mother was delighted at my marriage and took Amy's side in most of our fights. We don't fight much now, but we did in the beginning. Now when Amy makes me sore, I shut my mouth and go off somewhere.

"Nearly all of our early fights concerned why I didn't study more and work harder. Then, too, Amy opposed my ambition to become a pro football player. In the last out-of-town game of my senior year I tore the ligaments in my left knee and then she and I didn't need to quarrel any more over pro football. My knee healed O.K., but the ligaments were weakened; anyhow, my days of active competition in football were finished in the second quarter of that particular game. During the six weeks I was hospitalized Amy tried to be sympathetic, but I wondered whether her sympathy was genuine.

"Amy talks a lot about her feelings, much more than I do, but most of her feelings baffle me. She and I have always had difficulties about sex. She is such a soft-looking, pretty girl that she strikes people as unusually responsive and loving. The fact is she is unwilling to make love except at times she is what she calls 'in love.' When she is angry at something I've done or haven't done she stops being 'in love' and won't let me touch her. When she refuses me, I go out and get some exercise and ordinarily am able to forget my troubles.

"Still and all, it has been nearly three months since Amy and I have shared the same bed. My hunch is she is mad because of my being away from home so much recently. Or maybe she is brooding because I just can't force myself to read the gloomy stuff she writes and reads. I notice that she is usually harder on both me and the kids when summer approaches than she is during the rest of the school year. Every spring she begins to clamor for us to take a vacation. We can't afford a vacation.

"Both of us let money slip through our fingers and by June we're usually dead broke. Amy hates the summer jobs I take—she calls the work menial—but summer checks are necessary in our setup. I'll never set the river on fire financially. It would relieve my mind considerably if she would get her teaching credentials. There is a college in our community and I would gladly sit with the youngsters while she goes to night classes; she could take courses in short-story writing. I think the outlet would do her good.

"Amy is a dynamo of energy. She could easily handle part-time college while she runs our home. She is a wonderful mother, a first-class cook and a good enough housekeeper to suit anybody with common sense. Not that she pleases herself. In my belief she races her motors too hard in chasing dirt and worries too much about keeping up with the neighbors' standards. Only a week ago I caught her washing madly at midnight and then sneaking the laundry off the line just after the sun came up.

"I wish Amy could be more loving and relaxed. But my friends tell me most women are tense, dissatisfied and nervous. I imagine I'm probably no worse off than the average married man. But if you tell me there is a way to help my marriage, I'll sure try to follow your advice."

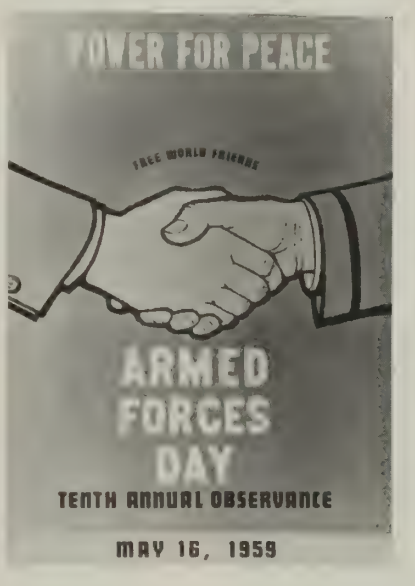
The Marriage Counselor Says:

"Amy and Brady were miles apart emotionally when they sought our advice. The two were unwittingly, although unknowingly, engaged in whittling down each other's personalities; they were destroying each other's confidence in private worlds. Brady absented himself from home without explanation, found his companionship with friends who were scornful of women's foibles, lived almost entirely in a world of sweat and sports.

"When home, he devoted himself almost exclusively to the children and to sleeping and eating. Such attention as he gave Amy was confined to scolding and to jeering at her interest in the arts.

"Her treatment of him invited this response. Each day she showed Brady, sometimes subtly, sometimes openly, how little she valued his modest successes in his chosen field, how little she respected his type of intelligence. It was no wonder he stopped listening to her. Though she never described him to his face as a dumbbell, Brady got the general idea. And her evangelism for the arts was patronizing rather than persuasive. Reading aloud from Proust and Dylan Thomas did not convince Brady that he wanted to be introduced to good literature. After a boyhood's joy in pop tunes, a hi-fi recording of Schoenberg's atonality did not whet his appetite for serious music.

"Brady had more need than the average man to appear as the dominant male in his own eyes and the eyes of others. As is sometimes the case where the father of a family disappears early from the scene—Brady was only three when his father died—he grew up with secret doubts of himself and his masculinity. For years there was no man on his horizon for him to emulate. At the age of twelve he seized happily upon a scoutmaster for his model, picked a strenuous masculine career to pursue—professional football playing. He was one of those small boys who sent away coupons and coins for all kinds of muscle-strengthening devices.



"When Amy and Brady met in college she was deceived by his façade into believing she had chosen a strong man. Even before the marriage, however, she discovered Brady was happy-go-lucky, irresponsible, boyishly willing to be financially dependent on handouts from his hard-working mother. An avowed daddy's girl, she quickly became unsure of her choice. Inarticulate, indecisive, Brady bore small resemblance to her professional, highly articulate father.

"Why Amy's mother, tragically widowed, saw fit to rush the young people into an elaborate wedding is a puzzle I can't unravel. Sometimes grief drives people into frenzies of unaccountable, ill-conceived action. There is no question that Amy and Brady were immature and unprepared for marriage. Ideally speaking, they weren't too well matched. Later in their lives, it seems possible, they might have chosen to marry persons more similar to themselves in disposition, tastes and aspirations. In marriage counseling, we don't expect the ideal. Amy and Brady thought it worth while to stick with marriage for their children's sake.

"My assignment was to help them develop a feeling of closeness, mutual consideration and understanding with the hope they would be enabled to enter and enjoy each other's private worlds and thus extend the limits of their own personalities. Most of my work was done with Amy. Brady was suspicious of counseling; frankly, he feared he might somehow be maneuvered into changing and improving himself against his will. Not that he objected to change *per se*. Indeed, when one of our psychological tests indicated he was low on sympathy and cordiality, he asked to repeat the test so he could raise his score! And when it was established to his satisfaction that for him to telephone news of his daily plans to Amy would not be unmanly but was only a matter of simple justice, he began to let her know when he would be late. Subsequently he reported that his masculine friends, including the bachelor, scarcely noticed this small change in his habits. Amy made small alterations in her habits; she saw to it that the hi-fi was silent when Brady walked in.

"Although Amy wasn't aware of it, she, too, lacked self-confidence. Indeed, she showed her unsureness by her attitude toward Brady. With her criticisms she was, in effect, attacking herself and tacitly declaring, 'Only a dope like me would have married a dope like Brady.'

"Amy grew up under the anxious eyes of parents who expected top performance at all times. She dreaded to fail in any field. When Brady urged her to enroll in evening college classes, including writing courses, she rebuffed his kindly meant suggestion; she was afraid to have her literary talent put to the test. She had never submitted anything she wrote to a commercial market. The neighborhood literary club to which she belonged was composed of a dozen members who got together to praise one another. Amy's approach to writing wasn't realistic.

"Her approach to housework was also unrealistic. She pushed too hard and increased her dislike of scrubbing, dusting, vacuuming. It was foolish of her to wash and iron late at night and exhaust her strength when such activity was unnecessary. It was foolish of her to be simultaneously fearful of her neighbors' opinions and yet profess her mental superiority to them.

"Amy was an intellectual snob. If she were ever to become a writer in the future, it was suggested to her, she would profit by understanding the people she lived among as well as understanding her husband better. Amy longed to be somebody with a capital *S*. After a good many consultations, she finally came to understand that she had value as a wife and mother and that fulfilling these functions to the best of her ability made her Somebody. When Amy began to value her own present worth instead of envisioning herself as a celebrated author of the future, she was able to value Brady's virtues and to overlook his failings.

"This isn't to say that she turned into a sports fan. But she lost her contempt for Brady's line of work and began to enjoy male humor. She even read with pleasure Red Smith, the sportsmen's favorite diarist and teller of tall stories. When Brady felt welcome in his home, he spent more time there. After Amy heard a few spontaneous, uncensored reports about the boys on the home team she began to take an interest in Brady's peculiar problems as a coach. Because of the couple's lack of real companionship, their sexual relationship had been unsatisfactory. Amy decided that with her background as an only child she had expected the flatteries and little attentions of courtship would continue through marriage years. At last she learned to respect Brady and when she put away her childish dreams of big romance, the two of them achieved a satisfactory sexual relationship.

"On the practical side, they were helped to work out a more sensible financial budget. Too much of their income was being frittered away on clothes and costly knickknacks. In their case a strict budget was a necessity; Brady was on a ten-months pay schedule. Once the budget was established—they stuck to it faithfully—they were able to take the summer vacation both badly needed.

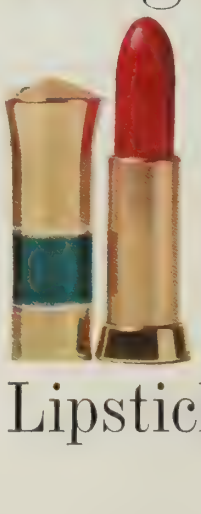
"The vacation perhaps wasn't the glamorous vacation of Amy's oversized imagination. But she and the twins had a fine time and acquired a glowing sun tan. And on the holiday she and Brady grew closer. So close that Amy now understands and is ruefully resigned to the fact that she married a man who is unlikely ever to read anything she ever writes."

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by
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TELL ME DOCTOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

helped Mrs. Weller regain the control she had come close to losing.

"Well, yes, Doctor, if it comes to that. But first—I did get a wild, fantastic hope. The other day I read a paragraph in a health magazine in my dentist's office. It said there is an operation now to repair tubes in women who have been sterilized. If there is any chance in the world that I could have a baby that would be my own and Phil's, that is what I want. But of course I wouldn't want to have another tubal pregnancy. And above all, I wouldn't want to bring some poor little blighted creature into the world. That is why I thought you ought to know the whole story. I warned you that my problem is complicated!"

"These cases are seldom simple, Mrs. Weller. Doctor Colt would not have sterilized you unless he had sincerely believed there were urgent reasons for doing so. I can see that you have taken some mighty tough blows with a wonderful spirit. Nothing would please me more than to be able to help you solve your problem. Let's break it down. Maybe it won't seem so complicated then.

"To your first question, the answer is that for some time now we have indeed been able to make a number of sterilized women fertile again through surgery. Under certain circumstances, that is.

"Let's leave that for the time being, and go on to the possibility of another tubal pregnancy and another blighted embryo. I agree that almost any doctor might very well have considered, a few years ago, that this combination called for prevention of further pregnancies. We know now, however, that a large percentage of women who become pregnant again after a tubal pregnancy have a normal experience in every way. If they have previously had normal pregnancies, their chances for further normal ones are increased materially.

"Another thing we have learned is that a blighted embryo doesn't necessarily mean that the ovum was defective at the start of the pregnancy. That was what bothered you particularly, wasn't it?" Mrs. Weller nodded, her eyes very bright. "Too, a normal embryo may be blighted accidentally—by something like an infectious disease suffered by the mother in very early months of pregnancy. When the mother is generally healthy, and there has been no family history of abnormal births, the chance of a recurrence is very small indeed. What I am principally wondering about is the reason for the tubal pregnancy. It might account for the blighted embryo too. Why, I mean, the fertilized ovum remained in the fallopian tube, instead of passing on down to the uterus and growing there. Have you ever had infected tubes? Any trouble with your first two childbirths? Or afterward?"

As I told you, I had irregular bleeding and felt pretty awful with my third pregnancy. And I remember now that I had a pelvic infection following the birth of my little girl. There was bad pain, rather low down on the left side, with chills and fever. They kept me in the hospital for three weeks. Could some of the infection have remained?"

"It's possible that your left tube was damaged by the infection. That in turn could have caused the tubal pregnancy. Tell me something more. How long did it take you to get pregnant the first time?"

Mrs. Weller smiled. "Well, since we figured on a rather long string of pregnancies once we started, we took some time to adjust to marriage and to get our home ready for a family. But once we decided the time had come, I never menstruated again until after my first baby was born."

The doctor nodded. "Excellent! Mrs. Weller, I am going to say very frankly that under these circumstances, today the abnormal embryo would not be considered a legitimate indication for sterilization. Especially when it occurred in a *tubal* pregnancy. So I am very glad that there *is* a possibility of restoring your reproductive powers. That will depend, as is my duty to warn you, upon the present condition of your reproductive organs. And also upon the method Doctor Colt used to sterilize you. But if some of one normal tube remains, we often can patch things up."

"It's a pity I didn't learn more from Doctor Colt before he died. Can anything be done about that?"

"I am sure Doctor Colt's office records will be available. I will find out. And I can get your operative record from the hospital, unquestionably, if you will give them your permission to release it. Then you will have to come in again so that I can examine you thoroughly and test your remaining tube. Get an appointment from Mary Anne, will you, please?"

Two weeks later Mrs. Weller was back in the doctor's consulting room, accompanied this time by her husband, at the doctor's suggestion. The doctor motioned toward a file of papers on his desk. "I have here Doctor Colt's complete records with regard to Mrs. Weller. I have made as thorough an analysis as is necessary of Mrs. Weller's status in regard to having babies. I think that now we are ready to get down to cases.

"I find that, according to Doctor Colt's report, the left tube was damaged by the tubal pregnancy," the doctor told them. "He removed it in toto, which automatically rendered you sterile on the left side, Mrs. Weller, as I think you both know already. After getting Mr. Weller's consent"—Mr. Weller cast an apologetic glance at his wife—"Doctor Colt then removed about half an inch of the right tube, which appeared normal. The section he removed was pretty close to the outer end of the tube—that is to say, the end nearest the ovary. He crushed both of the cut ends and tied them with heavy sutures. This rendered it impossible for the ovum to enter the tube to be fertilized, completing the sterilization process. But it left Mrs. Weller with two good functional ovaries. And what is quite as important,



PRIGENT

Barbara wears her new dress. To and from the office likes the added cover-up in a turquoise-and-blue hop-sacking print. Barbara makes this one from a pattern she already has, Vogue "Easy to Make" Design No. 9531 (she bought last August).*
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Right now Barbara J. looks forward to warm days ahead, fashion-wise looks forward to the perfect solution for what to wear. She wants a dress to enter into her spring wardrobe now, and most of all to be her one important dress for all summer long. The prerequisite? A pretty look for daytime or evening, for office efficiency or weekends away . . . one dress to take on many moods. Barbara doesn't think this borders on the miraculous at all, and her solution is very simple. She buys a turquoise dress and with several additions the difference between night and day, one mood and another is very evident.

By BET HART



Barbara makes another, and an important, addition—an aqua rayon-linen coat. This one from Vogue's "Easy to Make" Design No. 4001 has a high pocket detail. Barbara might have the fabric waterproofed by her cleaner—would make a costume for all rainy days as well. Coat to make, $5.50.*

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THE DRESS:

+ A polka-dot scarf at the waistline. This addition costs $1.00 and is one of Barbara's favorites.



+ A white piqué bolero. A working day, a luncheon date and Barbara likes a short cover-up. $2.00



+ A romantic skirt in a sheer plaid—three yards of fabric, two yards of turquoise ribbon.

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*For back views, sizes and prices, see page 172

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with about three fourths of an apparently normal right tube."

The Wellers were listening as though their lives depended on what the doctor was saying. He hastened to explain, "What this means is that the sterilization process used by Doctor Colt did not of itself preclude repair of the remaining tube."

The doctor then held up an X-ray picture of Mrs. Weller's pelvis. "The next thing we had to determine was the present condition of the remaining tube. Last week I injected opaque oil through the uterus into the right tube. An X-ray picture was then made. You can see that what remains of the tube filled normally—do you note the shadow here? That shadow is characteristic of a perfectly normal tube as far as it goes. The only difficulty is that it is closed off."

The doctor laid the X-ray picture on his desk. "I wanted you to see this for yourselves, for this situation is particularly favorable for repairing the tube. You must realize, however, that even under the best circumstances an operation does not always permanently open the tube. When the tube proves to be open, or patent, as we call it, fertilization of an ovum is not as likely to take place as if the tube had never been tampered with. If fertilization does occur, there is slightly more chance of another tubal pregnancy. There is also more chance of spontaneous abortion. But there is no increased probability of an abnormal fetus. If you are willing to accept these risks, I will consent to the operation."

There was a silence. Then Mr. Weller asked, "Could you tell us just what you propose to do, Doctor?"

"Certainly. After opening the abdomen, the first thing will be to establish that the various reproductive organs are completely normal. From the examinations I have already made of Mrs. Weller, and from her previous history, I expect to find them in good shape, in spite of the infection she had at one time. Our course from then on will be determined somewhat by what we find with regard to the tube that was cut and crushed. I imagine that in this case, however, we will first of all freshen up the cut ends of the tube. Then we will thread a tiny polyethylene catheter through both parts of the remaining Fallopian tube, starting at the end next to the ovary and extending it down into the uterus. We will pull the cut ends of the Fallopian tube together and sew them to each other around the polyethylene catheter. The catheter will keep the Fallopian tube open while its severed walls heal together. Then the catheter will be removed through the vagina. There are a dozen other operations that may be done, depending upon the circumstances we may encounter. But the one I have described has been one of the most successful. It is the one I expect to use unless I should find something unforeseen."

"How much danger does this involve for Mrs. Weller?"

"Not too many years ago, when we first started doing them, these operations weren't too safe. Today, the chief danger is simply that they may not prove effective. You must understand, though, that this is a major operation. It takes a good deal of time and money. After the operation, the tube will have to be dilated with gas, maybe repeatedly. It's quite a lot of bother for the patient, I'm afraid."

"How soon will we be able to know whether or not the operation is a success?" was Mr. Weller's final question.

"Frankly, we can't be really sure until Mrs. Weller is delivered of a live, full-term baby. Sometimes it is hard to say for sure whether the tube is open and will stay open. However, we will begin testing the Fallopian tube for patency as soon as the polyethylene catheter has been removed. If gas can be passed through, it's a good sign. But the only real test is a successful pregnancy. And as I've told you, pregnancies in these cases are less certain to terminate successfully than in women who haven't had these troubles."

Mrs. Weller asked only one question: "But there *are* women who have been able to have babies again, after these operations?"

"Yes. Quite a lot of them. I have had a number of successful cases myself."

The Wellers looked questioningly at each other. "You're the one who will have all the pain and bother, Anne," Mr. Weller said. "It should be your decision entirely. I interfered once, and I'll never cease regretting it as long as I live."

Mrs. Weller turned to the doctor, her face glowing. "What is the first possible moment you can operate on me, Doctor?"

Eighteen months after her operation, Mrs. Weller gave birth to a healthy, beautiful baby girl; two years later, to another one. The doctor wrote this down not only as one of his most successful cases, but one of the most gratifying as well.

Next month Dr. Schauffler will discuss conditions which indicate the need for a hysterectomy.—Ed.



"I'm sick of sitting down and working things out— I want a good argument with no holds barred!"



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THE MATCHMAKERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

to make-up, apart from lipstick of an innocuous shade, did nothing to correct her somewhat anemic look. The clothes she'd chosen to wear for a museum visit were characteristic of her wardrobe in general; that is to say, they were of excellent material but styleless. Persis, who had been taught to choose clothes mostly for durability, lacked flair. But Persis had an asset that was about to prove of importance this afternoon, as she walked through the British Museum to her destiny: she was not only a very good student but genuinely interested in ancient Greece and Rome.

She toured the room with thoroughness, enjoying it immensely. It should be explained that Persis and several other girls were being shown Europe much as their mothers had been shown Europe—by a chaperon who could be depended upon to stress cathedrals. When Mrs. Gilman had suggested a matinee of the Christopher Fry play, Persis had chosen her present diversion instead, explaining that she'd come across a copy of the play in the Radcliffe library and hadn't especially admired it. "Besides, I honestly *like* museums," she had added. Now, having examined everything in the cases, she glanced around to see whether there might be an adjoining room containing further Roman British exhibits.

"Excuse me, but do you happen to know whether this room is one of a series?" she asked a fellow visitor in her controlled young voice. He was a gangling young man about her own age, round-shouldered and not very tidily dressed. His eyes were dark and intense.

"No, this is the only one," he said. "Do you like it?"

"It's a fascinating collection," Persis said.

"I understand that another very fine one has been assembled by Americans," he said. "I've read somewhere that for many years a party of American archaeologists have been coming to England every summer to dig for Roman remains."

"The Aylmer Collection," Persis said, nodding. "I'm ashamed to say I've never seen it, although I'm an American."

"I was wondering," he said. Then, excessively embarrassed, he stammered, "I—I mean I couldn't tell, quite, just what your nationality was. From your accent, that is. I mean in some ways it sounds American, and yet in other ways it doesn't."

"I come from Boston," she said. "Americans always joke about the Boston accent."

"I *like* the way you speak," he assured her.

"Thank you," Persis said.

"I've been watching you as you walked around the room," he said, gazing at her raptly.

Persis' legs became blancmange. No man had ever before spoken to her in a tone of wholehearted admiration.

"Really?" she said.

"Ten minutes ago I had a fantastic experience," he said. "I was looking at a medallion when suddenly it seemed to come to life. I merely turned my head—and *there you were!*"

Much against her inclination, Persis forced herself to adopt the wariness of a Bostonian chatting with a complete stranger. "I'm afraid I don't understand," she said quietly. "What sort of medallion?"

At this he not only became scarlet with confusion but his stammer returned. "Oh, j-just something made d-during the p-p-proconsulship of M-Marcus Tibullus." In an agony of shyness he added that he was afraid he'd have to be getting along because there was a textbook he was supposed to buy at Foyle's.

Persis nodded intelligently. "Of course—Foyle's." She longed for the earnest scholar to suggest a cup of tea—surely there would be nothing wrong in accepting such a harmless invitation—but she longed in vain.

"It was mostly the n-nose, you know," he said. "And d-d-dare I make just *one* more personal remark?" Without waiting, he charged ahead. "The hands don't appear b-because the medallion shows only her head, b-but if the hands *had* been shown it w-would have been *so* appropriate if the artist could have made them l-l-look like yours! You have the most b-b-beautiful hands I have ever seen!" he told her chokingly, and fled.

Persis scrutinized her hands with interest. They were long, slender and delicately tapered. Though she had always buffed her fingernails regularly, instead of using a polish, she had never imagined others might think them exceptionally attractive.

She experienced a wave of gratitude toward the young man. Then, with an eagerness by no means scholarly, she began to tour the Roman British Room again, anxious to find the collection of antiquities from the era in which Marcus Tibullus had been proconsul. Presently she arrived at the display, and discovered that it contained one medallion. Depicted on it was the head of an extraordinarily beautiful woman. She was Venus.

Persis surreptitiously returned to the Roman British Room on a number of afternoons. Though she never saw her admirer again, it was in the course of these visits that she began to give serious thought to the possibility of becoming an archaeologist. In time she became an extremely good one.

"Thank you, Alden, but you really shouldn't get out to open the door for me," Persis said to Mrs. Minturn's chauffeur. "You know Aunt Allegra doesn't expect you to."

"Trying to tell me I'm getting to be too old or something?" he retorted, and closed the door with extra force by way of reproach.

Alden, who was in his seventies, had been Mr. Minturn's coachman and then his chauffeur. These days he drove his late employer's widow in an old black Rolls, skillfully enough but in such a sedate, leisurely fashion that he infuriated nearly everyone else on the road.

"Your aunt's fit to be tied tonight," he remarked presently as the Rolls crept along in the after-work traffic.

"What seems to be the matter?"

"She says the new cook can't cook."

"Oh, Alden, don't tell me she's had to get another!"

"Fifth since October."

"Poor lamb. But if it's the new cook's first day, why didn't Aunt Allegra call off tonight's dinner?"

"She told Delia it was the only way to find out if Ruthanne's got anything on the ball only she put it differently."

Persis laughed. "I'm not surprised. Who else is coming tonight?"

"Only your Aunt Priscilla and Mrs. Gardiner. I'm to wait with the car while you have your bath and dress, and then we pick up Mrs. Gardiner and then Mrs. Tuttle."

"But that's so idiotic, Alden. I can easily walk from Sentry Hill Place to the top of Chestnut."

"I'm only telling you what my orders are. You know your aunt as well as I do."

They attained Charles Street and then Revere.

"It's just as I thought," he said mournfully. "I'm going to have to park on the wrong side of the street."

"I'll be as quick as I can, Alden. I only hope you don't get a ticket."

"I hope the same thing. Your aunt says 'When parking's essential, Alden, you'll simply have to go ahead and park and I'll have to be prepared to pay the fine.' From her point of view I guess it makes sense, though. She can't be expected to walk all over creation." He permitted his tone to become indulgent. "We must remember she's seventy-nine."

"And strong as an ox," Persis reminded him wickedly as the car stopped. She slipped out and ran toward her doorway. Persis' third-floor apartment was of modest size, and also within the means of a museum research assistant. Persis undressed in record time, showered in thirty seconds, and put on a severely cut gray dinner dress with a square neckline. In almost no time she was back on the sidewalk, but Alden and the old black Rolls had vanished. Presently the huge car came lumbering along.

Persis closed her umbrella and got in. "I gather that the worst happened," she said.

Alden nodded. "I don't know whether you realize it, but here in this city we're living in what the papers call a police state."

"Be reasonable, Alden. Remember, Beacon Hill streets weren't made for cars. What's the next stop? Cousin Lutie Gardiner's?"

"Yes, and if I'm not speaking out of turn I'd like to know why there aren't ever any young men, instead of just your relatives, the nights you're invited to our house for dinner."

"You mean to say you really don't know, Alden?" she challenged lightly. "I've turned into an old maid."

"Let's not have any more of that kind of talk!" he said. "You're exactly twenty-four. Certain people ought to realize you deserve to have a good time."

"I do have a good time, but it's sweet of you to worry about me."

"Do you have a good-*enough* time?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 114



...SUDDENLY ONE LOVES HER...

Sherrie is the sort of child you would pick out in a crowd. An American Indian, pretty with black, beautiful eyes, there is a sort of wistful doubt and discontent about her that intrigues one. She is slightly suspicious of you at first, for her seven years of life have been hard. One of five children, her father's earnings were always meager and illness prevents his working now or at any steady job in the future. With six mouths to feed, her mother works picking cotton, but it is temporary and uncertain work. Talking with Sherrie in front of her barren adobe hut home, one glances at the dreary, discouraging surroundings and then into her earnest, worried little face, and — suddenly one loves her.

With Christian Children's Fund help, Sherrie can have a chance at something better, and so can many other of these little First Americans. The Indian Bureau, the public schools and church missions are helping. But the Indian in many cases does have a just grievance against the conquerors of his land. Often, Indians still feel they do not belong, are not welcome and are foreigners in the land that once was theirs. Many of them do not even speak English.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE [illegible]

"Yes," she said. Quietly.

"I swear I don't know what's the matter with the boys around here nowadays," Alden said. "Or maybe you're keeping something from me."

"As a matter of fact, I *am*," she said suddenly, and with resolute cheerfulness. "Today I was given the most fascinating assignment I've had since I went to work at the museum."

"You know that wasn't what I meant," he remarked in an aggrieved tone, and said no more until he brought the Rolls to a halt beside the marquee of Mrs. Gardiner's apartment hotel.

Mrs. Benjamin Langham Forbes Minturn, who had been trained in matters of posture back in the 1890's, sat impressively erect on an uncomfortable Empire sofa. While she waited for her guests she occupied herself with a crossword puzzle. Her long, lean face, which people who admired her called "characterful" and those who didn't called "horselike," wore a troubled expression partly because of her new cook, Ruthanne Fogarty, and partly because Mrs. Minturn was finding her puzzle difficult. To receive a sister, a cousin and a grandniece Mrs. Minturn had dressed precisely as she always dressed for dinner. More than a quarter of a century before, she had bought a tea gown of maroon velvet. Growing fond of it as an evening costume, Mrs. Minturn had several times commissioned a dressmaker to copy it, varying the color. The present gown was rich purple, which—with its connotations—made it highly appropriate attire for Mrs. Minturn.

The doorbell rang, and she went to admit her guests. "Come in, and be sure you stand on the marble while you take off your rubbers," she ordered. "There isn't a soul left in Boston who knows how to clean Orientals without shredding them to bits." She kissed Mrs. Thomas Tuttle and said, "Priscilla." She kissed Mrs. Rupert Gardiner and said, "Lutie." She kissed Persis and said, "Persis." Then, as they obediently stood on the black-and-white checkered marble floor and removed their coats, she said, "I see that even with the car and umbrellas you all got wet."

"Delia isn't ill, is she?" Mrs. Tuttle asked.

"I told her not to bother about the door tonight since it was just to be family," said Mrs. Minturn. "The truth is, I wanted her to stay in the kitchen and keep an eye on a new woman I've got. Let's go upstairs and have our sherry." Mrs. Minturn took her grandniece's arm, and they ascended the staircase. "I've been racking my brains over an utterly impossible puzzle," she said. "For example, I fear I shall never be able to think of a seven-letter word meaning an ancient Egyptian tomb."

"Could it be 'mastaba'?" said Persis. "A mastaba is an oblong tomb with sloping sides, connected with a mummy chamber in the natural rock underneath."

"That fits!" Mrs. Minturn exclaimed. "Imagine a child like you knowing such a thing!"

"I'm afraid it's just that our Department of Egyptian Art happens to own one," Persis said. "They display it with a simulated mummy chamber and a papier-mâché rock setting."

"Really? If you hadn't told me I'd have given the credit for your knowing the word entirely to Radcliffe. Something I've always regretted is that my parents disapproved so strongly of advanced education for women. The blunt truth is that I know nearly everything there is to know about human frailties and about Boston, and that I know very little else." She led her guests into the walnut-paneled library on the second floor.

"What a delightful confession, and how utterly untrue!" Persis said affectionately.

Mrs. Minturn permitted herself a pleased grunt.

"To mention only one accomplishment, you know a great deal about managing a sizable house," Mrs. Gardiner pointed out.

"Don't speak of sizable houses!" Mrs. Minturn commanded. "Not only am I at my wits' end trying to run this one, I'm also facing the summer and Ipswich. Even though the house at Ipswich may not collect dust the way this one does, it's becoming more and more impossible for Delia to cope with. Very likely I'll end by staying in Boston all summer." She opened a small mahogany cellarette and took out a bottle of amontillado and four glasses. "Would anyone rather have something else?" she inquired, as she always did, and as usual they all truthfully said they'd prefer sherry. Mrs. Minturn, they knew, would choose a stronger drink. Her husband had always taken two ounces of Scotch whisky, neat, before his dinner, and for years she had followed his custom, despite the fact that she thought the taste of Scotch whisky rather nasty.

The ladies chose the places they customarily occupied in the library. Mrs. Thomas Tuttle, who had selected a wing chair covered with Chinese brocade, bore no resemblance whatever to her elder sister, Allegra Minturn. A plump, briskly cheerful soul, Mrs. Tuttle was enthusiastically dedicated to a number of Boston's welfare agencies, and to the breed of domestic pet known as the Maine coon cat. Without exception people liked Mrs. Tuttle, who was outspoken but in no way awesome. Mrs. Tuttle's head was crowned with a cloud of soft white curls. These gave her a winsome look that was in itself enough to make new acquaintances feel at ease in her presence. In one respect only were the sisters alike: to behave with quiet self-assurance was their standard order of procedure. Not too surprisingly, perhaps, since they were Winthrops.

Persis had chosen to sit beside Lucy Gardiner, who was cousin to all of them. Like Mrs. Minturn, Mrs. Rupert Gardiner was tall and angular, but she possessed a far less authoritative manner than either of the sisters. Instead, she was painfully shy. That the late Rupert Gardiner, a quiet and mannerly deviate, hadn't genuinely warmed to her still hurt and bewildered the unfortunate Lucy, who knew virtually nothing of such patterns of living. Luckily, she was fond of music, and in recent years had formed a kind of compensatory alliance with a record-playing apparatus.

When she had supplied her guests with sherry, Mrs. Minturn sat down in her husband's lyre-back desk chair. Lifting her glass, she spoke a phrase Benjamin had liked to use: "Here's to everyone's very good health!" She tilted back her head, drained her two ounces of whisky without flinching, and then gratefully refreshed her burning throat with sips of mineral water. "I haven't the remotest idea how long we'll be required to sit here before dinner is announced," she said. "Persis, do tell us what you're working at these days."

This, of course, led to the ladies' hearing about the Aylmer Collection. Presently Delia entered the library. "Dinner is served, madam," she said and, frowning significantly at Mrs. Minturn, slowly shook her head.

"Trouble?" said Mrs. Minturn.

Delia nodded.

"I feared as much," Mrs. Minturn said. "My lemon sole at lunch was fried to a fare-thee-well! Our digestive systems probably won't thank us for it, but shall we go in?"

In the sedate dining room, with its dark green damask walls and heavy Hepplewhite furniture, Mrs. Minturn's guests took their customary places at the table. Delia, old and frail but a figure of dignity in her black alpaca and starched linen, went through the business of removing the service plates to the sideboard.

Mrs. Minturn said, "Now let's find out what Miss Fogarty's idea of a homemade tomato soup is."

From a dumb-waiter concealed behind a tall screen of Italian tooled leather, Delia brought the first course. As soon as Mrs. Minturn had tasted her soup, she returned her spoon to her saucer and said grimly, "*Flour lumps!* And not a trace of sweetening either. Furthermore, I gather Miss Fogarty knows nothing whatever about using a bay leaf. If this soup is a sample of her best work, perhaps it's just as well she's never acquired a husband."

"Speaking of acquiring a husband, how is it you never breathe a word to us about any of your beaux, Persis?" Mrs. Tuttle inquired. "Tell us about them. Whom have you been seeing mostly this winter?"

With an involuntary intake of breath so quick that the sound was faintly audible, Persis clutched at her napkin. Why did people, especially the ones she knew were fondest of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 117

WORDS TO A BUDDING ODDITY

By MARY W. LAMB

To be unlike most people, you
will find not overtrying;
To be unlike a few is altogether
gratifying.

But to have no counterpart—to
be the only, *only*
Is something else again, and,
sort of, lonely.



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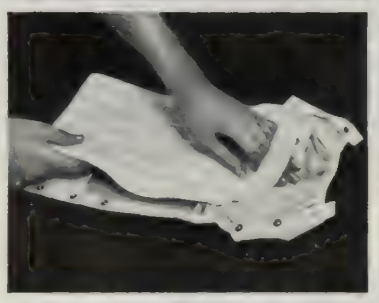
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

her, like to introduce a topic that could only humiliate?

"After all," Mrs. Tuttle continued briskly, "you've met most of the eligible young men in Boston, beginning with the reception Will and Deedee gave for you. I still wish it could have been something more along the lines of a really gala dance. And I told them so myself at the time. Even offered to pay all the expenses, but Will wouldn't hear of it."

"Father may not have had much money, but he had pride," Persis said. "I imagine he knew people would realize he couldn't have afforded to pay for an elaborate party."

"Darling Deedee and darling Will!" Mrs. Gardiner said, and her eyes suddenly filled with tears. "I miss them dreadfully. It was all so horrible and so needless!"

"We won't talk about it, Lutie," Mrs. Minturn said, not unkindly.

William Winthrop had been a clergyman. Toward the end of Persis' senior year at Radcliffe, William and his wife, Fidelia, had been killed violently and brutally in a highway accident and since then Persis had resolutely managed her life without benefit of Minturn, Tuttle or Gardiner generosity. Persis, like her father, had both pride and individuality.

"I'm still waiting to hear about the beaux," Mrs. Tuttle said.

Anxious to close the subject, Persis said flatly, "I haven't any, Aunt Priscilla. Incidentally, it was kind of you to want to give a dance for me, but I was never much of a success at dances. For one thing, I always had a tendency to hop; and for another, I was never pretty enough."

"Nonsense!" Mrs. Minturn said indignantly. "Even though you have always tended to be much too pale, you have very good bones. And bones *count!*"

"Not at dances, Aunt Allegra," Persis said.

When the time came for Delia to wheel a meat cart from the shelter of the Italian leather screen, Mrs. Minturn turned and addressed herself to the serious business of carving beef and cutting squares of Yorkshire pudding. "Incredible!" she said as she lifted the second and third slices of meat and deposited them on a warmed serving plate. "Miss Fogarty must have studied cookery in a tannery! Perhaps if we put a great deal of horse-radish cream over our meat we won't mind its dryness so much."

"Excuse me, madam, but there isn't any horse-radish cream," Delia interposed. "Ruthanne said she couldn't be bothered."

"Really?" said Mrs. Minturn, raising her eyebrows. "Miss Fogarty is apparently an 'original,' as we used to call it in my younger days. Let's hope the vegetables, at least, will be edible. We're having acorn squash and beets."

But the squash proved to be hard and the beets awash in a cloying syrup.

"It's becoming less and less likely that we'll be able to go to Ipswich, Delia," Mrs. Minturn said. "If Miss Fogarty were merely a fair cook but pleasant to have around and willing to give you a hand with the other housework, I'd be of quite another mind about the summer."

"Personally, I'm very fond of Boston in July and August," Mrs. Tuttle said. "I never consider going away."

"That's because of your animals and you know it, so stop sounding virtuous," Mrs. Minturn told her sister amiably.

"The hotel I go to on Nantucket is really exceptionally nice," Mrs. Gardiner said. "I wouldn't miss my two summer months there for anything. *Do* try it, Allegra."

"No, *thank* you, Lutie!" Mrs. Minturn said, speaking almost sharply.

"Or you could take a North Cape cruise," Persis said.

"I consider the idea of a trip on an ocean liner at the very height of the tourist season anything but attractive," Mrs. Minturn said with an asperity that probably had been induced more by Miss Fogarty's performance than by Persis' gentle remark.

Real friends are those who, when you've made a fool of yourself, don't feel you've done a permanent job. MARIE FRASER

"Doctor and Mrs. Lyman feel just as you do, and when they went to the Archaeological Congress in Oslo last summer, they traveled by a Swedish freighter," Persis said. "According to Doctor Lyman, what their trip amounted to was a very comfortable two-week cruise each way. They used the Thorden Line and Doctor Lyman can't say enough in favor of it. Not that I'd recommend a freighter trip in *your* case, of course, but still it's an awfully useful thing to know about. For someone like myself, I mean."

"And why wouldn't you recommend it in my case, may I ask?" Mrs. Minturn demanded. "I'm sure that if Doctor Lyman found his Swedish freighter so enjoyable I might like to try the same sort of thing myself as an alternative to a summer in Ipswich."

"Surely you aren't serious about taking a trip on a freighter?" Persis said, suddenly very much aware of her great-aunt's age. "I mean about possibly taking such a trip? Doctor Lyman says they aren't required by international law to carry a doctor. On a freighter the chief officer has to serve as a medical officer, too, in emergencies, and simply does as best he can with a sizable first-aid kit."

"I'm never ill," Mrs. Minturn said succinctly. "To the best of my knowledge, the last ailment I had was chicken pox. I can't recall the exact year, but it was before the Spanish-American War. In answer to your question, Persis, I'm not saying I intend to travel to Europe in a freighter. I'm merely saying that it sounds to me an extremely sensible method of going from one place to another by sea."

Delia brought the cottage pudding, and Mrs. Minturn made the discovery that in texture it very nearly resembled modeling clay. She put down her spoon after a single experimental bite and said in a thoughtful tone, "I believe I'll telephone Mr. Ballister the younger in the morning—I forget his first name—and ask him to start looking into the matter of freighter reservations."

"What will you tell him, Allegra?" Mrs. Gardiner asked.

"I shall simply say that I wish to go somewhere in a Swedish freighter."

"But *where?*" said Mrs. Gardiner.

"That's relatively unimportant," Mrs. Minturn said. "I merely want to be at sea for as many weeks of the summer as possible. And I'd be very glad, Lutie, if you'd come with me as my guest. We could play backgammon together after dinner. Why don't you come along, too, Priscilla? Then, if we were able to find a sufficiently competent fourth, we *could* have our bridge."

"I'm sorry, Allegra, but it's out of the question," Mrs. Tuttle said.

"I know," Mrs. Minturn said with a shrug. "Your animals. You couldn't spare the time to take such a trip, could you, Persis? I mean, with your Roman-British exhibit in the offing? Because I should be delighted to have not only Lutie as my guest, but you as well."

"I'm afraid I can't leave my job," Persis said wistfully. "But thank you for inviting me. I only hope that a freighter trip of the kind you're thinking about would be a wise and safe plan for you."

"You worry about me far too much," her great-aunt said. "Now shall we go into the library and have our coffee? I am assuming that there *will* be coffee and that it will be possible for us to drink it."

"Let's stop worrying about food and drink, Allegra, and concentrate on a much more important matter," Mrs. Tuttle said briskly, as they all got up from the table. "I'm referring to Persis and her lack of beaux. I want to go into the matter and I want to go into it thoroughly!"

Instead, Mrs. Tuttle elected to deliver a monologue, over the coffee, about the good times she herself had had in Boston as a girl. For this unexpected and happy deliverance Persis was deeply grateful.

"And then, when I'd been out for nearly a year, Tom Tuttle asked me to go to a Hasty Pudding show with him, and that was *that!*" Mrs. Tuttle finished triumphantly. "So you see, Persis, the whole secret is in knowing which invitations to accept and which invitations *not* to accept!"

The rain had stopped, but the garnet brick pavements of Beacon Hill were still wet enough to glitter sharply under the street lights as Persis returned to Sentry Hill Place on foot. She turned her key in the lock, and climbed the stairs with an exhaustion that had nothing whatever to do with her day at the museum. When she had taken off the gray dinner dress she yielded to a compulsion to throw herself face downward on her bed and weep. She cried convulsively for nearly ten minutes.

There'll never be anyone! she told herself desperately. *Never! I'm plain, and I don't know how to amuse them and please them, and I don't care what Aunt Priscilla says—it's knowing how to please them that's the real secret!*

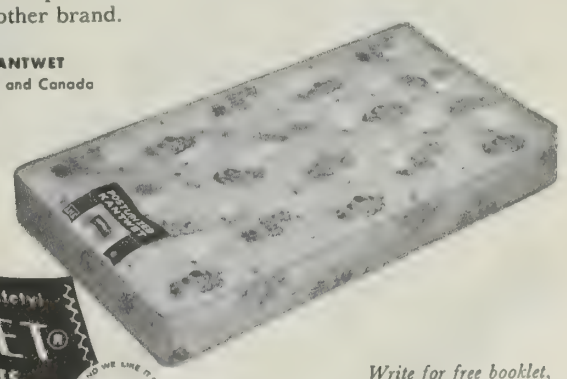
Despite a fairly heavy sea off the Orkneys, Else Andreassen, the *kahytsjomfru* of the 3538-ton motor vessel Anny Jensen, sat contentedly on the lap of *Herre Telegrafist* Erik Lind with an arm securely around him. From time to time she glanced down at his long,

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curling eyelashes and sighed appreciatively. The *jomfru* was in her early twenties and very pleasingly formed. She wore the neat black uniform the company required her to put on every evening at six. By taking it in a bit here and a bit there, the *jomfru* had artfully managed to emphasize her charms. She wore a lively shade of lipstick, and even more eye-catching was the fiery red hair dye she had persuaded an obliging Copenhagen *friseur* to apply earlier in the week.

The *jomfru* and the *telegrafist* were sipping Kijafa and he was saying, "Denmark's backwardness in electronics is a disgrace to the nation! Virtually everyone else is ahead of us. Look at America, look at Western Germany, look at England, look at Sweden even!"

The *jomfru* kissed the top of his head. "I know what it is you need," she said. "So do you. Hurry up and finish your Kijafa. Remember you can sleep later in the morning than I can."

"Parliament should be ashamed of itself, the way it votes huge sums for absolutely unnecessary highways instead of doing everything it can to build up our technology," he continued. But he was a warm-blooded boy, and even as he spoke he drained his glass, lifted her to her feet and jumped up himself. He gave her buttocks a friendly slap.

She giggled. "Oh, I like you *so* much better than Carstensen."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because he's unimaginative," she said.

"Well, after all, the second mate's married," he said reflectively. "Maybe married men fall into more or less of a set routine when they're with women."

"Not all married men, I assure you!" she said, much amused. A moment or two later she climbed up to the *telegrafist's* elevated berth, stretched herself out on it, and gave an anticipatory wriggle.

"About electronics, I just want to say that I'm definitely not happy about having to take my advanced degree either at Copenhagen or Aarhus," he said as he hoisted himself into the berth.

Shortly after Persis had arrived in Philadelphia and checked in at her hotel she began the task of studying the Aylmer Collection all over again. Meanwhile, her museum's staff photographer, Mr. Coggeshall, undertook the job of photographing, painstakingly, one item after another. Shortly after dinner her third night at the hotel she had a phone call from Coggeshall, who was staying in Camden with a sister and brother-in-law.

"Sorry to bother you in the evening, Miss Winthrop," he began. "The reason I'm calling is that a nephew of mine who works in Philadelphia is having dinner with me tomorrow night. If by any chance you're going to be free, I wonder whether you'd be willing to join us and help me entertain him. You'll really be doing me a great favor if you can come."

"I'd love to," Persis said.

"Suppose I call for you at six-thirty?"

"I'll be waiting down in the lobby," Persis said. "And thank you *so* much!"

She could feel at ease with Coggeshall, as in fact she could with older people in general. A balding, good-natured little man of forty-eight, Coggeshall was in no way a scholar, but as staff photographer he took a keen interest in the museum and enjoyed its triumphs. That the Roman British loan was a triumph, and Persis' own, he very well knew, and he made a point of saying something to this effect as they were riding to the restaurant.

"I'm expecting it to be an even bigger draw than our paintings from the Tate," he said.

"We'll have to wait and see, Mr. Coggeshall, but I hope you're right," Persis said. "Tell me what your nephew does. You said you wanted me to help keep the conversation going, and suddenly it occurs to me I haven't the remotest idea of what to talk to him about."

"Well, let's see," said Coggeshall. "Warren's the treasurer of a company that sells foreign sports cars. The boy's smart. Always has been. Don't feel any responsibility at all about the evening, Miss Winthrop. Warren's perfectly capable of carrying the ball."

"Where did he go to school?"

"Temple. Then into the Army. After that he took a master's in business administration. Even though his alumni employment office lined up a first-rate position for him with the Cerro de Pasco Corporation down in Peru—that's a big mining concern—he voted in favor of this job instead. Because he's crazy about sports cars. I suppose he probably made a sensible decision, at that, since the field seems to be broadening all the time."

"I suppose it is," Persis said vaguely.

"Here we are. My brother-in-law recommends Chincoteague oysters, boned shad, and bock beer since it's late March, but you go ahead and study the menu and maybe you'll see something you like better." He paid the driver. "There's Warren, standing just inside the door."

A moment later Coggeshall was saying, "Miss Winthrop, this is my nephew, Warren Buckley; Warren, this is Miss Winthrop, who's down here to start work on a catalogue of the collection I'm shooting. The Aylmer Collection."

"What's your first name?" Warren asked, showing no perceptible interest in the Aylmer Collection.

"Persis," she said.

"Really?" the young man said. "That's certainly unusual. It's a name I've never even heard before."

"It's not so unusual around Boston," his uncle said, and then, to the headwaiter, "A table for three, please."

"Why don't you call her by it?" Warren said as they crossed the room. "How come you say 'Miss Winthrop' when you both work at the same place?"

Persis flushed with embarrassment. She knew the answer to this, and she knew that Mr. Coggeshall knew the answer too. It was simply that no one at the museum had ever called the staff photographer by his own first name. Persis came to his rescue immediately. "I do wish you *would* call me Persis, Mr.



Coggeshall. As Mr. Buckley says, we're working together and I certainly like to think that we're friends."

"And stop saying 'Mr. Buckley,' will you?" Warren ordered. "Say 'Warren.' Matter of fact, most people my own age call me 'Herc.'"

"'Herc'?" Persis said inquiringly.

"Short for Hercules. When I was at Temple I used to play quite a lot of football."

Persis nodded and said, "I see. And they called you 'Hercules' because you have a large frame."

"Well, I guess maybe more because I was supposed to be a pretty rugged player."

Coggeshall seated her opposite Warren and himself, and Persis studied her fellow guest with a certain awe. He had a handsome, somewhat sensuous face, with warm, healthy coloring and features of marked evenness.

The menu was so overwhelming that Persis was glad to follow the recommendations Warren's father had made to Coggeshall. "Fried oysters, French fries and coleslaw," Warren said briefly to the waiter, and to Persis, "I don't go for the fancy stuff. Hey, Persis, what kind of car do you drive?"

"I don't drive any car," she had to confess. "Partly because the Boston traffic situation is such a nightmare and partly because I don't feel I can afford the expense."

"Going by car's the only way to travel," Warren said definitively.

It was perhaps a tribute to Warren Buckley's appearance that Persis was not in the least annoyed by the finality of this remark. She offered no dissent. Instead she asked, "What kind of car do *you* drive, Warren?"

"If you mean what do I own, I own an Alfa-Romeo. Used, of course, but it's one sweet car. If you really mean what do I *drive*, I guess the truth is I drive practically anything I can get my hands on if it appeals to me, and if the owner's co-operative about letting me give it a try. Now let's go back to what you were saying a minute ago. Let's put our heads together and see if maybe we can't come up with an inspiration."

Persis couldn't resist interpreting the phrase literally. The idea of Warren's putting his head next to hers was a delectably satisfying thought.

"I want you to realize I'm just as happy about seeing good used cars go out of our place as I am about seeing brand-new cars go out of it," he began. "That's because I figure the more foreign sports cars the general public sees on the road, the faster its interest in 'em is going to grow. Get my point?"

Persis nodded and said, "Yes, of course," respectfully.

SWEET WILLIAM'S BREATH

By MARK VAN DOREN

Sweet William's breath,
Clove pink, clear spice,
Has breathed upon me twice,
Boy and man:
In my gaunt grandmother's garden,
Then my own—hot, sweet,
Here it is, and candy good;
Here it is, red, white,
And small and many, like the figures
In her apron long ago.
Gaunt she was, and still, and good,
My life ago.

Thereafter, her replies were almost entirely monosyllabic. When he explained at length why he considered the power unit of one model superior to that of another, and added, "Believe me, I know what I'm talking about!" her warm "I'm sure you do!" was probably the very best thing she could possibly have said. To ensure a successful dinner hour, at least. And so it went, with Mr. Coggeshall devoting himself almost entirely to his food and saying even less than Persis.

It was only when Warren had delivered his grand summary, over the coffee, and had said cozily that for price, performance, looks, and maneuverability in Boston traffic, absolutely nothing could even begin to touch the little 1955 Triumph he wanted to show her the next day, that Persis did better than speak in monosyllables. Or did worse.

"Well, of course, as I was saying at the beginning of dinner, Warren, I really haven't any intention at all of buying a car," Persis confided, now feeling wonderfully at ease with him. "Incidentally, Warren, when you talk about cars I can tell you love them exactly the way I love some of the fascinating things *I* work with. Today, for example, I actually held in my hands a decorated bronze mirror of the first century A.D. that must be one of the most exquisite objects of its kind the Romans ever created." She turned to Coggeshall, as if for corroboration, and he nodded.

Warren leaned back in his chair and surveyed Persis wryly. Shrugging his shoulders, he said, "I guess I didn't even begin to get to first base."

"What do you mean, Warren?"

"Golly Moses, what a getaway!" he said with grudging admiration.

"A 'getaway'?"

"Ah, cut it out!" he said. Then he gestured placatingly with both hands. "O.K., O.K. So I've had it. So just don't rub it in."

Although Persis couldn't quite follow him, she gathered that he was indulging in a joke, perhaps of some special Philadelphia variety, and she gave him the warmest and friendliest of smiles.

"I hope everyone else's dinner was as good as mine," Warren's uncle said as he paid the bill.

"Mine was perfect," said Persis. "And thank you so much, Mr. Coggeshall."

On the sidewalk Coggeshall said, "It seems to be only eight-thirty. Perhaps you young people would like to go to a movie or something. Personally, I believe I'll head for Camden and see if I can manage to get a good night's sleep. Warren, will you be a good fellow and take Persis back to her hotel whenever she's ready to call it an evening?" Warren appeared to be groping for a suitable reply, but was unable to produce one before his uncle had said a cordial good night to them both and departed in a taxi.

"Look, Persis," Warren said desperately, "I don't know what kind of a day you've got ahead of you tomorrow, but mine's going to be a stinker. So maybe a movie wouldn't be such a hot idea."

With forced cheerfulness Persis said, "I understand, Warren. Why don't you simply take me back to the hotel?" It was impossible for her not to note his relief. She slipped her hands into her topcoat pockets and clenched her fists, determined not to show any awareness of the rebuff.

"Early to bed, hey?" Warren said approvingly. "I think that probably would be sensible. The Alfa's parked about a block from here." He took her arm. "This way, Persis."

Freed from the prospect of spending an evening with her, he was all affability as they sped to the hotel in the Alfa-Romeo, but Persis only half listened.

When she entered the lobby she glanced at the clock over the front desk. The hands stood at a quarter to nine.

"There's a message for you, Miss Winthrop," the clerk said. "Please call Long Distance Operator Forty-five."

"Thank you," said Persis as she took her key.

In her room she picked up the phone with the natural apprehension of one to whom

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long-distance calls are something of a rarity. Presently she heard an operator say, "Mrs. Minturn? I have Miss Winthrop. Go ahead, please."

"Persis?"

"Aunt Allegra! Is everything all right?"

"Certainly everything is all right! How are you managing down there?

"Very well, thank you. Our staff photographer has just treated me to a beautiful dinner. Chesapeake Bay oysters and boned shad."

"Don't! I'm not in a mood to hear about such things. Lutie and I have just had veal cutlets that were indistinguishable from shoe leather. Persis, I have rather a lot to say, so be patient and don't interrupt. This is going to be an expensive-enough call as it is. First, I should mention that I've seen Mr. Ballister, who told me that summer bookings on a freighter of any description are out of the question at this late date. The next day he telephoned to say that an extra sailing of a Danish freighter has been scheduled for late May or early June. The line is called the Jensen Line. After thinking about the matter I telephoned him to say I thought I might like to take the trip provided I could be assured of a return passage without a long wait abroad. Mr. Ballister said that a return passage in late June is relatively easy to obtain. Are you following me, Persis?"

"Yes, Aunt Allegra," Persis sighed.

"I told Lutie and she's agreed to go with me. I now come to a most interesting development. I told Priscilla my news, and that same afternoon an English veterinary surgeon and his wife came to her house for tea, having just arrived in America to spend several months. When he asked Priscilla whether she could recommend a not-too-expensive furnished apartment he and his wife might sublease she offered them her place rent-free provided they'd care for her precious cats. They settled all the details right there at the tea table, whereupon Priscilla telephoned me. And then *I* was inspired to carry the plan still further! I remembered Mr. Ballister telling me the Danish freighter's accommodations would consist of four single and four double cabins. When I called to ask him to reserve the third single room, the one for Priscilla, I said, 'Mr. Ballister, tentatively I'd like to reserve *all* the single cabins!' My next move was to telephone Dr. Lyman at the museum and ask him whether it could be possible for you to do your catalogue work on board a ship. He said that if you'd like to join Priscilla and Lutie and me and finish your job on shipboard, he'll gladly arrange with the director for you to do this. Now tell me what *you* say."

"Aunt Allegra, I'm overwhelmed! How can I ever begin to thank you?"

"Don't bother to. After all, I wanted a fourth for cards. If you'll attend to your passport I'll take care of everything else. And now I really must hang up, Persis, or I shall be bankrupt."

"Good night, Aunt Allegra," Persis said. "And sleep well."

"After those veal cutlets?" said Mrs. Minturn. "I consider the prospect unlikely in the extreme!"

The taxi carrying Persis, Mrs. Minturn, Mrs. Tuttle and Mrs. Gardiner to the Jensen Line's pier wound its way through the Brooklyn streets and presently arrived at an unprepossessing pier shed.

"It's kinda dirty around here, ladies," the driver warned. "Ya gotta be careful when ya get out or ya'll stumble over cables an' chains an' stuff."

"Thank you," Persis said. "We'll be careful."

"I'll put your suitcases over there by the entrance to the shed, where the watchman's sittin'. Somebody from the ship'll carry 'em aboard. Now let's see what the bad news is. You owe me four bucks an' sixty cents."

Mrs. Minturn paid him, tipping him 10 per cent to the penny. He counted the money and then said, somewhat ruefully, "Well, ladies, I suppose I might as well carry your bags over to the shed anyway."

"I hope you heard what he said about the danger of coming into contact with grease, Persis," Mrs. Minturn said as they got out of the taxi. "Your blue tweed may not be exactly new, but on the other hand it's not old, either. As I told you, Mr. Ballister definitely recommended *old* tweeds. How does it happen you aren't wearing your brown?"

"I gave it to the Junior League Thrift Shop shortly before I left for Philadelphia," Persis said. "At the same time I treated myself to two new wool dresses in pastel shades, which

BETTER HALF

● Since the soul and body together were considered to make up man, one's more important or spiritual self was called "the better half." In his famous *Arcadia*, Sir Philip Sidney applied the phrase to union between husband and wife rather than body and soul. But every husband with a spark of honesty has used *better half* to name the woman who makes up more than half his life.

WEBB GARRISON

I've brought with me. But I can assure you the blue is quite old enough. I've been wearing it for nearly three years."

"I've been wearing the suit I have on for eight or thereabouts," said Mrs. Tuttle.

"I bought mine shortly after World War Two," Mrs. Minturn said.

"That's right, Allegra," said Mrs. Gardiner. "The same day I bought this one. We went shopping together."

So, proudly shabby—though by no means tatterdemalion—the party walked toward the pier shed.

"Do—er—do we show you our tickets?" Mrs. Minturn asked the watchman.

He shook his head. "If you're for the Anny Jensen, just go aboard. Somebody'll pick 'em up sooner or later."

Mrs. Tuttle looked at the watchman and then at the luggage and then at the watchman again. "M-m-m," she said thoughtfully. "Despite this gentleman's advice, I believe I'll carry the smaller of my two suitcases aboard. It's only moderately heavy, and it does contain certain essentials."

"I'm going to do the same thing," said Mrs. Gardiner.

"Aunt Allegra, I can easily carry one of mine and one of yours if I tuck my briefcase under one arm," Persis said.

"Good!" said Mrs. Minturn. "Thank you very much. And perhaps you'd better lead the way."

Although the shed was illuminated only by an occasional bulb suspended from the ceiling, the stevedores were going about their work handily enough in the half-light. Dollies rumbled noisily across the cement floor, and the grinding of the ship's winches provided an equally harsh obbligato.

"I can see the opening where the gangplank is," said Persis. "Is everyone getting along all right?"

Mrs. Tuttle, who was bringing up the rear, called, "All I wish is that these little cars or trucks or whatever they're called would indicate what they're going to do next. They're forever charging at me unexpectedly."

Persis put down her suitcases. "Let's rest for a second, shall we?" she said, suspecting that her elders might welcome a breather. Persis herself was feeling unexpectedly exhilarated. Sniffing the mingled odors of damp sisal cordage and East River brine, she suddenly realized that for the time being she was free to do as she pleased. She had her catalogue assignment so well in hand that little remained for her to concentrate on beyond a careful general editing. To Persis the gangplank they were nearing meant one thing only: the enjoyment of being alone and undisturbed for hours at a time. "Well, shall we be on our

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way?" she asked. There was no one at the gangplank. "I suppose we might as well go on board and look for our rooms. We may even encounter the stewardess."

"If we don't, our stateroom numbers are one, two, seven and eight," said Mrs. Minturn. "Let's try to find the door leading to the main lobby, if there *is* such a thing."

They mounted the gangplank.

"Obviously there's a stairway inside the white part," Mrs. Tuttle said. "Bound to be."

"Do you suppose we're going to be on a ghost ship all the way across the Atlantic?" Mrs. Gardiner said bleakly. "If it's like this all the way over, Allegra, I shall really never forgive you for advising against my bringing a small record player and a few operas and symphonies."

"If you'll recall my exact words, Lutie, I merely suggested that none of us bring any kind of impediments whatever, but that we each limit ourselves to two suitcases," Mrs. Minturn said evenly.

"Here's a door that says *Passagere*," Persis interposed. "It's Danish for 'passengers.'"

"I've been meaning to ask—have you made much progress with Danish?" Mrs. Tuttle asked. "Allegra told me you'd started to take it up."

"Never having met a Dane in my life, I haven't had an opportunity to find out," Persis replied. "It's like studying Latin without having any Romans to talk to." She opened the door and they found themselves entering an immaculate transverse corridor with a number of mahogany-stained doors opening off it and a stair well at the center.

"Shall we try the deck above next, or the deck below?" Persis asked.

"I vote *up*," said Mrs. Minturn. As they climbed the stairs she remarked, "The Anny Jensen is considerably tidier inside than out, I'm glad to see."

Persis, still leading the way, paused as they reached the deck above, and put down the suitcases she was carrying. Directly ahead were four open doors, each revealing a neat and attractive double stateroom of generous size. These cabins, numbered 3, 4, 5 and 6, were as yet unoccupied. Persis did a bit of exploring and discovered that short corridors at right angles to this one led to the single cabins. "Our rooms are on the side, Aunt Allegra," she said. "What shall we do? Simply appropriate a room apiece?"

"Why not?" said Mrs. Minturn. "I gather that on a freighter it behooves the passengers to take the initiative. Ah, hot and cold running water in each room, and plenty of towels. And *quite* large wardrobes. So far, so good. I believe I shall do some unpacking."

The others followed Mrs. Minturn's example, and later assembled in her cabin.

"Everything's so extremely clean," Mrs. Gardiner reported. "I now realize I worried needlessly on the score of hygiene. On the other hand, with such an unexpectedly large stateroom I'm going to regret more than ever that I didn't bring a record player."

"I don't believe I've told you all that I had a caller while I was unpacking," Mrs. Tuttle continued. "In the form of an extremely pregnant cat. Black and white."

"Allegra, I think *you* have a caller at the moment," Mrs. Gardiner said in a warning tone, and they all turned. A middle-aged man was lounging idly in the doorway. He had a good-humored face, tanned and healthy-looking, and wore a khaki shirt, a frayed brown pull-over and faded khaki trousers. The visitor appeared to be studying the passengers.

"Americans?" he asked doubtfully.

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Minturn. "Have you come to collect our tickets? Or are you a passenger yourself, perhaps?"

The middle-aged man's very blue eyes twinkled engagingly. "No, not a passenger."

"If you are connected in any way with the steamship company, could you possibly tell us how we could arrange to have our larger suitcases brought on board from the pier? There seems to be absolutely no one about except those workmen who are loading the ship."

"May I?" the man said politely, stepping inside the cabin. He found and pressed a push button they hadn't discovered. "I'm the skipper," he added with a shy smile. "Maarbierg. Isn't that a funny-sounding name? I mean, Americans often think so."

"Morebeer?" said Mrs. Minturn experimentally. "Yes, it *is* unusual, isn't it? But I'm confused. You are the *captain* of this ship?"

Captain Maarbjerg bowed slightly.

Whatever astonishment Mrs. Minturn may have felt she hid with admirable composure. She advanced, held out her hand and said graciously, "How do you do, Captain Morebeer. I am Mrs. Benjamin Minturn. May I present my sister, Mrs. Thomas Tuttle? And my cousin, Mrs. Rupert Gardiner? And my grandniece, Miss Persis Winthrop?"

Captain Maarbjerg, who presumably had never experienced the ordeal of going down a Boston receiving line, looked as uneasy as any Harvard undergraduate at the Sheraton-Plaza on hearing these words. Then his own lifetime of training came to his aid, and as he shook hands with Mrs. Tuttle, Mrs. Gardiner and Persis he carefully greeted each one by name.

The ship's stewardess appeared in the doorway, and the captain asked her to send one of the cabin boys ashore for their luggage. The stewardess, who might conceivably have been mistaken for a musical-comedy soubrette, gave the passengers a quick, appraising glance, and then went to the stair well and called to someone below, "*Poul!*" She followed this with a torrent of Danish.

"I'm relieved to know she understands English," said Mrs. Tuttle. "Is that true of all the people on this ship?"

"Nearly all," the captain said. "German is now less popular with us as a second language than was once the case. Speaking of German, I must tell you that the four double cabins are to be occupied by German couples who are returning to Europe from an international convention of chemists. You will all do me a great kindness if you will sit at my table in the dining saloon. There will then be room for only one of the German couples. We shall speak English, of course." He glanced at his wrist watch. Then he looked up and gave a conspiratorial smile. "In exactly five minutes I am permitted to sail," he said. "Perhaps we shall be a smaller group than I had expected."

Suddenly a number of guttural voices could be heard from the companionway. Captain Maarbjerg shrugged his shoulders and sighed. "I must go to the bridge and put on a proper uniform. Miss Winthrop, will you sit at my right at the dinner table, please? I am allowed very few—ah—what is the English word I am looking for? I am not quite sure. It means 'privileges.' Never mind, 'privileges' will do. I am allowed very few, but one of them is that when a passenger is young and charming I am entitled to the pleasure of her company at dinner."

Unaccustomed to gallantry, Persis blushed and the blush was becoming. "Thank you very much, Captain Maarbjerg."

He seemed astonished. "But how interesting!" he said. "You are the first American who has ever said it correctly the first time."

"I was trying to imitate your own pronunciation," she said.

"That is a most delightful compliment. Do I say *your* name correctly, Miss Winthrop?"

Persis hesitated. He had asked her to sit on his right at dinner. Should she return the compliment by saying "Yes," untruthfully, to this casual question? She found that she couldn't. "I'm afraid that instead of sounding the consonantal digraph *t-h*, you sound the *t* alone. Actually, many Europeans find the digraph one of the most difficult things in our language, so you needn't worry about it for a minute."

The captain looked rather dazed. Then with an air of great determination he said slowly, "Win-*throp*."

"Perfect!" said Persis.

The captain's eyes began to twinkle. "I will see you at dinner, Miss Win-*throp*."

The late-spring day was so pleasant that Persis chose to take some of her language-study material to one of the decks, now that

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 121

he Anny Jensen had begun to make her way oward the Narrows and the open sea. A fresh reeze ruffled her hair as she descended a adder to the cargo deck, and she reminded erself happily that on the freighter there was o need for her to worry about her appearance. It didn't occur to Persis that she might look more fetching in these circumstances than when, primly neat, she emerged each morning from Sentry Hill Place on her way o the museum. A few moments later she had perched herself on the edge of the canvas-covered No. 1 hatch and had opened one of her books.

As she sat studying atop the hatch, contentedly dangling her legs over the edge and savoring her new freedom, she couldn't help thinking that it hardly made sense for her to be laboring over the phonetic rendering of so many Danish sentences and phrases if it was to be in order for everyone to speak English aboard the Anny Jensen. Her stay in Copenhagen was to be so very brief, no more than a few days, before she and her relatives would sail back to the States. Suddenly she came across a word she found irresistibly comic, and broke into a peal of delighted laughter. As a scholar who had a special feeling for words, Persis marveled that the Danish for "beautiful" should be so harshly unattractive an arrangement of letters as "smuk." *I suppose "smuk" doesn't sound in the least harsh to the Danes, though*, she reflected.

Suddenly she heard this very word spoken by a young male voice. Persis looked up and discovered a couple of seamen at work in her vicinity. She discovered, too, that they had been studying her with marked approval. The seamen instantly pretended to be absorbed in the job at hand. Persis was dazed. Coloring violently, she bent over her book and feigned absorption herself.

"Legs . . . *beautiful!*" she heard one boy say, and then "American?" and then "Books . . . ook ——"

Persis remembered a sentence from her Radcliffe days: "I envy you your legs, Persis; nine are so pianoey!" She remembered it olely because receiving any compliment of a ersonal nature had been a relatively rare xperience for her. Now there was no mistaking the admiring tone in which the first oy had remarked, "Legs . . . *beautiful!*"

With a spurious air of detachment the seaen drew nearer. One of them seemed to be nterested in finding out what she was reading. His eyes and Persis' met. "*God dag*," he said.

"*God dag*," said Persis.

"*Er De Dansk?*" he inquired hopefully.

"*Nej, jeg er Amerikansk*," Persis astonished erself by replying with unexpected ease.

The two seamen exchanged looks of beilderment. The second boy exclaimed, "Fanstic! Is it that you have a Danish father or nother?"

Persis shook her head. "Both my parents ere American."

"But American girls do not speak Danish," e first boy said. "Not *ever!*"

"I really don't speak Danish," Persis hasned to explain. "I'm trying to familiarize yself with it just a little."

The *Overstyrmand!*" the first boy said to e second, and then to Persis, "Sometimes I ve my navigation with the chief officer, Mr. jellup. He likes to say if an American tourist ould ever try to learn Danish, the statue of e little mermaid at Langelinie will slip off r rock and swim away, because it will be at much of a miracle. Most tourists never y in Denmark more than three or four days. cuse me, but how long are you going to be our country?"

"Like your other tourists, only three or four ys, I'm afraid," Persis said. "It all depends when the next Jensen Line freighter leaves penhagen."

"And yet, with only three or four days to nd in Copenhagen, you are trying to learn nish," he marveled. "Amazing!"

"You both speak English so much better than I'll ever be able to speak Danish," Persis sighed.

"In our schools the teachers think the students should learn the language of the country from which Denmark is governed," one of the seamen explained with elaborate solemnity, and then both boys waited expectantly, their eyes glinting with mischief, to see how Persis would receive this.

She laughed, and apparently this was what they'd been hoping for, because they laughed, too, and when one of the boys pulled off his stocking cap and bowed slightly, the other followed suit. And they both told her they hoped she'd have a nice trip.

As they moved away, Persis began to enjoy a delicious sense of well-being. To feel liked is one of the strongest and most potent of tonics, and at the moment Persis was feeling exactly that.

She couldn't help wondering whether this was the way popular girls felt at dances, back home in Boston. *It must be*, she told herself, and suddenly found herself remembering one enchantress in particular. After satisfying herself that nobody was within earshot, Persis allowed herself to pretend that she was Angelica Mears. First she uttered a very small, very feminine squeal. Then she said, "Why, Saunders Lathom! I think it's *mean* of you not to want to dance with any of the other girls!" And then, astonished by the realism of her effort, she continued brightly, "Why don't you go and be nice to Persis Winthrop, for example?" Pause. "Oh, honestly, Saunders! I think that's a *terrible* thing to say about Persis!" Giggle. "*Is* she?" Giggle. "Am I *really*, Saunders?" Pause. Giggle. Pause. Squeal.

Persis was definitely enjoying herself.

For rather a long while she indulged in similar nonsense, and marveled increasingly at her new-found flair for impersonation. *Very likely it's related to being apt at languages*, she reflected. She glanced at her wrist watch and exclaimed, "Good heavens!"

It was well past six and the dinner hour was six-thirty. Persis jumped down from the hatch. Ascending to the small promenade deck on the port side, Persis suddenly came upon a young man engrossed in studying a slip of paper. He wore a brown tweed jacket and gray flannel slacks, and if Persis hadn't known that all the other passengers were German she'd have taken for granted that the boy was American. She liked his face.

"*Wie geht's*," she said pleasantly.

The young man looked up, seemingly a trifle startled. He inclined his head a fraction of an inch and said stiffly, "*Sehr gut, Fräulein, danke schön.*"

Attributing his rigidity to something she supposed must be fundamentally German, Persis shrugged her shoulders as she entered her cabin, and thought, *What a pity, when he has such a nice face and such intelligent eyes.*

It is perhaps significant that Persis didn't for a moment brood over the young man's lack of cordiality, or regard it as damning evidence that she herself was entirely unappealing. Fresh from her triumphs on the forward cargo deck of the Anny Jensen, she hummed lightly as she dressed.

The dress Persis had chosen was a soft rose, and she noted that her cheeks were very nearly a matching color, thanks to the way she'd spent the latter part of the afternoon.

Mrs. Minturn, clad in slightly rusted black silk, surveyed herself in her stateroom mirror. After giving her iron-gray hair a disciplinary pat or two, she sat down on the edge of her bed and turned her thoughts to the other members of her party. Would they really enjoy the trip? She hoped so. *Persis has her work and Lutie will at least have cards from time to time, though she's an indifferent player. Priscilla may actually be the one who'll begin to wish she'd stayed at home. She's a woman who enjoys being busy.*

Mrs. Tuttle entered her sister's room and Mrs. Minturn at once said, "Priscilla, it occurs to me that you may find the days at sea monotonous. What do *you* think? You know how you like to be doing things."

"I've just *been* doing things," Mrs. Tuttle said. "I've been midwifing!"

"No!" Mrs. Minturn gasped. "Don't tell me one of the German women was idiotic enough to sail for Europe in that condition!"

"Of course not. It was the cat I was telling you about this afternoon. The black-and-white. Apparently she's learned how to open the door of a little cupboard arrangement at the base of my wardrobe. Anyway, that's where she's had her kittens. Five, and every one as black as the ace of spades. I was so interested I almost forgot to dress for dinner. So you see the trip begins *most* auspiciously!"

"For you, perhaps," Mrs. Minturn conceded. "Our tastes differ." Suddenly they heard the crashing reverberations of a gong. They stepped out into the corridor, and simultaneously Mrs. Gardiner and Persis emerged from their cabins.

"Persis, you've acquired some color," Mrs. Gardiner remarked. "It's most becoming."

"I spent part of the afternoon on deck, reading," said Persis.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

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Bake Lemon Custard Angel Food in 2 loaf pans, as directed. Slice 1 loaf in 3 layers. Place 2 layers in bottom of sq. baking dish, 9x9x1¾". Crumble top layer and toast under broiler. Pour cooled, prepared butterscotch pudding over cake in dish. Chill. Fold toasted crumbs into 1 cup whipping cream, whipped, with ⅓ cup *sifted* confectioners' sugar. Spread over filling. Cut in squares. Freeze second loaf for later use.



Cool Lemon Torte

Mix ¼ cup soft shortening, 1 egg, 2 tbsp. water, and 1 cup flaked coconut with 1 pkg. Yellow Cake Mix. Pat dough into greased 13x9" pan. Bake 15 to 20 min. at 350°, until golden. (Crust is still soft when done.) Prepare lemon pie filling mix. Pour over *cooled* crust. Chill. Spread whipped cream over filling. Top with maraschino cherry bits. Cut in squares or rectangles. (For thicker filling, use 2 pkg. filling.)



Puddin' Cake Cooler

Prepare 1 pkg. chocolate pudding mix. Cool. Fold in 1 cup whipping cream, whipped, with ⅓ cup confectioners' sugar. Bake White Cake Mix as directed. Line bottom of 8" sq. baking dish with strips of cake using 1 layer. (Double recipe for a crowd.) Pour pudding over cake. Sprinkle with ½ cup chopped nuts. Chill several hours. If desired, pour pudding over cake, save whipped cream to spread over top of pudding.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 123

Several Germans appeared in the corridor, as did Captain Maarbjerg, now sprucely uniformed. He offered his arm to Persis and they descended the stairs together.

The diminutive dining saloon had undergone a pleasing transformation. The two tables, covered with the whitest of linen, gleamed with attractive steel cutlery of distinctive design, and there was a bowl of carnations in the Danish national colors on the sideboard, flanked by small Danish and American flags. Captain Maarbjerg performed a number of introductions and then took his place at the head of one of the tables. The chief engineer, a Mr. Ehlers, whose manner was one of marked dourness, presided over the other. The place at the foot of the captain's table remained empty. "Mr. Gjellup, the chief officer, has to be on the bridge at dinnertime," the captain explained. "But of course you will meet him tomorrow." A middle-aged German couple, Herr and Frau Zahner, completed the table.

Mrs. Minturn bent forward to study a small menu card. She observed to Persis, "The only word I can make even the remotest guess at is *kaffe*. Can you decide any of this or shall we ask Captain Morebeer?"

"May I look?" said Persis. "There appears to be split-pea soup, roast pork, cauliflower, red cabbage, mashed potatoes, and—wait a minute—I *think* what this word is . . . 'almond,' that's it! Almond pudding with whipped cream. And, as you say, coffee."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Minturn. "What a comfort you are!"

She became aware that Captain Maarbjerg was staring at her grandniece with marked amazement. "You can translate from Danish into English, Miss Winthrop?" he said.

"Only very sketchily," Persis said. "A few weeks ago I began to try to teach myself Danish, but I haven't made much progress."

"You are planning to take up an occupation in Denmark?" he asked in a puzzled tone.

"Oh, no," she said. "We expect to spend a few days there before we sail back to the States. I began to study Danish just because I thought I might find it useful. Actually, I seem to have done a good deal of unnecessary work. I was told Swedish people aren't too much at home in English, so I jumped to the conclusion—I can see I was wrong—that this would be equally true of Danes."

"Yes," he said, "most of us do speak English. Also, I think you will find we are unlike the Swedes in certain other ways as well. But Miss Winthrop, I am most impressed. Have you had a Danish teacher?"

"No, I haven't had any teacher at all."

"That is still more astonishing!" the captain said. He began to ladle pea soup from a large tureen the stewardess had set in front of him. "If you would like to have some lessons I would be so happy to help."

"I'd feel greatly honored," she said. "Thank you very much!"

"If you will come to the bridge at half past five we can have a vermouth in my cabin and make ourselves comfortable while we have the Danish lesson. It will be very nice for me to have such a pleasant thing to do."

"Thank you, Captain Maarbjerg,"

"Do you speak German, Miss Winthrop?" Frau Zahner inquired.

"Not fluently, Frau Zahner," Persis said in German.

"Please," Captain Maarbjerg interposed gently. "I think we must all use English because of the American passengers at the table. There are four. Except of course"—here he bowed gallantly to Persis—"that we must allow Miss Winthrop to practice her Danish whenever she wishes to."

"I have all too little to practice with!" she said ruefully. "Tell me, Frau Zahner, where is the German passenger I spoke to on deck just before dinner? A young man wearing a brown jacket. I hope he isn't seasick."

"A *young* man?" said Frau Zahner, puzzled. "We do not have any very *young* man with us." She surveyed the occupants of the chief engineer's table. "There are eight in our party and we are all here. Possibly the youngest of the gentlemen is Herr von Meinhardis. The one in the dark gray suit."

"How strange," Persis said to the captain. "Aren't all the officers wearing uniforms this evening?"

He nodded. "Oh, yes. At sea we may wear what we like in the daytime, but always we wear the uniform at night."

"Then I don't suppose this man could have been an officer," she said.

"It must have been Mr. Lind," the captain said. "A nice-looking boy. Brown eyes, brown hair?"

"Yes."

"That was Lind, then. He's not an officer. He's our wireless operator. With some companies the *telegrafist* wears a uniform, but it is not so with the Jensen Line."

"Mr. Lind," Persis said meditatively. "Then of course he is Danish, and I made a mistake. I spoke to him in German."

Captain Maarbjerg looked at her narrowly for a moment. "You may be sure he understood you. Lind speaks German, English, Norwegian and Swedish in addition to Danish. . . . Tell me, everyone, how do you like the soup? *Gule aerter* is one of our national dishes."

Mrs. Minturn, who had been eating her soup slowly, said almost reverently, "It's the best pea soup I have ever eaten in my life."

"We have it in Germany, too," Frau Zahner said. "But this is much the same."

"It's also an American national dish," said Mrs. Minturn. "And as I say, an infinitely better version than any I've ever encountered in Boston. I detect celery, carrot and onion,

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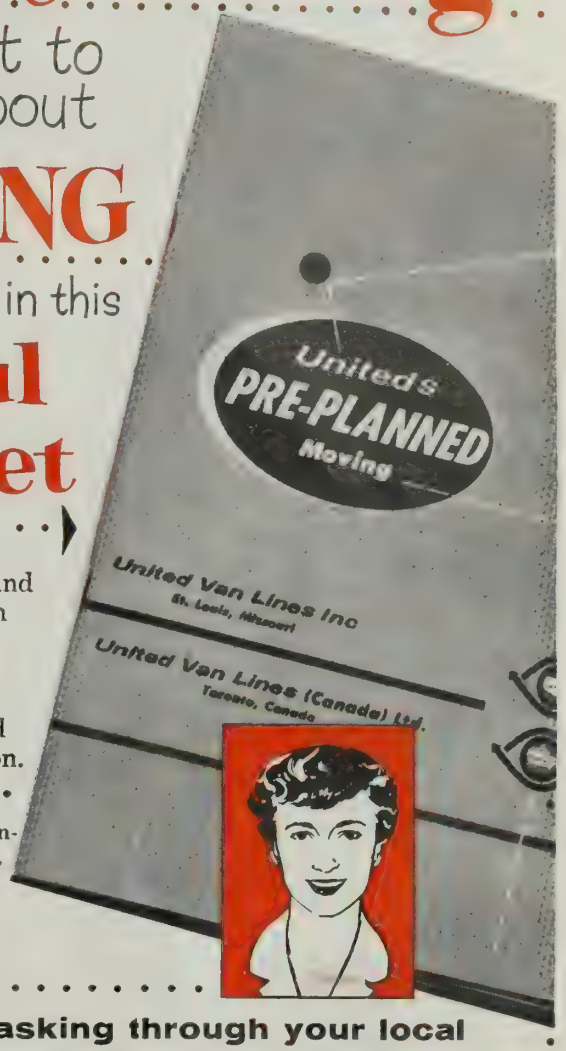


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 125

among other flavorings, and chunks of smoked ham and slices of an interesting kind of sausage."

"I understand our chef adds a little white wine," the captain said. "An idea of his own."

"Most imaginative!" said Mrs. Minturn.

The roast pork, too, when it arrived, instantly won her approval. "It's exactly the way it should be," she confided to Mrs. Gardiner. "Sweet and tender, and the outside is so beautifully crisp." What astonished her most of all, however, was the almond pudding, in actuality an elaborate Bavarian cream, handsomely garnished with crystallized fruits, swirls of whipped cream, and sugar-coated Jordan almonds in various colors. As she helped herself to this fanciful dish she said, "How extraordinarily good! Captain Morebeer, is this typically Danish too?"

"I suppose I should say it is," he replied. "In our country we're especially fond of desserts that contain plenty of our good cream."

"How Benjamin would have enjoyed everything we've had this evening!" Mrs. Minturn observed to Mrs. Tuttle, and to the captain she said, "Tell me, Captain Morebeer, what is the customary Danish breakfast like?"

"Very, very dull," the captain said. "We are addicted to porridges made from various grains, sometimes seasoned with fruit syrups instead of sugar. We like coffee, of course, and we eat a good deal of bread and jam."

"Really?" said Mrs. Minturn. "I myself always have porridge for breakfast, and coffee, and bread or toast with jam. I prefer red cherry."

"It is my preference also," Captain Maarbjerg said. "How pleasant that we have the same breakfast habits. Except that, as a Danish writer once put it, 'Sometimes in our wilder moments we add a soft-boiled egg to the menu.'"

Mrs. Minturn nodded. "So do I," she said.

Then she heard her grandniece say, "I'm wondering, Captain Maarbjerg, what the proper procedure is when a passenger wants to send a wireless message."

"Has a problem of some kind developed?" Mrs. Minturn asked. "I understood your work was coming along very nicely."

"Points that need checking have a way of coming up unexpectedly from time to time," Persis said, with what seemed to Mrs. Minturn to be a trace of needless embarrassment.

"It's extremely simple, Miss Winthrop," the captain said. "The wireless room is on the bridge, adjoining the chartroom. Please feel free to come up whenever you like. Mr. Lind isn't always on duty, though. If you happen not to find him in the wireless room he'll almost certainly be in his cabin, which opens into the starboard promenade deck. In that case all you need do is take your message there, and he'll go at once and send it for you."

"I see," she said. "What if I have something ready to send a little later this evening, after we've finished dinner?"

"Very likely he'll be in his cabin then."

Mrs. Minturn was feeling exceedingly content. "I'm sorry we're not to stay longer in Denmark," she said to Captain Maarbjerg. "I have a very strong presentiment that I shall enjoy your country."

Having declined a second cup of coffee, Persis sat in an armchair in the lounge, hoping that Herr and Frau Zahner would soon ask to be excused, and presently this happened.

At last Persis was able to mention something uppermost in her mind at the dinner table. "Do tell me, Captain Maarbjerg, whether I committed a very bad blunder in speaking to the wireless operator in German," she said, as soon as the Zahners had departed. "I couldn't help noticing that his reply was—rather cool."

"You mustn't worry about that, Miss Winthrop," the captain said. "You made a very natural mistake; and, besides, Lind is—how do I want to describe him?—Lind is O.K. Perhaps I should explain about a thing that happened during the occupation, when Lind was a boy. It was discovered by the Germans that his father and one of his uncles had wrecked a supply train. This was part of our underground activity, you understand. So they were arrested and shot, and there was a warning by the underground to the family. They must try to escape to Sweden. At night, with a small fishing boat, a friend makes this attempt to save them and it is successful. So until the war is over Lind is in a school in Sweden, and when he is finally back in Denmark he is not very enthusiastic about the Germans, you see."

"Oh, I *do* see!" Persis said quickly.

"Now we try to be friends with them, of course, but for some Danes it is not so easy. So you must forgive Lind."

"I'd like it to be the other way around," Persis said with a smile. "Would you mind, Captain Maarbjerg, if I go over to one of the writing desks now and work on the message I want to send?"

He stood up. "You won't forget to come to the bridge tomorrow for our Danish lesson and our vermouth? I can give you the vermouth with spirits if you like, but to tell the truth we Danes are not as clever as Americans at making cocktails."

"That hardly matters, does it, when you're clever at more important things?" Persis said, and the look she saw in Captain Maarbjerg's eyes cheered her greatly. She was finding it a delight to feel so completely at home with him.

At one of the writing desks she composed a brief and quite unnecessary message to Dr. Lyman: "Shall airmail finished job from Copenhagen, so grateful to you for arranging this sea change for me." Then she went out to the starboard promenade deck. The door of the wireless operator's cabin was open. She knocked on the doorframe.

"Come in," Mr. Lind shouted cheerfully in Danish, and Persis entered the cabin. Lind jumped to his feet. "Please excuse me for not going to the door. I was expecting the cabin boy," he said in English.

"It seems awfully wrong to be disturbing you in the evening, but Captain Maarbjerg tells me it's quite correct to bring wireless messages here," said Persis.

"Of course," he said, and a short business discussion took place.

Then came the opportunity Persis had been hoping for. "I discovered at dinner that I owe you an explanation, Mr. Lind. The first time I saw you I took for granted you were one of the German passengers. That was only because you didn't appear to be one of the officers."

He laughed. "I took for granted *you* were a German passenger," he said. "That was because you didn't look at all like my idea of an American."

"How so?" she said. "In what way don't I look like your idea of an American?"

He pondered this. "You are asking me an extremely difficult question," he said, contracting his eyebrows in a manner Persis found most engaging.

"I hadn't intended to," she said. She managed a smile. "I see you're reading one of our American Sunday papers. Aren't they enormous?"

"It is very useful to me that they are enormous. I find many most interesting things to cut out and send to a friend who is stationed in Greenland. We are both trying to improve our English. So I read aloud to myself from the American newspaper, and my friend also reads aloud to himself, and when we find a word we do not know we look for it in an English-Danish dictionary. Excuse me." He indicated his chair. "I am not very polite. Will you sit down?"

"Thank you," Persis said. "I think it's very imaginative of you to turn newspapers into textbooks," she said.

"But without anyone to help and criticize there is never any really great sense of achievement," he said earnestly. "For example, it is impossible to tell whether or not one is using the right emphasis. That *is* the word, is it not?

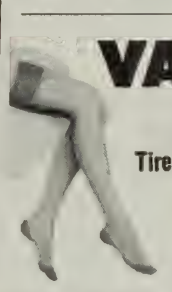
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Emphasis? What I am meaning is the stress on the correct syllables."

"Yes, of course," Persis said. "Emphasis. But what amazes me is that you're worried about whether or not you stress the right syllables, because actually—and I'm being wholly truthful—your emphasis is *excellent!*"

Then a wonderful thing happened.

"I'm afraid you are being too generous," he said. "I know there are very often words I do not say correctly. Perhaps you would be very kind sometime and let me read an article of some kind to you in English and then tell me all the words I do not say exactly the way I should."

"I'd love to!" Persis said. "Would you like to do it now?"

"I should love to!" he said. Then he laughed. "That is a funny way for us to use the verb, is it not? The verb 'to love'?"

"It's a colloquialism, Mr. Lind," she said uneasily.

"Please?" he said. "'Colloquialism'? Excuse me. I must see my dictionary." He took a book from his desk and busied himself with it. "Ah, I am learning a new word," he said presently. "Also another new word, which is the adjective 'colloquial.' This is very good."

"Oh, Mr. Lind, I've just remembered something," Persis said with dismay. "I promised my aunts and my cousin I'd play cards with them as soon as I'd sent my message."

His face reflected disappointment. "Then you cannot help me this evening?"

"But I can another time," she said eagerly.

"Tomorrow evening?" he asked at once.

"Oh, yes!"

"I shall be waiting for you with a great deal of anxiousness," he said.

"Perhaps you won't mind my telling you that 'anxiety' is the word we use," said Persis. "And it may even be that 'anxiety' isn't the best word in this case, because it would imply a fear I might not come. In other words, that I might forget all about it."

"But that is what I *do* fear!" he said. "So it is a very correct word for me to use, is it not?"

"I won't forget," said Persis.

"Now I will tell you one way in which you are not like my idea of an American girl," he said happily.

"I wish you would," she said.

"You are always sounding as if you are really meaning the things that you are saying," he said. "I do not know whether you have seen Else Andreassen, the *jomfru*, but no doubt you must have."

"Yes, I have," she said.

"She is always trying very, very hard to be as much as possible like an American girl, but she does not look like you and she does not talk like you."

Persis considered this. "No," she said. "I don't suppose she does."

"I will tell you why this is so interesting to me," he said. "Because you *are* an American girl, are you not?"

"Yes, of course."

"And so instead of seeming to be what you are, do you know what you seem to be?"

"No, Mr. Lind," she said, undergoing a kind of paralysis, for she thought she had never before looked into eyes so winningly honest or listened to a voice so warmly attractive.

"*Danish!*" he said with triumph. "And I am meaning *really* Danish!"

Mrs. Tuttle's first morning at sea had been most satisfactory. The black-and-white newborn kittens were apparently in the best of health. Mrs. Tuttle had supplied the mother with milk, encouraging scratches under the chin and a good deal of straight-from-the-shoulder advice. Now, belatedly ready to explore the open decks, Mrs. Tuttle went outdoors and found there was a considerable sea running. She encountered her sister Allegra and her Cousin Lucy watching it, each gripping the deck railing with one hand and vintage headgear with the other.

"You don't mind it being rough, Lutie?" Mrs. Tuttle inquired.

"*Mind?*" Mrs. Gardiner said with astonishment. "This is far more interesting than watching tourists from the veranda of a Nantucket hotel."

"Good!" Mrs. Tuttle said. "I *thought* you'd be easy to convert! Why are you both wearing hats? Why don't you do what I've done and tie scarves around your heads?"

"I suppose simply because it hadn't occurred to us," Mrs. Minturn said. "Come, Lutie. Let's go downstairs for scarves."

"'Go below,'" Mrs. Gardiner corrected her with unexpected self-assurance.

"Ah, yes, *much* more nautical," Mrs. Minturn agreed.

Wandering about alone, Mrs. Tuttle found herself gazing down at a puzzling activity on the after cargo deck. A group of seamen squatting in a circle were observing a bird making clumsy, unsuccessful attempts to fly. From the bobbing motion of its head, Mrs. Tuttle surmised that it was a pigeon.

Animal life of every sort held a definite fascination for Mrs. Tuttle. She descended to the after cargo deck, and the seamen, seeing the plump, elderly woman approach, rose to their feet.

"Something's obviously the matter with this pigeon," she began, employing her customary direct approach. "Do any of you boys have any idea what the trouble is? Oh, by the way, I suppose I should have asked first whether you speak English."

"Then you are not a Dane?" one of the boys said, and in a tone of marked surprise. "I was thinking you are from Denmark. That is a bird with a broken wing. He is a carrier pigeon who is hurting himself by flying into the rigging because of the moving of the ship."

Mrs. Tuttle assumed a squatting position and scrutinized the bird with the eyes of an enthusiastic amateur veterinarian.

"Do any of you know how to set a broken wing?" she asked.

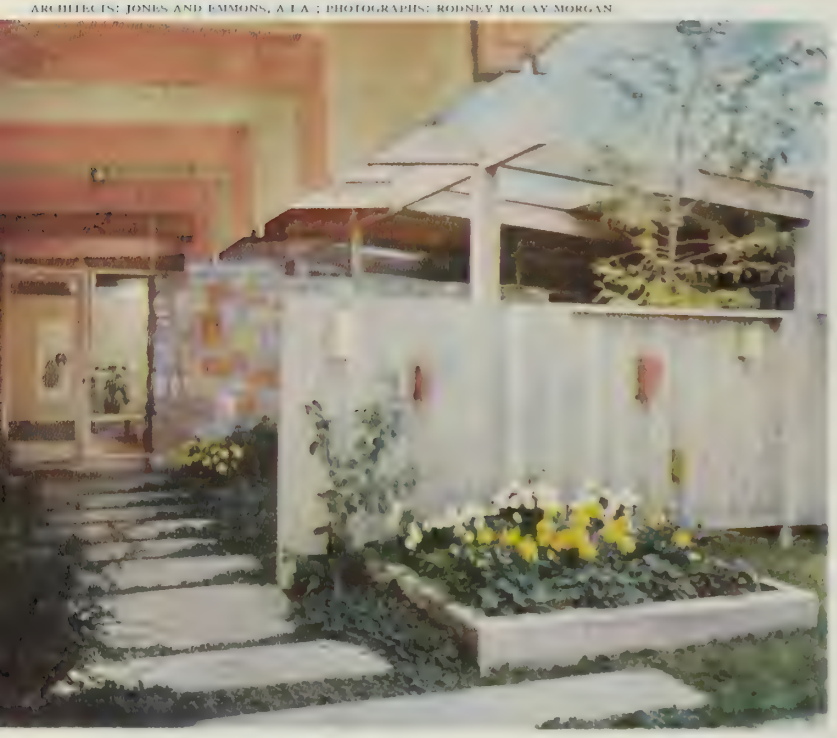
None of them did, to her great joy.

"I've never set one myself, but I've seen it demonstrated," she told them. "A few winters ago I happened to watch an Audubon Society

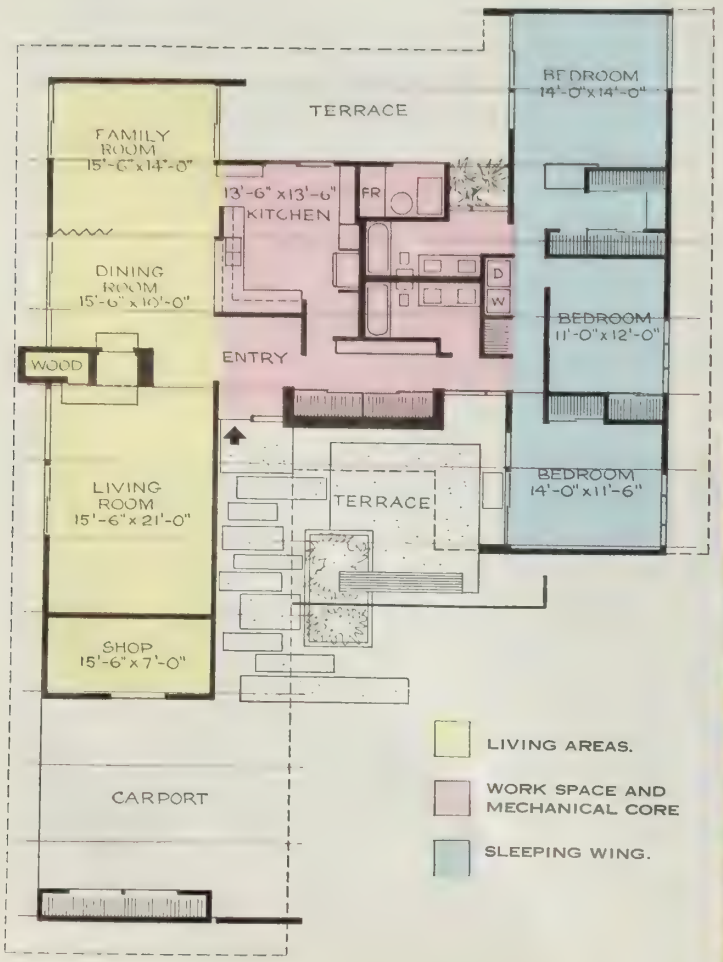
CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

FAMILY-FITTED HOUSE

ARCHITECTS: JONES AND EMMONS, A.I.A.; PHOTOGRAPHS: RODNEY MCCAY MORGAN



Entrance walk is appealing, well sheltered.



By JOHN BRENNEMAN
Architectural Editor

There is more than a hint of tomorrow in this house with its clearly detailed low look and its decoratively color-contrasted structural system.

The entry court and broad, sheltering roof are a pleasant introduction to the house. Inside, flowing pavilionlike vistas reveal great expanses of sloping beamed ceilings and glass walls opening to the intimate terraces.

The house is built around a mechanical core comprising plumbing and heating requirements, which separates living and sleeping areas, terraces and the public front into well-defined zones. The centrally located kitchen is an enviable command post for housekeeping—close to the front door, overlooking play areas, near the bedrooms and laundry, and still out of traffic's way.

Terrace exposures give the front and back bedrooms a luxurious sitting-room character usually found only in very expensive houses. Baths are beautifully finished with plastic-topped counters and huge mirrors, walls of wood paneling and rich, unglazed ceramic tile.

Living space is divided into two large areas separated by the big stone fireplace, the rather formal living room at the front, the more relaxed family space to the back. The house is easily adaptable to very small groups or large parties.

This house has a structure of posts and beams spaced at seven-foot intervals, or modules (indicated by the red lines on the plan). Wall panels or windows are simply filled in between posts. There are no false ceilings.

Because of its H shape, the house can be expanded as desired. It is designed for two, three or four bedrooms, but, contrary to the usual case, buyers seldom feel any need to add space or features to this house.

Cost: 2 bedrooms, $26,000 plus land; 3 bedrooms, $28,000 plus land; 4 bedrooms, $29,000 plus land.

No plans available.

Terraces like this at front and back make outdoor living fun.

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the great blanket urge

Have you ever watched a small child with his own special blanket? The blanket goes to cheek or lip, the thumb goes to the mouth, the eyes glaze over, a milky bliss bathes the little one. He is secure!

As we grow older, desire for the blanket does not lessen; it grows greater. Suppress it, disown it—you only change its outward form. The precious fur coat a woman strokes with pleasure is but the memory of a blanket. The tattered flag in the breeze that stirs the pulse to patriotism—what but the tattered blanket of childhood?

That is why most of us cannot sleep easy, even in the warm summer night, unless we are covered with a blanket. A bedsheet will not do. A sheet by itself gives cover without comfort, surface without security.



But blankets in the summer? Must we *swelter* for security? Not with *summer-cool* blankets! These June-to-September blankets by Fieldcrest are woven of pure sleep. They even wash like a dream. In weight they are priceless; in price they are weightless. If there is a vagrant chill in the air, your Fieldcrest blanket persuades it to try some other house. And Fieldcrest's patterns range all through summer's loveliness.

Face it. We all have the great Blanket Urge, even in summer. Why fight it? Yield to happiness! As you lie there in the dark, touching your Fieldcrest summer-cool blanket, you will think you are dreaming. And you will probably be right!

Fieldcrest

FASHIONS FOR BED AND BATH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

lecturer do it. If someone will bring me two narrow pieces of wood, each about the size of a good, strong twig, I shall endeavor to make a splint. I should also like to have a long, narrow strip of surgical gauze. A strip about half an inch wide and two feet long."

"I will bring you the pieces of wood," one of the boys said.

"And I will go to Mr. Gjellup's cabin where there is the chest with the medical stores, and ask him for what you say," another volunteered.

"Splendid!" said Mrs. Tuttle.

A few moments after she had begun the delicate job, Poul, the cabin boy, appeared on the promenade deck, striking a gong to summon the passengers to their lunch. Mrs. Tuttle paid no attention to the gong, however.

Presently one of the seamen said, "Excuse me. It is time for the passengers' luncheon."

"I'm not hungry," Mrs. Tuttle said. "And please don't talk. I'm trying to concentrate."

"I am hearing the things that are best, like the shrimps, are always eaten very fast at the passengers' luncheon," another boy apparently felt it a point of honor to warn her.

"*Shush!*" Mrs. Tuttle commanded. "If I finish this in time I'll go and see if there's anything left over I can make a sandwich out of. A sandwich and a cup of coffee are all I generally want for lunch, anyway."

Hearing this, the seamen looked at one another and exchanged nods of approval and silent grins. Following a whispered consultation one of them got up and left the scene of Mrs. Tuttle's orthopedic efforts. At last she finished. "I'm *exhausted!*" she announced, and sat down gratefully on a nearby capstan. A few moments later one of the seamen—the one who had slipped away—diffidently offered her a plate containing two enormous open-faced sandwiches, one of them ham and one of cheese, and a mug of rather tepid coffee.

"Oh, how lovely—a picnic!" said Mrs. Tuttle, beaming at her new-found friends. "I do enjoy eating in the open air."

"In Denmark we are all liking to do that," one of the boys said.

"Bully for you!" Mrs. Tuttle said.

Persis had gone to her cabin desk with every intention of working until lunchtime, but, as it developed, she hardly glanced at the material she'd taken from her briefcase. Instead, she lost herself in meditations of a most delightful kind. She had begun to enjoy drifting on these clouds of fancy the night before. Now she again allowed herself to revel in the happy thought that she was admired by the very young man she herself liked so much. Daringly, she experimented with Mr. Lind's first name. "I wish I could make you love me by *willing* you to, Erik," she whispered to herself. "I must try as hard as I can!"

A morning spent thus, in Erik's company, passed with extraordinary rapidity. The sounding of the luncheon gong took her quite by surprise. When she reached the dining saloon she was introduced by Captain Maarbjerg to First Officer Nils Gjellup, now off duty until late afternoon.

Mr. Gjellup was a heavy-set, weather-beaten Dane in the middle thirties, with a massive bull neck, a flattish nose and a pugnacious jaw. Gjellup's shoulders and chest were those of a very fit heavyweight. His eyes, unexpectedly, were sensitive and shrewd, and Persis intuitively sensed that the first officer was intelligent. She was unable to decide, however, whether or not he was someone she would be able to like. At first he said very little.

"I hope that you slept well the first night at sea, Miss Winthrop," the captain said politely.

"Beautifully, thank you," she said. "My Aunt Priscilla had to rap on my door, and I barely managed to get to the dining saloon by nine. At home I wake up on the dot of seven, as a rule, and promptly dash to the kitchen to make myself some coffee. Today I really broke that habit with a vengeance."

"If you are accustomed to drinking coffee at seven you will be unhappy, I'm afraid," he said. "The service of breakfast for the passengers begins at eight."

"After today I'll probably be waiting for the door to open," Persis assured him.

Her Aunt Allegra, who had been surveying the lavish display of delicacies with something like stupefaction, remarked to the captain, "I doubt whether I have ever beheld a more spectacular assortment of interesting-looking dishes!"

"The principal luncheon dish has not been served yet, of course," he said. "It is to follow." Then he instructed them all how to prepare the Danish open sandwich, beginning with a thin, generously buttered slice of one of several kinds of bread. "It is customary to begin with such things as the shrimps, the smoked eel and the spiced herring, and to take a glass of *akvavit* with these," he said. "Then we go on to the meat balls, the sausages, the mixed salads and the cheeses. And then the *jomfru* will bring us the principal dish. We do not have a dessert until our dinner tonight."

"I call that a merciful dispensation, in view of what I see in front of me," said Mrs. Minturn.

"I quite agree!" said Persis. "By the way, oughtn't I to go and look for Aunt Priscilla?"

"The lady has said she does not want any lunch, Poul is telling me," Else ventured to interpose. "She is helping with the pigeon."

"How odd!" Mrs. Minturn said. "What pigeon?"

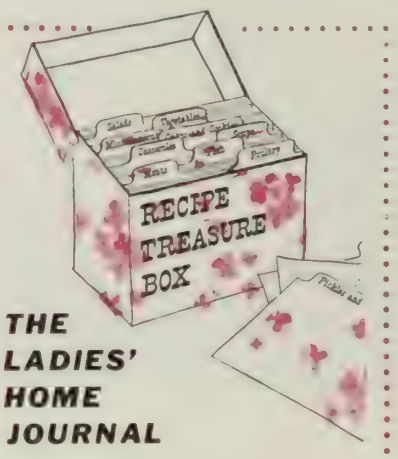
Else explained.

"What a pity she's missing all these wonderful things," Persis said. "I had no idea a typical Danish lunch would be so overwhelming."

"This isn't a typically Danish lunch," Mr. Gjellup said suddenly, and it interested Persis to hear him speak with an easy American inflection.

"What is a typically Danish lunch, Mr. Yelp?" Mrs. Minturn asked with interest.

"Two or three open sandwiches and perhaps a piece of fruit, or if the weather is cold a single hot dish," he said. "Sometimes a glass of schnapps and always beer, or almost always."



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"This kind of lunch, which we have every day on the Anny Jensen, is called a 'gentleman-farmer's breakfast' in Danish," Captain Maarbjerg told Persis. "The directors are thinking it is a nice thing for the passengers to enjoy."

She began to make inquiries about other Danish table customs. In the middle of a reply to one of her questions she heard Mr. Gjellup interrupt with an apology to ask, in Danish, for the mustard. The mustard pot was directly in front of Persis. Without withdrawing her attention from the captain, she picked up the pot and handed it to the first officer. When next she glanced in his direction she noticed that he was staring at her with unmistakable respect.

"So it's true!" he said. "This morning I heard from one of the crew that you're studying Danish. That's extraordinary!"

"Miss Winthrop is to have a lesson with me this afternoon," the captain said, beaming.

With pretended dismay the first officer said, "A lesson with *you?* You mean you're going to teach her to speak with a North Jutland accent?" And he said to Persis, "You'd better let me give you the lessons instead. I'm from Copenhagen."

"That's worse!" the captain said, grinning. "From Gjellup you would learn all kinds of bad city talk. City talk and *sailor* talk!"

"All I know is that he's perfectly at home in colloquial English," Persis marveled.

"Part of my job consists of talking to people ashore in assorted languages," Gjellup said. "Could I have the smoked salmon, please?"

"How he eats!" the captain said, feigning despair. "No wonder he is so fat!"

"My wife says if I go up to two hundred pounds I'm not to come home," the first officer said to Persis in a joking manner that struck her as being somewhat too effortful. She decided that she liked Mr. Gjellup.

Persis turned to the captain. "Mr. Gjellup isn't fat," she said. "He's heavy-set, of course, and because of that it wouldn't be becoming for him to lose much weight. In fact, I should think a great many men wish that they looked like Mr. Gjellup!"

The effect this speech had on the first officer was remarkable. He could hardly have been aware of the intensity of the expression of gratitude that crossed his face. He merely said, "That would be surprising," and then made a pretense of consulting his watch. He contributed nothing further to the conversation until he was about to leave the table, when he said, "Miss Winthrop, we keep an electric coffee maker in the chartroom. If you ever want a cup of coffee between the hours of four and eight, when I'm on watch, come up to the bridge."

"How wonderful!" Persis said.

"This is the first time my friend Gjellup is ever inviting anyone to visit him when he is standing watch," said the captain. "I am thinking we must put it in the log!"

"Gjellup's unusual, isn't he?" Captain Maarbjerg said to Persis in his cabin that afternoon, after she had duly admired the photographs of his family, and numerous potted plants.

"Very unusual," Persis agreed. "I like him."

"So do I," Maarbjerg said. "I would rather sail with Gjellup than any officer I know."

"Really?" said Persis. "I'd never have guessed that from the way you were teasing him at lunch."

"We Danes are like that. Always we are teasing each other. You must understand that even if I tease Gjellup I like him very much."

"How old is Mr. Gjellup?" she asked.

"Thirty-five."

This afforded Persis an opportunity she was quick to seize. "Is he your youngest officer?"

"No, the youngest is Mr. Thygessen, the third officer. Thygessen is twenty-nine."

"If Mr. Thygessen is the youngest and twenty-nine, Mr. Lind must be much older than he looks," Persis remarked casually.

"Lind is twenty-four, but he is not an officer," the captain explained. "We are carrying the *telegrafist* as a member of the company's home-office staff."

"I see," Persis said.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132

Science finds Corn Oil rich in "L-plus" factor!

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Of all leading U.S. Brands only Mazola® is Pure Corn Oil

New discoveries about corn oil are giving doctors a new approach to an old problem...that of controlling blood cholesterol levels...which is considered particularly important in both the prevention and treatment of heart disease.

When Mazola Corn Oil is included in daily meals, control of blood cholesterol can frequently be accomplished without drastic restrictions in the diet.

Every well-balanced diet includes carbohydrates, proteins and fats, along with adequate amounts of vitamins and minerals. Many nutritionists now suggest that one-third to one-half of the fat we eat should be the unsaturated ("L-plus"—rich) vegetable oil-type, particularly when cholesterol control is a problem.

Mazola Corn Oil, rich in the "L-plus" factor, is excellent for this purpose. Your everyday meals can readily contain an adequate amount of Mazola Corn Oil. Just use Mazola on salads, in cooking and frying ...as a shortening. Mazola is *good*—and good *for* you!

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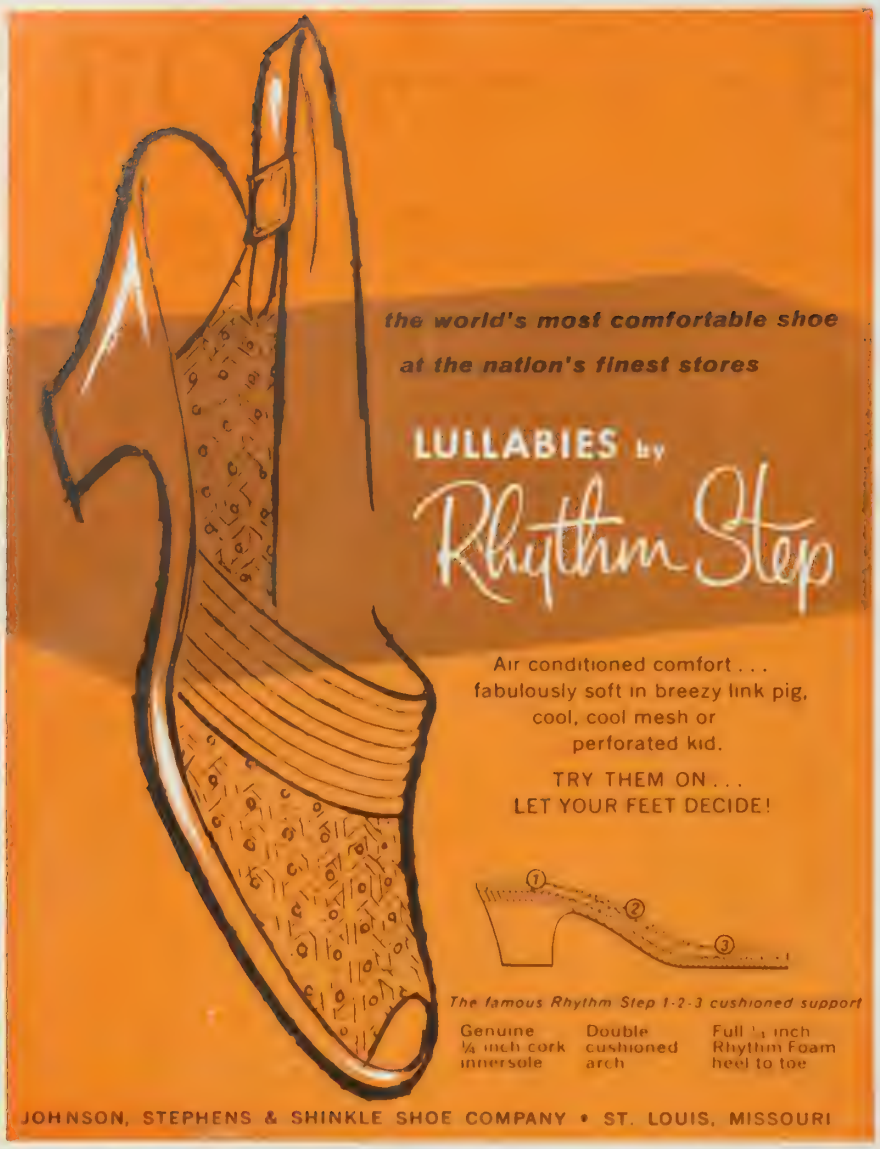
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TO PAN FRY: Pour Mazola (anywhere from one tablespoon to enough to cover the bottom of the pan) into the skillet. The amount depends on the food to be fried. Heat over medium heat. Add a small amount of food. If the food sizzles, it is hot enough to fry.

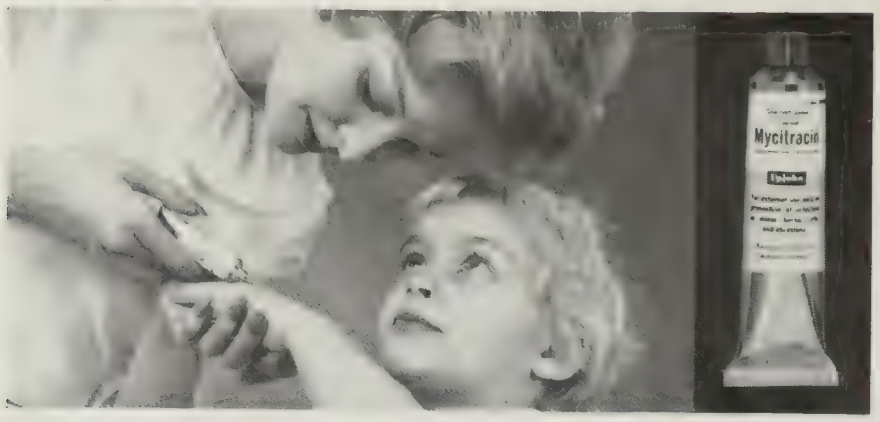
SHALLOW FRYING: Almost anything you fry may be shallow fried. To shallow fry, pour Mazola into skillet to a 1-inch depth. Heat over medium heat to 375°F. To test use a thermometer or with an electric skillet, pre-set control. Turn occasionally, remove when golden brown.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

"I do not know how long this *telegrafist*, Lind, will be with the line. He is full of ambitions. After his army service he did his university work, and now he is wanting advanced studies. In electronics."

"Is Mr. Lind as intelligent as Mr. Gjellup seems to be, for example?" Persis inquired.

"I am thinking Lind is a very intelligent boy about everything electrical. Gjellup is a fine navigator, but he is also more than that. He is a wise man about people. It is not true, you know, that Fru Gjellup gets angry with him when he is too heavy. It is only that she worries. And the reason he sometimes eats too much when he is at sea is very easy to explain. It is because he misses his family. This is funny to you?"

"I think it's perfectly understandable," Persis said. "What a pity Mr. Gjellup can't work in Copenhagen and be near them."

"Ah, but then he might eat too much of his wife's cooking because he is missing the sea," the captain said, shrugging his shoulders philosophically. "You will enjoy being friends with him, and it will be good practice for you to speak Danish while you have the coffee, just as it will be good practice if you and I are beginning to speak it now. Immediately."

"*Jeg vil gerne taler Dansk*," Persis said, experimentally but with great earnestness.

"*Det er god!*" Captain Maarbjerg exulted.

It was the trace of shaving cream behind Erik's left ear that unnerved Persis from the very start. She wanted to say, "Excuse me, but you seem to have something or other behind your ear ——" and then very carelessly add, "May I?" and in a completely impersonal fashion remove the daub of cream with her forefinger. But she dared not execute this maneuver, the purpose of which would merely be to touch him, for instinct told her that the moment she did so her heart would be hopelessly lost.

To complicate her state of mind, she had no way of knowing whether Erik habitually shaved every evening or whether he had made a special effort for this particular occasion. Persis also wanted to read meaning into his wearing a spotlessly clean white shirt, but curbed the impulse.

She had agonized a good deal over her own appearance. Going to her cabin directly after the coffee ritual in the lounge, she had taken off her modest string of pearls for fear a *telegrafist* might think them ostentatious, and then had put them back on. She had applied more lipstick than she'd worn at dinner, but had wiped it all off and had done her lips in the usual way. Studying herself in the mirror, she had come to the bleak conclusion that she was irreparably plain.

Now she and Erik were standing opposite each other in his cabin, and to her dismay he seemed rather at a loss for conversation. Somewhat haltingly he said, "I have discovered that your first name is Persis."

"Yes," she said humbly. "I'm afraid it isn't a name I'd have chosen for myself if I'd had any say in the matter."

"It is very beautiful," Erik said. "In Denmark we do not often use the pure Latin when we name our children."

"Do *you* have children, Mr. Lind?" Persis asked with consternation.

He smiled. "I am not yet married, but when I am married I should like to have three children. I think it is a very good number to have. It is not too many and it is not too few."

"I feel just as you do!" Persis said, with what she instantly feared was excessive enthusiasm. She realized that she was blushing under his intent and silent stare.

"Er—I am so very rude," he said abruptly. "I do not say, 'Please sit down.'"

"Thank you," Persis said, her tone now carefully sedate.

"My own first name is Erik," he said.

Persis nodded. "I know. I asked the captain."

Realizing that this was much too revealing a confession, she told herself that if Erik interpreted it correctly he would in all likelihood avoid her in the future. When he said, "I would be very happy if you would call me by my first name," Persis could only rejoice that she lived in an age of miracles.

"And I'd be very happy if you'd call me by mine," she said. "Have you decided which article from the Sunday paper we're going to use for a reading exercise?"

"Please," he said almost imploringly. "At first could we not simply use conversation? I would like so much to ask about the work you are doing when you are at home."

"I'm afraid you'd think my work awfully tedious," Persis said, remembering Warren Buckley. "Instead, why don't you talk about electronics, since it's the field in which you're most interested?"

"But how do you know it is my field?" he asked excitedly.

"Captain Maarbjerg volunteered the information," said Persis.

"We will not talk about electronics until we have talked about what it is *you* are doing," Erik said, standing squarely in front of her and pointing a finger at her in a masterful fashion she found strangely gratifying. Again she yearned to remove the daub of shaving cream.

"Surely you don't want me to embark on anything as dull as a description of the life of a museum research assistant," she said lightly.

"As long as what you are telling me is about yourself, it will not be dull!" he said.

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Vanguard Press

Courage may be kindled deliberately or inadvertently. Either way, the result is what matters.

Persis got up. "Excuse me, but you seem to have something or other behind your ear," she remarked. Only a few inches separated them. With a brave show of casualness, she said, "May I?" and lifted her hand to touch his head. Her original intention was forcibly driven from her mind. Suddenly they were in each other's arms, and Persis was experiencing, for the first time in her life, the pressure of a kiss that was both wonderfully gentle and strongly authoritative. Then, with his cheek against hers, he murmured words in Danish that she couldn't understand—and yet understood perfectly—as he caressed her hair and brushed his lips against her temples. Persis could only repeat his name weakly.

Erik put his hands on her shoulders and held her at arms' length. "You are more wonderful than any girl I am meeting in all of my life!" he said, his voice breaking slightly and his eyes fervent. Persis brought him close to her again and kissed him. Almost incoherently she whispered, "I can't believe this is happening!" and he whispered, "It *is* happening!"

He led her to his desk chair, hovered protectively over her as soon as she had sat down. "You do not know anything at all about me," he said.

"Yes, I do!" she said almost fiercely. "I know what I *want* to know!"

"I do not earn very much money."

"Neither do I."

"But you work in a different country. You see, it is all so very serious what we are saying. You are the only girl I have ever wanted to marry. I had not intended to tell you this so suddenly, but I could not help it. Forgive me!"

"I love you, too, Erik!" she said, clinging to him.

He knelt beside her. "Do you?" he said with wonder. "Then I am thinking that everything will be good. I am not worrying now."

"Neither am I!"

He slipped into the chair and took her on his lap. "This is so much better," he told her. He kissed her again. "Persis, you are not saying anything to me. When you are not saying anything, I am beginning to worry again. It is not good for you to make me worry."

She buried her face in his hair. "I was only thinking it's rather nice that we're both twenty-four."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 135

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

"How is it you are knowing I am twenty-four?" he demanded.

She chuckled. "That was another thing I asked the captain."

"Aha!" he said with triumph. "Then it was *you* who have been doing the planning to marry *me!*"

"No, not planning exactly."

"But hoping?"

"Must I answer that?"

"It is not necessary for you to answer," he told her comfortingly. "I am thinking that we *both* were hoping. Now we must talk about your museum."

"No, darling," she said. "First we will talk about electronics."

"Very well, darling," he said happily.

They talked about both, of course, and much more, and by the time the rising sun had begun to color the sky they had reached complete agreement about a number of fascinating matters, including three full names for boys and three for girls.

In her cabin Persis was unaware of the hour as she undressed. Her thoughts were entirely of Erik. Not until she had brushed her teeth and was about to slip into the berth did she glance at her watch. It was half past six. If she were to sleep until noon or thereabouts it would lead her relatives to ask questions she might not care to answer. Persis decided to dress and go up to the bridge for coffee.

"Good day, Miss Winthrop," the first officer said to her, in Danish.

"Good day, Mr. Gjellup," Persis said.

"Shall we continue to speak Danish while we have our coffee?" he inquired.

"I'll do my best," she said.

"What shall we talk about?"

"Denmark. And please correct every error I make. It is so important to me that I learn to speak the language properly."

"Why is it so important, Miss Winthrop?"

"Because I look forward to being able to feel at home in Denmark someday. Mr. Gjellup, a question I should very much like to ask you this: what is the most important thing in the world to a Dane?"

"His family," Gjellup said, not hesitating. "His wife, his sons, his daughters, his parents. Next, his old school classmates—in Denmark the friends we make when we are young remain very important to us."

"In other words, people rather than work or hobbies?" Persis had to resort to English for "hobbies." "I like the picture you give me of your country."

"It can be much the same way in your country too," Gjellup said, speaking English. "But in general I know it is true that we Danes and most of the Americans have some very different ideas. For example, when we are young, we are not always seeking what you would call in English a 'romantic ideal.' In Denmark, when we are your age, we are not always thinking we must be desperately in love with someone. We take our pleasures casually, and then when we begin to think of marriage we use the head as well as the heart."

"Do *all* young Danes take their pleasures so casually?" Persis asked in English.

The first officer nodded. "I believe I should say 'yes' to that. In fact, please forgive me if I tell you it is our opinion that the American boys and girls are foolish to think they must pretend to be in love in situations when they merely desire each other. And to breathe heavily. This is a very good expression. It is not an expression I myself have originated, but a phrase our *telegrafist*, Mr. Lind, sometimes uses when he is describing the young Americans who take their amusements so seriously."

"Mr. Lind?" Persis asked. "Do you mean Mr. Lind feels that everyone should take such things lightly?"

"I mean only that Lind is a Danish boy and that his ideas are Danish ideas," Gjellup said with a slight shrug. "So I think we may assume that when he amuses himself with a girl his attitude is unquestionably more casual than serious. Someday, of course, he will marry, and then everything will be different."

"But meanwhile?" said Persis.

"Meanwhile? Oh, meanwhile he has girls like the stewardess, for instance. I'm not telling you a secret, naturally. We all enjoy joking about it with him. Speaking of Lind, I think you would find him interesting to meet."

Persis said, "I met Mr. Lind the first night out, when I had to send a wireless message." Erik and the stewardess! Persis' world had come to an end. "I thought he seemed very pleasant," she added tonelessly.

Mrs. Gardiner was in a mood of polite rebellion. The first evening at sea she had dutifully played bridge with her Cousin Allegra, her Cousin Priscilla and her Cousin Persis—Mrs. Gardiner had thought that a session of cards was out of key, somehow, with the adventurous character of the expedition they were making. She hadn't been able to decide just what would have been more suitable, but she had definitely felt something more swashbuckling than bridge to be in order. The second evening out, Mrs. Gardiner, Mrs. Minturn and Mrs. Tuttle had played Scrabble, since Persis had apparently been occupied with business matters.

The third night out, Persis, looking unaccountably drawn, seemed docile enough when Mrs. Minturn suggested bridge, but Mrs. Gardiner felt sufficiently emboldened to decline. "I believe I'll go out on deck for some air instead of playing bridge," she said firmly. "After I've had a nice prowl for half an hour or so, I'll probably go straight to my cabin."

The wind was strong, and Mrs. Gardiner determinedly bent her tall, lean body forward to buck it as she began her explorations. On the small promenade deck she straightened her shoulders and breathed deeply and joyously, and just at that moment a young man, standing in his cabin doorway, said in a tone of great anxiety, "Excuse me, but are you and Miss Winthrop traveling in the same party?"

"Yes, we are," Mrs. Gardiner said.

"I am the wireless operator," he said. "May I ask if Miss Winthrop plans to send any wireless messages this evening? I would not want to inconvenience her by being somewhere else, such as in the seamen's library, if she should want me to send out a message."

"I haven't heard her mention anything about a wireless message," Mrs. Gardiner said. "At least not tonight. She's in the lounge. Actually, she doesn't seem to be feeling any too well tonight."

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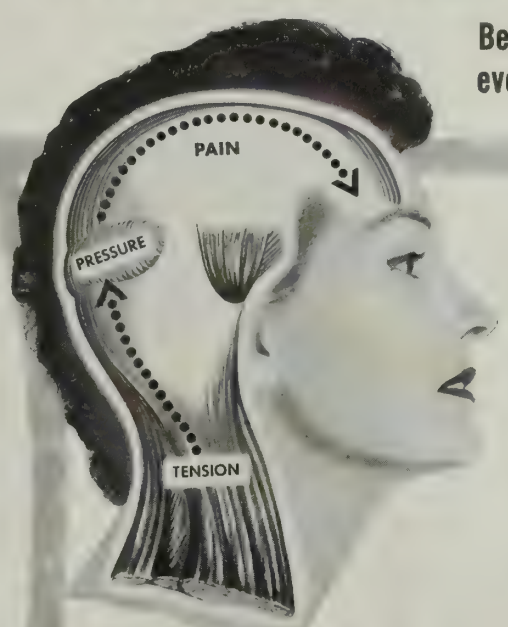
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The young man seemed agitated to hear this. "Please tell her I will not *think* of going to the seamen's library if she is planning to send a wireless!" he said imploringly.

What a very attractive boy, Mrs. Gardiner thought. "Why don't you step into the lounge and tell her yourself?" she suggested. From his embarrassment she inferred that perhaps he wasn't allowed this privilege. "Never mind," she said. "*I'll* step in and tell her."

Persis received the information in a fashion that puzzled Mrs. Gardiner. The girl closed her eyes for a moment, and then said in a strangely lifeless tone, "I doubt very much I'll have any more messages to send."

"You aren't feeling seasick, are you, Persis?" Mrs. Tuttle asked.

"No, of course not, Aunt Priscilla. I've never felt better."

"I hope that's true," said Mrs. Gardiner. "At any rate, I'll tell the young man not to expect you, Persis, and then I'll finish my prebedtime wandering."

The wireless operator seemed dismayed by the report Mrs. Gardiner gave him. "If you should see Miss Winthrop again this evening, please tell her once more that I definitely will *not* go to the seamen's library," he said.

He's really very conscientious, Mrs. Gardiner thought, again heading into the wind.

Descending to another deck, she found herself in an area that was both unfamiliar to her and dimly lighted. A boisterous roar of male laughter came from the other side of a closed door as she passed. Mrs. Gardiner could also hear the clinking of glasses. She was delighted. It was right, it was fitting that rough men of the sea should behave in just this manner. Then, in the distance, she heard strains of music, and pleasantly familiar music too. She groped her way along until she came to another closed door, one with a single light bulb above it, and managed to translate the plate that identified the occupant. The music, she discovered, was coming from the cabin of the chief engineer, Mr. Ehlers. Mrs. Gardiner wouldn't have given the chief engineer another thought if the music had not been issuing, recognizably, from an excellent record player and if it had not happened to be the Brahms Lullaby.

The recording, which was in Danish, Mrs. Gardiner soon decided was an unusually poetic rendering. She had never before heard the Lullaby done in a manner suggesting that mother and father were bending over a cradle and softly singing their child to sleep. When the song was over, Mrs. Gardiner made a mental note that she must acquire the record while she was in Denmark. She waited for the chief engineer to put on something else, but apparently he had done as much listening as he cared to for the evening. Bored by the silence that ensued, Mrs. Gardiner resumed her prowling.

When she had had enough of the darkness and the buffeting wind, she went to her cabin. Now there was nothing left for Mrs. Gardiner to do but go to bed, and this she did reluctantly.

As she stood chatting with her young cousin on the promenade deck the following afternoon, Erik came clattering down from the bridge. He came to an abrupt halt.

"I am so sorry if you had a message to send out last night and if you could not find me," he said to Persis with great intensity.

"I had no message to send, but thank you, Mr. Lind, for being so concerned," Persis said.

Mrs. Gardiner thought it odd that Persis should speak in such a bleak tone.

With public sentiment, nothing can fail; without it, nothing can succeed.
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"I—er—I very much hope that you and your family are enjoying the voyage and that everything is quite all right," the young man said earnestly.

"Yes, thank you," Persis replied, with a brief and formal inclination of her head. "We're all enjoying the Anny Jensen very much indeed."

"*I'm* having a wonderful trip!" Mrs. Gardiner interposed. "Possibly because this is the first time I've ever been at sea."

"And you, Miss Winthrop?" the wireless operator asked.

"I?" Persis said, and then finished by murmuring in a low, tremulous voice, "Oh, I'm feeling very well, thank you."

"But just a little tired, we're all disposed to think," Mrs. Gardiner told the young man cordially.

Almost before she knew what had happened, her grandniece had murmured an excuse and disappeared, and the wireless operator was saying, quite passionately, "Please tell Miss Winthrop I am *always* ready to help her in *any* way I can!"

Mrs. Gardiner beamed at him. "Aren't you considerate!" she said. As she went her way she reflected again that she couldn't imagine a pleasanter shipboard acquaintance for a young woman such as Persis. *The child must have been out of her senses to dart away like that*, Mrs. Gardiner told herself with a sigh. *She should have tried to cultivate him!*

Directly after dinner Mrs. Gardiner herself undertook to do a bit of cultivating. The chief engineer and his tablemates invariably got up and left the room well before Captain Maajerg and his party had finished dinner. Knowing that Mr. Ehlers never took coffee in the lounge afterward, Mrs. Gardiner kept him under surveillance. When she saw him rise she made her excuses to the captain and got up.

In the corridor she said diffidently, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Ehlers, but may I ask you a question?"

"You may ask, but I may not be able to answer," the chief engineer said not uncivilly.

"I was so interested to hear music coming from your cabin last night, and such good music! Perhaps you'll be kind enough to tell



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me the name of the best music store to go to when I'm in Copenhagen."

"The best is Wilhelm Hansen," Ehlers said in a friendlier tone. "The Wilhelm Hansen store is near the Hotel Angleterre, and very easy to find. Anyone can direct you."

"Wilhelm Hansen," Mrs. Gardiner repeated, memorizing the name. "Thank you so very much. There's one record that I must try to take back to Boston. I'm thinking of the beautiful Brahms duet you were playing last night. I've never heard it done except as a soprano solo."

To Mrs. Gardiner's perplexity the chief engineer glared at her and said with a certain sharpness, "Do not ask for it at the Wilhelm Hansen store. They do not sell this record."

"But how strange," she said. "It *is* a Danish record, isn't it?"

Ehlers was silent for a moment. Then he muttered, "It is a soprano solo, in Danish. Possibly you could have heard me joining in the melody, without thinking."

"How extraordinary!" Mrs. Gardiner said with awe. "I thought the baritone was especially fine. And it was really *you?*"

"I may have sung a few words—as I say, without thinking," Ehlers confessed.

Mrs. Gardiner sighed. "Such beautiful voices and such phrasing," she murmured. "And to think I can't buy the record!"

Ehlers studied her. "I think you are being serious," he said in a tone of incredulity.

"I am being very serious. It's because I'm so fond of music."

"I will tell you something," the chief engineer said. "I will tell you something I do not tell other people. It is not true that I was singing by accident. I was singing deliberately. Often I do this when I am alone. Perhaps you will think this is funny."

Mrs. Gardiner, hardly aware of what she was doing, put her hand on his arm reassuringly. "I'll tell you something, too—something *I* never tell other people," she said without embarrassment. "I have the same secret! When I'm alone I sing all *kinds* of things. Much too ambitious music, as a rule."

Ehlers became truly excited. "Operas too?"

Mrs. Gardiner nodded. "Operas too," she said.

"So do I!" he said. "I have a libretto of each of my foreign operas so that I can be sure I am singing the words correctly, even if I am making many mistakes with the notes."

"I do the same thing," she said with delight. "But, Mr. Ehlers, I can't imagine you making many mistakes. You sang the Brahms Lullaby so beautifully!"

The chief engineer was clearly very much moved. "To think that a stranger should say such a thing! A stranger and an *American!*"

"Do you dislike Americans, Mr. Ehlers?"

"To tell the truth, I have not known very many Americans."

"In any event, I hope you don't dislike *me*," Mrs. Gardiner said in all sincerity and without a vestige of archness.

"*Dislike* you?" he said incredulously. "How could I have such a feeling as that when we both sing as we play our records?" His voice grew urgent. "Come to my cabin. I will have Poul bring us coffee and perhaps you will find an opera you would like to play."

"You travel with recordings of whole operas?" asked Mrs. Gardiner, scarcely daring to hope for anything so Utopian.

"The Anny Jensen is my home," he said with a shrug. "What possessions I have—and they are mostly music and books—I keep on board. Tell me something else. You have a favorite opera?"

"I think The Magic Flute."

"It is mine also," he said eagerly. "And do you sing the Queen of the Night aria?"

"Not even in my wildest moments can I allow myself to pretend that I am a coloratura."

The chief engineer nodded. "One must restrict one's fantasies. It is a pity, but one must do it. For example, I myself am obliged to avoid Don Giovanni and Boris Godunov, although the temptation to try to sing note for note with a good bass is always strong."

"But you *do* attempt to sing note for note with tenors as well as baritones?"

"Of course."

"I don't suppose I should venture to go below lyric soprano, but I can't seem to resist mezzo."

The chief engineer opened his cabin door, switched on a light, and then stood aside to let Mrs. Gardiner enter. Her instant impression was that she had never been in such a room in her life. It was unbelievably crowded with Ehlers' possessions. Chaotic and masculine, it thrilled Mrs. Gardiner beyond words. As Ehlers began to remove a jumble of books from the easy chair, he said, "It is not true that all engineers are neat, as most people think. Here you can see the proof."

"Please don't apologize," Mrs. Gardiner begged. "And please don't go to any trouble. I'll sit on the edge of the berth if I may."



The edge of the berth was where she really wanted to sit. It seemed so daring, and Mrs. Gardiner longed to be Bohemian on this unprecedented and wonderful occasion. She hummed "*Mimi, chiamano Mimi*" as her host was clearing the easy chair for her.

"Here you are," he said, "and soon Poul will be bringing the coffee."

"*You* sit in the chair, Mr. Ehlers," she said. "I *like* it up here."

"May I be very bold?" the chief engineer said suddenly.

Mrs. Gardiner, who hadn't the remotest idea what sort of boldness he contemplated, said, "In what way?"

"My first name is Martin," he said. "It would make me so very happy if you would call me by my first name."

"Of course!" she said. "My own first name is Lucy, but in the family and among my friends I've always been called 'Lutie.' It's a nickname and a rather foolish one."

"Lu-ti," the chief engineer said, slowly and experimentally. A gleam of pleasure came into his eyes. "It has an Italian sound, your name 'Lu-ti,'" he said. "I am so glad! I sometimes feel, Lu-ti, that at heart I am much more Italian than Danish."

"But how extraordinary, Martin!" the newly christened Lu-ti exclaimed. "I myself have often felt that at heart I am very much more Italian than *Bostonian!*"

"Have you ever been to La Scala?" he said.

"Never," she sighed.

"*I* have. I have taken the inexpensive vacations by autobus that we have from Denmark. Four times! Lu-ti, you must take a trip to Milan someday. It is very much worth saving money for!"

Worth saving money for. So Martin didn't know— or better still, he hadn't even guessed. Although her own branch of the Winthrops had not been as wealthy as Allegra and Priscilla's parents, they had been far more prosperous than Persis' father, and the late Rupert Gardiner had been a man of considerable property indeed.

"Forgive me for asking this, but have you children who could help to make it possible for you to travel more extensively someday?"

"My husband and I had no children," Lucy said. "When my husband died this was my greatest of regrets—that we'd had no children. I shall probably puzzle you if I tell you that my husband's death wasn't a tragic loss to me, but it's true. Sometimes it seemed to me that we were virtually strangers."

"That *does* puzzle me," he said frankly. "And who are the parents of the young lady in your party?"

"Persis' father was a first cousin of mine, a clergyman. He and his wife were killed in a motor accident."

"And the other two ladies are cousins of yours, too, I believe I heard the captain say? Would they be interested in saving to travel to Italy at a time when La Scala is in season?"

"My Cousin Allegra and my Cousin Priscilla aren't interested in music," Lucy said. "If I ever go to Milan, I shall have to plan to travel there without them."

"Then you *must* plan and you *must* save," Martin said with authority.

"I'm very much impressed by what you say, Martin," she told him truthfully.

There was a knock on the door. "Here is Poul with our coffee."

A few moments later, as Martin was handing Lucy her cup, she said, "Oh, Martin, do let me look at some of the records first."

"Good!" he said. "And then with the coffee we shall have music."

Lucy slipped down from the berth and, kneeling on the floor, began to examine one of the several stacks of records that had caught her eye. "You have the best Barber of Seville that's ever been made!" she cried.

He put on a record. They listened attentively for a while and with the purest enjoyment. Presently Martin picked up a libretto and, seating himself beside Lucy, pointed to the correct place in the text.

"Ready?" he asked companionably. "We are coming to a duet."

They sang. And Martin, like Lucy, had perfect pitch!

Early the next morning Persis was making her way to the bridge for coffee and her language session with First Officer Gjellup when she encountered Erik. Again he came clattering down from the wireless room, this time wearing pajamas and a frayed bathrobe.

"Persis!" he said wildly. "Persis, what has happened? Each night I am waiting and waiting for you to come. You know I am not allowed to go to your cabin. Darling, what has happened? Why are you so changed?"

"Good morning, Erik," Persis said, torn by heartbreak. "Nothing has happened, really. It's just that I've had to spend more time than usual with my relatives."

"*Fantastic!*" he said, flinging out his arms in a gesture of exasperation and total disbelief. "Persis, I am loving you more and more, ever since our beautiful time together! What has happened?"

"Perhaps we let ourselves be carried away by a mood that wasn't very realistic," she said haltingly. "Perhaps we were being foolish."

"*Foolish?*" he said, aghast. "Everything that we said to each other you are calling *foolish?* All those serious and wonderful things?"

"I don't know, Erik," she faltered. "I really don't know how to explain it. Please excuse me. I mustn't be late for my language lesson with Mr. Gjellup."

"A language lesson with Gjellup!" he exploded. "Is that what you are planning to do with *all* the Danes? To make them feel important you will have language lessons with them, and then, while they are teaching you the language, you will use tricks to make them fall in love with you?"

Persis seized both his arms. "Erik, you *know* I'm not like that! I don't even know *how* to be like that! You were the only man I'd ever loved!"

Completely stunned, Erik gasped, "You say I 'was.' What do you mean? Are you forgetting that two nights ago you said, 'I don't care if you can't earn money while you're getting your next degree, Erik. The only thing that matters is that we love each other'?"

For a moment Persis was silent. She longed to be able to erase Gjellup's casual remark about Else Andreassen from her mind. But Persis was Persis. "I don't mean to be unfair," she said. "I realize you can't have any way of knowing what's happened to us unless I tell you. Would you like me to try to do that after dinner this evening? It won't be easy for me, but I can see that I should."

"This is an unhappy, terrible dream I am having!" he said wretchedly. "Yes, please come and tell me."

A few moments later she accepted a cup of coffee from First Officer Nils Gjellup with a "Thank you" so subdued that he scrutinized her thoughtfully and said in English, "I miss the happy face that used to brighten this time of the morning for me. Don't you feel an obligation to cheer up a tired old man who's already been standing watch for three hours?"

"I'm sorry, Nils," she said. "And you mustn't begin thinking of thirty-five as old."

"Who taught you always to say the right thing to a man?" he asked with a smile. "At least the face isn't a pale one. It's turning a light tan with just the right amount of glow in it, like the skin of a peach."

"Really, Nils!" Persis said, her smile inevitably warmer. And also slightly reproachful. "Now you're trying to cheer *me* up."

"You're a very interesting girl, Persis," Gjellup said. "For a number of reasons. One of them is that you're still growing up, I think—or is that an impolite thing to say?"

"I could never think of you as impolite," Persis said.

"Thank you," he said. "And now the lesson."

Such activity kept Persis from thinking about what she would say to Erik when evening should come, but the lesson was of short duration, and by midmorning Persis was in the greatest of quandaries. Her courage was failing. The last subject in the world she wanted to discuss with Erik was the stewardess.

Persis, with her manuscript-filled briefcase on one of the forward hatches, tried without success to become absorbed in her Aylmer Collection catalogue. Instead, she kept lifting her eyes to look at the living world about her, because the living world was Erik's world.

Two distractions presented themselves simultaneously. Nils Gjellup appeared, strung a clothesline over the hatch, and in a matter-of-fact fashion proceeded to hang up a batch of laundry—khaki shirts and trousers, undershirts and shorts. Meanwhile, Persis' Great-Aunt Allegra approached, steadying herself with an improvised walking stick.

"I've never seen you down here on the cargo deck before, Aunt Allegra," said Persis. "How are you managing, and where did you find the stick?"

"I'm managing admirably, thank you," said Mrs. Minturn. "As for the stick, it was presented to me by Captain Morebeer, who *most* co-operatively had someone saw off the handle of an old deck mop. Good morning, Mr. Yelp. Did Persis have her lesson with you this morning, and if so how did it go?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 140

The aim of religion is not to get us into heaven, but to get heaven into us.
ULYSSES G. B. PIERCE

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138

"Extremely well."

Mrs. Minturn said, "Tell me, Persis, is this your favorite spot for work?"

"Usually, if it's a nice day," Persis said.

"I have a favorite haunt too," Mrs. Minturn said. "I'll show it to you sometime."

"Why not now?"

"Then come along. It's in a different part of the ship and on another deck."

They presently came upon a kind of skylight, sections of which had been raised to ventilate the room below. "Look down there and tell me what you see," Mrs. Minturn commanded.



"A huge stove, a plain wooden table and a chopping block. It's the ship's galley, or perhaps one of a series of galleys."

"Exactly. And what do you see *on* the stove?"

"Carrots boiling in a kind of caldron."

"And that's all?"

"That's all."

"Which is precisely where the mystery comes in. I have looked down into that kitchen repeatedly, and I never see anything really interesting going on. When and where do you suppose the fascinating food they serve is actually cooked?"

"Well, Aunt Allegra, there's probably a whole series of galleys under this deck, with each one used for a different purpose. They must have quite a fair-sized staff, wouldn't you think? Besides taking care of the passengers and officers, they have to feed the entire crew."

"Excuse me, young man, but do you speak English?" Mrs. Minturn asked suddenly, addressing these words to Erik, who happened to be hurrying by.

"Yes, Mrs. Minturn," he said, halting. "May I help you?"

"You know my name," she remarked with astonishment. "But I've never even *seen* you before!"

"Once when I was on the bridge you were pointed out to me on the deck below," he said.

"Are you a passenger?"

"Aunt Allegra, this is Mr. Lind," Persis said. "Mr. Lind is the wireless operator."

"Is he really?" Mrs. Minturn asked with interest. "He's an extremely nice-looking one, too, if I may say so. You're Danish, I presume, Mr. Lind?"

"Yes, Mrs. Minturn."

"Good! I find myself becoming increasingly pro-Danish. If my sentiments have been influenced by the excellence of Danish cooking—and I'm thinking especially of a very successful almond pudding we had the first night out—I can only say that I greatly admire competence in any field whatever. Which leads me, Mr. Lind, to a question I was about to ask you, when I saw you walking by. Have you ever stopped at this particular spot on the deck to look down into the ship s kitchen? Or, rather, 'galley,' as I understand I should say?"

"No, I don't believe so, Mrs. Minturn."

"I'm disappointed," she said. "I thought perhaps you might have glanced down from time to time, as I have, and seen men working. I have *never* seen *anyone* at work down there. This puzzles me."

"I think I can explain," he said. "Most of the preparations for the midday meal are made very early in the morning, and most of the preparations for the evening meal are begun around one o'clock, when the passengers have sat down to lunch."

"Is this the only galley?"

"Yes, except that there are two adjoining pantries." Nodding both to Mrs. Minturn and to Persis, he said, "Will you excuse me, please? I have a message to deliver to the chief engineer."

A moment later Mrs. Minturn was saying, "Benjamin would have *liked* that young man! And, just incidentally, what a pleasant face he has! Or didn't you notice?"

"Well, for that matter, *most* of the Danes on board seem to be pleasant, healthy-looking people," Persis said lightly. "I suppose I really should be getting back to work, Aunt Allegra."

Persis, resolutely prepared to offer complete frankness, knocked on the door of Erik's cabin. The moment she saw him she noted that his face was pale and his eyes even more unhappy than they had been earlier in the day. *He looks exactly the way I feel!* she thought wryly.

"Come in, Persis," he said. When he indicated a chair she shook her head.

"No, I'd really rather stand, Erik, while I say the things I know I ought to say. None of it's going to be easy, but I've got to get through it *somehow*."

"Then *I'll* sit down if I may," he said. "When I am standing opposite you like this I want to kiss you, and something tells me that what I must do, instead, is listen."

"Yes, do sit down, Erik," she said hastily. "In the first place I hope you'll try to understand that if I sound like a prig or—er—cold, I truly don't believe that's what I'm like at heart."

"I have reason to know you are not cold, but, please, what is a 'prig'?"

"Oh, dear!" she said despairingly. "Let's not go into that. It would take me so long to explain. What I am, Erik, is hopelessly, hopelessly ignorant about a great many things that you may have thought I'd always taken for granted as common knowledge. The fact is, I know nothing whatever about how American men and girls behave when they're with each other, and I know even less about how Danish men and girls behave. I'm *ignorant!* You must accept that one thing, to begin with. I've never known any men at all well, except, in a way, the men I work with, and of course that's quite a different thing."

"How so?"

"Well, we're entirely on a professional basis when we're together. Also, I might add that most of them are middle-aged, married, and not particularly attractive."

"Good!" Erik said briefly.

STATISTICAL BLANK

BY GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Psychologists list the traumatic terrors
Resulting from stern parental errors,
Bewailing the little psyches blighted
By curbs and disciplines long indicted.

Strangely, no figures are ever given
On how many mothers are being driven
Toward padded cells by obstreperous seions
With psyches unblighted as hungry lions!

"But let's go back to when I was eighteen or thereabouts. I wasn't pretty, I wasn't popular, I wasn't *anything*. Boys have never taken the slightest interest in me, and now that I look back at myself I can't truthfully say that I blame them!"

"So much depends on what a boy is looking for," Erik said meditatively. "To me you are very beautiful, but that is not what I am looking for. When I am finding you—excuse me—when I found you, I found what I was looking for, and it was something that is inside, not outside. That is to say, it is not only a beauty I can see with my eyes but a beauty I can recognize with my heart."

"Please let me finish, Erik," Persis said in a voice that was beginning to tremble. She took a deep breath. "Erik, I discovered something without meaning to. I know about you and Else."

Erik looked at Persis steadily and without embarrassment. "Else and I? I have never had a feeling of love for Else, if that is what you mean."

"What I mean is that you have had some kind of feeling for Else—I've no way of knowing exactly what—and yet you made love to me."

"Of course," he said, and to Persis' astonishment he smiled suddenly. "I am a man and Else is a woman, and the feeling I had for her was very natural. But it was not a feeling of love, Persis. It was not a feeling of love in any way. It was really so very, very unimportant it isn't even worth talking about!"

"*Unimportant?*" Persis gasped. "But you have been Else's *lover!*"

"In a physical sense, yes," he said with a shrug. "But only in that sense, so I say again that it is of no significance. And of course it is all over. Who has told you about Else and me? Have the officers been joking?"

"I learned it by accident, Erik. You need not blame anyone, because no one said anything at all unkind."

Erik stood up. "Persis, there is something that I have never done with Else or with anyone else. It is this." He placed his hands against her shoulders, and bent his face toward hers and kissed her lips with infinite tenderness. "You are the only one," he said. "You are the only one I have ever kissed so. Do you understand?"

She remained silent.

"Persis, there is a thing I will ask you to do that I think will be very good and very wise for us," he said. "I will ask you to go, and all tonight and all day tomorrow not to think unhappy thoughts. And then tomorrow night I would like you to come here to the cabin and we will have our lesson with the New York Times. And I will not kiss you. We will talk and we will study and we will talk some more, and while we are doing all this we will think about something very important."

"Something very important?" she said almost inaudibly. "What?"

"That we are only twenty-four years old and that since this is so we can be very happy, if we choose to, for many years. Together. And remember, Persis, I will not kiss you tomorrow night. I will not kiss you again, ever, until you have kissed *me*. When you do, this will mean you have realized it is all true, what I am telling you. It will mean you know you are the only one I have ever kissed, so, as I did just now."

Again Persis was silent.

"You have been honest with me, and I have been honest with you," Erik said. "This is what we will always be, I hope. Good night, my darling!"

Earlier that evening Lucy Gardiner's Cousin Allegra had reproached her three times at dinner for not paying attention to the conversation. Then, as Lucy had abstractedly poked at an ice-cream-filled meringue decorated with brandied cherries, the word "Lutie" had again penetrated her consciousness. "*Lutie*"—spoken quite indignantly this time—"what in heaven's name has got *into* you?"

"I'm sorry, Allegra. I suppose the fact is simply that I've been rather busy thinking."

"*Thinking?*"

"One tends to, I find, on board a ship."

"Do you suppose, Lutie, that you could tend to think about an evening of bridge? Persis has just said she'd be willing to play, although not until later in the evening."

"As far as I'm concerned, Allegra, I'm afraid I'll have to admit that I'm not equal to any kind of game at all this evening," Lucy had answered with decision.

"But why not? Obviously you're not ill. In fact, I don't believe I've ever seen you looking so extraordinarily well!"

"Thank you," Lucy had said, coloring. "I dare say it's the sea air."

And now, at nine o'clock, Martin Ehlers was saying, "Lu-ti, my dear, will you have a little more of the cherry Heering? Or more coffee?"

"No more, thank you, Martin," she said. "Remember that I'm almost completely unaccustomed to liqueurs. Do let's play that last side again, may we?"

"Of course," he said, and going to the record player he again placed the needle at the beginning of Smetana's overture to The Bartered Bride.

"It's such *happy* music!" she said.

"And therefore it is appropriate," he said. "Therefore it is *very* appropriate!" They exchanged smiles, and he rested his hand against her cheek for a moment. "Dear friend!" he said earnestly.

"Dear friend!" said Lucy, with equal earnestness.

"There is something I must show you," Martin said. "When I want to make myself comfortable for an evening with the music, I wear one of these." From one of the drawers of the chest beneath his berth he produced a voluminous Japanese silk robe, with yellow

CONTINUED ON PAGE 143



nt Sarmi lines a silk crepe de chine kimono with very brocade to interpret the double luxury of gligee pink" Soft-Weve, the bathroom tissue with exquisite "facial quality" and delicate colors.



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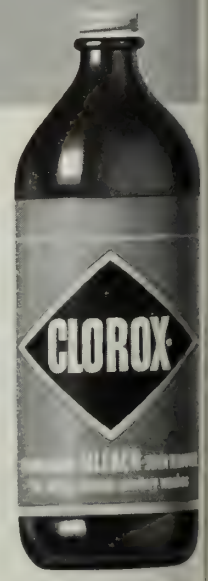
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Suds, plus today's Clorox bleach, give today's cleanest washes!



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 140

chrysanthemums embroidered on a blue background, and then another, with white cranes embroidered on a scarlet background.

"Oh, Martin, how beautiful! *Do* put one of them on!"

"And you too. But you must choose yours first, Lu-ti." Lucy selected the scarlet robe with white cranes, and tossing it into her lap Martin removed the jacket of his uniform and slipped it over the back of his desk chair. He took off his tie. Then he unbuttoned his shirt and took off that as well. Next, he unbelted and unzipped his trousers, stepped out of them, and slid them over the bar of a coat hanger. After this he added his jacket to the hanger, and then neatly hung the whole uniform in his wardrobe. As soon as Martin had donned the blue-and-yellow robe, he took off his shoes and put them away in a drawer at the base of the wardrobe. In his stocking feet Martin padded over to the record player and began to assemble a further program of music, a full evening's worth. "Put on *your* robe, Lu-ti," he ordered in a pleasant voice as he inspected one record after another.

Lucy got up. She stared at the scarlet costume she was holding, looked at Martin and then arrived at a great decision. Calmly she took off her blue crepe dress and hung it carefully in Martin's wardrobe. She was interested, and pleased, to discover that this unprecedented action caused her no embarassment at all. Lucy put on her Japanese robe and, following Martin's example, removed her shoes.

Martin glanced at Lucy, and in a tone of approval that thrilled her to the marrow said, "Splendid! Lu-ti, that is a *very* becoming color for you! Now we can both feel that we are at home.

"I know exactly what you mean," she said contentedly.

Martin climbed up to his berth, moved over toward the wall, and stretched out comfortably on his back, with his hands clasped behind his head on the pillow. "This is a good way to listen, Lu-ti," he said. "Come up!" Rolling over on his side, he held out a hand to assist her.

A moment later Lucy, too, was lying stretched out on her back with her hands clasped behind her head.

"Waldteufel waltzes," Martin remarked. "You like them?"

"M-m-m-m, yes!" Lucy sighed blissfully. "You are feeling Viennese this evening?"

"Not exactly. I am feeling nothing but very, very natural and very, very happy."

"So am I. You describe it perfectly!"

Martin turned his head on the pillow and touched his lips to her cheek. "Dear Lu-ti!" he said.

"Dear Martin!" she said.

"I am to retire from Jensen very soon, and do you know what my dream has been?"

"No," she said. "What has it been, Martin?"

"It has been to own a cruiser and live on board it always, traveling about the waters of Denmark from the spring through the autumn, just as the king does in his yacht, and then in the winter to make fast to a canal quay in Copenhagen. Even if I can find a very inexpensive cruiser and one that is in sound condition, I shall not be able to go to such places as Milan except perhaps once or twice more in my life. Although I have been saving carefully for many years, I must decide between living in a very modest fashion in a warm climate, such as Italy, and living much more actively in a cold climate, such as Denmark. I have selected to do the latter because I think it will be a more normal and more interesting way to grow old. Also, putting all thoughts of La Scala aside, I would not be sensible if I did not admit to myself that the good music in my own country is most plentiful."

"Oh, Martin, you're such a wonderful combination of things!" Lucy said impulsively. "You're not only sensitive, but you can also *think* and make wise *plans!*"

"Do you like my plan about the cruiser, Lu-ti?"

"Oh, I do! It will all be so snug and cozy too. Will you do your own cooking?"

"Ah, Lu-ti, you are suddenly taking me by surprise," he said. "I was not intending to say it to you so soon, but you are asking me this question and so I will answer. No, I am hoping I will *not* do my own cooking!"

"But then how will you manage?"

"I am hoping that *you* will do it!" he said, and again he turned his head and touched his lips to her cheek. "Lu-ti, you already know that I do not have a great deal of money, but I can promise you that I have been *very* careful and that I have saved for many years and that you will never be hungry. I can promise you that."

Lucy turned and put her arms around him and pressed her face against his. "Oh, Martin!" she said.

"I am not asking you to do something you will be sorry for, or so I truly think," he said. "I want to marry you, of course, and I want us both to be very happy."

Lucy, staring at the ceiling, said, "Martin, darling, there is something I must ask you. How much will it cost to buy a boat of the kind we are to live in?"

"In kroner?" he said. "That is a difficult question to answer, Lu-ti, because so much will depend on what boats are available when I am ready to buy one. I shall inspect every square inch. I shall test every bolt and screw. You must remember, Lu-ti, that this boat is to be our home."

"Of course," Lucy said. "That's what I'm thinking about, and that's why I'm asking you how much it will cost. You see, Martin, darling, buying the kind of boat you have in mind won't be as much of a problem as you've been anticipating, because fortunately—so very fortunately—I have plenty of money."

Down in their hearts wise men know this truth: the only way to help yourself is to help others.

ELBERT HUBBARD

"So you have been saving too!" he said. He covered one of her hands with one of his and said, "Good! But you must not waste any more of your savings on trips in Danish freighters. You must keep everything you have in case something happens to me when I am older. For this reason only I am glad that you have some savings, Lu-ti."

"Nothing is going to happen to you, Martin!" she cried.

"Dear Lu-ti, we all grow old," he said.

"I haven't explained things at all properly, Martin," Lucy said. "I have a great *many* dollars."

"That is good," he said indulgently and even playfully. "Do you have a *million* dollars, Lu-ti?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "*Several* million."

"Oh, that is so very nice!" he said, and kissed her again. "It is also very nice that I am going to be married to a woman who is crazy!"

"I don't think you believe me," she said.

"Of course I believe you," Martin said. "And we will take your millions of dollars and we will go into business and we will raise honeybees or something like that, and then we will lose all the millions of dollars, but we will not mind. We will not mind because we can always imagine *more* millions of dollars! Believe me, Lu-ti, this is the only way for people to enjoy money. The only way is to *imagine* that it is real!"

"Stay where you are, Martin," Lucy said, sliding down from the berth. "I'll be right back." She slipped out of the scarlet Japanese robe and promptly got back into her blue crepe. "I'll only be a minute," she said, and departed.

Actually, Lucy was gone no more than five minutes. When she returned she found Martin lazily pushing his stocking feet against the cabin ceiling. "This is very relaxing," he said. "Also, it is good for the arches."

Lucy undressed again, this time to the strains of the Rosenkavalier waltzes, and again put on the scarlet robe. In almost no time at all she was lying on her back in the berth and pushing her own stocking feet against the ceiling. "You're right," she agreed. "It *is* relaxing!" Then she handed Martin a rectangular slip of blue paper.

"'The National Shawmut Bank of Boston,'" he read aloud. "'Pay to the order of Martin Ehlers one million and no one hundredths dollars. Lucy W. Gardiner.'"

"I can send a wireless to the trust department tomorrow to sell enough securities to cover the full amount," Lucy said. "This means that the check will be perfectly valid by the time we land in Copenhagen."

Martin roared with laughter. "I am *so* glad that you are crazy, Lu-ti!" he declared, and kissed her. "It is so pleasing to me that you have a beautiful imagination." Then he tore the check into shreds.

Lucy raised herself on one elbow to look at him. Then she put her arms around him, laid her head on his chest and closed her eyes. "Oh, Martin!" she said, very nearly in tears and yet in a voice that was at the same time all joy.

There was a heavy sea running, and Persis and Nils Gjellup were drinking their early-morning coffee under difficulties. "Congratulations," he said. "You haven't spilled any yet."

"Thank you. Neither have you."

"You seem a little happier this morning."

"Perhaps I am, a little. I always enjoy being up here on the bridge with you, Nils. It helps me to see things more clearly. I don't mean the view. I mean things about myself."

"You're turning out to be less and less of a hard-working student, Persis. You've been avoiding Danish as much as possible for several days now."

"I'll try to do better tomorrow, but *please* let's speak English this morning."

"Does this mean there's something in particular you're anxious to talk about—in English?"

"Yes, there is. From something you were saying the other morning, I gathered you feel that young Americans have much too romantic an approach to marriage, and that they pursue the ideal too intensely. *Don't* you?"

"This thing you do in your country, 'going steady,' is generally thought by other countries to indicate a kind of fear and uncertainty rather than a use of normal intelligence," he said.

"Whereas in Denmark, for example, there's a tendency for the young people to practice calculated experimenting?"

"I don't believe we're an immoral people, but yes, we *do* allow a certain amount of what you call calculated experimenting. I think most of us try to plan our marriages very carefully, and approach the whole subject much more thoughtfully than you do."

"I wish I knew you well enough, Nils, to ask how you felt about the girls you knew before you were married, the ones you saw quite a lot of."

"Did I have many adventures, do you mean?" he asked, smiling. "Not many. I was always too ugly and too shy."

"Not *ugly*, Nils!" she said with instant indignation.

"There you go again, telling men the things they know aren't true but can't help liking to hear," he said.

"Did you feel at all seriously about the girls you knew before you were married?"

"If you mean 'seriously' in the way I *think* you mean it—no, not at all!"

"And all the time you were thinking about the kind of girl you would like to marry one day?"

"Yes, all the time. Oh, no. Not *all* the time, Persis, but a great *deal* of the time."

"And when you met the girl you married, the one who's now Fru Gjellup, did you know very, very quickly that she was the one you had been waiting for?"

"Yes," the first officer said soberly. "I knew so suddenly that I was almost frightened. Almost frightened that I might lose her to someone else, that is. Because, you see, like most Danes I had been very planful. I gave much thought to the kind of life I would lead when I would be *in* my home."

"And the girls you knew before you were married—the girls of what you called the

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Here's news for people with ulcers!

If you have an ulcer, you have a difficult diet problem. You must eat often, but your choice of foods is limited. For you, eating has become a dull, joyless routine.

Also, if you have been on a high milk-and-cream diet, you may well have the additional problem of overweight.

That's why it's so important for you to find acceptable foods to vary your diet . . . foods to add pleasure, but not unwanted pounds.

And here's news of an ideal dessert! Sweet and satisfying D-Zerta Pudding adds delightful variety to your special diet. When prepared with whole milk, it helps to give you the milk benefits you need. D-Zerta is made without sugar, and one serving has only 94 calories. It comes in three luscious flavors. You can enjoy it often. Ask your doctor about D-Zerta Pudding. He'll recommend it . . . and delicious, low-calorie D-Zerta Gelatin, too. D-Zerta is made by General Foods, the makers of Jell-O Desserts. It's available at grocery stores.

'adventures'—they didn't hurt your dream in any way or keep it from coming true?"

"No," Nils Gjellup said. "Of course not! They were unimportant. Only the dream of my home, only *that* was important! Why, while I was still a young seaman, long before my Hanne and I had met, I used to spend hours thinking of names for children and saying them aloud to myself."

Persis, startled to have her happy time with Erik so forcibly recalled to her, said, "Really, Nils?"

"And since Hanne had been doing the same thing, we of course compromised by combining our choices." The first officer sighed. "Unfortunately, we've never had an opportunity to use any of our names for boys."

Persis put her hand on his sleeve. "Nils," she said.

"Yes, Persis?"

"You're so nice! I'm feeling better and better. In fact, I can't tell you how *much* better I'm feeling! I'll even try to speak *paa Dansk* now if you want me to."

"Good!" he said in Danish. "I shall begin by telling you how glad I am that you and Lind love each other. You mustn't worry about the suddenness. In fact, I think it is what you both have been waiting for, and thinking about, for years."

Persis gazed at him with stupefaction. "How did you know?"

Nils smiled. "You must believe me when I say that on board the Anny Jensen, or any other freighter, it is difficult for mysteries to remain very mysterious. Didn't I tell you once that Danes would rather discuss people than anything else in the world? Well, on board this ship there are many Danes, most of them gifted with great powers of observation and deduction!"

When Persis found herself the first passenger to appear for breakfast, she felt tempted to make an excuse to Else and return a little later. But never having been really good at cowardice, Persis overcame the impulse and took her place at the table.

"Today is rough," Else commented. "Are you minding this?"

"No, not at all," Persis said. "I rather like it."

"Later in the day it will be better, Lind says. Lind says we were near to a big storm but it is going away from us, more to Iceland."

Hearing Erik's name mentioned, Persis had to control a certain feeling of panic. "I see," she said, with determined easiness, and occupying herself with a breakfast egg, toast and jam.

Else poured her a cup of coffee. "That is a nice boy!" the stewardess said with decision.

"Mr. Lind?" Persis said, still striving for casualness.

"Yes. Very serious, of course—I am thinking he is too serious sometimes—but also very nice. Books. Studying. But I am also saying that he is very nice and that you are very lucky. He is a good Dane and *you* will be a good Dane."

Persis was speechless.

"This is true," Else continued thoughtfully. "All this is true, what I am telling you. I know, because Lind and I were being friends."

"You and Mr. Lind are not friends now?" Persis managed to say.

"Oh, yes, but not like before, of course. Now I am friends *that* way only with Carstensen, the second mate. Take another egg. They are small today."

"Oh, no, thank you," Persis said faintly.

To be pleased with oneself is the surest way of offending everybody else. EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON

"So when Lind is telling me he is now ready to make his home, I am thinking, 'Good! He is a serious boy and it is a good time for him to do this.' Sssst! I think there is somebody coming. We do not say these things with more passengers in the room." Else held out her hand. "I wish good luck!" she said hastily.

"Thank you, Else," Persis said.

"Good day, Herr and Fru Zahner," Else said. "Are you minding that it is rough? Later in the day it will be better, the *telegrafist* is telling me."

Mrs. Benjamin Langham Forbes Minturn, enveloped in an old Harris-tweed Inverness cape that had belonged to her late husband, shielded her eyes with her hand and surveyed the sea. A fine day, Mrs. Minturn thought. And a fine voyage, too, on the whole, except that Persis had been behaving most strangely for several days, and now Lutie as well. Odd. All very odd. But Mrs. Minturn, after a lifetime of observing behavior of the highest peculiarity on the part of many of her relatives and friends, wasn't too greatly concerned. Mrs. Minturn, her head held high and her right hand gripping her stick as authoritatively as if it had been a scepter, sniffed the clean salt air with relish.

"Good morning, Mrs. Minturn," a voice said. It was the young man of whom she had already formed such a distinctly favorable impression—the wireless operator.

"Good morning, Mr. Lind," she said. "I trust I've remembered your name correctly?"

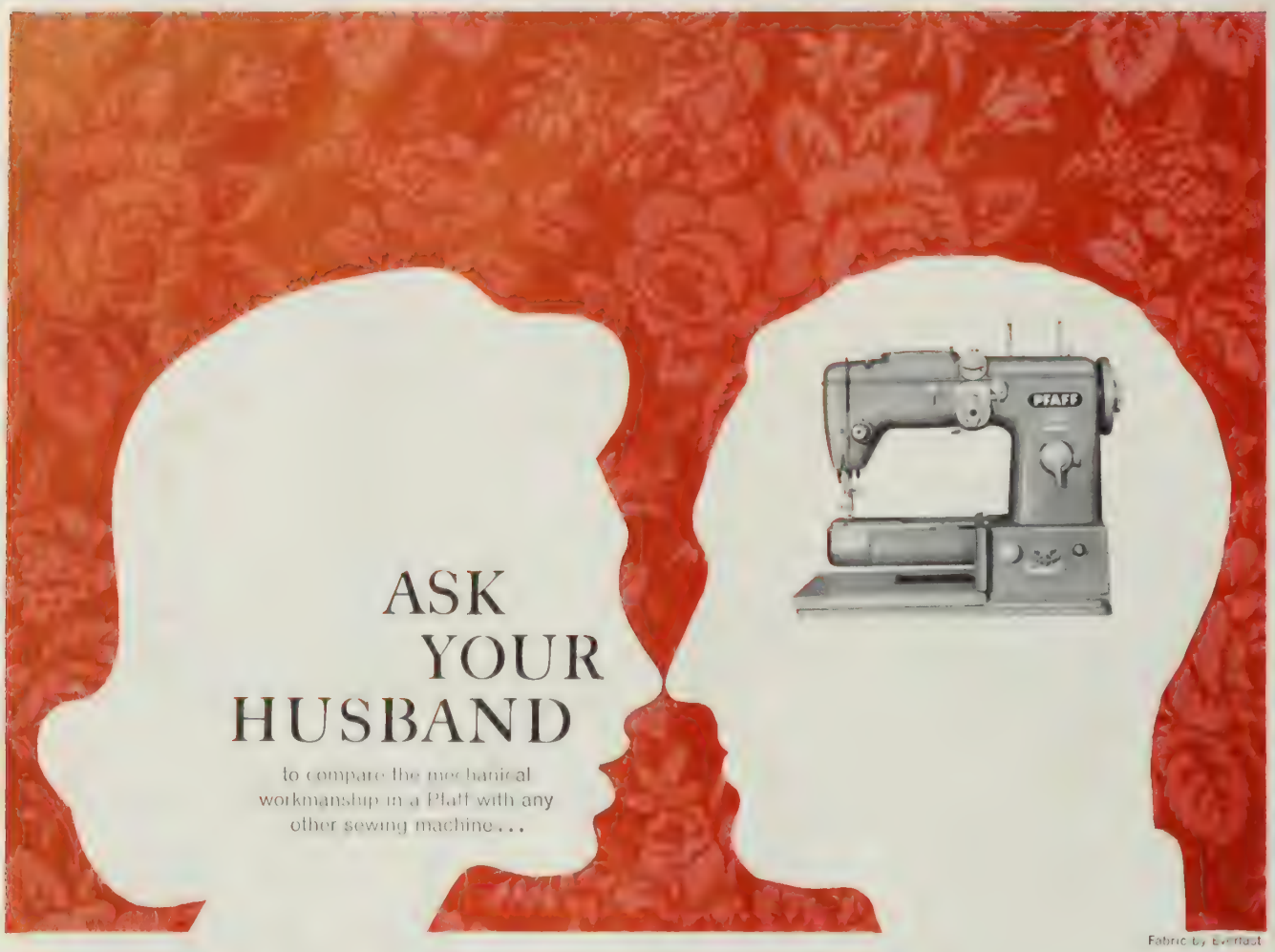
"Yes, Mrs. Minturn," he said. "Erik Lind." Then he handed her a slip of paper. "I have just asked one of the cooks to write down for me in English the method of making the almond dessert you spoke about, and this is what he has written."

Mrs. Minturn, pleasantly astonished, said, "What a very thoughtful thing for you to do! Thank you so very much."

"Not at all," he said. "I was very glad to do it. Also, the head cook asks me to say to you that he feels complimented."

Mrs. Minturn got up. "I wonder if he would have a moment to spare?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 147



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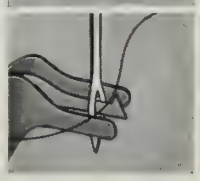
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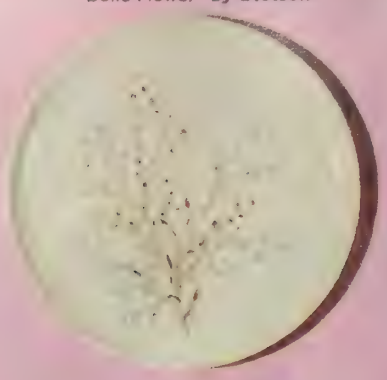
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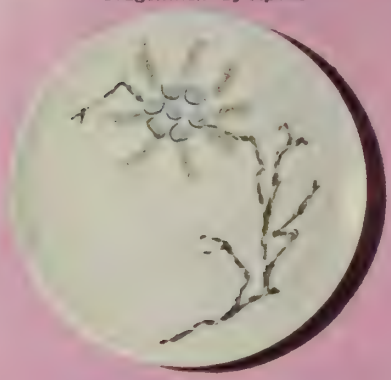
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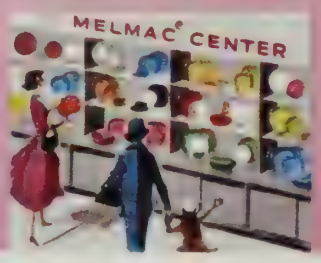
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 144

"I should imagine so," said Erik. "In fact, I know he would. Would you like me to take you to the galley?"

"I would indeed."

Reaching the deck below, they came upon a boy of nineteen peeling potatoes just outside an open door. "This is Lars, who is the helper," Erik said, and after introducing Mrs. Minturn he called through the door, "Finn!"

A pink-cheeked, cheerful-looking youth of about twenty-two appeared, and Erik said, "This is Finn Andersen, the head cook. Finn, this is Mrs. Minturn, the American passenger who is so pleased with what you do."

Mrs. Minturn gaped incredulously at the head cook. "Do you seriously mean that this *child* is responsible for all the food that is served on board the Anny Jensen?"

"Yes," Erik said.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Andersen!" Mrs. Minturn said, with instant remorse. "I didn't intend to be unmannerly, I can assure you. Quite the reverse! I came to thank you for the almond-pudding recipe and to congratulate you on your really extraordinary talents. When Mr. Lind said 'the head cook' I could hardly grasp—I *still* can hardly grasp—that anyone so unexpectedly young could be so gifted!"

"Thank you, and I am so glad you are liking everything so much," Andersen said politely. "It is something that happens very much, for the cooks on the freighters to be young. The good jobs on the bigger ships do not come for us until we are older. I am twenty-two and Lars is nineteen."

"But they have both had the same training, you understand," Erik explained carefully. "It is required before young men can work as cooks on ships, even on freighters."

"Is it impolite to ask about the scale of salaries on Danish ships?" Mrs. Minturn asked Erik in an aside.

He shook his head. "No," he said. "With all our lines the scale is much the same."

By far the most startling information that had come Mrs. Minturn's way since she had boarded the Anny Jensen was what she now learned; namely, that Andersen's pay was considerably less than the wages Miss Ruthanne Fogarty and her predecessors had been receiving. "I can unhesitatingly say that if you were to move to Boston you could double your earnings from the very start!" Mrs. Minturn declared, and for emphasis she struck the deck sharply with her stick.

"That would be very nice, but I am thinking it would not be easy to make a beginning in a different country, where everything I am taught to make would be strange to people," Andersen said.

"Nonsense!" Mrs. Minturn said. "That's much too cautious an attitude. Haven't you any sense of *adventure?*"

Andersen grinned. "Where there is adventure there is also trouble," he said.

"Fiddledeedee!" Mrs. Minturn said crossly. "*What* trouble? Suppose you were working in my house at double your present salary, what trouble would there be? And suppose that eventually you were to go to an excellent hotel or country inn at a still better salary, what trouble would there be *then?* As far as a beginning goes, you may present yourself at my house, if you like, at the very earliest opportunity!"

Being a practical woman, she lost no time in furnishing the details of what the situation would be like. Presently she and Andersen succeeded in reaching what was, in essence, a tentative agreement. With this, Mrs. Minturn was more than content; she was triumphantly jubilant.

"I really owe this turn of events entirely to you!" she told Erik when they had left the galley deck and returned to the passengers' area.

"Oh, no," he said, sounding troubled. "I disagree."

"You seem to be disturbed about something, Mr. Lind. What is it?"

"To Andersen you are describing the requirements at your house in Boston and the life you are living," Erik said, "and it is a great surprise to me. Because it is the life of people who do not travel by freighters. Excuse me if I say the wrong thing, but I am meaning *rich* people."

"I never think of myself as rich," Mrs. Minturn said firmly. "I even dislike hearing myself described by the expression 'well-to-do,' although I'm embarrassed to admit there's a certain foundation for it."

"But surely Miss Winthrop is not what you call 'well-to-do'?" Erik said with growing alarm. "She is a scholar who works in a museum, is she not?"

"You're quite right. Persis, I regret to say, is *not* well-to-do."

"I am not well-to-do, either," Erik made haste to tell Mrs. Minturn, and with great seriousness. "I am, in fact, still a student. That is to say, I shall be taking one more degree, I hope."

"Splendid! Where?"

"Either at the University of Copenhagen or the University of Aarhus. I have not yet decided."

"Here is my deck chair," Mrs. Minturn said. "The other is my sister's, but she seldom uses it. Sit down for a moment. I should like to hear more about your next degree."

Erik, promptly accepting the invitation, sat down on the foot of the adjoining deck chair,

NEXT MONTH

● It takes heart and a sense of humor to make a home in a new land. Katie was a young American with plenty of both. And she had James to love and be cherished by. "I only want to live where you live," she told him, and he smiled, "It's mutual."

Katie longed to be a proper English wife to James. But she also had to keep on being Katie Collins from Chicago, the girl he fell in love with.

LOVE IN THE MIST

By ROSALIE PACKARD

complete in the June JOURNAL, condensed from the novel soon to be published by Houghton Mifflin Co.

and began to discuss the comparative attractions of the courses and subjects offered by his country's universities. His manner was open and earnest. Young Mr. Lind was taking for granted, Mrs. Minturn felt, that she was intelligent and that since she had asked a sensible question she presumably expected a sensible answer. Delighted at being spared a lot of apologetic and haltingly polite drivel, she returned Erik's unintentional compliment by listening to him not only intently but in a mood that was warmly partisan.

"Electronics is not a subject that is today being enthusiastically studied in Denmark," he told her, shaking his head sadly. "I am thinking that perhaps there are much greater advantages for me if I go to England for my next degree, but this is impossible, because of the years it would take, and because there is not the free education, as it is with us."

"What about scholarships?"

"Not for England," Erik said. "I mean to say, not for Danes who wish to go to England for advanced degrees. This is one of the many things I am discovering, because for a long time I am trying to find out just this kind of information. For the very best places of all that are teaching electronics—well, it is not even worth discussing these places."

"Which schools do you consider the best?" Mrs. Minturn inquired.

"For the work in which I am most interested, which is called 'acoustical engineering,' there are two, and they are both in the United States," said Erik. "One is the Webb Institute, which is very, very fine."

"How amazing! I've never even heard of it. But then of course my fund of general knowledge is not only small but parochial. Where *is* the Webb Institute?"

"On Long Island. It is a small school that specializes in the teaching of naval architecture, but it happens that it is also very wonderful for acoustical engineering. The other institute that is also very fine for my subject is much bigger, so much bigger that I am a little bit afraid to think about it, even. This is the Massachusetts Institute of Technology."

"Oh?" Mrs. Minturn said politely, for a moment not recognizing the name, and then with a sudden rush of comprehension, she said, "*Oh!* You mean M.I.T. in Cambridge."

"Yes," he said. "M.I.T. But it is almost impossible for a Dane to win a scholarship for graduate study."

Employing one of her favorite gestures, Mrs. Minturn pulled at her nose meditatively. "What is the degree you would propose to take? A doctorate in engineering?"

"Yes, a doctorate," he said.

"And a doctorate in almost anything at all requires at least three years, I believe," she said. "Isn't that true?"

"That is true," he nodded.

"There is a scholarship at M.I.T. that was given by my late husband, but it is a scholarship in physics," Mrs. Minturn said thoughtfully. "He gave it at the instigation of his nephew, Millard Minturn, who for many years had been a professor there. In physics, of course. Offhand, it seems to me that the simplest solution would be for me to add a scholarship in electronics and to specify that preference be given to qualified graduate students from Denmark. You *are* qualified to apply for such a scholarship, I assume?"

"Yes, Mrs. Minturn," the astounded young man said. "I believe so."

"Splendid," she said. "So that's that! I know Millard will be glad to attend to the matter, because although he happens to be a specialist in physics he's passionately devoted to the institute as a whole—and also keenly interested in scholarships. No doubt it would be a good idea, even while the scholarship is in the process of being set up, for me to put you and Millard in touch with each other, and for Millard, in turn, to see to it that you enter into correspondence with certain people. Since you say you're entirely qualified, I should imagine no great difficulties will present themselves. Still, it always pays to be forehanded."

"But I don't *understand*, Mrs. Minturn," Erik said helplessly. "Are you planning to give a scholarship to me?"

"Of course not!" Mrs. Minturn said, with a gesture of impatience. "Not to you—or at least not to *you* specifically—but to M.I.T. And when it has been given you will apply for it. And when you have applied for it you will receive it."

"But, Mrs. Minturn, why are you doing this wonderful thing?"

She chuckled. "I am maneuvering," she confided. "I am being devious. May I take you into my confidence?"

"Yes, of course!" he said earnestly.

"You have met my grandniece, Persis Winthrop. She is a very sweet child and a very brilliant one. But we have a situation at home that distresses me very much. She buries herself in her work to the exclusion of everything else. I am hopeful, Mr. Lind, that if you should find yourself studying in Cambridge you would consent to do me a favor."

"Anything!" he declared passionately.

"It's simply this: once in a while—not often, mind you, but once in a great while—would you be kind enough to invite her to attend a concert or perhaps a motion picture? I dare say that many young men would by no means esteem my grandniece a beauty, but unless I completely misjudge the child I think you would find her a very pleasant companion. Do let me stress once again, Mr. Lind, that I shall be quite content if you merely show Persis some small attention on a very few occasions. In other words, I have no wish to interfere in any way with your complete freedom if you should win an M.I.T. scholarship."

Erik put both his hands to his forehead. "I am so confused by everything you are saying!" he told Mrs. Minturn, blurting out this confession in a tone in which joy and incredulity were almost equally mixed. "Do you mean that you approve of my seeing your niece as much as I may wish to?"



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"'Approve'?" Mrs. Minturn repeated, judiciously considering the word. "Frankly, Mr. Lind, if I were to tell you the unvarnished truth I should in all probability use a far more positive expression!"

Persis had promised to come to his cabin in the evening, and in Erik's view this was all that mattered at the moment. He had planned his behavior in detail. It was to be friendly, it was to be gentle, and above all it was to be scrupulously correct in every way. He waited for her with burning impatience, determined to achieve success but of course fearful lest he say, or do, something that might inadvertently spoil his plan. There was a knock at the door. He opened it, and said evenly but with the greatest private apprehension, "Hello, Persis."

"Hello," she said.

"I have found something in the magazine section of the Sunday Times that I think will be very interesting for our lesson," he said. "Please come in. Have you already had your lessons today with Gjellup and Captain Maarbjerg?"

"Yes," she said, looking at him rather strangely, he thought, and still standing there on the deck outside his cabin.

"Good," he said. "I hope they went well?"

"Very well," she said.

"Please come in," he said again, and going to his desk he picked up the Times magazine section. "Here is the article that I would like to read to you in English, for the correction of my pronunciation." Looking up from the Times, he said to her with sudden panic, "Persis, you have not yet come in! Is something wrong?"

She shook her head silently. Then she advanced.

The most wonderful moment of Erik's life was about to happen. Persis came toward him with a resolute look in her eyes. She tore the Times from his hands and tossed it to the floor. Then she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him with warmth, authority and purposefulness.

Overjoyed, Erik attempted to speak, but the nature of Persis' kiss was such that speech was impossible. All he succeeded in producing was a muffled but eloquent noise.

"Glug!" he said rapturously.

The Anny Jensen, agleam with fresh paint, had rounded the point at Elsinore and now was cruising down the Öresund to Copenhagen. One by one the city's landmarks could be distinguished. Captain Maarbjerg had broken out all his signal flags, and Mrs. Minturn, spying him standing on the bridge, called up to him. "Captain Morebeer, do the flags have some special significance?" she asked.

"Today is the birthday of the wife of an old friend of mine, the captain of the Asta Maersk, which is at anchor a little farther along," Maarbjerg replied. "He will understand why I am flying the flags."

"What a delightful thing to do!" Mrs. Minturn remarked. "I must say they give us a festive look."

"And why not?" Maarbjerg said cheerfully. "Are we not all feeling festive to be reaching Copenhagen after a good voyage? I am glad to tell you it will not be necessary for us to say the farewells, by the way. We are learning by wireless this is the next Jensen ship to sail from Copenhagen to North America. In approximately five days we shall be making a westbound sailing."

Do all the good you can, and make as little fuss as possible about it.
CHARLES DICKENS

"In that case we'll be returning with you. I'm *very* pleased."

"I am happy, too," Maarbjerg said. "So I do not say good-by. Instead, I say '*Velkommen til Danmark!*'"

Mrs. Minturn had no difficulty in grasping the meaning of this. "Thank you!" she said heartily, and returned to her deck chair. She discovered that her sister Priscilla had brought out the collection of kittens in a large cardboard box, either for a breath of fresh air or for an affectionate and lingering parting. Mrs. Minturn hastened to inform Mrs. Tuttle that the parting would be only temporary.

"How wonderful!" Mrs. Tuttle exclaimed. "Then I shall see the pigeon released, after all! Allegra, there's something I must tell you. About an hour ago I passed Lutie's stateroom. The door was closed but Lutie was inside—I know, because I could hear her—and do you know what she was doing? She was singing!"

"Was she? Well, perhaps she was feeling particularly happy about something. At any rate, let's hope so."

"But wait till I tell you what she was singing. As a rule, I don't pretend to know one piece of music from another, but I *do* know enough to recognize that very lively song from Carmen, the one that goes 'Ta-ta-*ta*, tata-ta-*ta*, ta-ta-ta-tata-tata-ta-ta-*ta*!' Now tell me truthfully, doesn't that astonish you? I mean in view of everything we know about Lutie?"

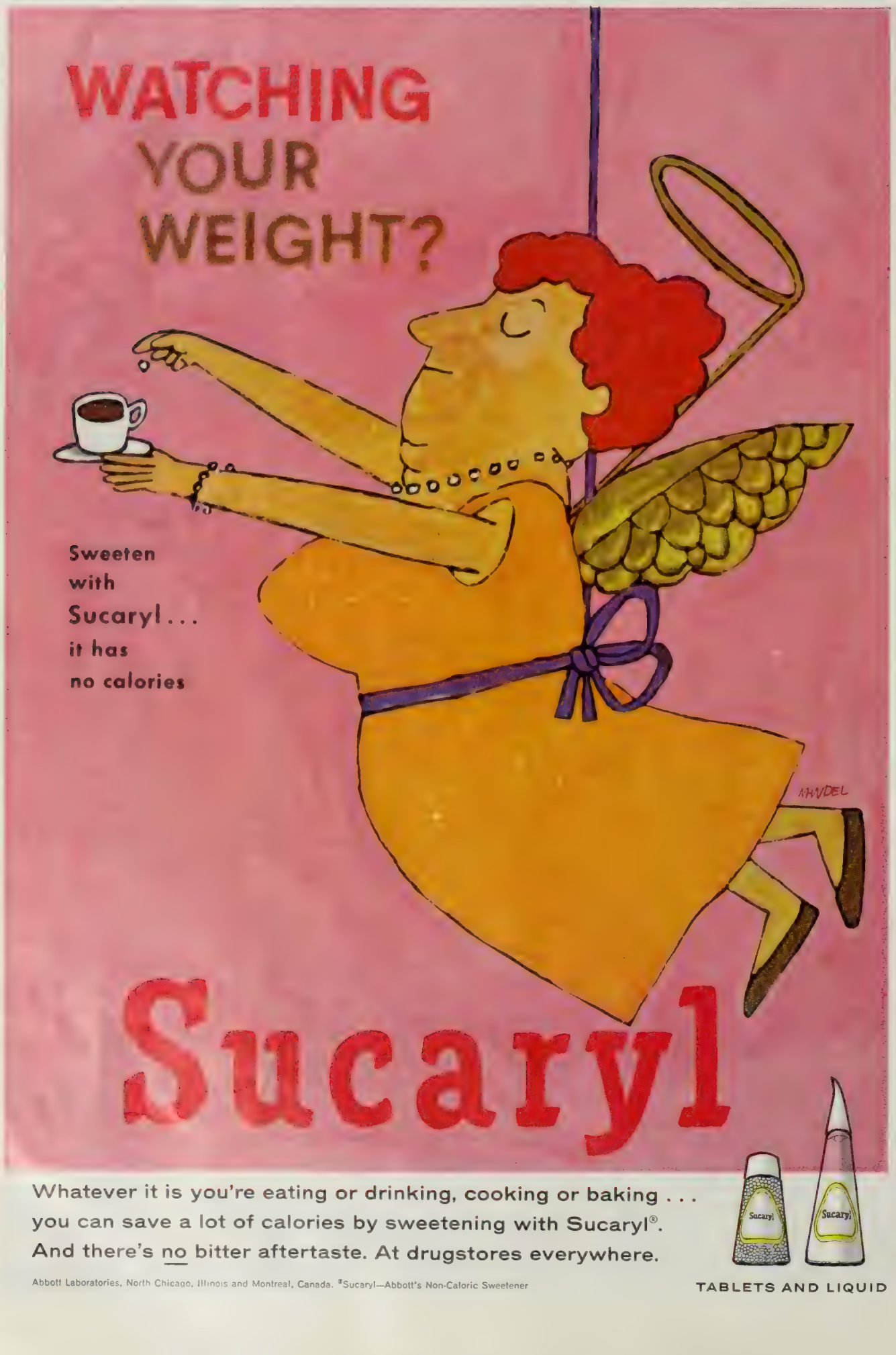
"As I grow older, fewer and fewer things astonish me," Mrs. Minturn said. "If Lutie is feeling especially pleased about something this morning, no doubt she'll tell us about it sooner or later and no doubt the explanation will be most reasonable."

"But *Carmen!*" Mrs. Tuttle protested. "Lutie and Carmen simply don't *go* together!"

"How do you know they don't?" Mrs. Minturn said. "If you heard the woman singing Carmen, you heard her singing Carmen and that's that!"

"Allegra, you're impossible today! I don't know what's got into you. There's something else on my mind. Now I want you to listen to me, Allegra, and not pooh-pooh what I'm going to say. When we get back to Boston we really *must* put on our thinking caps and do something about finding a beau for Persis!"

EN



OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGES 68 AND 69

Vogue Design No. 9075. Blouse; 10–20 (31–40). 60c. Version shown requires 1⅝ yards of 44″ fabric without nap, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 9488. "Easy to Make" jacket, slacks, shorts and scarf; 10–20 (31–40). 75c. Version shown requires 1½ yards of 45″ fabric without nap for jacket and 2⅛ yards of 45″ fabric without nap for slacks, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 9233. "Easy to Make" shorts; 24–32 waist measurement. 50c. Version shown requires 1 yard of 54″ fabric without nap, size 26 waist.

Vogue Design No. 9743. Wrapped skirt; 24–30 waist measurement. 60c. Version shown requires 2¾ yards of 54″ fabric without nap, size 26 waist.

Vogue Design No. 9747. One-piece dress; 10–18 (31–38). 75c. Version shown requires 2 yards of 45″ fabric with nap, size 14. Dress is cut crosswise in this version.

Vogue Design No. 4892. One-piece dress and slip; 10–18 (31–38). $1.00. Version shown requires 6½ yards of 39″ fabric without nap, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 4004. One-piece dress and cummerbund; 12–18 (32–38). $1.00. Version shown requires 4⅜ yards of 35″ fabric without nap, and ⅞ yard of 39″ fabric with or without nap for cummerbund, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 4007. One-piece dress, cummerbund and coat; 10–16 (31–36). $1.50. Version shown requires 2⅜ yards of 45″ fabric without nap for dress and 3½ yards of 45″ fabric with nap for coat, and ⅝ yard of 39″ fabric with or without nap for cummerbund, size 14.





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AMAZING NEW DISCOVERY is made by doctors who looked inside a living person's stomach to determine why

BAYER® BRINGS FASTEST RELIEF

the fastest, most gentle to the stomach relief you can get from pain!



Doctors found Bayer has astonishing action never before known

Instant Flaking Action

so you get relief without delay

The medically designed glass beaker above represents the area from your mouth to your stomach. It illustrates what doctors saw in the stomach of a living person: that Bayer has an astonishing *instant flaking action.* Therefore, a Bayer tablet enters the stomach —*not* whole—but in soft, tiny flakes. As a result, there's no waiting for relief until the tablet disintegrates. Bayer Aspirin is ready to go to work instantly—*without* delay—to make you feel better fast.



Men who know medicine recommend Aspirin!



In medical journals, eminent doctors consistently acclaim aspirin for its great and ever-growing values.

In newspapers, public health officials have repeatedly recommended aspirin as the one thing for headaches, muscular pains, fever of a cold.

In personal interviews, hundreds and hundreds of doctors said *they* recommend aspirin. So buy the *best* aspirin the world has ever known—*Bayer* Aspirin

HOW TO LIVE TO A HAPPY, RIPE OLD AGE

By DR. WALTER C. ALVAREZ

You will live longer than your parents.
Will you enjoy those later years?
The answer depends partly on the way you
think and feel—and the plans you make—now.

A few years ago, if one of my students had asked me, "What is geriatrics?" I wouldn't have known. Today I edit a journal called Geriatrics, which deals with the diseases of the aged, and goes each month to more than 15,000 physicians, many of them specialists in this field.

Why a new specialty? Because, in this country, every day now about 1000 men and women celebrate their sixty-fifth birthday. Fifty years ago there were only 3,000,000 "old folks" in the United States. Today, there are some 14,000,000. Why? Because modern preventive medicine has wiped out so many of the diseases that used to kill infants and children and young people

In 1856 a woman who passed away at the age of forty-five was listed as having died of old age. Today, the man who reaches sixty-five can expect to live, on the average, another twelve years. His wife, at the same age can hope for another fourteen years. Now that so many millions of people are going to have more years added to their life, the question is: Will these years be a joy, a burden or a bore? What is going to happen to so many old people, and what is going to happen to a nation in which so many persons cannot work, and hence must be dependent on those who can?

In answer to a questionnaire, 2000 older people listed what they still desired most in life. In order of frequency, they wanted health, financial independence, their own apartment, a job, and some exchange of love and services with younger people. They wanted to keep much of their old vigor and sexual attractiveness. They wanted to retain some social prestige. And they wished they had some insurance against the disability and financial ruin that might come with an accident or a long illness.

An important fact that another survey brought out was that the aged have much the same feelings and interests, joys and sorrows, and the same *differences* of temperament and preferences that younger people have.

One woman past sixty recently wrote me to say that, after a lifetime of cooking and scrubbing and washing for a big family, she thinks that any woman of her age who wants a job should have her head examined! But at that time another woman of the same age, Mrs. Robert LaFollete, with a different temperament, was busy finding jobs for retired women in her state. One retired man is satisfied to sit and smoke and read, while another says he would soon go crazy if he could not keep busy with a paying job.

Some writers on the problems of old age seem to have assumed that the day a person retires he (or she) will change in temperament, character, likes and dislikes and ability to work. This isn't true. Few young people can change much—and still fewer old people can change. What a man is in his forties, he is likely to be in his sixties—only more so. If he is bossy, opinionated and crabbed at thirty-five, he is likely to be an old bear at sixty-five. If a woman, at thirty-five, is overly bossy and fretful, if she screams at her children and scolds her husband for not putting on his muffler, she is likely to be a bit of a harridan when she is sixty-five. That is why those of us who are wise will in middle age keep watching out for bad mental habits and will try to fight them off.

It is the tendency to become crabbed with age that older persons must constantly watch for and fight against. When in a zoo I am much impressed by the fact that the young apes and lions are affectionate and playful with their keepers. But when they get old many of them get so bad-tempered that they are not safe and have to be locked up behind bars. If, as I grow old, I become crabbed and irascible and unsocial, the world may not put me *behind* bars, but I may erect bars in *front of me* that will keep my old friends at a distance.

If only because of their many years and gray hairs, many older people feel they should be accorded respect. But here, in America, respect is not given automatically, and it cannot be demanded; it can only be earned. The elderly person must so behave as always to deserve respect. That is all he can do.

Similarly, the old person who craves attention, kindness and affection must have earned these things by always having given them. A thousand times, as I have watched parents being very unkind and inconsiderate to a child, I have wondered if, someday, when the parents are old, and perhaps dependent on that child, he or she will be able to be kind and loving. He may give his parents shelter and care, but since love was not implanted in his heart, he will be unable to show it.

An older person's conversation should be sufficiently interesting and pleasant to be rewarding to visitors. One must keep giving something of oneself if one expects to receive much. One cannot do all the talking. People hate listening to a monologue, and especially a long account, and an often-heard account, of someone's pet peeves.

Persons who do not like being alone ask, "How can we avoid loneliness?" And the best answer probably is: by constantly making an effort to find new friends, and preferably young friends, to replace the old ones who have died or moved away. If an old person won't keep making new friends, sooner or later he will find himself alone. And this is bad because, in order to stay sane, we humans need companionship and many interests.

Loneliness has a close companion—bitterness. Bitterness, especially when it becomes a dominating emotion, does grave hurt to the brain and personality of the person. It can quickly change him and make him so unpleasant that everyone will shun him. Obviously, then, old people must fight against bitterness; it is too costly and destructive an emotion for them to harbor.

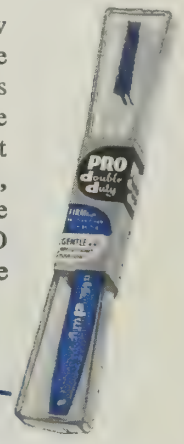
Some elderly women are solving many problems by becoming baby sitters, not only to get money but to be useful. They are happy to give young mothers an occasional evening out or a trip downtown during the day. As one elderly woman recently said to me, "Working as a baby sitter has brought

CONTINUED ON PAGE 153

"Most effective for thorough gum massage and tooth cleansing,"
WRITES PENNSYLVANIA DENTIST OF THE NEW **PRO**
double duty
TOOTH BRUSH



Dentists everywhere are paying tribute to the new PRO Double Duty Tooth Brush. They like it because "it's two brushes in one". Firm blue inside bristles polish tooth surfaces brighter. Gentle white outside bristles massage gums as you brush, safely, without irritation. Try the Double Duty. All nylon bristles, or a new combination: nylon with a natural bristle center. And for your children, get the new PRO Double Duty Child's Brush . . . developed for more effective care of youthful teeth and gums.



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New Wonder Drug Cosmetic Restores Young Look To Skin

Medical tests show Helena Rubinstein's ULTRA FEMININE face cream reverses two aging processes of skin

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The discovery that has made this possible is Helena Rubinstein's new ULTRA FEMININE FACE CREAM, the first and only wonder drug cosmetic containing both vital female hormones natural to you as a woman—estrogen and progesterone. Medical tests by doctors, research scientists, by hospitals, clinics and universities show thrilling results! Here's what doctors report:

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Start treatment now—you can look younger again in 30 days! Large 30-day supply, $3.50.

Advertisement

MAKE IT A DINNER TO REMEMBER...

Make
FRENCH'S
Crown o' gold Meat Loaf



Crown o' gold Meat Loaf

1½ cups fine soft bread crumbs
1½ lbs. ground lean chuck beef
4 egg yolks
1½ tsps. salt
2 tbsps. French's Mustard
1½ tbsps. prepared horseradish
3 tbsps. finely diced green pepper
2 tbsps. French's Minced Onion
⅓ cup ketchup

Crown o' gold Topping

4 egg whites
¼ tsp. French's Cream Tartar
4 tbsps. French's Mustard



High . . . Gold . . . and Handsome . . . Here's a brand-new meat loaf idea with a savory, golden topping. Mix bread crumbs with the meat. Combine remaining ingredients. Blend into meat-bread mixture. Pack lightly into a 9-inch casserole and bake in a moderate oven (325°) 30 minutes. To make topping: beat egg whites until foamy; add cream tartar; continue beating until very stiff. Fold in mustard gently. Swirl on hot meat; return to oven; bake 20 to 25 minutes longer or until crown is tipped with brown. Makes 6 to 8 servings.
Friendly warning: Because French's Mustard is made with rare spices, specially grown mustard seeds and finest vinegar, it has a special flavor, texture and color all its own. Don't expect the best results from this recipe with any other mustard.

On food . . . In food

no other mustard has the light and lively flavor of

FRENCH'S MUSTARD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 151

me much satisfaction, and many friendships with grateful couples; it has made my life worth living again." Other women serve as "proxy parents"—persons who will run a family while the mother has to go on a trip.

Where should old people live? As far as possible, elderly men and women should live where they want to live. In a survey made in St. Petersburg, Florida, 45 per cent of 800 retired persons said they preferred to live with people of their own age. In another survey, Dr. Ruth S. Caven found that 30 per cent of old men and women who lived in their own apartments were well adjusted. Of those men who had to live in someone else's home, only 11 per cent were satisfied; and of the women so situated, only 24 per cent were satisfied.

The aged, just like their children, or anyone else, like to run their own lives and make their own decisions. Many sons and daughters fuss at their parents, fearing to leave them alone in an apartment, but usually the old people don't want to be coddled.

When grown children can afford to rent a little apartment for their aged parents, this will usually be the most satisfactory arrangement. As all know who have tried it, it is not easy for two women—even a loving mother and daughter—to live in the same house and use the same kitchen. Only very wise, adjustable, understanding and loving persons can get by comfortably when cooped up in a house together, and especially together with a son-in-law, or daughter-in-law, and several children.

A bit of advice to young people who have their aged parents with them is: Do not be so cruel as to deny your father or mother the privilege of being useful in the home, taking an active part in the family group. Thousands of good grandmothers are being denied the right to help with the cooking, the mending, the housekeeping and washing. Thousands of good grandfathers are being forbidden to trim the lawn or wash the car or shovel snow. This is wrong. As one seventy-year-old, wiry and active little grandmother said, "My son distresses me so because he insists that I live like a china doll, too frail and fragile to do anything in the house."

In many cases, if old folks are not capable of caring for themselves, and if there is not enough money in the family to maintain an apartment, the question will arise, "What about an old people's home?"

In the minds of many old folks, an "old people's home" is little more than a bleak institution where ungrateful children can send their parents to die—alone, rejected and largely forgotten; it is a place to go only when there is no other place open.

In order to see what an old people's home is really like, I went to see one of America's finest institutions of this type, the Drexel Home in Chicago. There I found more than 200 old people being well cared for with kindness, consideration and even affection. No one is accepted in the home unless he or she wants to come in and if, after investigation, social-service workers have decided that life in the home would be the best solution for the problems of that particular individual.

The people I saw appeared to be well satisfied with their care. Everywhere I found many smiling faces. Many of the residents were busily at work. In one room a group of women were making surgical dressings, and nearby, in the occupational-therapy room, others were doing needlework and making ceramics. When articles are sold, the worker receives the money. In a shop, a number of the men work for factories under contract.

I noticed that many of the women had had their hair recently waved—and learned that there is a well-patronized beauty parlor in the building. As I have said, even people of eighty like to look good.

Now that so many millions of men and women are retiring, many new problems are arising, and many people are looking for help in solving them. Besides an often drastic reduction in income, one of the hardest things that many a retired person has to "take" is the feeling that he has been passed by and forgotten. What can he do about it? He who used to be an important man in his organization can, a few years after retirement, go back to the old plant and find himself a nobody; or he who used to be the honored president of a big national society can go to the annual convention and not be noticed or invited to say a word. The new Pharaoh "knows not Joseph." The wise person knows that these things must happen, and prepares himself not to be hurt or outraged when they come to him.

There is no doubt that retirement can bring some pleasant freedoms, such as freedom from the alarm clock that used to go off too early in the mornings, or freedom from an unpleasant job or an unpleasant boss, or from the need for keeping up with the Joneses.

Retirement need not shorten life. One of the common fallacies of retirement is that it hastens death. One often hears a younger person cautioning an older one, "Don't retire, because if you do you'll die." The medical head of a large life-insurance company tells me that their records show that persons who retire on an annuity live as long as or longer than other old persons do. A questionnaire he sent out showed that 27 per cent of the people felt better after retirement than they did before. Many said they were using less alcohol and tobacco, and this contributed to their better health.

Today, we read much to the effect that every retired person must get a hobby and work hard at it. But a hobby, if just thrust on a person and not wholeheartedly adopted by him, will only be a bore—a useless time-filler—busywork, as they call it in the nursery schools.

Many a man has only one strong hobby, and this is his work. My father, a busy physician, all his life loved his practice. To this he devoted all his energies for some eighteen hours a day and seven days a week. How foolish it would have been to urge him at sixty-five to get out of medicine and start searching for a hobby!

Some retired persons are unhappy because they realize that their life has never been very exciting or satisfying, and their heart's desire has passed them by. What hope is there now left for them? There *is* hope if they can still find some natural gift they were born with, and then develop it.

Psychologists have shown that people in their sixties can learn new things almost as easily as they did in their twenties. For instance, two years ago a woman of seventy-five graduated from Stanford U. with a B-plus average. She said the studying had not been hard. Recently, when a teacher at the University of Michigan retested for intelligence a group of persons who had been tested 30 years ago, he found that their scores are now better than they were long ago. These persons had kept learning things all their days.

Should the old person move to a warmer climate? After retirement, many elderly persons go south, hoping to find more comfort and better health in a warm, equable and perhaps dry climate. And they have some reason for expecting this. The cold winters of the northern tier of states are rough on some persons, and especially on those who are subject to severe colds, sinusitis, bronchitis, asthma and arthritis.

Some may ask if living in an equable climate will, on the average, prolong life, and I imagine it does. I doubt if the number of years added to a life will be many, however, because I doubt if the inhabitants of the tropics are outstandingly long-lived.

Moving does not always bring contentment. It is unwise to sell the old home and to buy a house in a new community before spending some months there looking around and deciding whether or not it is the right place. Many a couple who have bought a home in the Southwest are now lonely and unhappy and their arthritis is no better. Moving companies tell me that not infrequently, after trucking a couple's belongings from the North to some place in the South, they are soon called on to carry the furniture back again.

Many retired folk who buy a farm or an orange grove or a motel soon find that they have neither the knowledge nor the strength nor the financial reserves needed to run the place successfully. As a result, many go broke and lose all their savings.

Some old people ask, "Does a familial tendency to longevity make for a long life?" Yes. All insurance chief examiners favor a man or woman who can report that his ancestors were long-lived, and they look askance at the applicant who says that some of his ancestors died in their forties. My old friend Prof. Raymond Pearl, one of the world's authorities on longevity, used to say that any man or woman who wanted to live until ninety should choose two parents and four grandparents whose ages at death added up to five hundred or more years.

What can people do to lengthen their span of life, and particularly their span of useful life? How can they avoid getting hardening of the arteries with heart attacks and little strokes? Today, much research is being done on this problem, and a few useful facts are emerging. Years ago, Dr. Louis Dublin showed, with insurance statistics, that the accumulation of fat in a body tends to shorten life. Few fat men live out their three score and ten. Women seem to stand fatness better than men do—it is almost normal for them to gain weight as they grow old. Women can also stand high blood pressure better than men do; in many it produces no symptoms. Women also are largely immune to the heart attacks that so many men get. In one series of 100 patients with heart attacks, Dr. Paul Dudley White found only 3 women to 97 men. That is why, in what follows, I will be talking mainly about the problems of men.



"He's been sitting that way since this morning when he suddenly realized he was fifty."

Men who get coronary heart disease in their forties and fifties usually have an excess amount of cholesterol in their blood, but not always; and this today is one of the puzzles to which we must get the answer. A number of peoples, whose diet contains less than 20 per cent of its calories in the form of fat, have little tendency to heart attacks, while we in America who can afford 40 per cent of fat in our diet are highly subject to heart attacks.

A question now puzzling us doctors is, "Are fats of *animal* origin, such as lard, suet, butter and cream, much more harmful to our arteries than are fats made from corn, cottonseed, olives or peanuts?" Men are working on this problem now.

One thing seems certain, and this is that the person who gets stout is unduly subject, not only to diseases of the arteries and heart and kidneys but to diabetes, gout, cancer and arthritis.

The person who would avoid getting stout should live always on a diet which consists largely of vegetables, salads and some fruit with each day a glass of skim milk, an egg, and enough lean meat, fish or poultry to maintain strength. Butter, cream, the fat of meat, starches, sugar, and foods full of butter, cream and sugar must be taken only in small quantities.

Many ask, "How about exercise?" And the answer is that exercise is good for people, but one cannot use it for purposes of reduction because one would have to walk at least eight miles to take off a pound. In the process, one would get so hungry that, on getting home, one would probably eat so much as to gain weight.

Many men ask if it would help them much to stop smoking. If a man smokes less than a package of cigarettes a day, or if he is a moderate smoker of cigars or a pipe or if he chews in moderation, there would probably be little advantage in quitting tobacco; but if he smokes each day two or three packages of cigarettes, he can greatly improve his health and can probably extend his life span by quitting.

Dr. Raymond Pearl's statistics in 1938 showed that heavy smoking of cigarettes is likely greatly to shorten a man's life. For many years, Doctor Pearl kept in touch with 6813 white men, 2094 of whom were nonsmokers, 2814 moderate smokers, and 1905 heavy smokers. When he was about fifty, Doctor Pearl checked up on these people and found that between the ages of 30 and 50 the death rate among the heavy smokers was twice that of the nonsmokers.

Naturally, heavy smoking does not always cause serious trouble—some men can stand a lot of tobacco, or they are immune to cancer of the lungs; but on the average, the nonsmoker or the light smoker is likely to outlive the heavy cigarette smoker. According to recent statistics, heavy smoking of cigarettes makes it easier for the person to get not only cancer of the lung but also cancer in all parts of the body, diseases of the arteries, arthritis and several other serious ailments.

How about alcohol? As most of us know, the taking of much alcohol each day can age a person. Many a man (or woman) who takes a couple of cocktails or highballs at noon, and perhaps a half dozen before and during and after supper, or who each night drinks a pint or more of whisky before retiring, may seem for years to be getting by; he will say, "The stuff never touches me." But in his fifties or sixties he rather suddenly may become a gray-haired, slowed-up old man—old before his time—and then he will know that the stuff did get him.

To the elderly man (or woman) who in his early years never drank much, a little alcohol can be a blessed medicine. It can lessen the discomfort and pain of a senescent arthritis;

and when taken at bedtime, it can help the old person to drop off into a restful sleep.

How can one save one's teeth? Unfortunately, in spite of much research, physicians and dentists do not know how to keep old people from losing their teeth. Many elderly persons have much to fear from the pyorrhea which so often digs out all their teeth. To avoid this, they must twice each day empty out the little pyorrhea pockets with the help of little pointed bits of soft wood.

An older person who is losing his hearing should go to an ear specialist and find out what type of deafness he has, and what can be done about it. He may learn that he could try one of the two often effective operations. The person who is hard of hearing tends to become solitary, morose and suspicious. He thinks people are talking about him, and this he resents.

Is there any drug that will increase the strength and vigor and sexual potency of an aging man or woman? One can find on the market many pills containing vitamins, minerals and hormones designed to pep up the powers and desires of aging persons, but no expert whom I have consulted has shown any enthusiasm in regard to such medication.

Some physicians keep trying to help old people by giving sexual hormones, but others have long since given up the attempt. There are on the market ointments containing female hormones which, when rubbed in, are supposed to give aging women a youngish skin, but so far as I can learn, skin specialists are not enthusiastic about their use.

The woman who wants to get rid of some of her wrinkles and the bags under her eyes can be helped by an able cosmetic surgeon.

As soon as the weather turns cold in October, many an elderly person begins to suffer from itchy shins. He (or she) should then rub into the skin some cold cream or oil, to take the place of the natural skin oil that was washed out during the morning bath.

Many old persons find it hard to sleep through the night. Again and again they wake, perhaps to urinate, and then they find it hard to drowse off again. I think many such persons would do well to take a barbiturate every night. If they have any sense at all, they will not run up the dose, and they will not get a habit. Often what they need most is one of the short-acting drugs, such as Bromural, which can be taken at 4 A.M. without producing any "hang-over" in the morning.

One of the main annoyances of the aging person, and particularly the aging man, is an irritable bladder which forces him out of his bed three or four times each night. A person with this trouble should see a urologist (kidney and bladder specialist). The man may have a large prostate gland which should be operated on, and the woman may have a urinary infection that could be cleared up with drugs.

A woman with an irritable bladder often needs a so-called "perineal repair." While having her children, she suffered a tearing apart of the muscles of her pelvic floor. Hence, now when she stands, part of her bladder comes down almost between her thighs. After a surgeon has pushed the bladder back up where it belongs and has united the edges of the torn muscles, the woman is likely to feel immensely better.

One of the greatest dangers that face the aged person is a fall that results in a broken hip. Thousands of elderly persons die of pneumonia or spend years in a bed or a wheel chair because, one day, they tripped over their dog or a footstool or a telephone cord, and broke a bone. Hence, the wise old lady will always be watching out to avoid setups for such a disaster. At night she should leave a little light burning in her bedroom so that, when she gets up, she can see obstacles in her path.

Many an old person who falls does so because of a little stroke which usually is not recognized at the time. Many a family should know of this possibility because if, after the fall, the loved one becomes irritable, difficult, irascible, unreasonable and so changed mentally that he can no longer work, the family can realize what happened.

Often all one has to do to make the correct diagnosis is to listen to the person's story and accept it as the truth. For instance, an able woman of sixty, after falling down a short flight of stairs, was so mentally depressed that she no longer paid any attention to her husband, her children, her friends and her home. She was thought to have hit her head and suffered a concussion of the brain. When I asked her to tell me how she had happened to fall, she said:

"I blacked out. I was standing at the top of the stairs when suddenly I got terribly dizzy;

PET AVERSION

By DORIS HEROLD LUND

The turtles I've coped with!
The goldfish I've known!
The rabbits I've moped with!
The bird seed I've sown!
The cages I've braced up
For white mouse or frog!—
Because I've not faced up
To having a dog.

I lost my sense of balance and my sight failed. As I passed out, my last thought was, 'How awful—I will fall down the stairs!'"

Another distressing feature of old age is a poor memory for names and recent events. Can this be avoided or cured or somewhat relieved? I doubt it. I have never heard of any medicine that would help. I am reminded of a time when one of my dear old teachers from grammar-school days, then about seventy, told me that she was taking a course in memory training. When I asked her the name of the course she, to her great embarrassment, and my amusement, had to admit, after much cogitation, that she could not remember it!

Still another great curse of aged people is arthritis. This is usually of the senescent variety, for which little can be done. Often it affects mainly the hips and knees, and then it seems to be due largely to the years of strain of carrying around a body which is much too heavy.

As a truck driver once said to me when he brought in his very stout wife, limping about on badly injured knees and ankles, "When I married the missus, she weighed one hundred pounds. Later she piled four tons on a one-ton chassis and it just couldn't take it, so it got beaten down." A professor of medicine could not have expressed it any better.

Unfortunately, there is no good drug for the osteoarthritis of older persons; the ends of the bones have been too badly pounded over like the top of an old chisel. One feels like sending to the factory for some new joints. Interestingly, orthopedic surgeons are now replacing many a roughened-up hip joint with a ball and cup made out of some metal or plastic.

In cases of senescent arthritis, cortisone and the closely related steroids do not work well when taken by mouth, but hydrocortisone often helps greatly when it is injected into a bad knee joint. In many cases, aspirin works as well as anything to relieve the pain.

When an aging person goes for a medical checkup designed to reveal a beginning cancer or other serious disease, what has he a right to expect of his doctor?

The first and most important thing that the physician should do is to size up the person's efficiency as a human being. Unfortunately, today, too few of our young physicians are taught to notice the generalized signs of trouble, and hence many an elderly man whose brain has been so badly damaged by a little stroke or a beginning insanity or "second childhood" that he can never work again, is told that he is 100 per cent normal. Why? Because all his laboratory tests and X-ray studies failed to show anything wrong. Actually, the man can be anything but normal, and

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See hints for these "Hi-Hat Burgers" on opposite page.



LIGHT TOUCH
"HI-HAT
BURGERS"
from
the
Kraft Kitchens



Here's a new way to serve bacon-wrapped lamb or beef patties:

Season 1 pound ground lamb or beef with salt and pepper. Shape into 4 patties, wrap a slice of bacon around each and secure with toothpicks. Cook patties in Kraft Oil in a skillet, turning once, until brown on both sides. Lightly sauté tomato slices, onion slices and mushroom caps. Place a tomato slice and an onion slice on each burger and top with a mushroom cap.

The lighter touch is what you want in fried foods these days. Light, pure Kraft Oil does it right, browns so evenly, with flavors sealed in.

TIPS on using Kraft Oil

Making brownies for dessert? Where recipe calls for melted shortening, use same amount of Kraft Oil. No cutting in, no creaming or melting is necessary. Makes wonderful brownies, and so easy.

Three-to-one is a good rule to remember in making a basic French Dressing. Use three parts Kraft Oil to one part vinegar, combine with seasonings and shake. You'll like the way the fresh flavor of the spices comes through with this "Light Touch" oil.



perhaps his family is already having a terrible time taking care of him.

The wise doctor will look at an elderly woman in the same shrewd appraising way as he looks at an elderly man, noticing whether she is sensible and pleasant and well controlled, and whether she is dressed neatly and stylishly as she should be for her station in life.

The physician will look at the backgrounds of the patient's eyes because there he can see how much hardening and narrowing there is in the tiny arteries. He will make note of any great loss of hearing, and if there is some loss, he will call an expert to see what type of deafness it is and if it is likely to be cured by operation, or helped by a hearing aid. The doctor will look in the mouth to see if there is an adequate chewing surface with enough serviceable teeth. He will look for cancer in the mouth, and precancerous patches in the skin of the face and body.

He will feel the arteries in the temples and wrists, to see if their walls are hardened, and he will listen to the heart sounds, to see if there is any sign of valvular disease. He will take the blood pressure to see if it is normal or decidedly too high. He may have an electrocardiogram made to see if there are any scars in the heart muscle. In puzzling cases, in which the man has anginal pain but a normal electrocardiogram, new electrocardiograms should be made right after exercise on a couple of steps in the doctor's office. More important, usually, than the electric records is the answer to the question, "How fast can you walk without getting a pain in your chest or shortness of breath?" If a man can hurry up a hill with comfort, his heart is in good shape.

In the cases of women, the doctor will examine the breasts and the pelvic organs with particular care. He may have a Papanicolaou smear test performed on the vaginal secretion in order to rule out beginning cancer of the neck of the womb. In this test, a highly trained technician looks for cancer cells in a stained smear.

In the cases of both men and women, the doctor must examine the rectum, first with his finger and then with a lighted tube. It is necessary that this be done to rule out beginning cancer, or precancerous polyps (little nodules). One cannot trust to an X-ray study to show them.

X-ray films must be made of the chest to see what the heart looks like, and to rule out cancer and tuberculosis of the lungs. In older persons, no examination is adequate that does not include an X-ray study of the digestive tract.

The urine, of course, must be tested, mainly for albumin and sugar and red blood cells.

The hemoglobin (red coloring matter of the blood) must be measured to see if there is any anemia.

Today, in the cases of older persons, much attention is being given to the measurement of the blood cholesterol (a fatlike substance), the amount of which is usually high when there is a decided tendency to hardening of the arteries and coronary heart attacks.

Fortunate is the aging person who has no fear of death and never worries about it. Many very fearful persons keep dying the proverbial "thousand deaths," and this is so unnecessary. Sensible persons fear not so much death as a long-drawn-out process of dying.

Most people face death bravely. All my life I have been talking frankly to people with some incurable disease, and few of them seemed much upset. Few became panicky, and no one committed suicide.

I shall never forget the handsome ex-judge who came into my office in 1912 with an inoperable cancer scattered all through his lungs. He said, "I am a trustee of three large estates; I must put my books in shape and turn them over to a successor; how much time have I got?"

I said, "I would guess six weeks."

"Good," said he, "that will be enough."

As he was leaving the office, I said, "For all my life I think I will be a better man for having seen how a brave person can take his death sentence."

"No," said he, "that was not bravery. I have lived an interesting life and a pleasant one. I have enjoyed it, but I don't need any more. My work is done. My adored wife died two years ago, leaving me very lonely; I am glad now to be going to join her. No; it was not bravery."

When contemplating death, I am always encouraged by what the famous Doctor Osler used to say: that in our last hours, Nature very kindly draws a veil over our consciousness so that we have no distress as we go. As a physician who has seen hundreds of people pass away, I can say that in nearly all cases the end is peaceful. People just go to sleep. Very remarkable is the fact that, because in the last twenty-four or forty-eight hours of life our senses are greatly dulled, many patients will say to the doctor, "I feel wonderful; at last I am getting well."

THE CHALLENGE OF CHASTITY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

they know the value of human life. To make them love chastity they must learn to appreciate the God-given value of human love. The value which chastity guards is human love-in-action toward one person of the other sex. Chastity is the watchdog over the kind of triumphant *total self-dedication* which thrills everyone who watches the June brides and grooms stride joyously from their nuptials to face the challenge of a life of love together.

Where is this value of self-gift derived? The integral Christian insists that if he has any worth at all it is given to him by an all-good God. This all-perfect God is infinitely imitable outside Himself. To understand this, suppose a child had a large mirror and broke it into a thousand brilliant pieces and then, looking down on those pieces, decided which one was pretty or unusual enough to hold up to reflect back the glory of the sun. So God has, within Himself, literally an infinite number of possibilities in which He can be reflected outside Himself. When He loves one of these unique possibilities of being reflected, He creates another human person. The whole purpose of a mirror is to reflect. The whole purpose of a human person is to reflect back to God the love which gives him his existence.

This unique gift of love which is a human being is colored by masculinity or femininity—that is, sexuality. Sex is not merely a special kind of bodily pleasure or only a method of generating offspring, though these are included. Sex is the quality of being masculine or feminine. This quality colors one's uniqueness in all his or her powers of body and soul. A man is a man and a woman a woman, not only in bodily constitution, but in the way they feel and think and love and even in the way they pray. The very fact that men and women seldom fully understand each other proves that sex is more than a bodily quality.

A man or woman, then, must give his or her gift of love back to God, not only in a unique fashion, but also in a masculine or feminine fashion. Such a unique sexual gift is given back to God, not only by the married who give themselves to each other, and through each other to God, but also by the vowed celibates who, in joyful enthusiasm, leap over the experience of human love, to give their *gift directly to God.* In so doing, these consecrated celibates do not negate their manhood or womanhood; indeed, they assert it very strongly in earning the titles of *Father* and *Brother*, *Mother* and *Sister*—terms denoting the full development of masculinity and femininity. Those who remain unmarried and do not enter religious life must also return a gift of love to God by their "fatherly" or "motherly" love service of others. Indeed, the most motherly woman I know is a single girl who teaches obstetrical nursing in the backwoods of Argentina!

Meditating on the love which is God and beginning to understand its human reflection, its reflection in human love, the Christian begins to see the glory of chastity. For the religious, chastity is the virtue which makes permanent and sacred the love affair with God which is the nature of a priestly or religious vocation. Chastity for those who have been called to the married state insures that conjugal love will not be given except in the conjugal state; it demands permanent love between husband and wife and finally makes certain that human love will not shrink from the ultimate involvement which is the generation of children. Chastity for those who do not marry or are not yet married is a shrinking from anything less than love which is a total, permanent gift and can never be but a fleeting, temporary experiment.

Therefore, chastity is the virtue which keeps conjugal love holy. Married love is truly holy, for bodily love-making is not a concession to human weakness, not a mere evolutionary step above animal mating. Rather it imitates the very generative love of God Himself. Bodily union is a mysterious method of becoming one in love; an ineffable symbol of total self-dedication; an awesome co-operation with God in the generation of new children for Him. The word "procreation" means creation with and for God!

Far from being a brutish reality, merely permitted to intemperate passion under the saving umbrella of matrimony, sexual love-making in a Christian marriage can be the positive exercise of the virtues of justice, chastity, divine charity and religion: justice, in giving to a partner the rights contracted for on the day of the wedding; chastity, in directing this love within the marriage bond; divine charity, in using the language of love to express the mutual concern for the spiritual growth and development of each other; religion, in using the love consecrated and made supernatural by one of the seven sacraments.

Further, most mysteriously, it is the re-creation in miniature of the mystical body of Christ as is shown when the Catholic Church unblushingly gives the nuptial blessing to the bride with the invocation: "O God, Who has consecrated the bodily union of marriage (*copula conjugalis*) by a mystery so excellent that in the nuptial contract Thou didst foreshadow the union of Christ and His Church . . ." This, then, is the treasure so jealously guarded by chastity; a treasure of love-in-action so sublime that it has beggared the efforts of the poets of love.

When asked by the young—and yes, even by their elders—why unchastity is wrong, the integral Christian can now give a positive answer. Possible violation of his vows by the celibate is a running out on a divine love affair. Fleeting sexual experience by the young is play-acting at permanent love. Immodesty of dress and so-called *petting* are a giving of self through eyes and hands when one has no right to give at all. Infidelity in marriage is refusing to love forever and ever; it is refusing to mirror the union of Christ and His Church who cannot cease to be devoted to each other. Contraception, in the Catholic view, is the refusal to let God take part in the act of love He created and in which He wishes to take part. Unbridled lust (passion out of control) in or out of marriage is selfishness mistaken for unselfish total dedication which is true love.

Here, now, is the challenge of chastity, a challenge to young and old to be fully in love. It is a challenge to control the tide of human passion, in celibacy or in marriage, so that the purposes of love may be served in returning the unique, truly sexual gift of one's love back to the God Who created it in making a human person. With this understanding a follower of Christ can teach himself to answer the immoralist with this joyously simple verse of the famed convert, G. K. Chesterton*:

I'm sorry, old dear, if I hurt you.
No doubt it is all very nice
With the lilies and languors of virtue,
And the roses and raptures of vice.
But the notion impels me to anger
That vice is all rapture for me.
And if you think virtue is languor—
TRY IT AND SEE.

*From "Dolores Replies to Swinburne." Reprinted by permission of Miss D. E. Collins, Executrix.

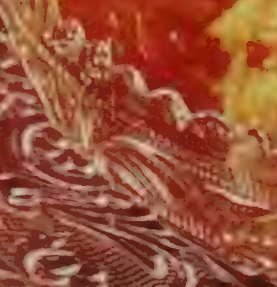
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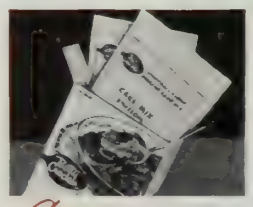
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How to Bring Up 4 Children on $100 a Month

By JOYCE HAYES
Photographs by JOSEPH DI PIETRO

Raising three boys and a girl without the help of a husband is a full-time job.

Out here in Florence, Oregon, people who eke out their living from the soil have an old saying when things are poorly: "It's the year of the green tomato." And with a divorced woman struggling to raise four lively children, the tomato tends to stay that color most of the time.

Much has been said about the average married couple, but has anyone written on the problems of existence for the divorced woman and her children? The "broken home" is very much a part of America today. I am divorced and have the sole care, morally and physically, of four children. My problem is to see that each one gets the maximum of love, affection, security, and a nutritious diet, on minimum money; that I give them a stable and normal existence; that I love them and am understanding enough for two parents; that they belong—in spite of the mistakes of these parents.

I might marry again, but I wonder about those of the opposite sex who find me interesting to the point of proposing

"I buy in quantity twice a month. Peanut butter in half-gallon sizes. Oatmeal in 9-lb. sacks. (Was asked if I had children or horses at my house.)"

I've been offered jobs, but by the time
I paid a housekeeper I wouldn't gain a thing.
Thank heaven I'm not a worrier!



DENNIS *collects anything mechanical, tears it apart, puts it together, makes it operate. Prize is a '48 Ford with an engine that doesn't work.*



Dennis prefers tinkering with his $35 car to running with the hot-rod teen-age crowd. He had a phase of skipping school, has since made the honor roll.

MICHAEL *makes beautiful crayon drawings; he collects beer bottles in ditches for spending money, and fingernail clippings for . . . heavens, I don't know.*



I do have a room of my own. Of course, everybody else sits, reads, colors, cuts paper, studies and listens to the radio here too.

matrimony—what is wrong with them, wishing to saddle themselves with a woman with four children? The ones I might be attracted to are soon scared off by a ready-made family of four. They put it another way—very busy suddenly elsewhere!

I could possibly live with my parents, who reside in another city, as they have a large home and would be glad to have us. However, I feel they have raised their family and my difficulties are my own adult responsibility. I also believe my children should grow up in their own home. Being permanent is most important in this crisis of readjustment—we have been readjusting for several years.

Another interesting item: whenever my school-age sons have trouble with schoolwork, they are excused by their instructors or principal because the trouble *must* stem from a "broken home." The phrase "broken home" is all bosh! Our "broken home" is more closely knit, and the children belong more to the family life, than are those of some "two parent" families I know. One doesn't condemn a "one car" family if one is fortunate enough to own two cars.

I am thirty-seven, attractive in a thirty-sevenish way and—let's face it—fighting to stay that way, even with limited monetary facilities. My children range from my oldest son Dennis, a sophomore in high school; Michael, a third-grader; Pamela;



Someday I hope to boost us out of this subsistence living by my writing. I've had the usual rejections—but some encouragement too. Anyway, I love it.



HOW AMERICA LIVES

PAMELA *takes a dim view of her rough-riding brothers, even though she can skin a cat with the best. She collects perfume bottles (calls it "pugh-fume"); has three so far.*

BABY JOHN, *our last dividend, is usually topped by a cowboy hat. When I asked him what he collects, he said, "Nothin'. Everyone else took everything."*

a first-grader; to Baby John, now too old to be called "baby."

Dennis, at fifteen, is of nice visage, outweighs me by 10 pounds, and is 3½" taller—however, he still thinks I am stronger! Dennis enjoys customizing cars, working with auto engines and is interested in radiobroadcasting. He is working at present on a feasible rocket car motivated with potassium nitrate, sulphur and charcoal for his brother Mike.

Michael, nine, is curly-headed, rangy, a cowboy fan and more earthbound.

Pamela, going on seven, is expressive-eyed, cute and cuddly as befitting an only daughter—even if her brothers don't think so.

Baby John, five, is just John.

The children and I live on $100 a month child-support money received from the children's father. Perhaps you could say my rent is free, as my ex-husband and I own the home jointly. I live in the house, keeping it presentable, and he takes care of taxes, insurance, and so on. He seldom visits.

The house is twelve years old, two-story, a rectangular gray-shingled affair, and I have lived in it ten years all told. It sits on five corner lots, 120′ highway frontage, and 125′ deep on the airport road. Since we've lived in it, the town's expanding business section has moved out beyond us. There were several CONTINUED ON PAGE 166



Contrary to some experts, children will eat anything, if they're hungry enough—and mine are all healthy.

"I come from an average American family," says Joyce Hayes, "so wish the same advantages or more for my children."

Joyce Hayes grew up in Portland, Oregon, in "a happy home where four generations of my family have lived." Her schoolteacher mother entered Joyce in her own class when Joyce was 4½ years old. This meant that Joyce was graduated from high school when she was only 15½. Her father, from a pioneer family which came to Oregon by covered wagon, was a plumber by trade. Eventually he became foreman of two of Portland's parks. But during the depression he was out of work and with two other children there was no money for Joyce to go to college. So she took a job in an ice-cream shop after graduating from high school.

Her best friend, Beverly, won a contract in Hollywood, and Joyce, then 20, decided she, too, wanted to go down to Hollywood with an eye toward writing.

There she met her first husband, a marine, and married him after a few weeks of whirlwind romance. This was 1942, wartime, and they paid little attention to his mother's objections to the marriage.

When they broke up, her husband was shipped out to the Pacific, and Joyce went home to live with her family.

She went to Newport, Oregon, to take care of a sick uncle in 1948. It was here that she met her second husband. This marriage ended in divorce in 1953.

Joyce finds that bringing up four children without a husband is "a full-time job." She has sold some furniture—a table set, a living-room chair and some beds—to meet financial obligations. Perforce, she has done a lot of work on the house herself. She painted a mural on one living-room wall, sawed down the legs of an old library table to make a coffee table, upholstered the studio couch herself, refinished an old-fashioned icebox to make a living-room storage cabinet.

She makes clothes for friends, trades her work for the material for her own and the children's clothes. She is proudest of an oxford-gray suit she tailored for Dennis when he graduated from grammar school, and a suit for herself made from the same material. "They cost me nothing but the effort and my suit has quite an air."

Every year Joyce cans 400 quarts of fruit and vegetables (not counting the jam, jelly and pickles she puts up). She bakes on Mondays and Fridays, cleans the house and scrubs the kitchen floor while bread and pastry are in the oven. She has three tubfuls of wash a day, and "twice a day I sweep a full dustpan of sand off the floors. This is sandy soil, and it blows indoors constantly through every possible crack."

She irons on Saturdays—often Saturday night. "When I get lonely and begin to feel depressed, I work a little harder. If I don't iron, I may cut out a dress."

Joyce hopes to be a writer and spends several hours every day at her typewriter. She does some writing for Florence Civic Theater productions, and wrote and directed The Rhodo Follies of '58, a variety show put on at rhododendron-festival time. A play of hers, The Redheaded Ripple, is scheduled to be produced by the theater.

"Editors have given me some encouragement about my writing, along with the inevitable rejections. I'm going to keep right on writing. Besides, I love it.

"Often I get up early to write before the children waken. No matter how tired I am I never go to bed while Dennis is still studying. I usually work at my typewriter until midnight anyway.

"I am willing to drop my own schedule and spend a morning helping the children build a house in the yard. But I believe in a schedule for the children. They want it and need it for a sense of security."

A GIFT FOR THE BRIDE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

remembered the wounds were just healing when she first saw him. It had been at the bus stop on the highway her very first day of school. "Do they hurt?" she had asked with childish directness. Micah had turned red and stammered "No," using a minimum of speech, as had already become his custom.

That was the last that had ever been said about his scars. To Lacey the lines had become so dearly familiar she wondered if she could have loved Micah so much without them. Oh, she had heard the talk around. "Poor Micah and Lacey. Good thing they have each other. Whatever else would become of them?" And it wasn't that way at all—or it wasn't that way with her. She'd take Micah if she had first choice of everyone in the world.

Lacey hitched the basket of clothes from one hip to the other and paused to rest. It was heavy and there was a long way to go, a mile to the highway and a five-mile bus ride after that. It would take most of the day, counting the time she intended to stop at Ranney's Pond and wash her hair and the time in town to buy the shoes.

She toyed with the idea of getting something else with the money—a surprise for her mother or Rosie, some curtains maybe. They'd never had curtains. But her mother had been so insistent. Perhaps it was as near as she could come to giving her blessing.

There wasn't much Lacey could do with her hair, but the pond water would leave it softer than the spring water at home. Looking at herself in the water, she experimented, pushing it up in a high pompadour, parting it on one side and then the other. At last pulling it back angrily so that it made her eyes slant. She wondered if Micah had ever noticed her hair at all. Ever noticed anything, for that matter.

Sitting on the bank of the pond, her head resting on her knees, wet hair falling about her face, she remembered an incident long ago. During a game she had rounded a corner of the schoolhouse and run into Micah. He had twisted his body deftly so that he would take the brunt of the fall, but she had gone down, too, and her long brown hair had made a canopy for their faces. For a fleeting moment they had looked into each other's eyes, so close now. Then Micah had turned red, twisted away and scrambled up.

Sudden tears came to Lacey's eyes. How long she sat thus she did not know, nor care. The ironing and the new shoes seemed of no importance. The sun shone on her head and caressed the soft white nape of her neck where her hair parted and fell over her shoulders.

A movement along the path behind her made her alert. She sat still, with her head still on her knees, thinking whoever or whatever it was would go away. But soon came the slow, familiar, halting speech:

"Are you crying, Lacey?"

She did not answer at once. Suppose she said "Yes," and Micah would want an explanation? What could she say? Why had he not respected her privacy and just gone quietly away?

"Lacey?" he asked again, softly insistent.

"Yes, Micah," she answered impatiently. "Yes, I'm crying."

He sat down beside her and Lacey braced herself for the questioning. It didn't come. He just sat there, big and powerful and silent. She raised her head, keeping her face averted. "It's nothing." She made a feeble attempt to laugh, but it caught in her throat. "Brides just get jittery, I guess."

Still Micah said nothing. Out of the corner of her eyes, Lacey saw his big hands close over his knees, tense and white-knuckled. Micah's hands always told on him when he wanted to say something and couldn't.

"Besides," she added, "I didn't want to have to go to town today."

"I'll go for you," Micah offered quickly.

"Oh, no. I'm to stay at Wallens' till I get the money—they make excuses sometimes—and then get me a pair of shoes. Mother wants me to have new shoes," she explained hastily.

"Please, I'll go for you."

There was an urgency in his voice that surprised Lacey, weakened her. "Would it be fittin', Micah?"

"Why, if it's fittin' between us, Lacey," Micah said, surprised.

"Well, all right—I guess it'll be all right. What was you going to do today?" She noticed the hoe he had been carrying.

"I was going up to the old Sutton place to have another look around. We can live there, Lacey, if you want, instead of with our folks."

"Oh, Micah, how nice!" She clasped her hands together in a childish gesture of pleasure. "Oh, I'd like that!"

"I should have told you sooner," Micah apologized.

"No. It's fine to tell me today."

She watched him pick up the big basket as though it were a feather. "Here's the bus fare one way, Micah, and they owe us for a whole month's laundry, plus bus fare back. And here's lunch." It was only a baked-bean sandwich and she was embarrassed to offer it, but knew it would be late when he returned.

"You keep it. I'll make out," he said.

At the bend in the path he turned and called back, "Anything else you want?"

"No, Micah. I'll be waiting here when you come back."

After he was out of sight she sat down and let her head fall to her knees again. *Yes, there is, Micah. Oh, yes, there is something I want. I want to be beautiful for you. I want to be so beautiful you will take me in your arms and*—— With steely discipline she broke off her thoughts. First thing she knew she'd be letting her dreams show.

If a man could make a single rose we should give him an empire; yet roses and flowers no less beautiful are scattered in profusion over the world, and no one regards them.

MARTIN LUTHER

She lay on the bank of the pond, resting. How good it was to have a whole day with no washing or ironing or delivering of laundry. She must remember to thank Micah when he came back for this one whole day of nothing to do.

When her hair was dried she waded into the pond, letting the cool water cover the brier scratches on her legs. Suddenly she remembered that she had not told Micah what size shoes to get. *Oh, well*—she shrugged—*I can still wear the old ones if they don't fit.*

"Well, is that all you got to do?" someone called from the bank.

Looking up, Lacey saw that it was Marybelle Morgan.

"You might as well come berry picking with me," Marybelle suggested.

"I'm scratched up enough as it is, Marybelle," Lacey said, coming out to sit on the bank with her friend.

"Still fixin' to get married tomorrow?" Marybelle asked.

"I guess so, if Micah doesn't change his mind."

"Well, good luck."

"Thanks. I reckon I'll need it."

"We all need it. I didn't have enough of it."

They sat for a while in silence. Marybelle's marriage hadn't worked out and she was back home with her parents. And Marybelle's marriage hadn't even started out shaky at all. A little shudder passed over Lacey.

"Remember how we used to play house when we were kids, Lacey?"

"Yeah." Lacey laughed, but not too gaily.

"I wish things turned out the way we always planned them when we played house. Except for the time you decided to outline the rooms of your playhouse with daisies. I'll never forget that, Lacey. Will you?"

It was one of the earliest recollections Lacey had. She had picked armloads of daisies and carried them, sticking them into the ground to outline the imaginary rooms. She had had to go back for more and more of them and the meadow was quite far away, but the thought of having the beautiful daisy walls dipping and swaying in the breeze had sustained her. The hot sun, the brier scratches, the endless setting out of the daisies, getting them to stand up properly, were as nothing. Next morning when she rushed out to see her handiwork and found the rootless daisies wilted and dead it was as if something had died in her too. Somewhere a bolt was closed and locked tight. And never in between then and now had anything come along to pry it open. She had dared to hope that love would —— Again she broke off her thoughts deliberately.

"I reckon I'll go up to the old Sutton place and look around," Lacey said, anxious to be alone again.

"I was up that way the other day. Sure is pretty up there now."

Halfway there Lacey began to wonder what Marybelle had meant, "Sure is pretty up there now." As she remembered, the old Sutton place was ugly—an old gray clapboard shack of a house set on a bare red clay knoll where the winter winds must whip around it unmercifully and the summer sun practically set it afire. *But I'll try to make it a home, Micah,* she vowed stanchly.

The old Sutton place was out of the way. Rounding the last turn in the path, she stopped short. There was no weather-beaten, abandoned-looking house but a neat white-washed one with new, hand-riven shingles and windows repaned and gleaming. Red morning-glories climbed up the old brick-and-sandstone chimney so that only the top was showing. Pink and purple petunias spilled luxuriantly out of window boxes.

Oh, Micah, Lacey breathed, approaching the place cautiously, with the familiar tightness grabbing at her throat. Bordering the newly laid flagstone walk to the doorway were her beloved daisies nodding in the breeze.

It's someone else's place, Lacey whispered to herself, trying to calm the storm in her breast.

She knocked timidly on the door. When no one came she turned the knob and the door opened. There was no furniture in this first room, so she dared to enter. She walked slowly to the back, finding the kitchen. There were a stove, a dear little cookstove, all shiny black, and a table and two chairs. She touched the pieces lovingly yet hesitantly. In another room was a bed. And there, hanging on a peg, was Micah's shirt, and there was a pair of Micah's shoes.

"Oh, dear Micah," she cried, burying her head in the shirt. "It is your place, our place." She ran back to the kitchen and hugged the little stove, ran to the window to test the view, opened the door. Already she saw ruffled curtains at the windows, filtering sunshine, a bowl of flowers centering the table, a pie cooling. A shelf could go here for dishes, blue-and-white dishes. A cat could sleep behind the stove, a white fluffy cat.

Exhausted, she sat at the table. A queer mingling of happiness and despair swept through her. Happiness, because the place was so pretty; despair because now she knew that Micah did love and understand beauty. Otherwise he wouldn't have fixed up the old place like this. It wouldn't have been so bad if—as she had thought—Micah didn't know a pretty thing from an ugly one.

The sun was making long shadows in the woods and across the fields before Lacey made her way back to the pond. There was a slowness in her step and an ache in her heart. She knew she must—in some manner—tell Micah that he needn't go through with it. With trembling lips she tried to shape the words: "Micah, just because everyone else thinks it's fittin' for us to get married, we needn't think so."

When she looked up and saw him coming, saw the lift of his shoulders, the way he walked, she weakened, thinking she should take Micah any way she could get him. But Lacey—the Lacey accustomed to giving up, doing without—straightened her shoulders and set herself for the thing she must do.

Micah's eyes sought hers in silent greeting. Setting the basket down, he took the shoe box from it and handed it to Lacey.

"I forgot to tell you the size," Lacey apologized.

Micah laughed softly. "Did you think I didn't know the size of your foot, Lacey?"

"You do? How, Micah?" She looked up at him in surprise.

Again he laughed softly, making no other answer.

"We have been practically raised together, haven't we, Micah?" She fumbled with the string on the box. "I guess that's the reason everyone thinks we ought to get married. But that isn't any real reason, is it, if we don't want to?"

"No," he agreed, looking at her quickly.

"When you said, 'We might as well get married ——'" She paused, lifting a shoe from the box. "Oh, Micah, they've given you someone else's package."

The shoe she held in her hand was made of narrow pink plastic strips woven together and caught up at the low vamp with a cluster of deeper pink and white strawflowers, fragile-looking as a spider web. The heels were of crystal-clear plastic, thin and ridiculously high. The lowered sun shone through them, sprinkling rainbow colors up and down Lacey's arm. A fairy's shoe, that's what it was. A dainty little wisp of a fairy's shoe.

"Oh, how perfectly lovely!" Lacey touched the plastic strips, ran her finger down the smooth shininess of the heel. "Oh, Micah, we must take them back. Maybe someone was counting on wearing them tonight. To a dance, maybe. Can't you just see these at a dance?" She whirled the shoe around in a light imaginary dance step.

"They are yours," Micah said.

"Mine? You bought these shoes for me, Micah?"

"Didn't you say to get shoes, Lacey?" Micah looked puzzled.

"Oh, Micah." There was a catch in her throat. "These are for some beautiful girl. Some beautiful, lovely girl—like a queen."

"So?" Micah's quiet brown eyes met hers and held unwaveringly. Lacey read sincerity there, and something else—why, Micah loved her. Micah thought she was beautiful and he loved her.

Somewhere inside Lacey a bolt was thrown back, a latch undone. "Micah," she whispered and licked dry lips. "Micah," she began again, reaching up trembling hands to touch his cheek.

"Do you mind the scars, Lacey? And the way I talk?" His face had reddened and he shifted his eyes away, again embarrassed.

"Mind, Micah?" It was Lacey's turn to look puzzled. She traced a scar with her finger and felt him flinch. Suddenly a great tide of tenderness and understanding washed over her. Why, Micah was sensitive about his face and his speech. Funny, she had never sensed that before. Micah didn't say, "Lacey, I love you. Will you marry me?" because he couldn't risk the hurt. Oh, she had work to do here. Good work.

"You crying again, Lacey?" she heard Micah ask.

"Yes. Yes, I'm crying, Micah. Brides cry when they're so happy they can't stand it."

She felt the imperceptible lift of his shoulders, felt the tightening of his hands on her shoulders.

"Lacey, do you think it would be fittin' if I ——"

"Kissed me, Micah?" she asked because Micah talked so slow. "Oh, yes, I think it would be very fittin'."

So many bright sparkling things burst inside Lacey she had to cling to Micah for support. All the dreams that she had pushed away came forward, asserting themselves. Here at last was a little inkling of how it was going to be, married to big Micah Matthews. "Oh, Micah," she whispered, "everything's very fittin'."

END

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THE ZEROS OF CITY HIGH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

all kinds—the very fast, the very slow and every blend between. Sure, we have some bad actors—more than our share, I think sometimes, but have you visited East City High? They say there they send more pupil records to prison wardens than they do to college registrars."

City High is not merely a "three-track" high school with courses of study for fast, medium and slow learners, he explained. It is "honeycombed" with a variety of classes in an effort to meet the needs of at least five different strata of ability and aptitudes to be found among its thousands of pupils. For example, it provides a small number of accelerated courses in English and science for college-bound seniors capable of doing college-level work.

At the other extreme City High provides "Zero" classes for slow learners and "Double Zero" classes for those who are slow and also behavior problems. The typical "Zero" is docile or devious in the classroom, although occasional rude outbursts are to be expected. Often he appears to be asleep. It is an exceptionally *able* "Zero" who reads comic books or can follow simple sports reporting.

The type of class a pupil may enter is determined largely by his record in junior high and his scores on intelligence and reading tests.

"Of course students can shift to the more difficult classes if they are able," the principal said, "but for the most part the Zeros do not aspire to be Mediums. They are content to remain Zeros."

Because many of the more able students go to the two strictly college-preparatory high schools in the city, or to private and parochial schools, the comprehensive high school which must take all—even those expelled from parochial schools—may have an enrollment that is largely below average in intelligence. The principal of City High said that 23 per cent of the 800 incoming sophomores had reading ability of fifth-grade level or below; some could not read at all. Intelligence quotients for most of these are correspondingly low.

The problem of the big-city comprehensive high school is not that of having a few dullards in the back row who can read but poorly, if at all, and are therefore inclined to misbehave. It is the problem of having many hundreds of such pupils—perhaps more than a thousand in a single large high school. These pupils, often ill equipped by nature and by training, lack motivation to do academic work of any standard that can be called "high."

Whenever I visit a school I invariably look up the janitor and chat with him. He has usually been in the school a long time and knows the tone of the place. More often than not he is paid considerably more than some of the teachers, and sometimes he knows the students better and serves as an unofficial disciplinarian.

While I was talking with the principal of City High, I noticed such a man escorting several boys to the vice-principal's office. "Who's he—your janitor?" I asked.

"No," the principal replied, somewhat amused, "he is a police officer." (Referring to the blue denim trousers and sagging sweater this plain-clothes man wore, a teacher later remarked, "I think our plain-clothes man must be the *plainest* plain-clothes man any school ever had!")

Later, I asked at police headquarters about the system of assigning plain-clothes police to work in city schools. "An officer is assigned to schools that request them," Inspector X explained, "but they are supposed to be in uniform at all times. If any of them are not in uniform, the commissioner doesn't know it. The Board of Education has its own police system, a corps of nonteaching assistants. Have you talked to them? They flip their lids whenever you mention nonteaching assistants. *They* are plain-clothes men, of course. Their primary function is to assist the principal in maintaining order."

Besides the plain-clothes man and two nonteaching assistants (a man and a woman at City High) who serve as unofficial police, there is a young officer in uniform assigned to the school district who gives talks in classrooms about police work. He is also available for speaking engagements in the neighborhood. "My job is to let the people in this district know what the police force is, what it does and why it is necessary," he said. "Young people tend to hate what they do not understand, and we don't want them to grow up hating the police."

This police officer mingles with the students and urges them to obey school rules. He is popular with the students. The girls call him "Sammy" and seek his help in selling ads for the yearbook and tickets for school affairs. Not long ago one of them stole his cap. It was recovered after having been smuggled about the school for several days, but details of the story will be recounted around district headquarters for some time to come.

City High has six full-time counselors and three vice-principals, a portion of whose work is disciplinary, and seven teachers who are assigned to maintain discipline in the school cafeteria during the three periods a day it is open. Cafeteria duty is considered the equivalent of a class in their regular teaching load, so twenty-one teaching hours, or in effect approximately the full teaching time of five teachers, are spent each day on patrol duty in the cafeteria alone. At dismissal time police cars may often be seen parked near the school and detectives are occasionally summoned.

This is indicative of the amount of police work required by a large comprehensive city high school, which must accept and teach, if possible, all young people who come to it

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CHINESE PROVERB

regardless of their race, creed, ability, manners, morals or state of mental health. Conditions that demand such surveillance are not limited to City High. A great many schools have similar difficulties, smaller where enrollment is smaller.

The Research Division of the National Education Association, an agency not likely to exaggerate, conducted a teacher opinion poll on pupil behavior in 1956, questioning many thousands of teachers. According to this poll, 28 per cent of the teachers in large cities said that within the preceding year at least one act of physical violence against a teacher had been committed by a pupil or pupils attending their schools. Almost one half of the teachers working in poor residential areas reported one or more acts of physical violence against faculty members within the same period. (Physical violence was defined as "striking with fists or any object that could cause physical injury; attacking with a knife, gun or some other dangerous weapon; throwing objects with intent to do bodily harm; etc.")

Here is the experience of one teacher, as reported in her own words:

"Roy came to class in an unresponsive mood. Soon he fell asleep at his table. Steve, sitting next to him, complained: 'Roy smells like whisky.'

"At eleven-forty-five I awakened Roy for lunch. On the way to the clothes closet he heard Tony remark, 'Roy's been drinking; he smells like booze.' Roy pulled a kitchen knife from his trousers and drew back to stab Tony. Wilson grabbed a window stick and handed it to me. I whacked Roy across the buttocks and legs, then knocked the blade from his hand. Roy, still raging, grabbed a chair and hurled it at Tony, but missed him. This time I grabbed Roy from behind, pinning his arms behind him, and sent to the office for help.

"Roy's mother, a former dope addict and present alcoholic, brought charges against me for striking her son. On the stand I told the truth and was acquitted. Roy was transferred to another school. I don't know what has happened in the other school, but I do know that since our trouble, Roy and his brother tried to kill their mother."

Several respondents to the N.E.A. questionnaire said they had taught under conditions similar to those portrayed in *Blackboard Jungle* (the controversial novel by Evan Hunter first published in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL in October, 1954). A typical comment, in the teacher's words, is as follows:

"We had all the ingredients of a first-class shocker like *Blackboard Jungle*. All that was needed was a plot to unify the details and emphasize the background.

"There were no physical attacks on teachers, but there were unconcealed insolence and open disrespect shown to all of us, including the principal. There was cheating, there was stealing, there was fighting, there was drinking, and there were sex offenses. Truancy, the use of obscene language, and the lack of any visible learning were so commonplace that most of the time they went unnoticed. And I taught them for five years because I thought I could help them. I did help some of them."

The N.E.A. researchers note that slow learners are far more likely to cause trouble in school than those who score high on verbal tests. Four and one half times as many classroom teachers in schools where pupils are below average in intelligence as in schools where pupils are above average said they had been struck by a pupil within the last twelve months.

Also, the per cent of teachers reporting that someone on the faculty had been struck by a pupil within the past twelve months was only 8.3 in schools where pupils were above average, but 30.4 in schools where pupils have below-average I.Q.'s.

In an effort to give these backward pupils something more than police surveillance and custodial care, City High is one of the few with the beginnings of a complete "school within a school" designed to suit the needs of slow learners. Special classes are being set up for them and simplified courses developed which will be of benefit to them and in keeping with their ability. Only the large high schools can do this. In time, it is hoped, these special classes will be combined with a schoolwork program for slow learners and their graduation will consist of placement in some sort of permanent employment when they are seventeen. Existing schoolwork programs at City High are primarily for students of considerable ability and special skills.

Naming this new baby—the high-school program for the slow learners—has been difficult. One high school in the city calls it the Achievement Curriculum; another, the Core of Common Learnings; still another, Basic Education. This last title is favored by many to become its city-wide designation. An old language teacher interrupted the head of the department who was explaining this to me. "Basic education!" he snorted. "You're just trying to fool the public! Why don't you just call them Slow Learners? That's what they are."

The department head said he didn't think they were trying to fool anybody, but that they needed some title to put on the diploma.

"When I ask parents to permit their child to switch to the Achievement Course because we think it will be better for him," he said, "the question I am most often asked is, 'Will he get a diploma?' When I tell them he most certainly will get a diploma, they feel everything is all right and agree to the change.

"I don't much care what it's called," he said. "These kids have experienced failure all their lives. They must be given an opportunity to have some successes and to know they are accepted."

I visited a class of slow learners who were taking a test in English. Their test was to write from the teacher's dictation a short news story. Punctuation was also dictated. "Most of the people here cannot read at the fifth-grade level," he explained. "It is my theory that they are more likely to learn something

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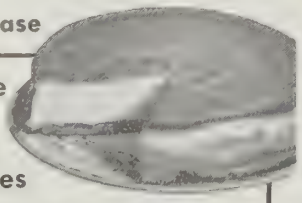
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about English by mimicking than by any other method, so I dictate a great deal."

He went on to say that these pupils had been pulled out of regular classes so they would not experience any further frustration. "Shop teachers are afraid to let them use tools. This is a stopgap measure until they can quit school after their sixteenth birthday. They could easily go bad." (Nearly half of all the pupils who enroll in City High do drop out before their senior year. Those with jobs to go to can obtain work permits and leave when they are sixteen.)

"How low is low?" the head of the English department asked me, when I was observing one of his sophomore classes. "You simply cannot imagine the low ability of these pupils unless you try to teach them. For example, I was dictating some spelling words and came to the word 'valley.' Several didn't understand the word even after I had used it in a sentence. 'Don't you know what a valley is?' I asked them. Not one in a class of twenty-seven seemed to know. Some confused it with 'volley' as in volleyball, and one boy said it was a seaport."

In class that day, after specific and lengthy instructions, he had the class fill out a simple application for a job. While he continued the discussion, he let me look over the completed forms. Few of the students had filled the blanks with any degree of correctness and several showed remarkable ingenuity in doing it completely wrong. "Now what is the first—the very first—thing you must do before you apply for a job?" the teacher was saying.

A boy raised his hand. "Take a bath."

The rest of the class laughed, but the teacher, without smiling, commended the boy for a correct answer even though it was not one he had expected. After class, he told me that the slow pupils he taught often did show marked improvement in cleanliness, neatness and courtesy in the course of a year and "perhaps that is something."

Better grooming is an important subject in City High. It is a concern of many teachers other than those who teach health and hygiene. The textbook used in a social science class I visited was called "Learning to Live."

The topics being discussed were how often bathing is desirable (every day), the care and treatment of acne (don't squeeze pimples with dirty fingers), the inadvisability of picking the nose or ears in public (and exercise care in private!). By her own vital personality, quick reprimands and constant alertness to every movement of her pupils, the teacher was able to retain the interest of most of them in a discussion of self-grooming for the forty-five-minute period.

In a class in practical arithmetic, the teacher prodded a disinterested boy by asking, "If you have six pencils, and I give you seven pencils, how many pencils will you have?"

After a pause, the boy said, "Fourteen."

"No, think now, Joe. If you have six pencils and I give you seven pencils, how many pencils will you have all together?"

The boy thought a while longer. "Fourteen," he said again.

"No, that's completely wrong."

A girl raised her hand. "Mr. K.," she said, "I don't think you should say Joe is *completely* wrong. He's only off by two pencils."

While teachers save their sanity by recounting such wry incidents, their anecdotes are not very funny, because they are true. Several teachers commented generally that "effort and discipline have dropped out of American life—everything is expected to be easy" and that even able pupils tended to feel that "slipshod half-right work is good enough."

"Nobody wants to be disliked," one teacher said. "I don't care if my students like me or not, but then I'm an ogre. I think that's one of our big troubles today—teachers and students both. We are afraid of being disliked."

Others said their greatest problem was finding some means of enforcing discipline. Physical force may not be used, and it is hardly a feasible way of dealing with six-footers even if it were effective. Requiring them to stay after school is also usually impracticable and it is severer punishment for the teacher than it is for the pupils. "Expel the rowdies?" one said. "We expel 'em daily by the dozen, but they are usually back in school in a couple of days. Expulsion isn't a disgrace any more. They wear it like a badge of courage." Another summed it up, "To think that my saintly mother went to her grave thinking that teaching was a profession for genteel women!"

The plight of Zero students and Zero citizens in high school is essentially tragic, and the consequences are often tragic also.

The judge who has found that so many of the culprits who appear before him are misfits in high school believes they should not be forced to attend. He suggests that at thirteen, and possibly younger, such youngsters should be screened out and switched to an entirely new type of school combining elementary education and some form of vocational training, not technical in nature, and that they should be helped to find jobs.

Nearly 10,000 backward children in the city have already been placed in five special schools for separate training. An additional 500 "orthogenic disciplinary children"—youngsters who don't or can't behave—are handled by three other specialized schools. There is one resident school which takes 90 boys who are considered chronic truants, runaways or "predelinquents." But these resources do not meet the need.

High-school officials are not hopeful that the number of slow or extremely reluctant learners with which they must deal will decrease; instead, they expect many more to be entering high school, even though they detract from the education of others and may indeed turn to delinquent or criminal behavior partly as a result of their failure and frustration in the classroom.

"American education is in trouble," said the elder schoolman who would ban reporters, "because of the basic philosophy that we must educate all the children of all the people, yet no child is required to meet definite standards of achievement at any level before going on. So we have no cutoff point and must take them all into high school.

"If recognized standards of excellence were generally maintained, many who do not now do so would consider it a privilege to meet them and most of the high school's problems would be solved. Dealing with those who cannot or will not meet minimum educational standards should be a social-welfare problem or a mental-health problem—it shouldn't be a problem of secondary education.

"But it is," he added, smiling grimly, "and as long as it is, I guess you fellows will have something to write about."

ETIQUETTE FOR CHILDREN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

pushed her baby sister down the back stairs. After her mother had rescued the victim she flew at the oppressor and shouted, "What's the matter with you? You can't push Joanie down the stairs!" Karen listened carefully, all innocence and interest, and finally said, "I can't? How come?"

Parenthetical note to parents: in trying to keep older children from doing permanent physical damage to their juniors, it is probably not advisable to adopt the tit-for-tat type of punishment ("If you pull Billy's hair again, I'm going to pull *your* hair!"). This method would appear to have a certain Old Testament rightness about it, but the danger is that you may put yourself into a position where you will be forced into massive retaliation. And when it comes right down to it, you can't really punch that kid straight in the eye or spit in his milk.

Personally, I'm in favor of generalized threats like, "If you make that baby cry once more I swear I'll clip you." In this instance the word "clip" is open to a variety of interpretations and leaves you more or less free to inflict such punishment as you are up to at the moment.

RESPECT FOR THE FEELINGS OF OTHERS

One of the reasons children are such duds socially is that they say things like, "When do you think you're going to be dead, grandma?" We're all going to be dead, of course, but nobody wants to be put on the spot like that.

It is not to be expected that a small child can be taught never to make a personal remark. But there is a time and a place. For instance, the moment mother is all dressed up in her new blue chiffon and doesn't look a day older than twenty-five—well, twenty-eight—is *not* the time for Gilbert to ask, "Why do you have all those stripes on your forehead, mommy?"

Children should realize the parents are emotionally insecure, and that there are times when they need loving-kindness. Unfortunately, a relationship with a child, like any love affair, is complicated by the fact that the two parties almost never feel the same amount of ardor at the same time. One blows hot while the other blows cold, and vice versa. On the day you're flying to Athens (for two whole weeks) and you're already frantic with concern and full of terrible forebodings that you will never see the little darlings again, you can hardly round them up to say good-by. And when you do locate one of them, he scarcely looks up from his work. "Darling," you say, "aren't you going to say good-by and give me a *good* kiss? I'm going to be gone for two whole weeks." "Sure," he says. "'By, mom, can I have a Coke?"

RESPECT FOR THE PROPERTY OF OTHERS

Children should bear in mind that, no matter how foolish it seems, adults become attached to material objects, like typewriters, wrist watches and car keys. I admit that I am working without statistics here, but I do have the feeling we wouldn't have so many broken homes in this country if children could be made aware of the unwisdom of using their fathers' best fountain pens to punch holes in evaporated-milk cans. (If you're interested, there is one foolproof way of holding onto pens and pencils: you hire a man with a gun to sit by the desk all day, and then you or your husband or some other responsible adult takes the night shift.)

Just as there are animals that kill prey they have no intention of eating, so are there children who take things they have no way of using. It may be reprehensible, but it is at least understandable that a child should take a sterling-silver gravy ladle to the beach; it's almost as good to dig with as a sand shovel. But why do they take the little knobs off the tops of lamp shades, or meat thermometers, or the dialing wheels off the television set? Sometimes when you investigate what seems to be meaningless mayhem, you find that there is a certain idiotic logic behind the whole thing: when I found one of the smaller boys unfurling a roll of toilet paper out the attic window, it turned out that he was merely trying to discover how long a roll of toilet paper really was. I can understand that, sort of.

Children have such a lively sense of the inviolability of what belongs to them (as you've noticed if you ever tried to throw out an old coloring book) that it should be easy for them to remember that adults, too, have little fetishes about their personal possessions ("You don't like anybody to play with your tractor, do you? Well, daddy doesn't like anybody to play with his tape recorder.")

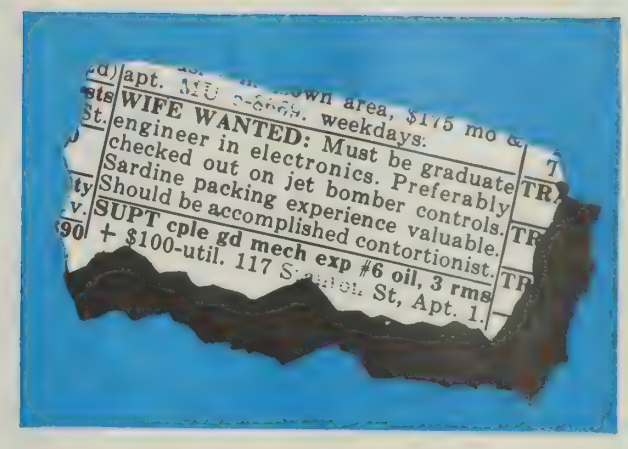
Sometimes it's hard to know just what to say. Last winter I found on the breakfast table a letter addressed to Mommy Kerr. It was on my very best stationery, and there were ten brand-new four-cent stamps plastered all over the envelope. When I pulled out the letter, the message read:

Dear Mommy: John is mad at you becuase you won't let us put our snowballs in the freeser but I am not mad at you becuase I love you

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Here at American Motors we build our automobiles and appliances with the idea that you buy them to use, not just to show off to your neighbors. We think that gimmicks often distract the confused buyer's attention from true values.

For instance, countless chats with housewives revealed that they had one big complaint about ranges—oven cleaning—which is the messiest, dirtiest job in the kitchen.

So—Kelvinator created, and patented, a simple set of throw-away aluminum foil oven linings. When grease and grime accumulate, all Mrs. Consumer has to do is throw the old ones away and spend a few easy minutes putting in new foil.

You'll find this functional feature on every single Kelvinator electric range for 1959, while no other electric range at any price gives you disposable oven linings.

When we discussed clothes washing with Mrs. Consumer, she revealed how irritated she is with having a so-called "automatic" washer which requires that she still soap and rub shirt collars and cuffs by hand, before starting the "automatic" washing process. And she wants a washer safe enough for her sheer lingerie.

By eliminating the harsh, back-and-forth washing action, Kelvinator was able to develop the only *automatic* pre-scrub cycle available in automatic washers today, and it effectively gets rid of hand scrubbing. This ingenious Kelvinator washing action is so gentle that it's safe for filmiest slips, new "synthetics," even popular wash-wear things.

And Kelvinator freed Mrs. Consumer from the largest single repair cost on home washers—about $70 to replace broken gears. Our engineers developed a superior drive unit which *has no gears.*

When talking refrigerators, the basic purpose of a refrigerator—adequate and convenient food storage itself—turned out to be the homemaker's biggest problem.

After trying out hundreds of storage arrangements, checking them with housewives, making changes they suggested—Kelvinator has created a complete line of refrigerator-freezers to fit the requirements of each individual family.

Mrs. Consumer is particularly happy with the new 1959 Foodarama—the unique combination with a 6 cu. ft. *upright* freezer side by side with a big 12 cu. ft. refrigerator—all in one cabinet only 41 inches wide to conserve kitchen space, and operated by a single unit to reduce cost and guarantee economy.

The determination of Kelvinator not to substitute complicated gadgets for features the consumer needs has met with ready response.

We believe that good appliance concepts spring from the home, not the factory . . . from the consumer's needs, not from a designer's imagination.

To reduce buyer confusion and to help you separate the basic features you want from the frills, Kelvinator has prepared a buyers' guide, "How to Select a New Electrical Appliance."

For your free copy, write to me. American Motors Corporation, Dept. 23, Detroit 32, Mich.



Kelvinator's Foodarama combines the convenience of an upright *freezer, 6 cubic feet big, with a 12 cubic foot refrigerator, all in one cabinet only 41 inches wide.*



USE SUN ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE
–in your automatic washer for the cleanest wash ever, for sparkling dishes, walls, floors and woodwork! Sun is concentrated for economy, liquid for instant action. Its "medium suds" wash more efficiently – whiten and brighten like nothing you've ever used before! And, Sun is safe – safe for anything that's safe in water! Add Sun to your shopping list today. Buy it – try it!

SEND TODAY FOR FREE BOOKLETS
on how to save time and money on washdays. Write Los Angeles Soap Company, Dept. B, Box 2198, Los Angeles 54, Calif.

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AVAILABLE IN PINT, QUART AND HALF-GALLON CONTAINERS

HOW TO BRING UP 4 CHILDREN ON $100 A MONTH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 159

good reasons for keeping it instead of selling and dividing under the Oregon community-property law at the time of my divorce.

First, and most important, it's home, and the children have a fourth of a city block to dig holes. Secondly, it is a good investment property worth holding onto for a few years more.

The house has been painted once outside and twice inside (the latter by me, of course). Downstairs, we have a living room—cluttered; bedroom—cluttered; utility room—cluttered; kitchen—full of children; and one small bathroom. I've had only one fault to find with that bathroom: too many towels on the floor. However, the problem is solved.

Having trouble getting my four children to hang up their towels when they got through washing, and hoping the sarcasm would not escape their notice, I copied a sign hanging in a public washroom: PLEASE DO NOT PUT TOWELS IN TOILET—PUT THEM IN WASTEBASKET, and hung it in said bathroom. It works beautifully. My three sons now hang up their towels. My small daughter puts hers in the wastebasket.

Upstairs, where Dennis and Michael sleep, is still unfinished—also cluttered. "My, this house is dirty!" said one little visiting fireman. "*My* mother cleans our house every Saturday."

"Your mother," I breathed, "also sends you, your little brother and sister over here every Saturday to play too!"

The furniture throughout the house is the kind a parent buys—from a secondhand store. I lovingly like to make myself believe, and can fool myself for half an hour or more, the satin patina of the coffee table comes from care, and not from careless bread and butter.

In the utility room is an old automatic washer no longer automatic, and a secondhand dryer that doesn't dry. In the kitchen is a refrigerator, so used to being opened its door won't stay closed, and an electric range whose oven refuses to bake more than once without having its lower element rewound.

There is a small room off the kitchen, originally the dinette (until the family grew so big we couldn't put the table in it any more), and this room is mine. It is here I sew, write, think about my washer and dryer, and look at my refrigerator and electric range.

Pamela, Baby John and I sleep in the one bedroom downstairs. I'm reminded of an old song: "Eighteen men slept in a bed—roll over—roll over." Recently we all rolled over: Baby John out of my bed to the bottom bunk bed; Pamela to the top bunk; Michael out of the top bunk into a Hollywood bed upstairs. Dennis refused to move from his single—even if he does hang over at both ends.

So, we live on $100 a month—$1200 a year. Of that $100, approximately $13 a month goes for electricity; $7 for water; $12 for o (heating); and $46.50 for groceries (watchin food sales, buying inexpensive cuts of mea buying in bulk and for the freezer; followin a set eating pattern weekly, so eventually som casseroles become more familiar to us tha who lives next door) and cleaning supplies.

Last year we spent $1.50 a month for ga bage disposal. If I had a husband, he woul haul the garbage away—the only two thing I miss by being husbandless are garbage di posal and having one to buy my razor an blades.

This year we decided to bury our garbag around among the flower beds, making serve usefully as fe tilizer. This is a tas the children usual fight over—not t do. However, I a not too sure it worth the bother, f if the neighbors' do do not dig it up soon as it is plante the frost *brings* it u

Taking everythi into consideratio we now have a pr carious balance $21.50 for such n nor incidentals clothing, drugs, de tal and medical e penses. Our fam physician, who del ered the last thr children, has se themonlytwice:on when he delivere and the second tir when we all sat front of him at a l cal smoker in whi a young friend ours was appearin

Insurance? Wha that? Oh, yes, scho supplies for Denn and Michael are in dentals too. I ha discovered t county health clin where one may ta the younger childr for shots and pe odic checkup free cost.

Perhaps only in small coastal to could I make budget stretch so f I shop for grocer every two wee when I receive semimonthly che of $50. If I need tras during the we I walk the half m to town and b leaving my childr for an hour with a sitter. More incidental pense!

During the first months of self-budgeti $100 didn't go nearly far enough. I had alw lived comfortably before marriage, and th after, so had to learn to economize. But lea I did! It was a challenge, but an interesti one, and also one we're meeting a little mo successfully each day. If I look preoccupi at times, it's just reaction setting in.

I had to give up my phone, papers a magazines. I was surprised to find these pendable. I phone from one neighbor's a another saves me the daily and Sunday pap (it is sad to think, however, the smaller ch dren will grow up believing the Sunday f nies come on Wednesday). My friends s their magazines.

I keep up with local and world affairs listening to the news on the radio. We ha television in our town now, but our nine-ye old radio (even if it does sputter) has a defin

CONTINUED ON PAGE 168



The Hewetts, of Morton, Pennsylvania.

Friends of the Hewetts say, "Grace's ideas on marriage belong in the last century." To Grace, her marriage is all she asks. "My job is to lead a Christian life as a wife and mother, to make a home for my husband so he can do his work in an atmosphere of peace. In pleasing him, I am pleased." Is this "old-fashioned"?

Whither Thou Goest

By MARGARET PARTON

HOW AMERICA LIVES

IN THE JUNE JOURNAL

It sprinkles as you iron!



General Electric Spray, Steam & Dry Iron gives you a PLUS... a built-in sprinkler

Now, you can iron heavy cottons, linens and starched fabrics without first sprinkling or pre-dampening. You bring them *direct* to your ironing board from washline or dryer.

Steam alone can't do this job! You need added moisture! And that's just what the General Electric Spray, Steam & Dry Iron *supplies!*

Just press the button! This amazing iron sprays exactly the right amount of warm water in front of the iron—*as you iron*—sprinkling and dampening your fabric.

You'll be delighted with the lovely satin-smooth results—and the time and work you save, too! You need pre-dampen only your largest pieces.



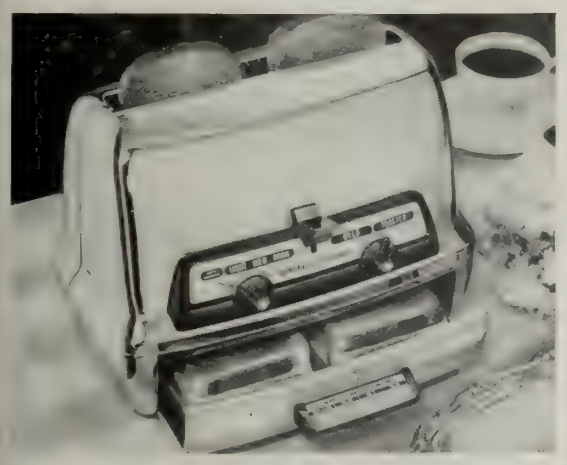
It's a Steam & Dry Iron, too—with General Electric's Even-Flow steam system. Even-Flow steam is *continuous* — penetrates deeper,— moistens your fabric *evenly* for perfect ironing.

For dry ironing, just press the button. Use it to touch up "wash and wear." Be sure to see it at your dealer's soon. General Electric Company, Portable Appliance Dept., Bridgeport 2, Conn.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

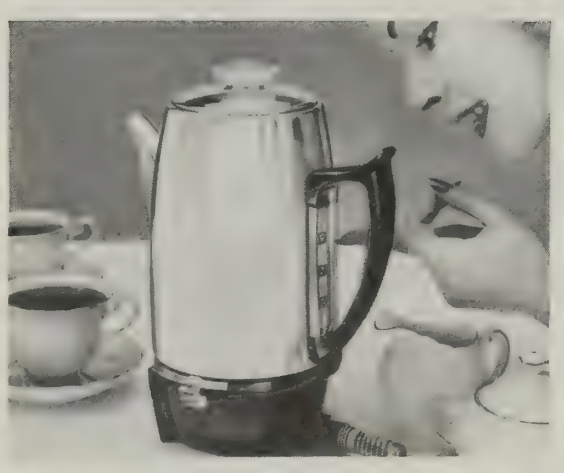
GENERAL ELECTRIC

On Mother's Day (May 10) give General Electric... the gift with a PLUS!



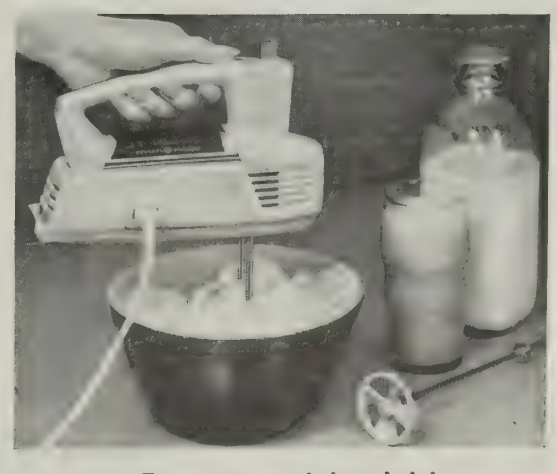
It's an automatic toaster!
PLUS... a toasting "oven" below

General Electric Toast-R-Oven* toasts 2 slices to your favorite shade on top—keeps 6 slices of toast warm below. Or use it to heat rolls, pastry, muffins. Makes *delicious* melted cheese sandwiches!



Brews delicious coffee automatically!
PLUS... new gauge counts the cups

New General Electric Peek-A-Brew* Coffee Maker has an outside level that shows you at a glance how much water to use *as you fill it*—then shows how many cups of coffee are left *as you serve it!*



Does any mixing job!
PLUS—new drink-mixing attachment

General Electric Portable Mixer weighs less than 3 pounds, yet it's powerful enough for the heaviest cake batter. Convenient heel rest, beater ejector, removable cord—*plus* special drink-mixing attachment.

**Trademark of General Electric Company*

Advertisement

The Picture of Health for May



by MAXINE DAVIS

The noted medical writer and author of numerous books on family health problems.

Every mother of growing children loves the month of May. The winter's cold (and colds) forgotten; April's drizzle and damp ended, and the small fry catapult happily out of the house, out of doors.

Maytime is the start of playtime. Routines relax; everything seems easier. I used to waste sunny hours planning changed diets for the children. Not now. Now I know better.

Modern science has proved that hot weather imposes no special requirements; in all seasons youngsters need exactly the same well-balanced diet for good health and normal growth, except that they do need extra water. But . . .

It's important to maintain good eating habits all the time. This means it is necessary to insure good appetites. It's not the heat (which they don't mind unless they hear their elders forever griping about it!) but summertime indulgences that make them fussy and peckish.

Here, then, are five simple rules for this purpose:

1. Give them cool, not cold, drinks. Do not give them cold water before meals; that temporarily suppresses the appetite.

2. Firmly limit snacks and high-caloric drinks, such as carbonated beverages, milk, milkshakes, and all sorts of "ades."

3. Insist on a short quiet "cooling off" period before mealtimes, a *must* in hot weather.

4. If indicated, limit such high-caloric foods as peanut butter or ice cream, so the young will eat essentials.

5. Under no circumstances omit vitamin supplements. I've always fed them BEXEL vitamins prepared expressly for children under 12 all the year round. When the doctor prescribed BEXEL syrup for the little tots he didn't say, "Stop in May." As they got older I wasn't sure they needed it, but I was certain that BEXEL was good insurance.

Now I know how wise I was. You can't always stand guard or keep an exact check on their diets; only a hospital can do that. Actually, summertime is the season they eat their worst. They don't always eat at home. Picnics, days at the beach, Scout expeditions, even cook-outs in our own yard mean breaking dietary rules.

Every sensible mother wants her children to develop healthful eating habits but she doesn't want to be a Simon Legree about it. So she recognizes the fact that she can't supervise their diet constantly; all youngsters occasionally stuff themselves with candy, popsicles, and other nutritionally deplorable items!

That won't hurt them if they get proper meals most of the time and vitamin supplements daily.

They'll take children's BEXEL *gladly*—either the small red capsules made especially for them or BEXEL Syrup, so pleasant-tasting that they often like to put it on their bread or in cereal, like honey. In either form they get exactly the amount they require—no less but no more; not so much as is packed into the larger capsules we adults take. (There's a member of the BEXEL family of fine vitamins designed for each member of your family, of any age.)

I've just written a pamphlet on the whole subject of vitamins called "A SURE THING, The Magic of Vitamins." If you'd like to have it I'll be glad to send you a copy, free. Just send your name and address to: Maxine Davis, Post Office Box 548-E, Bridgeport 9, Conn.

© McKesson & Robbins

BETTER . . . by McKESSON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 166

place in our living. Its children's programs provide amusement for the youngest members; and Dennis, the oldest, and I enjoy the familiar programs.

I would like television for the children, and someday hope to be able to afford one. I really think after the initial cost, TV would more than pay for itself in education and entertainment for a family that must by necessity supply its own amusement.

Food is a very important item in a growing family—food of the right sort—and $46.50 a month seems a most preposterous and inadequate sum. However, even in these times of high living costs, it can be done. One would feed a working husband differently from the way I feed my four children, but I think it balances in cost, when you take into consideration the extra vitamins, fruit, juices and milk children need in quantity.

I bake my own bread and found out that with all the ingredients, twenty-five loaves baked at home cost $3.50, balanced against the $8.00 for twenty-five loaves bought in the store. I also bake all my own pastry. Cost, too, is cut by preparing my own biscuit and piecrust mix, which I store in a canister in a cool place.

The children drink the packaged dry milk I mix up, and I use it in all my cooking and baking. My children are just as plump as their playmates who drink homogenized milk. I have found that by adding two teaspoons of fruit jelly or marmalade to a glass of prepared nonfat dry milk, and shaking well, I make a first-class beverage.

At first the cases of canned milk for Baby John were a heavy expense, as were the strained foods, but when he reached junior foods he ate with us right from the table.

Juices we buy in concentrated canned form. I home-can as much fresh fruit in the summer as I can buy, or is given us. And let me say here: people are wonderful in giving surplus foodstuff if you but go and get it.

My 13′ freezer, which I have had now for eight years, stores fruit and other perishables. I also make all our jellies, and there seems to be a continual round of bread and jelly.

We are lucky to live in a state where one can walk out one's door and pick wild berries. The children and I pick huckleberries, blueberries, salal berries and blackberries each summer. We gather wild crab apples and edible mushrooms in the fall.

I try to buy fresh vegetables in season when the prices are low. Although we have a small garden space which we might use for growing a vegetable garden, and lots of willing "weeding" hands, the coastal soil near town is mostly sand and inadequate for growing foodstuffs. Our main fresh vegetables, year around, are the inexpensive celery, cabbage, carrots and local greens. Tomatoes (the red kind) are usually too expensive for the budget, save during high summer when we eat our fill for days—and suffer hives for weeks!

I have also discovered the lowly Potato. Not enough praise has been accorded the Potato—hence the capital letter! It stretches our budget; it acts as a filler for lean meals; in potato soup; rich with macaroni and bacon, it warms our stomachs on cold days; it's the basis of my homemade bread; and one can use the potato, cut away, to print Christmas cards. I know—we've done it!

In case this seems a pound-adding diet for mother, let me assure you that after having had four children, and having always been inclined to a few extra pounds, I never have been thinner, looked or felt better. An acquaintance who hadn't seen me since I dissolved marital ties commented on these physical attributes, saying if worry made that much difference, she'd part company from friend husband too. (Not worry, my dear—hunger!)

I have not felt any lack of masculine admiration or invitations to go out, but usually have not the leisure time to accept them—and I'm still wondering what's wrong with a man interested in a woman with four children. I can only think myself and four little dependents look good around tax-deduction time. When I do break precedent and go out for the evening, my escort pays for the sitter, since I count it part of taking me out.

My only pleasures, or perhaps vices, are a full coffee cup and cigarettes. Do you know that when you *enjoy* coffee, the 69-cents-a-pound brand can taste every bit as good as the 96-cents-a-pound kind? That you can empty half the grounds in the pot, add ½ measure of fresh grind, and get a passable pot of brew? If you're not Spartan enough to take this forever, you can fudge, go to the nearest restaurant and buy a decent cup for a dime. As for coffee and smoking—if I find my enjoyment is too costly, then coffee and cigarettes go.

I have been asked repeatedly just how I can live on $100 a month; what sort of rules are applied; where do I cut down when I have nothing to cut. You'd be surprised! It's a sort of "do you know that?" yardstick.

Do you know that if you save 10 cents a day, you will have $36 to spend for Christmas?

Do you know that the more inexpensive your brand of toilet tissue, the coarser it will be, and the less the children—and I—will use? That soapy water from your dishpan will mop a floor too?

Do you know that two tablespoons of water can be made to equal one egg in a two-egg recipe—thereby cutting in half your eggs, or perhaps doubling your recipe? That bacon grease can substitute for shortening in making biscuits and piecrust? And that bacon grease is not costly, as any one of your more fortunate neighbors will save it for you? Do you know you can render out beef fat, mix with lard or shortening half and half, and use for cooking? That homemade soup cuts the soup bill in fourth? That dry bread spread with any kind of cheese, and toasted under the broiler, takes the place of crackers, and is far more economical?

There's a heap of cover-up in an herb jar.

Popcorn is a must for children. (They have to have something!)

I make most of my own clothes. Luckily I had foresight enough to buy very expensive clothing fifteen years ago—so am still wearing some of it. The children's we pass down; and then, too, we are fortunate to have cousins who grow. Everything is washable.

Needless to say, we have no amusement fund. The regret is I cannot take more part in my three oldest children's school activities, or attend programs for parents. With a small child at home, I can't. The children, though, are more self-sufficient than most, more dependable, and all of them are more capable of finding their own amusements at home—even if it takes hours to clean up after them afterward!

We attend Sunday school and church together each Sunday. Do you know it costs $3.25 a month for one adult and four children to go to church? (It costs more than that to rent a boat and go fishing—or take your best beau out to dinner.) There's the quarter I put in my Bible-school-class plate downstairs each week, and one in the plate upstairs; the three smaller children each give a nickel, and Dennis a dime.

If you think that amount is too high a sum to gain fellowship, solace, spiritual encouragement and the privilege of laying one's problems on stronger shoulders than yours, there's always the consolation of a monthly potluck supper or two—you would have eaten that casserole at home anyway!

We are fortunate in having an outdoor-theater sign on our property, and thereby gain a yearly family pass. So far, only the two older boys have benefited by this—going with neighbors. I, myself, feel it would be quite obviously in bad taste to pitch a bedroll beside a speaker post just so the younger children and I could view the screen.

I have been offered jobs to supplement my income, but by the time I would pay a housekeeper and be away from home, I wouldn't gain a thing. Thank heaven, I'm not a worrier. When things get as low as they can go, something seems to turn up. Wasn't it nice I was born Irish?

The older children want very little: for me to be home when they come from school; their very own tree on Christmas; their own birthday cakes, and their very own bedrooms someday.

The younger ones are even more easily pleased: getting their faces washed with *my* washcloth; hearing a story read each night; being able to say their prayers, and sing "Jesus Loves Me." (My prayer each night is just as fervent: "Please, dear God, don't let the oil run out!")

If I get too smug or insufferable about the job I'm doing in raising four children with pioneer simplicity in this complicated era, or *if* I fondly imagine the children will appreciate the effort made when *they* grow up and become parents, please, someone, remind me of my favorite parable—author unknown.

A son was walking by the river one day when he chanced upon his father coming up the riverbank toward him. The father had a large, split-bamboo basket on his head. "Where have you been?" the son inquired of his father.

"I have been to the river to drown your grandfather—he was old and useless," answered the father.

Said the son, eying the basket and then his father, "Save the basket."

So, who's complaining as long as potatoes are prepared in blue Belgian ironware and biscuits are cut with poor grandfather's sterling napkin ring (may he rest easy)? What to do about "the year of the green tomato"? Why—relish it!

END

DANISH PROVERBS

Give to a pig when it grunts and to a child when it cries, and you will have a fine pig and a bad child.

Bad is never good until worse happens.

HOW MRS. HAYES. SPENDS HER MONEY EACH MONTH

Food and household cleaning supplies	$46.50	Church	3.25
Clothing (makes her own; gets material in exchange for sewing jobs)		Furniture and appliances	
Rent (ex-husband maintains the house)		Car expenses, other transportation	
Fuel (oil)	12.00	Child-care fees (Dennis sits—or they don't go out)	
Electricity	13.00	Children's school supplies	.25
Water	7.00	Club dues (civic-theater group)	.25
Insurance ($6 year for school insurance for three children)	.50	Magazines, newspapers	
Medical and dental (uses free clinic for medical checkups; Pamela's and Michael's teeth will need attention)		Cigarettes	4.00
Recreation		Savings fund	
		Miscellaneous spending on dry cleaning, shoe repair, post-office-box rent, haircuts for three boys, cosmetics, etc.	13.25
		Total	$100.00

Captain's Table Quality



No matter how you enjoy tuna, you'll like it even better when it's Star-Kist, the captain's-table tuna . . . the real good meat from the sea. It's the prime kind of tuna you can serve like meat to please the captain at your house. You'll know it's Star-Kist when you see the fisherman with the earring.

Tuna and Corn Pie

Use 1 Family Size can Star-Kist Tuna and one No. 2 can cream style corn. Place in 1½-qt. greased casserole, alternating tuna with corn and ending with tuna. Top with mashed potatoes. Decorate with tomato sections. Bake at 375° for 15 minutes. Serves 4 to 6.

Chunk Light and Chunk White in new Family Size.
All styles in regular size, including Solid Light and Solid White.

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THE REAL GOOD MEAT FROM THE SEA





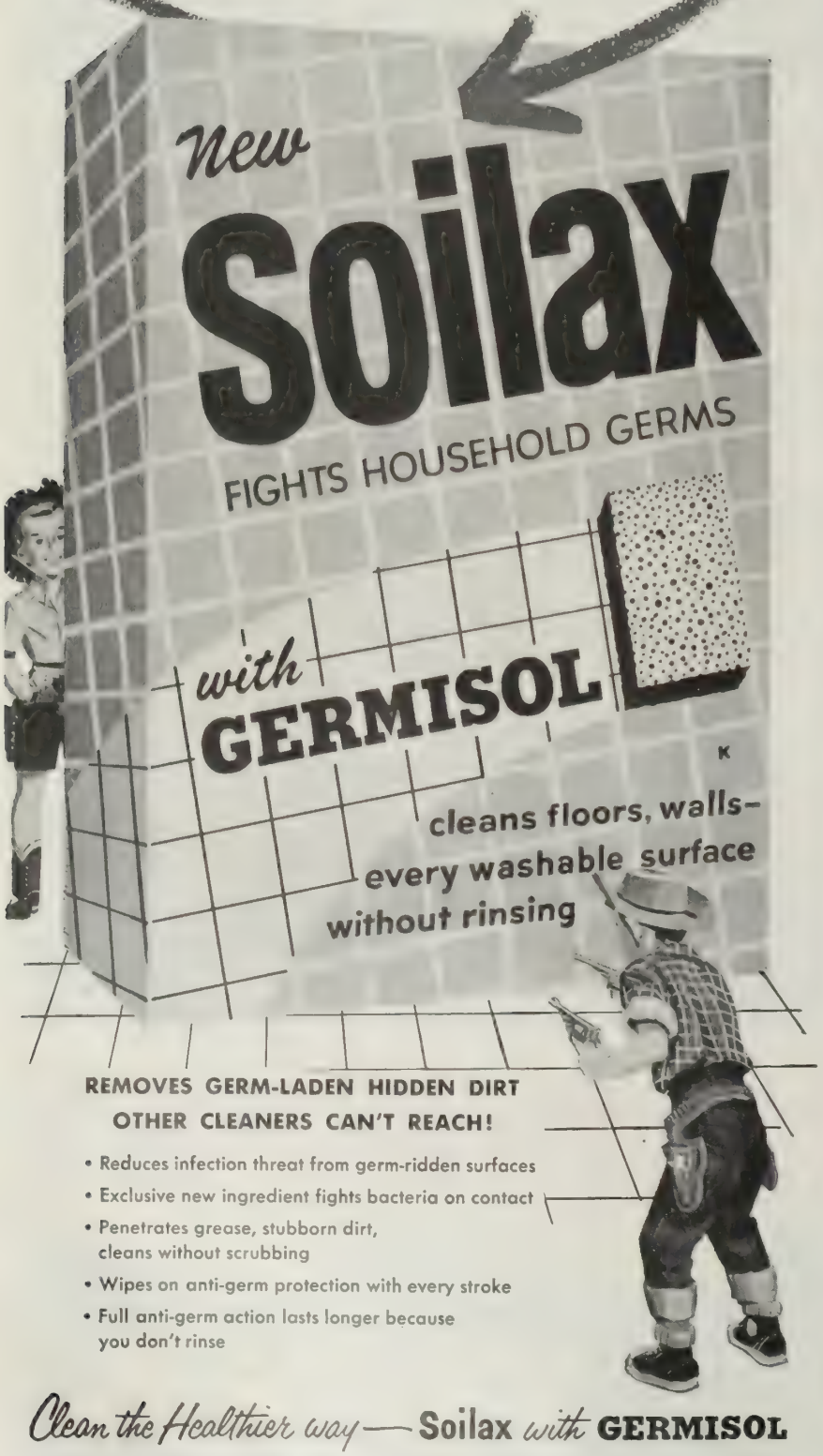
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LOOK FOR THE FISHERMAN WITH THE EARRING ON NEW STAR-KIST LABELS

TUNA

IMPORTANT NEW CONTRIBUTION TO FAMILY HEALTH!

New Soilax with GERMISOL



REMOVES GERM-LADEN HIDDEN DIRT OTHER CLEANERS CAN'T REACH!

- Reduces infection threat from germ-ridden surfaces
- Exclusive new ingredient fights bacteria on contact
- Penetrates grease, stubborn dirt, cleans without scrubbing
- Wipes on anti-germ protection with every stroke
- Full anti-germ action lasts longer because you don't rinse

Clean the Healthier way — Soilax with GERMISOL

. . . another famous product of Economics Laboratory, Inc., St. Paul, Minn.

WHEN THE DOCTOR SAYS, "Cut down on Salt"

So mysterious a blend of natural flavors and artful seasonings, so savory the meats, so succulent the vegetables, you'd never guess, "No salt!"

By E. H. CULVER

If the day should come when your doctor says you must cut down on salt, don't lose all hope, because it isn't quite so bad as it sounds. You can still enjoy well-seasoned foods without as many concessions as you first expected.

I have held your shopping list down to three items to start with, as that isn't the way I did it! In my state of addled confusion I gathered in all the dietary products I could find in the stores, and many are still on our shelves. *First*, buy some sweet or unsalted butter. *Next*, a low-sodium bread—this may be bought in health-food stores. Maybe your regular grocer would order it for you. *Third*, buy a salt substitute. There are a number of salt substitutes to be found, some better than others. Up until a few years ago salt substitutes could be purchased only in drugstores. Now there are several brands available in most grocery stores. One company makes a seasoned salt substitute, which adds to its flavoring value.

Regular canned vegetables are taboo, but many canners now have a low-sodium diet pack, and of course there are fresh and frozen ones. But beet greens, beets, celery, chard, dandelion greens, kale, Lima beans, frozen peas and spinach must be skipped. Most canned fruits are acceptable, as are jams and jellies. But, to be blunt, you have bid a fond farewell to most other canned or frozen prepared foods as well as catchup, chili sauce and salad dressings (that are not on the special-diet shelf) that you may have leaned on for that extra zest at snacktime.

"So what's left?" you mutter mournfully to yourself at this stage.

Actually, you are now at the stage known as rock bottom. There's one endearing quality about rock bottom, however, and that is that you just can't go any deeper. In other words, the only way you can go is up!

You'll probably have a piece of broiled steak or a chop for your first diet meal. I don't know why, but it seems as if we all turn to a broiled meat upon starting a new eating regimen, which isn't a bad idea at any time. I simply broil the meat, naked and unadorned, add a generous pat of sweet butter plus a dash of fresh-ground pepper, and serve.

There are steak fiends who never want for anything more, but they're certainly outnumbered by those of us who prefer greater variety to keep both our tastes and our pocketbooks contented. This is where the lemon proves itself.

MAGICAL MARINADE. In a small bowl, put a teaspoon of dried or fresh chopped parsley, add half that much of sweet basil and some ground pepper. Now stir in the juice of a lemon and combine with olive or salad oil—use oil to suit your particular taste. This makes a wonderful marinade for the cheaper cuts of lamb and is also excellent for beef patties. Meats that have a pleasant two- or three-hour bath in this mixture take nicely to either sautéing *or* broiling. As a confirmed salt lover, I find no need of any further flavor touches with meats cooked this way; but you have salt substitute if this doesn't suffice. This basic marinade is wide open for experiment—I have tried dry mustard in it and have also tried out different herbs and have never been disappointed.

LIVER WITH CONCESSIONS. By the way, have you ever broiled calves' liver? For no reason, I had a mental quirk about it and never did it until recently. It was delicious. The secret is to have your broiler scorching hot when you put in the heavy-duty aluminum foil containing the strips of liver and broil fast on both sides. If it is permissible for you to cheat a tiny bit now and again, lay one piece of bacon across the liver before you broil it, then donate the bacon to some worthy person. It *almost* makes up for the bacon and eggs of bygone days.

PORK-CHOP PERFECTION. Though ham and bacon and sausage must be eliminated, there is still roast pork with its teammate, fresh applesauce. And how about pork chops? There are many ways to cook them, but I particularly favor this casserole: Start chops gently browning in a greased skillet while you slice cooked sweet potatoes into a buttered baking dish with alternate layers of applesauce that has been lightly baptized with cinnamon and a dash of nutmeg. When the chops are lusciously tan on both sides, lay atop the potato-applesauce layers and bake slowly for an hour. Season with salt substitute and a dash of freshly ground pepper. For a change try crushed pineapple instead of applesauce.

VEAL PAPRIKA MY WAY. Sour cream makes glorious music when combined with chicken or veal. For a slight variation on paprika veal, I sometimes flour the veal steak without cutting it into pieces and then brown and proceed as in the regular recipe. Paprika and other herbs along with salt substitute do the seasoning. Remember to wait until you're about to serve to add the sour cream and salt substitute. Here is a little oddity I learned that really does make a difference in flavor: rather than mincing the onion for this type of dish, I slice it vertically in the very thinnest slices I can produce. Try it and I'll wager you'll agree.



A juicy steak, subtly flavored with lemon and herbs, baked potatoes and broccoli with sour cream—who could ask for a more handsome dinner?

POOR MAN'S BEEF STROGANOFF. I may as well admit I'm the sneaky type when it comes to using basic recipes and breaking them down to fit my purse when it's on the empty side. This is how I invented Poor Man's Beef Stroganoff: Half a pound of ground beef will make two generous portions. I lightly sauté the crumbled beef in sweet butter with a few of those skinny slices of onion I mentioned; when the meat is just short of getting browned, I add a half teaspoon of paprika and a full teaspoon of flour. Stir all this well, add half a cup of sour cream, simmer on low heat, with a few loving stirs, for a few minutes. Season lightly with salt substitute. Serve on golden toast points.

FRESH FISH LONGS FOR LEMON. Shellfish, other than fresh oysters, whether fresh, frozen or canned, can no longer appear on your particular dinner plate. In our family we have always preferred them to the finny type, and heaven help the innocent guest who mentions having had a scrumptious lobster thermidor, or the like, for dinner! But a fresh trout or a nice slice of fresh salmon, halibut, codfish, haddock or swordfish that has been sautéed to a turn, and served with drawn butter and lemon juice, is nothing to whine about, believe me.

See, lemons again. In most countries of the Mediterranean basin lemon is served generously with all dishes, including soup. It is part of the history of this area that people turned at one time to the use of lemons because of the high taxes on salt.

VEGETABLE VARIETY. In some ways, vegetables (those the doctor will let you have) present more of a challenge than meats. Using very little water in the cooking does help to retain flavor, and a pat of sweet butter plus a dash of lemon juice give any and all green vegetables a real zip. Cheese sauce and hollandaise are forbidden, but sour cream and chives do just as well by asparagus and broccoli as they ever did on baked potatoes.

There may be a variance of opinion between Easterners and Westerners, as to *when* salad should appear with dinner, but all will agree it's a vital part of the evening meal. Now inhale and let out a big sigh of happiness, for this is where the salt substitutes really come into their own and let you down not one smidgen! Your tossed green salad will be just as savory as it was before you started your diet; and if you happen to be one who likes a bit of ceremony in the production of a fine salad, *don't* throw away your chef's cap and apron in your first throes of anguish. You'll be working over the old salad bowl for a long time to come! Don't try to slip an anchovy or a few sliced olives into the salad bowl, because they're off limits.

Here is another salad hint: Waldorf salad is most successful via the sour-cream route—sometimes I add a little lemon juice, other times a few drops of vanilla. Either way it's mighty good.

WHEN EGGS PLAY SOLO. When the breakfast eggs begin to look lonesome and blue for their old side-kicks, ham and bacon, why not try an omelet? Currant jelly tucked into its middle makes it perfection! Or just a whisper of herbs and fresh-ground pepper beaten into the eggs before cooking offsets the lack of ham or bacon. And never forget the slathered-in-maple-syrup French toast. Low-sodium bread makes good, crunchy regular toast, and as French toast it can't be beat.

Though you can no longer visit your favorite pastry shop, homemade pastries from which salt has been omitted in the making are perfectly all right. However, simpler desserts would be easier on you; and if yours is a weight problem, perhaps a heart condition, then it's better to leave the richer goodies to the youngsters.

DESSERTS—FOR AND AGAINST. Both baked and boiled custards are a fine ending for a meal. And there's nothing wrong with a light and feathery tapioca cream. Fruit gelatin, well packed with both fresh and canned fruits, is a wonderful stand-by—my husband happens to like a generous bowl of this for breakfast along with buttered toast, which makes for a welcome change on the day's first menu. I also make applesauce with brown sugar and a small lump of sweet butter.

Your doctor's admonition about eating less at one time and more often is well worth following. A cooky and a large glass of juice between breakfast and lunch take up little of your time, no matter how important it may be; and a hot cup of tea and some fragrant cinnamon toast around four in the afternoon won't ruin the day's accomplishment schedule either.

So why not relax, adjust your mental spectacles and see the low-salt diet for what it really is: a true friend with only your best interests in mind!



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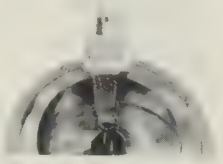
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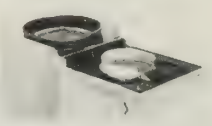
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THE BLUE LENSES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

night the patient had only to touch the bell and in a moment Nurse Ansel was by the bed. "Can't sleep? I know, it's wretched for you. I'll give you just two and a half grains, and the night won't seem so long."

How compassionate, that smooth and silken voice; and the imagination, making fantasies through enforced rest and idleness, pictured some reality with Nurse Ansel that was not hospital: a holiday abroad, perhaps, the three of them, Jim playing golf with an unspecified male companion, leaving her, Marda, to wander with Nurse Ansel. All she did was faultless. She never annoyed. The small intimacies of nighttime shared brought a bond between nurse and patient that vanished with the day, and when she went off duty, at five minutes to eight in the morning, she would whisper, "Until this evening," the very whisper stimulating an icipation, as though eight o'clock that night would not be clocking in but an assignation.

Nurse Ansel understood complaint. When Marda West said wearily, "It's been such a long day," her answer, "Has it!" implied that for her, too, the day had dragged, that in some hostel she had tried to sleep and failed, that only now did she hope to come alive.

It was with a special secret sympathy she would announce the evening visitor, "Here is someone you want to see, a little earlier than usual," the tone suggesting that Jim was not the husband of ten years but a troubadour, a lover, someone whose bouquet of flowers had been plucked in an enchanted garden and now brought to a balcony.

"What gorgeous lilies"; the exclamation half a breath, and half a sigh, so that Marda West imagined exotic dragon-petaled beauties growing to heaven, Nurse Ansel, a little priestess, kneeling, and then shyly the voice would murmur, "Good evening, Mr. West. Mrs. West is waiting for you." She would hear the gentle closing of the door, the tiptoeing out with the lilies, and the almost soundless return, the scent of flowers filling the room.

It must have been during the fifth week that Marda West had suggested, tentatively, first to Nurse Ansel and then to her husband, that perhaps, on going home, Nurse Ansel might go with them for the first week. It would chime with Nurse Ansel's own holiday. Just a week. Just so that Marda West could settle to home again.

"Would you like me to?" Reserve lay in the voice, yet promise too.

"I would. It's going to be so difficult at first," and the patient, not knowing what she meant by "difficult," saw herself as helpless still, in spite of the new lenses, and needing the protection and the reassurance that up to the present only Nurse Ansel had given her. "Jim, what about it?"

His comment was something between surprise and indulgence. Surprise that his wife considered a nurse a person in her own right, and indulgence because it was the whim of a sick woman. At least, that was how it seemed to Marda West, and later, when the evening visit was over and he had gone home, she said to the night nurse, "I can't make out whether my husband thought it a good idea or not."

The answer was quiet, yet reassuring, "Don't worry. Mr. West is reconciled."

But reconciled to what? The changing routine? Three people round the table, conversation, the unusual status of a guest who, devoting herself to her hostess, must be paid? (The last would not be mentioned, but glossed over at the end of a week in an envelope.)

"Aren't you feeling excited?" Nurse Ansel, by the pillow, touched the bandages, and it was the warmth in the voice, the certainty that only a few hours now would bring revelation, which stifled at last all lingering doubt of success. The operation had not failed. Tomorrow she would see once more.

"In a way, it's like being born again. I've forgotten how the world looks."

"Such a wonderful world," murmured Nurse Ansel, "and you've been patient for so long."

The sympathetic hand expressed condemnation of all those who had insisted upon bandages through the waiting weeks; greater indulgence might have been granted had Nurse Ansel herself been in command and waved a wand.

"It's queer," said Marda West, "tomorrow you won't be a voice to me any more. You'll be a person."

"Aren't I a person now?"

A note of gentle teasing, of pretended reproach, which was all part of the communication between them so soothing to the patient; this must surely, when sight came back, be forgone.

"Yes, of course. But it's bound to be different."

"I don't see why."

Even knowing she was dark and small—for so Nurse Ansel had described herself—Marda West must be prepared for surprise at the first encounter, the tilt of the head, the slant of the eyes, or perhaps some unexpected facial form, like too large a mouth, too many protruding teeth.

"Look, feel"—and not for the first time Nurse Ansel took her patient's hand and passed it over her own face, a little embarrassing perhaps because it implied surrender, the patient's hand a captive, and Marda West, withdrawing it, said with a laugh, "It doesn't tell me a thing."

"Sleep then. Tomorrow will come too soon." There came the familiar routine of the bell put within reach, the last-minute drink, the pill, and then the soft "Good night, Mrs. West. Ring if you want me."

"Thank you. Good night."

There was always a slight sense of loss, of loneliness as the door closed and she went away, and a feeling of jealousy, too, because there were other patients who received these same mercies, and who, in pain, would also ring their bells. When she awoke, and this often happened in the small hours, Marda West would no longer picture Jim at home, lonely on his pillow, but would have an image of Nurse Ansel, seated perhaps by someone else's bed, bending to give comfort, and this alone would make her reach for the bell and press her thumb upon it, and say, when the door opened, "Were you having a nap?"

"I never sleep on duty."

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGE 109

Vogue Design No. 4001. "Easy to Make" coat and stole; 12–20 (32–40). $1.00. Version shown requires 3⅛ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14 (coat only).

Vogue Design No. 9531. "Easy to Make" blouse; 10–18 (31–38) 60c. Version shown requires 1⅜ yards of 35″ fabric without nap, size 14.



She would be seated, then, in the cubbyhole midway along the passage, perhaps drinking tea, or entering particulars of charts into a ledger. Or standing beside a patient, as she now stood beside Marda West.

"I can't find my handkerchief."

"Here it is. Under your pillow all the time."

A pat on the shoulder, and this in itself was a sort of delicacy. A few moments of talk to prolong the companionship, and then she would be gone, to answer other bells and other requests.

"Well. We can't complain of the weather," and now it was the day itself, and Nurse Brand coming in like the first breeze of morning, a hand on a barometer set fair. "All ready for the great event?" she asked. "We must get a move on, and keep your prettiest nightie to greet your husband."

It was her operation in reverse. This time in the same room, though, and not a stretcher, only the deft hands of the surgeon with Nurse Brand to help him. First came the disappearance of the crepe, the lifting of the bandages and lint, the very slight prick of an injection to dull feeling. Then he did something to her eyelids. There was no pain. Whatever he did was cold, like the slipping of ice where the bandages had been, yet soothing too.

"Now, don't be disappointed," he said. "You won't know any difference for about half an hour. Everything will seem shadowed. Then it will gradually clear. I want you to lie quietly during that time."

"I understand. I won't move."

The longed-for moment must not be too sudden. This made sense. The dark lenses, fitted inside her lids, were temporary, for the first few days. Then they would be removed and others fitted.

"How much shall I see?" The question dared at last.

"Everything. But not immediately in color. Just like wearing sunglasses on a bright day. Rather pleasant."

His cheerful laugh gave confidence, and when he and Nurse Brand had left the room she lay back again, waiting for the fog to clear and for that summer day to break in upon her vision, however subdued, however softened by the lenses.

Little by little, the mist dissolved. The first object was angular, a wardrobe. Then a chair. Then, moving her head, the gradual forming of the window's shape, the vases on the sill. The flowers Jim had brought her. Sounds from the street outside merged with the shapes, and what had seemed sharp before was now in harmony. She thought, *I wonder if I can cry. I wonder if the lenses will keep back tears*, but feeling the blessing of sight restored she felt the tears as well, nothing to be ashamed of, one or two, which were easily brushed away. All was in focus now. Flowers, the washbasin. The glass with the thermometer in it. Her dressing gown. Wonder and relief were so great they excluded thought.

They weren't lying to me, she thought, *it's happened. It's true.*

The texture of the blanket covering her, so often felt, could now be seen as well. Color was not important. The dim light, caused by the blue lenses, enhanced the charm, the softness of all she saw. It seemed to her, rejoicing in form and shape, that color would never matter. There was time enough for color. The blue symmetry of vision itself was all-important. To see, to feel, to blend the two together. It was indeed rebirth, the discovery of a world long lost to her.

There seemed to be no hurry now. Gazing about the small room and dwelling upon every aspect of it was richness, something to savor. Hours could be spent just looking at the room and feeling it, traveling through the window to the windows of the houses opposite.

Even a prisoner, she decided, *could find comfort in his cell if he had been blinded first and had recovered his sight.*

She heard Nurse Brand's voice outside, and turned her head to watch the opening door.

"Well, are we happy once more?"

Smiling, she saw the figure dressed in uniform come into the room, bearing a tray, her glass of milk upon it. Yet, incongruous, absurd, the head with the uniformed cap was not a woman's head at all. The thing bearing down upon her was a cow—a cow on a woman's body. The frilled cap was perched upon wide horns. The eyes were large and gentle, but cow's eyes; the nostrils broad and humid, and the way she stood there, breathing, was the way a cow stood placidly in pasture, taking the day as it came, content, unmoved.

"Feeling a bit strange?"

The laugh was a woman's laugh, a nurse's laugh, Nurse Brand's laugh, and she put the tray down on the cupboard beside the bed. The patient said nothing. She shut her eyes, then opened them again. The cow in the nurse's uniform was with her still.

"Confess now," said Nurse Brand, "you wouldn't know you had the lenses in, except for the color."

It was important to gain time. The patient stretched out her hand carefully for the glass of milk. She sipped the milk slowly. The mask must be worn on purpose. Perhaps it was some kind of experiment connected with the fitting of the lenses—though how it was supposed to work she could not imagine. And it was surely taking rather a risk to spring such a surprise, and, to people weaker than herself who might have undergone the same operation, downright cruel?

"I see very plainly," she said at last. "At least I think I do."

Nurse Brand stood watching her, with folded arms. The broad uniformed figure was much as Marda West had imagined it, but that cow's head tilted, the ridiculous frill of the cap perched on the horns . . . where did the head join the body, if mask it in fact was?

"You don't sound too sure of yourself," said Nurse Brand. "Don't say you're disappointed after all we've done for you."

The laugh was cheerful, as usual, but she should be chewing grass, the slow jaws moving from side to side.

"I'm sure of myself," answered her patient, "but I'm not so sure of you. Is it a trick?"

"Is what a trick?"

"The way you look; your . . . face?"

Vision was not so dimmed by the blue lenses that she could not distinguish change of expression. The cow's jaw distinctly dropped.

"Really, Mrs. West!" This time the laugh was not so cordial. Surprise was very evident. "I'm as the good God made me. I dare say He might have made a better job of it."

The nurse—the cow—moved from the bedside toward the window, drew the curtains more sharply back, so that the full light filled the room. There was no visible join to the mask, the head blended to the body. Marda West saw how the cow, if she stood at bay, would lower her horns.

"I didn't mean to offend you," she said, "but it *is* just a little strange. You see ——" She was spared explanation because the door opened and the surgeon came into the room. At least the surgeon's voice was recognizable as he called, "Hullo! How goes it?" and his figure in the dark coat and the sponge-bag trousers was all that an eminent surgeon's should be, but that terrier's head, ears pricked, the inquisitive, searching glance, in a moment surely he would yap, and a tail wag swiftly? This time the patient laughed. The effect was ludicrous. It must be a joke, it was, it had to be; but why go to such expense and trouble, and what in the end was gained by the deception? She checked her laugh abruptly as she saw the terrier turn to the cow, the two communicate with each other soundlessly. Then the cow shrugged its too ample shoulders.

"Mrs. West thinks us a bit of a joke." The nurse's voice was not over-pleased.

"I'm all for that," said the surgeon. "It would never do if she took a dislike to us, would it?" Then he came and put out his hand to his patient, and bent close to observe her eyes. She lay very still. He wore no mask either. None, at least, that she could distinguish. The ears were pricked, the sharp nose questing. He was even marked, one ear black, the other white. She could picture him at the entrance to a fox's lair, sniffing, then, quick on the scent, scuffing down the tunnel, intent upon the job for which he was trained.



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"Your name ought to be Jack Russell," she said aloud.

"I beg your pardon?"

He had straightened himself, but still stood beside the bed, and the bright eye had a penetrating quality, one ear cocked.

"I mean"—Marda West searched for words—"the name seems to suit you better than your own."

She felt confused. Dr. Edmund Greaves, with all the letters after him on the plate in Harley Street, what must he think of her? "I know a James Russell," he said to her, "but he's an orthopedic surgeon, and breaks your bones. Do you feel I've done that to you?" His voice was brisk, but he sounded a little surprised, as Nurse Brand had done. The gratitude which was owed to their skill was not forthcoming.

"No. No, indeed," said the patient hastily, "nothing is broken at all, I'm in no pain. I see clearly. Almost too clearly, in fact."

"That's as it should be," he said, and the laugh that followed resembled a sharp bark.

"Well, nurse," he went on, "the patient can do everything within reason except remove the lenses. You've warned her, I suppose."

"I was about to, sir, when you came in."

Doctor Greaves turned his pointed terrier nose to Marda West.

"I'll be in on Thursday," he said, "to change the lenses. In the meantime, it's just a question of washing out the eyes with a solution three times a day. They'll do it for you. Don't touch them yourself. And above all, don't fiddle with the lenses. A patient did that once and lost his sight. He never recovered it."

If you tried that, the terrier seemed to say, *you would get what you deserved. Better not make the attempt. My teeth are sharp.*

"I understand," said the patient slowly. But her chance had gone. She could not now demand an explanation. Instinct warned her that he would not understand. The terrier was saying something to the cow. Giving instructions. Such a sharp staccato sentence, and the foolish head nodded in answer. Surely on a hot day the flies would bother her, or would the frilled cap keep insects away?

As they moved to the door the patient made a last attempt.

"Will the permanent lenses," she asked, "be the same as these?"

"Exactly the same," yapped the surgeon, "except that they won't be tinted. You'll see the natural color. Until Thursday, then."

He was gone, and the nurse with him. She could hear the murmur of voices outside the door. What happened now? If it was really some kind of test, did they remove their masks instantly? It seemed to Marda West of immense importance that she should find this out. The trick was not truly fair. It was a misuse of confidence.

She slipped out of bed, and went to the door. She could hear the surgeon say, "One and a half grains. She's a little overwrought. It's the reaction, of course."

Bravely she flung open the door. They were standing there in the passage, wearing the masks still. They turned to look at her, and the sharp bright eyes of the terrier, the deep eyes of the cow, both held reproach, as though the patient, by confronting them, had committed a breach of etiquette.

"Do you want anything, Mrs. West?" asked Nurse Brand.

Marda West stared beyond them down the corridor. The whole floor was in on the deception. A maid, carrying dustpan and brush, coming from the room next door, had a weasel's head upon her small body, and the nurse advancing from the other side was a little prancing kitten, her cap coquettish on her furry curls, the doctor beside her a proud lion. Even the porter, arriving at that moment in the lift opposite, carried a boar's head upon his shoulders. He lifted out luggage, uttering a boar's heavy grunt. The first sharp prick of fear came to Marda West. How could they have known she would open the door at that minute? How could they have arranged to walk down the corridor wearing masks, the other nurse, the other doctor, and the maid come out of the room next door, and the porter come up in the lift? Something of her fear must have shown in her face, for Nurse Brand, the cow, took hold of her and led her back into her room. "Are you feeling all right, Mrs. West?" she asked anxiously. Marda West climbed slowly into bed. If it was conspiracy, what was it all for? Were the other patients to be deceived as well?

"I'm rather tired," she said. "I'd like to sleep."

"That's right," said Nurse Brand, "you got a wee bit excited." She was mixing something in the medicine glass, and this time, as Marda West took the glass, her hand trembled. Could a cow see clearly how to mix medicine? Supposing she made a mistake?

"What are you giving me?" she asked.

"A sedative," answered the cow.

Buttercups and daisies. Lush green grass. Imagination was strong enough to taste all three in the mixture. The patient shuddered. She lay down on her pillow, and Nurse Brand drew the curtains close.

"Now just relax," she said, "and when you wake up you'll feel so much better." The heavy head stretched forward—in a moment it would surely open its jaws and moo. The sedative acted swiftly. Already a drowsy sensation filled the patient's limbs.

Soon peaceful darkness came, but she awoke, not to the sanity she had hoped but to lunch brought in by the kitten. Nurse Brand was off duty.

"How long must it go on for?" asked Marda West. She had resigned herself to the trick. A dreamless sleep had restored energy, and some measure of confidence. If it was somehow necessary to the recovery of her eyes, or even if they did it for some unfathomable reason of their own, it was their business.

"How do you mean, Mrs. West?" asked the kitten, smiling. Such a flighty little thing, with its pursed-up mouth, and even as it spoke it put a hand to its cap.

"This test on my eyes," said the patient, uncovering the boiled chicken on her plate.



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"I don't see the point of it. Making yourselves such guys. What is the object?"

The kitten, serious—if a kitten could be serious—continued to stare at her. "I'm sorry, Mrs. West," she said, "I don't follow you. Did you tell Nurse Brand you couldn't see properly yet?"

"It's not that I can't see," replied Marda West. "I see perfectly well. The chair is a chair. The table is a table. I'm about to eat boiled chicken. But why do you look like a kitten, and a tabby kitten at that?"

Perhaps she sounded ungracious. It was hard to keep her voice steady. The nurse—Marda West remembered the voice, it was Nurse Sweeting, and the name suited her—drew back from the trolley table.

"I'm sorry," she said, "if I don't come up to scratch. I've never been called a cat before."

"Scratch" was good. The claws were out already. She might purr to the lion in the corridor, but she was not going to purr to Marda West.

"I'm not making it up," said the patient, "I see what I see. You are a cat if you like, and Nurse Brand's a cow."

This time the insult must sound deliberate. Nurse Sweeting had fine whiskers to her mouth. The whiskers bristled.

"If you please, Mrs. West," she said, "will you eat your chicken, and ring the bell when you are ready for the next course."

She stalked from the room, and if she had a tail, thought Marda West, it would not be wagging, like Doctor Greaves', but twitching angrily.

The secret of happy marriage is simple: just keep on being as polite to each other as you are to your best friends. ROBERT QUILLEN

No, they could not be wearing masks. The kitten's surprise and resentment had been too genuine and the staff of the hospital could not possibly put on such an act for one patient, for Marda West alone. The expense would be too great. The fault must lie in the lenses, then. The lenses by their very nature, by some quality beyond the layman's understanding, must transform the person who was seen through them.

A sudden thought struck her; and pushing the trolley table aside, she climbed out of bed, and went over to the dressing table. Her own face stared back at her from the looking glass. The dark lenses concealed the eyes, but the face was at least her own.

Thank heaven for that, she said to herself, but it swung her back to thoughts of trickery. That her own face should seem unchanged through the lenses suggested a plot, and that her first idea of masks had been the right one. But why? What did they gain by it? Could there be conspiracy among them to drive her mad? She dismissed the idea at once, it was too fanciful. This was a reputable London nursing home and the staff well known. The surgeon had operated on royalty. Besides, if they wanted to send her mad, or kill her even, it would be simple enough with drugs. Or with anesthetic. They could have given her too much anesthetic during the operation, and just let her die. No one would take the roundabout way of dressing up staff and doctors in animals' masks.

She would try one further proof. She stood by the window, the curtain concealing her, and watched for passers-by. For the moment there was no one in the street. It was the lunch hour, and traffic was slack. Then, at the far end of the street, a taxi crossed too far away for her to see the driver's head. She waited. The porter came out from the nursing home, and stood on the steps, looking up and down. His boar's head was clearly visible. He did not count, though. He could be part of the plot. A van drew near, but she could not see the driver . . . yes, though, he slowed by the nursing home, and as he craned from his seat she saw the squat frog's head, the bulging eyes.

Sick at heart, she left the window, and climbed back into bed. She had no further appetite, and pushed away her plate, the rest of the chicken untasted. She did not ring her bell, and after a while the door opened. It was not the kitten. It was the little maid with the weasel's head.

"Will you have plum tart or ice cream, madam?" she asked.

Marda West, her eyes half closed, shook her head.

The weasel, shyly edging forward to take the tray, said, "Cheese, then, and coffee?"

The head joined the neck without any fastening. It could not be a mask unless some designer, some genius had invented masks that merged with the body, blending fabric to skin.

"Coffee only," said Marda West.

The weasel vanished.

Another knock on the door, and the kitten was back again, her back arched, her fluff flying. She plunked the coffee down without a word, and Marda West, irritated—for surely if anyone was to show annoyance it should be herself—said sharply, "Shall I pour you some milk in the saucer?"

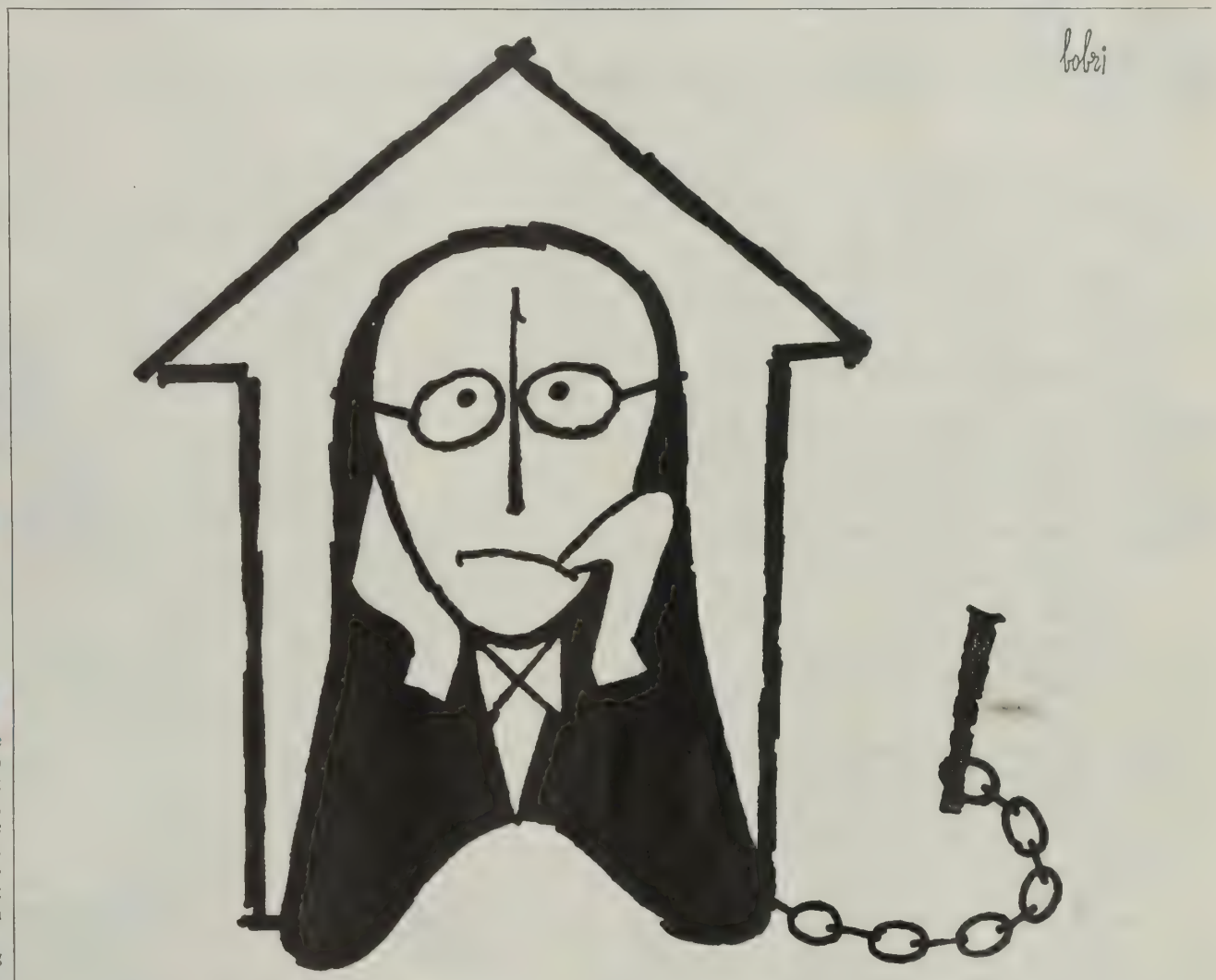
The kitten turned. "A joke's a joke, Mrs. West," she said, "and I can take a laugh with anyone. But I can't stick rudeness."

"Miaow," said Marda West.

The kitten left the room. No one, not even the weasel, came to remove the coffee. The patient was in disgrace. She did not care. If the staff of the nursing home thought they could win this battle, they were mistaken. She went to the window again. An elderly cod, leaning on two sticks, was being helped into a waiting car by the boar-headed porter. It could not be a plot. They could not know she was watching them.

Marda went to the telephone, and asked the exchange to put her through to her husband's office. She remembered a moment afterward that he would still be at lunch.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 177



I'm in the doghouse.

all she wants from me

is seamless stockings

by Hanes

go fetch, fellah—a dozen in new fashion tints.

Introduced by McCall's

The Miracle Diet you shake up and drink

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The good news in the Miracle Diet is the good foods it gives you—wholesome foods you shake together in minutes in a tasty, frothy "eggnog." The result—a diet so nutritionally sound you can live on it for weeks, according to McCall's, whose editors consulted one of America's most eminent nutritionists.

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More and more you see *vegetable oil* recommended not only in reducing diets, but as a *preferred*, basic fat for good family nutrition. There is good reason why. Many authorities today agree that as much as one-half of our daily fat intake should come from certain vegetable oils.

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Wesson Oil is the most highly refined vegetable oil you can buy. It is unsaturated, high in linoleates, contains no cholesterol, and is not hydrogenated (as are solid shortenings).

**High cholesterol levels are often associated with atherosclerosis.*

FOR FREE REPRINT of the McCall's article, with maintenance diet menus as published in the April issue, and booklet presenting latest "Facts and Theories About Fats and Oils in the Diet," write Wesson Oil, Box 1266, New Orleans, La.



Questions and Answers — If You're Thinking of Dieting

Should you get your doctor's OK to reduce? Absolutely, yes. The best answer to weight control over a long period of time is proper eating habits. Before you go on the Miracle Diet, or any other, be sure to check with your own doctor.

How much weight can you expect to lose? This depends, of course, on the individual. McCall's "guinea pigs" who followed the Miracle Diet averaged a weight loss of 14½ pounds in 28 days—and came through the test feeling "fit as a fiddle."

How long should you continue the Miracle Diet? McCall's recommends the diet for one month, to be followed by a maintenance diet for one or two months, after which you may return to the Miracle Diet for another period up to 28 days. See article for details.

Wesson® Oil

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 175

Nevertheless, she got the number, and as luck had it he was still there.

"Jim—Jim, darling."

"Yes?"

The relief to hear the loved familiar voice. She lay back on the bed, the receiver to her ear. "Darling, when can you get here?"

"Not before this evening, I'm afraid. It's one hectic day, one thing after another. Well, how did it go? Is everything O.K.?"

"Not exactly."

"What do you mean? Can't you see? Greaves hasn't bungled it, has he?"

How was she to explain what had happened to her? It sounded so foolish over the telephone.

"Yes, I can see. I can see perfectly. It's just that—that all the nurses look like animals. And Greaves too. He's a fox terrier. One of those little Jack Russells they put down the foxes' holes."

"What on earth are you talking about?" He was saying something to his secretary at the same time, something about another appointment, and she knew from the tone of his voice that he was busy, very busy, and she had chosen the worst time to ring him up. "What do you mean about Jack Russell?" he repeated. Marda West knew it was no use. She must wait until he came. When he came she would try to explain everything, and he would be able to find out for himself what lay behind it.

"Oh, never mind," she said. "I'll tell you later."

"I'm sorry," he told her, "but I really am in a tearing hurry. If the lenses don't help you, tell somebody. Tell the nurses, the matron."

"Yes," she said, "yes."

Then she rang off. She put down the telephone. She picked up a magazine, one left behind sometime or other by Jim himself, she supposed. She was glad to find that reading did not hurt her eyes, nor did the blue lenses make any difference, for the photographs of men and women looked normal, as they always had done. Wedding groups, social occasions, debutantes, all were as usual. It was only here, in the nursing home itself and in the street outside, that they were different.

It was much later in the afternoon when matron called in to have a word with her. She knew it was matron because of her clothes. But inevitably now, without surprise, she observed the sheep's head.

"I hope you're quite comfortable, Mrs. West?"

A note of gentle inquiry in the voice. A suspicion of a baa?

"Yes, thank you."

Marda West spoke guardedly. It would not do to ruffle the matron. Even if the whole affair was some gigantic plot, it would be better not to irritate her.

"The lenses fit well?"

"Very well."

"I'm so glad. It was a nasty operation, and you've stood the period of waiting so very well."

That's it, thought the patient. *Butter me up. Part of the game, no doubt.*

"Only a few days, Doctor Greaves said, and then you will have them altered, and the permanent ones fitted."

"Yes, so he said."

"It's rather disappointing not to observe color, isn't it?"

"As things are, it's a relief."

The retort slipped out before she could check herself. The matron smoothed her dress. *And if you only knew*, thought the patient, *what you look like, with that tape under your sheep's chin, you would understand what I mean.*

"Mrs. West"—the matron seemed uncomfortable, and turned her sheep's head away from the woman in the bed—"Mrs. West, I hope you won't mind what I'm going to say, but our nurses do a fine job here, and we are all very proud of them. They work long hours as you know, and it is not really very kind to mock them, although I am sure you intended it for fun." *Baa . . . baa . . . bleat away.* Marda West tightened her lips.

"Is it because I called Nurse Sweeting a kitten?"

"I don't know what you called her, Mrs. West, but she was quite distressed. She came to me in the office nearly crying."

Spitting, you mean. Spitting and scratching. Those capable little hands are really claws.

"It won't happen again."

She was determined not to say more. It was not her fault. She had not asked for lenses that deformed. For trickery. For make-believe.

"It must come very expensive," she added, "to run a nursing home like this."

"It is," said the matron—said the sheep. "It can only be done because of the excellence of the staff, and the co-operation of all our patients."

The remark was intended to strike home. Even a sheep can turn.

"Matron," said Marda West, "don't let's fence with each other. What is the object of it all?"

"The object of what, Mrs. West?"

"This tomfoolery, this dressing up." There, she had said it. To enforce her argument, she pointed at the matron's cap. "Why pick on that particular disguise? It's not even funny."

There was silence. The matron, who had made as if to sit down to continue her chat, changed her mind. She moved slowly to the door. "We who were trained at St. Hilda's are proud of our badge," she said. "I hope, when you leave us in a few days, Mrs. West, you will look back on us with greater tolerance than you appear to have now." She left the room. Marda West picked up the magazine she had thrown down, but the matter was dull. She closed her eyes. She opened them again. She closed them once more. If the chair had become a mushroom, the table a haystack, then blame could be put upon the lenses. Why was it only people that had changed? What was so wrong with people? She kept her eyes shut when her tea was brought her, and when the voice said pleasantly, "Some flowers for you, Mrs. West," she did not even open them, but waited for the owner of the voice to leave the room. The flowers were carnations. The card was Jim's. And the message on it said, "Cheer up. We're not as bad as we seem."

She smiled, and buried her face in the flowers. Nothing false about them. Nothing strange about the scent. Carnations were carnations, fragrant, graceful. Even the nurse on duty who came to put them in water could not irritate her with her pony's head. After all, it was a trim little pony, with a white star on its forehead. It would do well in the ring. "Thank you," smiled Marda West.

The curious day dragged on, and she waited restlessly for eight o'clock. She washed, and changed her nightgown, and did her hair. She drew her own curtains, and switched on the bedside lamp. A strange feeling of nervousness had come upon her. She realized, so strange had been the day, that she had not once thought about Nurse Ansel. Dear, comforting, bewitching Nurse Ansel. Nurse Ansel, who was due to come on duty at eight. Was she also in the conspiracy? If she was, then Marda West would have a showdown. Nurse Ansel would never lie. She would go up to her, and put her hands on her shoulders, and take the mask in her two hands and say to her, "There. Now, take it off. You won't deceive me." But if it was the lenses, if all the time it was the lenses that were at fault, how was she to explain it?

She was sitting at the dressing table putting some cream on her face, and the door must have opened without her being aware, but she heard the well-known voice, the soft beguiling voice, and it said to her, "I nearly came before. I didn't dare. You would have thought me foolish." It slid slowly into view, the long snake's head, the twisting neck, the pointed barbed tongue swiftly thrusting and as swiftly withdrawn, it came into view over her shoulder, in the looking glass. Marda West did not move. Only her hand, mechanically, continued to cream her cheek. The snake was not motionless. It turned and twisted all the time, as though examining the pots of cream, the scent, the powder.

"How does it feel to see yourself again?"

Nurse Ansel's voice emerging from the head seemed all the more grotesque and horrible, and the very fact that as she spoke the darting tongue spoke, too, paralyzed action. Marda West felt sickness rise in her stomach, choking her, and suddenly physical reaction proved too strong, she turned away, but as she did so the steady hands of Nurse Ansel gripped her, she suffered herself to be led to her bed, she was lying down, eyes closed, the nausea passing.

"Poor dear, what have they been giving you? Was it the sedative? I saw it on your chart," and the gentle voice, so soothing and so calm, could belong only to one who understood. The patient did not open her eyes. She did not dare. She lay there on the bed, waiting.

"It's been too much for you," said the voice. "They should have kept you so quiet, the first day. Did you have visitors?"

"No."

"Nevertheless, you should have rested. You look really pale. We can't have Mr. West seeing you like this. I've half a mind to telephone him to stay away."

"No . . . please, I want to see him, I must see him."

Fear made her open her eyes, but directly she did so the sickness gripped her again, for the snake's head, longer than before, was twisting out of its nurse's collar, and for the first time she saw the hooded eye, a pin's head, hidden. She put her hand over her mouth to stifle her cry. A sound came from Nurse Ansel, expressing disquiet.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 179



"You might say it's the honor system with teeth in it."



What's a good family vacation spot?



A typical question from the mailbag of Mary Gordon, TWA Travel Advisor

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LHJ 5-59



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CHILDPROOF because there's **VINYL** in it!

SIMONIZ MAKES IT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 177

"Something has turned you very sick," she said. "It can't be the sedative. You've often had it before. What was the dinner this evening?"

"Steamed fish. I wasn't hungry."

"I wonder if it was fresh. I'll see if anyone has complained. Meanwhile lie still, dear, and don't upset yourself."

The door quietly opened and closed again, and Marda West, disobeying instruction, slipped from her bed and seized the first weapon to hand; her nail scissors, then returned to her bed again, her heart beating fast, the scissors concealed beneath the sheet. Revulsion had been too great. She must defend herself, should the snake approach her. Now she was certain that what was happening was real, was true. Some evil force encompassed the nursing home and its inhabitants: the matron, the nurses, the visiting doctors, her surgeon—they were all caught up in it, they were all partners in some gigantic crime, the purpose of which could not be understood. Here, in Upper Watling Street, the malevolent plot was in process of being hatched, and she, Marda West, was one of the pawns, in some way they were to use her as an instrument.

One thing was very certain. She must not let them know that she suspected them. She must try to behave with Nurse Ansel as she had done hitherto. One slip, and she was lost. She must pretend to be better. If she let sickness overcome her, Nurse Ansel might bend over her with that snake's head, that darting tongue. The door opened, and she was back. Marda West clenched her hands under the sheet. Then she forced a smile.

"What a nuisance I am," she said. "I felt giddy, but I'm better now."

The gliding snake held a bottle in her hand. She came over to the washbasin and, taking the medicine glass, poured out three drops and added water.

"This should settle it, Mrs. West," she said, and fear gripped the patient once again, for surely the words themselves constituted a threat: "This should settle it"—settle what? Settle her finish?

The liquid had no color, but that meant nothing. She took the medicine glass handed to her, inventing subterfuge.

"Could you find me a clean handkerchief, in the drawer there?"

"Of course."

The snake turned its head, and as it did so Marda West poured the contents of the glass onto the floor. Then fascinated, repelled, she watched the twisting head peer into the contents of the dressing-table drawer, search for a handkerchief and bring it back again. Marda West held her breath as it drew near the bed, and this time she noticed that the neck was not the smooth glowworm neck that it had seemed on first encounter, but had scales upon it, zigzagged. Oddly, the nurse's cap was not ill-fitting. It did not perch incongruously as had the caps of kitten, sheep and cow. She took the handkerchief.

"You embarrass me," said the voice, "staring at me so hard. Are you trying to read my thoughts?"

Marda West did not answer. The question might be a trap.

"Tell me," the voice continued, "are you disappointed? Do I look as you expected me to look?"

Still a trap. She must be careful. "I think you do," she said slowly, "but it's difficult to tell with the cap. I can't see your hair."

Nurse Ansel laughed—the low soft laugh that had been so alluring during the long weeks of blindness. She put up her hands, and in a moment the whole snake's head was revealed, the flat broad top, the telltale adder's V. "Do you approve?" she asked.

Marda West shrank back against her pillow. Yet once again she forced herself to smile.

"Very pretty," she said, "very pretty indeed."

The cap was replaced, the long neck wriggled, and then, deceived, it took the medicine glass from the patient's hand, and put it back upon the washbasin. It did not know everything.

"When I go home with you," said Nurse Ansel, "I needn't wear uniform—that is, if you don't want me to. You see, you'll be a private patient then, and I your personal nurse for the week I'm with you."

Marda West felt suddenly cold. In the turmoil of the day she had forgotten the plans. Nurse Ansel was to be with them for a week. It was all arranged. The vital thing was not to show fear. Nothing must seem changed. And then when Jim arrived she would tell him everything. If he could not see the snake's head as she did—and indeed it was possible that he would not, if her hypervision was caused by the lenses—he must just understand that for reasons too deep to explain she no longer trusted Nurse Ansel, could not, in fact, bear her to come home. The plan must be altered. She wanted no one to look after her. She only wanted to be home again, with him.

The telephone rang on the bedside table, and Marda West seized it as she might seize salvation. It was her husband.

"Sorry to be late," he said. "I'll jump into a taxi, and be with you right away. The lawyer kept me."

"Lawyer?" she asked.

"Yes, Forbes and Millwall, you remember, about the trust fund."

She had forgotten. There had been so many financial discussions before the operation. Conflicting advice, as usual. And finally Jim had put the whole business into the hands of the Forbes and Millwall people. "Oh, yes. Was it satisfactory?"

"I think so. Tell you directly."

He rang off, and looking up she saw the snake's head watching her. *No doubt*, thought Marda West, *no doubt you would like to know what we were saying to each other.*

"You must promise not to get too excited when Mr. West comes." Nurse Ansel stood with her head upon the door.

"I'm not excited. I just long to see him, that's all."

"You're looking very flushed."

"It's warm in here."

The twisting neck craned upward, then turned to the windows. For the first time Marda West had the impression that the snake was not entirely at its ease. It sensed tension. It knew, it could not help knowing, that the atmosphere had changed between nurse and patient.

"I'll open the window just a trifle at the top."

If you were all snake, thought the patient, *I could push you through. Or would you coil yourself round my neck and strangle me?*

The window was opened, and pausing a moment, hoping perhaps for a word of thanks, the snake hovered at the end of the bed; then the neck settled in the collar, the tongue darted rapidly in and out, and with a gliding motion Nurse Ansel left the room.

Marda West waited for the sound of the taxi in the street outside. She wondered if she could persuade Jim to stay the night in the nursing home. If she explained her fear, her terror, surely he would understand. She would know in an instant if he had sensed anything wrong himself. She would ring the bell, make a pretext of asking Nurse Ansel some question, and then, by the expression on his face, by the tone of his voice, she would discover whether he saw what she saw herself.

The taxi came at last. She heard it slow down, and then the door slammed and, blessedly, Jim's voice rang out in the street below. The taxi went away. He would be coming up in the lift. Her heart began to beat fast, and she watched the door. She heard his footstep outside and then his voice again, he must be saying something to the snake. She would know, at once, if he had seen the head. He would come into the room either startled, not believing his eyes, or laughing, declaring it a joke, a pantomime. Why did he not hurry? Why must they linger there, talking, their voices hushed? The door opened, the familiar umbrella and bowler hat the first objects to appear round the corner, then the comforting burly figure, but—*God . . . no . . . please, God*—not Jim, too, not Jim, forced into a mask, forced into an organization of devils, of liars. Jim had a vulture's head. She could not mistake it. The brooding eye, the blood-tipped beak, the flabby folds of flesh. As she lay in sick and speechless horror he stood the umbrella in a corner, and put down the bowler hat and the folded overcoat.

"I gather you're not too well," he said, turning his vulture's head and staring at her, "feeling a bit sick and out of sorts. I won't stay long. A good night's rest will put you right."

She was too numb to answer. She lay quite still as he approached the bed and bent to kiss her. The vulture's beak was sharp.

"It's reaction, Nurse Ansel says," he went on, "the sudden shock of being able to see again. It works differently with different people. She says it will be much better when we get you home." *We . . .* Nurse Ansel and Jim. The plan still held, then.

"I don't know," she said faintly, "that I want Nurse Ansel to come home."

"Not want Nurse Ansel?" He sounded startled. "But it was you who suggested it. You can't suddenly chop and change."

LILAC PARASOLS

By THOMAS BURNETT SWANN

In Lydia the kings upraised
A citadel of stone
And set a prancing cavalry
To guard their garnet throne.
In Lydia the ladies walked
With lilac parasols
To watch their little daughters play
With ivory-throated dolls
(In Lydia, in Lydia,
Green and saffron Lydia).

In Lydia the wind and rain
Have sunk the fort of stone
And lulled the kings and cavalry
To sleep beneath their throne.
But still aflutter down the mind
Come lilac parasols,
Their silks imagination-bright,
And ivory-throated dolls
(From Lydia, from Lydia,
Green and saffron Lydia).

There was no time to reply. She had not rung the bell. But Nurse Ansel herself came into the room. "Cup of coffee, Mr. West?" she said. It was the evening routine. Yet tonight it sounded strange. As though it had been arranged outside the door.

"Thanks, nurse, I'd love some. What's this nonsense about not coming home with us?" The vulture turned to the snake, the snake's head wriggled, and Marda West knew as she watched them—the snake with darting tongue, the vulture with his head hunched between his man's shoulders—that the plan for Nurse Ansel to come home had not been her own, after all; she remembered now that the first suggestion had come from Nurse Ansel herself. It had been Nurse Ansel who had said that Marda West needed care during convalescence, the suggestion had come after Jim had spent the evening laughing and joking, and his wife had listened, her eyes bandaged, happy to hear him. Now, watching the smooth snake whose adder's V was hidden beneath the nurse's cap, she knew why Nurse Ansel wanted to return with her, and she knew, too, why Jim had not opposed it, why in fact he had accepted the plan at once, had declared it a good one. The vulture opened its blood-stained beak.

"Don't say you two have fallen out?"

"Impossible." The snake twisted its neck, looked sideways at the vulture, and added, "Mrs. West is just a little bit tired tonight. She's had a trying day. Haven't you, dear?"

How best to answer? Neither must know. Neither the vulture, nor the snake, nor any of the hooded beasts surrounding her and closing in must ever guess, must ever know.

"I'm all right," she said. "A bit mixed up. As Nurse Ansel says, I'll be better in the morning."

The two communicated in silence, sympathy between them. That, she realized now, was the most frightening thing of all. Animals, birds and reptiles had no need to speak. They moved, they looked, they knew what they were about. They would not destroy her, though. She had, for all her bewildered terror, the will to live.

"I won't bother you," said the vulture, "with these documents tonight. There's no violent hurry anyway. You can sign them at home."

"What documents?" If she kept her eyes averted, she need not see the vulture's head. The voice was Jim's, steady and reassuring.

"The trust-fund papers Forbes and Millwall gave me. They suggest I should become a co-director of the fund."

The words struck a chord, a thread of memory belonging to the weeks before her operation. Something to do with her eyes. If the operation was not successful she would have difficulty in signing her name.

"What for?" she asked, her voice unsteady. "After all, it is my money."

He laughed. And turning to the sound, she saw the beak open. It gaped, like a trap, and then it closed again.

"Of course it is," he said. "That's not the point. The point is that I should be able to sign for you, if you should be ill, or away."

Marda West looked at the snake, and the snake, aware, shrank into its collar and slid toward the door. "Don't stay too long, Mr. West," murmured Nurse Ansel. "Our patient must have a real rest tonight."

She glided from the room and Marda West was left alone with her husband. With the vulture.

"I don't propose to go away," she said, "or to be ill."

"Probably not, but that's neither here nor there. These fellows always ask for safeguards. Anyway, I won't bore you with it now."

Could it be that the voice was overcasual? That the hand, stuffing the document into the pocket of the greatcoat, was a claw? This was a possibility, a horror perhaps to come. The bodies changing too. Hands and feet becoming wings, claws, hoofs, paws, with no touch of humanity left to the people about her. The last thing to go would be the human voice. When the human voice went, there would be no hope. The jungle would take over. Multitudinous sounds and screams coming from a hundred throats.

"Did you really mean that," Jim asked, "about Nurse Ansel?"

Calmly she watched the vulture pare his nails. He carried a file in his pocket. She had never thought about it before; it was part of Jim like his fountain pen, his pipe. Yet now there was reasoning behind it. A vulture needed sharp claws for tearing its victim.

"I don't know," she said. "It seemed to me rather silly to go home with a nurse, now that I can see again."

He did not answer at once. The head sank deeper between the shoulders. His dark City suit was like the humped feathers of a large brooding bird. "I think she's a treasure," he said, "and you're bound to feel groggy at first. I vote we stick to the plan. After all, if it doesn't work, we can always send her away."

"Perhaps," said his wife.

She was trying to think if there was anyone left whom she could trust. Her family was scattered. A married brother in South Africa. There were friends in London, no one with whom she was intimate. Not to this extent. No one to whom she could say that her nurse had turned into a snake, her husband into a vulture. The utter hopelessness of her position was like damnation itself. This was her hell. She was quite alone, coldly conscious of the hatred and cruelty about her.

"What will you do this evening?" she asked quietly.

"Have dinner at the club, I suppose," he answered. "It's becoming rather monotonous.

Only two more days of it, thank goodness. Then you'll be home again."

Yes, but once at home, once back there, with a vulture and a snake, would she not be more completely at their mercy than she was here?

"Did Greaves say Thursday for certain?" she asked.

"He told me so this morning, when he telephoned. You'll have the other lenses then, the ones that show color."

The ones that would show the bodies too. That was the explanation. The blue lenses showed only the heads. They were the first test. Greaves the surgeon was in this, too, very naturally. He had a high place in the conspiracy. Perhaps he had been bribed.

Who was it, she tried to remember, who had suggested the operation in the first place? Was it the family doctor, after a chat with Jim? Did they not both come to her together and say that this was the only chance to save her eyes? The plot must lie deep in the past, extend right back through the months, perhaps the years. But in heaven's name for what purpose? She sought wildly in her memory to try to recall a look or sign or word which would give her some insight into this dreadful plot, this conspiracy against her person or her sanity.

"You look pretty peaky," Jim said suddenly. "Shall I call Nurse Ansel?"

"No!" It came from her, almost a cry.

"I think I'd better go. She said not to stay long."

He got up from the chair, a heavy, hooded figure, and she closed her eyes as he came to kiss her good night. "Sleep well, my poor pet, and take it easy." In spite of her fear she felt herself clutching his hand.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Nothing."

The well-remembered kiss would have restored her, but not the stab of the vulture's beak, the thrusting bloodstained beak. When he had gone she began to moan, turning her head upon the pillow.

"What am I to do?" she said. "What am I to do?"

The door opened again, and she put her hand to her mouth. They must not hear her cry. They must not see her cry. She pulled herself together with tremendous effort.

"How are you feeling, Mrs. West?"

The snake stood at the bottom of the bed, and by her side the house physician. She had always liked him, a young pleasant man, and although like the others he had an animal's head, it did not frighten her. It was a dog's head, an Aberdeen's, and the brown eyes seemed to quiz her. Long ago, as a child, she had owned an Aberdeen.

"Could I speak to you alone?" she asked.

"Of course. Do you mind, nurse?" He jerked his head at the door, and she had gone.

Marda West sat up in bed and clasped her hands. "You'll think me very foolish," she began, "but it's the lenses. I can't get used to them."

He came over, the trustworthy Aberdeen head cocked in sympathy.

"I'm sorry about that," he said. "They don't hurt you, do they?"

"No," she said, "no, I can't feel them. It's just that they make everyone look strange."

"They're bound to do that, you know. They don't show color." His voice was cheerful, friendly. "It comes as a bit of a shock when you've worn bandages so long," he said, "and you mustn't forget that you were pulled about quite a bit. The nerves behind the eyes are still very tender."

"Yes," she said. His voice, even his head, gave her confidence. "Have you known people who've had this operation before?"

"Yes, scores of them. In a couple of days you'll be right as rain."

He patted her on the shoulder. Such a kindly dog. Such a sporting, cheerful dog, like the long-dead Angus.

"I'll tell you another thing," he continued. "Your sight may be better after this than it's ever been before. You'll actually see more clearly in every way. One patient told me that it was as though she had been wearing spectacles all her life, and then, because of the operation, she realized she saw all her friends and her family as they really were."

"As they really were?" She repeated his words after him.

"Exactly. Her sight had always been poor, you see. She had thought her husband's hair was brown, but in reality it was red, bright red. A bit of a shock, at first. But she was delighted."

The Aberdeen moved from the bed, patted the stethoscope on his jacket, and nodded his head. "Doctor Greaves did a wonderful job on you, I can promise you that," he said. "He was able to strengthen a nerve he thought had perished. You've never had the use of it before, it wasn't functioning. So who knows, Mrs. West, you may have made medical history. Anyway, sleep well, and the best of luck. See you in the morning. Good night." He trotted from the room. She heard him call good night to Nurse Ansel as he went down the corridor.

The comforting words had turned to gall. In one sense they were a relief, because his explanation seemed to suggest there was no plot against her. Instead, like the woman patient before her with the deepened sense of color, she had been given vision. She used the words he used himself. Marda West could see people as they really were. And those whom she had loved and trusted most were in truth a vulture and a snake.

The door opened, and Nurse Ansel, with the sedative, entered the room.

"Ready to settle down, Mrs. West?" she asked.

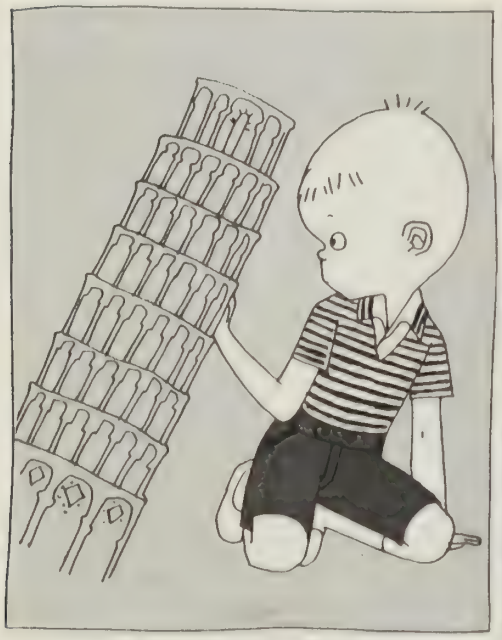
"Yes, thank you."

There might be no conspiracy, but even so all trust, all faith were over.

"Leave it with a glass of water. I'll take it later."

She watched the snake put the glass on the bedside table. She watched her tuck in the sheet. Then the twisting neck peered closer, saw the nail scissors half hidden beneath the pillow.

It's fun to guess all the places



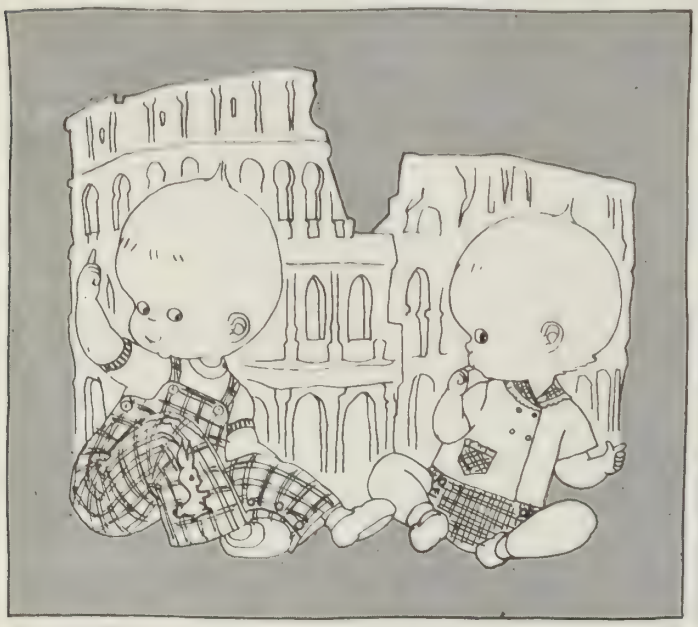
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"What have you got there?" The tongue darted, and withdrew. The hand stretched out for the scissors. "You might have cut yourself. I'll put them away, shall I, for safety's sake."

Her one weapon was pocketed, not replaced on the dressing table. The very way Nurse Ansel slipped the scissors into her pocket suggested that she knew of Marda West's suspicions. She wanted to leave her defenseless.

"Now, remember to ring your bell if you want anything."

"I'll remember."

The voice that had once seemed tender was oversmooth and false. *How deceptive are ears*, thought Marda West, *what traitors to truth.* And for the first time she became aware of her own new latent power, the power to tell truth from falsehood, to tell good from evil.

"Good night Mrs. West."

"Good night."

Lying awake, her bedside clock ticking, the accustomed traffic sounds coming from the street outside, Marda West decided upon her plan.

She waited until eleven o'clock, an hour past the time when she knew all the patients were settled and asleep. Then she switched out her light. This would deceive the snake, should she come to peep at her through the window slide in the door. The snake would believe that she slept. Marda West crept out of bed. She took her clothes from the wardrobe, and began to dress. She put on her coat and shoes, and tied a scarf over her head. When she was ready she went to the door, and softly turned the handle. All was quiet in the corridor. She stood there, motionless. Then she took one step across the threshold, and looked to the left, where the nurse on duty sat. The snake was there. The snake was sitting crouched over a book. The light from the ceiling shone upon her head, and there could be no mistake. There were the trim uniform, the white starched front, the stiff collar, but rising from the collar the twisting neck of the snake, the long, flat, evil head.

Marda West waited. She was prepared to wait for hours. Presently the sound she hoped for came. The bell from a patient. The snake lifted its head from the book, checked the red light on the wall. Then slipping on her cuffs, she glided down the corridor to the patient's room. She knocked and entered. Directly she had disappeared Marda West left her own room, and went to the head of the staircase. There was no sound. She listened carefully, and then crept downstairs. There were three flights, four floors, but the stairway itself was not visible from the cubbyhole where the night nurses sat on duty. Luck was with her. Down in the main hall the lights were not so bright. She waited at the bottom of the stairway until she was certain of not being observed.

She could see the night porter's back—his head was not visible, for he was bent over his desk—but when it straightened she noticed the broad fish face. She shrugged her shoulders. She had not dared all this way to be frightened by a fish. Boldly, she walked through the hall. The fish was staring at her.

"Do you want anything, madam?" he said.

He was as stupid as she expected. She shook her head.

"I'm going out, good night," she said, and she walked straight past him, and out of the swing door, and down the steps into the street. She turned swiftly to the left, and seeing a taxi at the farther end, she called, and raised her hand. The taxi slowed, and waited. When she came to the door she saw that the driver had the squat black face of an ape. The ape grinned. Some instinct warned her not to take the taxi. "I'm sorry," she said, "I made a mistake."

The grin vanished from the face of the ape. "Make up your mind, lady," he shouted, and he let in his clutch and swerved away.

Marda West continued walking down the street. She turned right, and left, and right again, and in the distance she saw the lights of Oxford Street. She began to hurry. The friendly traffic drew her like a magnet; the distant lights, the distant men and women. When she came to Oxford Street she paused, wondering, of a sudden, where she should go, whom she could ask for refuge. And it came to her once again that there was no one, no one at all, because the couple passing her now, a toad's head on a short black body clutching a



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panther's arm, could give her no protection, and the policeman standing at the corner was a baboon, the woman talking to him a little prinked-up pig—no one was human, no one was safe—the man a pace or two behind her was like Jim, another vulture. There were vultures on the pavement opposite. Coming toward her, laughing, was a jackal.

She turned and ran. She ran, bumping into them, jackals, hyenas, vultures, dogs, the world was theirs, there was no human left. Seeing her run, they turned and looked at her, they pointed, they screamed and yapped, they gave chase, their footsteps followed her. Down Oxford Street she ran, the night all darkness and shadows, the light no longer with her, alone, in an animal world.

"Lie quite still, Mrs. West, just a little prick, I'm not going to hurt you."

She recognized the voice of Doctor Greaves, the surgeon, and dimly she told herself they had got hold of her again, she was back at the nursing home, and it did not matter now, she might as well be there as anywhere else; at least in the nursing home the animal heads were known. They had replaced the bandages over her eyes, and for this she was thankful. Such blessed darkness. The evil of the night hidden.

"Now, Mrs. West, I think your troubles are over. No pain and no confusion with these lenses. The world's in color again."

The bandages were being lightened after all. Layer after layer removed. And suddenly everything was clear, was day, and the face of Doctor Greaves smiled down at her. At his side a rounded, cheerful nurse.

"Where are your masks?" asked the patient.

"We didn't need masks for this little job," said the surgeon. "We were only taking out the temporary lenses. That's better, isn't it?"

She let her eyes drift around the room. She was back again all right. This was the shape; there were the wardrobe, the dressing table, the vases of flowers. All in natural colors, no longer veiled. But they could not fob her off with stories of a dream. The head scarf she had put around her head before slipping away in the night lay on the chair.

"Something happened to me, didn't it?" she said. "I tried to get away." The nurse glanced at the surgeon. He nodded his head.

"Yes," he said, "you did. And frankly, I don't blame you. I blame myself. Those lenses I inserted yesterday were pressing upon a tiny nerve, and the pressure threw out your balance. That's all over now." His smile was reassuring. And the large warm eyes of Nurse Brand—it surely must be Nurse Brand—gazed down at her in sympathy.

"It was very terrible," said the patient. "I can never explain how terrible."

"Don't try," said Doctor Greaves. "I can promise you it won't happen again."

The door opened, and the young physician entered. He, too, was smiling. "Patient fully restored?" he asked.

"I think so," said the surgeon. "What about it, Mrs. West?"

Marda West stared gravely at the three of them—Doctor Greaves, the house physician and Nurse Brand—and she wondered what palpitating wounded tissue could so transform three individuals into counterparts of an animal kingdom, what cell linking muscle to imagination.

"I thought you were dogs," she said. "I thought you were a hunt terrier, Doctor Greaves, and that you were an Aberdeen."

The house physician touched his stethoscope and laughed.

"But I am," he said. "It's my native town. Your judgment was not wholly out, Mrs. West. I congratulate you."

Marda West did not join in the laugh.

"That's all right for you," she said. "Other people were not so pleasant." She turned to Nurse Brand. "I thought you were a cow," she said, "a kind cow. But you had sharp horns."

This time it was Doctor Greaves who took up the laugh. "There you are, nurse," he said, "just what I've often told you. Time they put you out to grass and to eat the daisies."

Nurse Brand took it in good part. She straightened the patient's pillows, her smile was benign. "We get called some funny things from time to time," she said; "that's all part of our job."

The doctors were moving toward the door, still laughing, and Marda West, sensing the normal atmosphere, the absence of all strain, said, "Who found me then, what happened, who brought me back?"

Doctor Greaves glanced back at her from the door. "You didn't get very far, Mrs. West, and a very good job for you, or you mightn't be here now. The porter followed you."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 184

Ask any WOMAN

By Marcelene Cox

No child in my growing-up days ever had money just handed him, except for a stray nickel now and then; the word "allowance," if known at all, would have meant a charitable feeling entertained for persons with faults.

Nothing ages a woman faster than her birth certificate.

With summer in the offing, a line from Deuteronomy for the feminine sex: "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man."

A boy leaves a note for his mother: "I took the dog out for 18 minutes. At 4 o'clock I went for a ride around the block alone. I am there now."

One of the nicest things about an old house is the number of places to hide Easter eggs for grandchildren.

The quickest way to lose another woman's friendship is to endeavor to improve her husband, her children or her flower arrangements.

A budding young scientist speaks: "The brain certainly tastes fast; as soon as you eat potatoes it tells you if they need salt."

The best way to bring children up is to let them down occasionally.

Pet annoyance: Watching a person haggle open an envelope.

The most wonderful thing for a woman is to have someone coming home to dinner; for a man, to have someone at home waiting dinner for *him.*

Perhaps it is just as well that many of our school children write illegibly; it often saves us the shock of knowing how poorly they spell.

From our local press: "The Rescue Squad was called from a nearby tavern."

To raise good human beings it is not only necessary to be a good mother and a good father, but to have *had* a good mother and father.

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"It's all finished with now," said the house physician, "and the episode lasted five minutes. You were safely in your bed before any harm was done, and I was here. So that was that. The person who really had the full shock was poor Nurse Ansel when she found you weren't in your bed."

Nurse Ansel. . . . The revulsion of the night before was not so easily forgotten. "Don't say our little starlet was an animal too?" smiled the house doctor.

Marda West felt herself color. Lies would have to begin. "No," she said quickly. "No, of course not."

"Nurse Ansel is here now," said Nurse Brand. "She was so upset when she went off duty that she wouldn't go back to the hostel to sleep. Would you care to have a word with her?"

Apprehension seized the patient. What had she said to Nurse Ansel in the panic and fever of the night? Before she could answer the house doctor opened the door and called down the passage.

"Mrs. West wants to say good morning to you," he said. He was smiling all over his face. Doctor Greaves waved his hand and was gone, Nurse Brand went after him, and the house doctor, saluting with his stethoscope and making a mock bow, stepped back against the wall to admit Nurse Ansel. Marda West stared, then tremulously began to smile, and held out her hand.

"I'm sorry," she said, "you must forgive me."

How could she have seen Nurse Ansel as a snake! The hazel eyes, the clear olive skin, the dark hair trim under the frilled cap. And that smile, that slow understanding smile.

"Forgive you, Mrs. West?" said Nurse Ansel. "What have I to forgive you for? You've been through a terrible ordeal."

Patient and nurse held hands. They smiled at each other. And oh, heaven, thought Marda West, the relief, the thankfulness, the load of doubt and despair that was swept away with the new-found sight and knowledge.

"I still don't understand what happened," she said, clinging to the nurse. "Doctor Greaves tried to explain. Something about a nerve."

Nurse Ansel made a face toward the door. "He doesn't know himself," she whispered, "and he's not going to say either, or he'll find himself in trouble. He fixed those lenses too deep, that's all. Too near a nerve. I wonder it didn't kill you."

She looked down at her patient. She smiled with her eyes. She was so pretty, so gentle. "Don't think about it," Nurse Ansel said. "You're going to be happy from now on. Promise me?"

Experience is dangerous. Experience shows us what cannot be done. It shows us all the reasons for not doing it. ROBERT MAYNARD HUTCHINS

"I promise," said Marda West.

The telephone rang, and Nurse Ansel let go her patient's hand and reached for the receiver. "You know who this is going to be," she said, "your poor husband." She gave the receiver to Marda West.

"Jim—Jim, is that you?"

The loved voice sounding so anxious at the other end. "Are you all right?" he said. "I've been through to matron twice, she said she would let me know. What has been happening?"

Marda West smiled, and handed the receiver to the nurse.

"You tell him," she said.

Nurse Ansel held the receiver to her ear. The skin of her hand was olive smooth, the nails gleaming with a soft pink polish.

"Is that you, Mr. West?" she said. "Our patient gave us a fright, didn't she?" She smiled and nodded at the woman in the bed. "Well, you don't have to worry any more. Doctor Greaves changed the lenses, they were pressing on a nerve, and everything is now all right. She can see perfectly. Yes, Doctor Greaves said that we could come home tomorrow."

The endearing voice blended to the soft coloring, the hazel eyes. Marda West reached once more for the receiver. "Jim, I had a hideous night," she said. "I'm only just beginning to understand it now. A nerve in the brain."

"So I gather," he said. "How damnable. Thank God they traced it. That fellow Greaves can't have known his job."

"It can't happen again," she said. "Now the proper lenses are in, it can't happen again."

"It had better not," he said, "or I'll sue him. How are you feeling in yourself?"

"Wonderful," she said, "bewildered, but wonderful."

"Good girl," he said. "Don't excite yourself. I'll be along later." His voice went. Marda West gave the receiver to Nurse Ansel, who replaced it on the stand.

"Did Doctor Greaves really say I could go home tomorrow?" she asked.

"Yes, if you're good." Nurse Ansel smiled, and patted her patient's hand. "Are you sure you still want me to come with you?" she asked.

"Why, yes," said Marda West. "Why, it's all arranged."

She sat up in bed, and the sun came streaming through the window, throwing light onto the roses, the lilies, the tall-stemmed iris. The hum of traffic outside was close and friendly. She thought of her garden waiting for her at home, and her own bedroom, her own possessions, the day-by-day routine of home to be taken up again with sight restored. The anxiety and fear of the past months put away forever.

"The most precious thing in the world," she said to Nurse Ansel, "is sight. I know now. I know what I might have lost."

Nurse Ansel, hands clasped in front of her, nodded her head in sympathy. "You've got your sight back," she said, "that's the miracle. You won't ever lose it now." She moved to the door. "I'll slip back to the hostel and get some rest," she said. "Now I know everything is well with you I'll be able to sleep. Is there anything you want before I go?"

"Give me my face cream and my powder," said the patient, "and the lipstick and the brush and the comb."

Nurse Ansel fetched the things from the dressing table, and put them within reach upon the bed. She brought the hand mirror, too, and the bottle of scent, and with a little smile of intimacy sniffed at the stopper. "Gorgeous," she murmured. "This is what Mr. West gave you, isn't it?"

Already, thought Marda West, Nurse Ansel fitted in. She saw herself putting flowers in the small guest room, choosing the right books, fitting a portable wireless, in case Nurse Ansel should be bored in the evenings.

"I'll be with you at eight o'clock."

The familiar words, said every morning now for so many days and weeks, sounded in her ear like a melody, loved through repetition. At last they were joined to the individual, the person who smiled, the one whose eyes promised friendship and loyalty.

"See you this evening."

The door closed. Nurse Ansel had gone. The routine of the nursing home, broken by the fever of the night before, resumed its usual pattern. Instead of darkness, light. Instead of negation, life. Marda West took the stopper from the scent bottle, and put it behind her ears. The fragrance filtered, becoming part of the warm, bright day. She lifted the hand mirror and looked into it. Nothing changed in the room, the street noises penetrated from outside, and presently the little maid, who had seemed a weasel yesterday, came in to dust the room. She said "Good morning," but the patient did not answer. Perhaps she was tired. The maid dusted and went her way. Then Marda West took up the mirror and looked into it once more. No, she had not been mistaken. The eyes that stared back at her were doe's eyes, wary before sacrifice, and the timid deer's head was meek, already bowed. END



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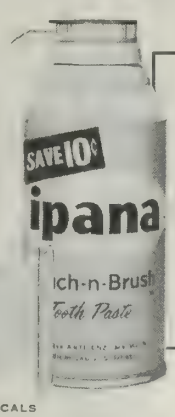
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Ladies' Home Journal

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VOL. LXXVI NO. 6

June, 1959

JOURNALITIES



Neal Stuart

"I cannot claim ever to have met an uncaged lion face to face, and it has been seven years since the youngest of my three children was eight months old," NEAL STUART tells us, "so *The Lion on Apple Blossom Lane* (on page 52) must be pure fiction. The idea came to me one night when I had insomnia, and I asked myself, 'All right, what *would* be a rip-roaring beginning for a story?' After that, the characters walked in and introduced themselves. My last short story was published shortly before baby number two arrived, so *The Lion* represents a real comeback for me. My personal advice to mothers who would be writers: don't be discouraged—your youngest will eventually hit first grade." Neal is on the JOURNAL editorial staff, so she views a writer's problems from both sides of the editor's desk. A *mother's* problems she views as any other mother views them—hopefully—so the problem of a lion on the loose was not too difficult for her to solve.



Peter Briggs

JOURNAL Associate Editor PETER BRIGGS has lived on three continents, visited five and has a degree in history from the University of Chicago. "I've read a horrible number of books," he says, "and I believe the word 'love' appears at least once in every one of them. It is hardly news, but I conclude that love is the greatest thing in the world." He suggested devoting an entire issue of the JOURNAL to the subject of love, and proceeded to plan and gather much of the material that appears on these pages. "Certainly it celebrates love and, possibly, it will add to our understanding of it," Peter says. "Every reader will add new dimensions with his own definition of love—the important thing is that love *is* always new, a miracle that will never be wholly understood."



Edmund G. Love

EDMUND G. LOVE, born in Flushing, Michigan, on February 14, 1912, is surely one of the few people by the name of Love ever born on Valentine Day. When the United States entered World War II, he enlisted in the Army, spent a year in Panama, attended Officers' Candidate School and was then ordered to the Historical Division of the War Department General Staff. *The George Company Baby* (page 44) is history, and the most important part of history—that of love transcending war. The author now lives in New York City, where he is methodically trying to eat his way, alphabetically, through the restaurant section of the yellow pages. (In four years, he has managed to get only as far as Camillo's.) His newest book, *War is a Private Affair*, from which our story was taken, was published by Harcourt, Brace & Co. in April. Another book, *Subways Are For Sleeping*, will appear as a musical comedy on the Broadway stage this fall under the auspices of Jule Styne.

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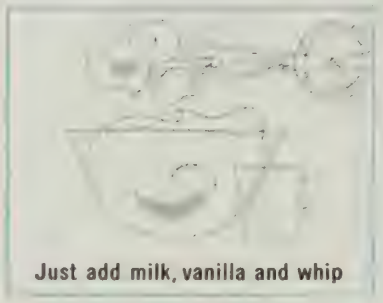
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OUR READERS WRITE US

We Are Blushing

Wetumpka, Alabama

Dear Sir: My wife has written your company three times in regard to her subscription to LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Her first letter was by regular mail; the second via certified mail; the third by registered mail, return receipt requested. She has received no reply. All she would like to know is why she was cut off your mailing list after eight years of service.

My wife wants your magazine; she loves your magazine; she has paid for your magazine; so for God's sake, send her your magazine.

Yours very truly,
W. J. LANDRUM, JR.

▶ *We hope you will understand when we say that we are very much in love with your wife, and that we want her with us for at least the next half century. We have, however, been transferring all our subscription addresses to an awesome electronic machine which, unfortunately, has neither heart nor head. It will be completely efficient very soon, we hope. ED.*

Never Underestimate the Power of a . . . Man



Her mother calls, "Here comes daddy!"



"HIIIIII, DADDY!"



"My hero!"

EDWARD JUDICE

Whole Heart for Ramona

New York City

Dear Mr. Gould: The article "Whole Heart for Ramona" in the March LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, written by Mrs. Gladys Denny Shultz, is, I believe, a good example of how medical articles for lay reading should be written and is in happy contrast to the sensationalism which so often creeps in, especially in relation to heart surgery.

I found it to be not only accurately informative to the public at large but also specifically helpful to the families and friends of children with congenital heart disease.

GEORGE H. HUMPHREYS II, M.D.
Director, Surgical Service
The Presbyterian Hospital
New York

Woman's Life in India

Menlo Park, California

Dear Anne: For anyone planning to travel abroad, South India is about the best place I've come across. It's relatively untouched as a tourist spot; there are good roads, inexpensive train and bus service and comfortable places to stay; the American dollar acquires tremendous purchasing power; one can easily make out with English; and there are some truly magnificent places to see—places that make the Parthenon and the Colosseum look like pale relics of modern history. You find them scattered all through the south, many of them forgotten by the present generation.

Driving along any road, you are apt to come across a ruined temple springing out of paddy fields, or an ancient carriage house overgrown with weeds, or a raja's palace surrounded by fortifications crumbling under the scorching sun in some barren, rocky setting. One discovers them accidentally; no one can tell you about them. During December, January and February, the climate of South India is much like summer in Southern California, only with a little rain added.

Of course I did a great deal more than poke into old ruins. During my stay with a wealthy Hindu family in Madurai City I acquired a few facts about the contemporary South Indian Hindu woman which might interest you: She is usually married before the age of eighteen to a man of her own caste and of her parents' choosing. As a rule she does not see her husband prior to the wedding. Any money she has will be in the form of jewelry and expensive clothes. By and large, she has no education; she will be confined for the most part to the home. Except for her husband and immediate members of her family, she does not have any contact with men. She cooks without use of a cookbook, she serves the men first and eats only after everyone else has finished; her kitchen is a small, dark smoke-stained room equipped with three or four chimneyless dung burners and stacks of brass and clay pots. She has to bring water in from an outside well. She is vegetarian; she prepares mostly rice dishes.

She is religious and pays frequent visits to the temple. On occasion she is allowed to go to the Tamil cinema. When she steps out like this she usually brings all her children (at least six) and thinks nothing of keeping them out well past midnight. Her children for the most part are not reared according to any plan, but are allowed to sleep, eat, play and grow willy-nilly. She does not give her children milk because it is expensive; instead, she lets them have all the coffee they want. Her cosmetics are simple: she does not use lipstick, she does not cut her hair, she uses coconut oil daily on her hair (and on her body after bathing), she will use mascara and powder and perfume, and is very fond of caring for her complexion with saffron paste (the Indian

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

NEWS!

"4-HOUR"
spaghetti sauce
flavor
IN 10 MINUTES



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FRENCH'S Spaghetti Sauce Mix

Transforms tomato paste into "long-simmered" sauce! All the spicy-rich fragrance, flavor and deliciousness that once took hours—now in 10 minutes! French's special combination of fine herbs, spices and vegetable seasonings gives you homemade flavor without the homework! Adds texture and flavor no canned sauce ever has. Try it today!

It's Easy!

Here's how: To tomato paste (6-oz. can), 1¾ cups of water, 2 tbsps. salad oil add French's Spaghetti Sauce Mix. Simmer 10 minutes, stir occasionally. Makes four big servings. Serve over cooked spaghetti, meat loaf, ravioli, noodles.

Photo: "Bow-Tie" noodles

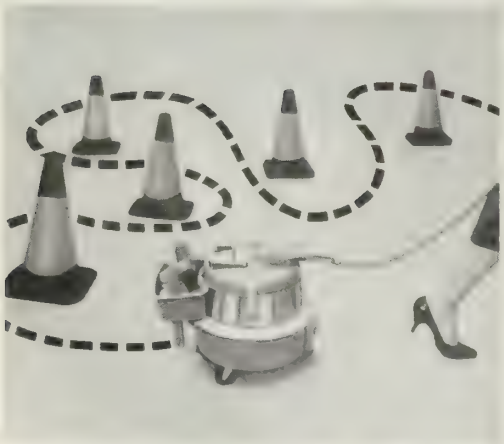
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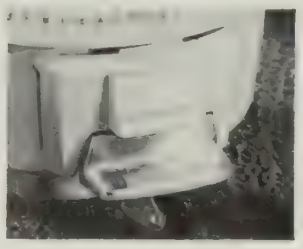
No more messy, tangled cord . . . You pull out only as much cord as you need—up to 20 feet—and when you've finished, you simply touch the foot pedal and the cord disappears. Out of sight . . . out of your way . . . in 4 seconds! Ends cord-storage problems forever.

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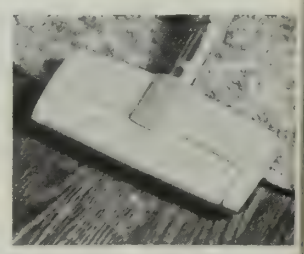
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Cleans rugs and floors. Double-Action brushes cut cleaning strokes in half—adjust automatically to carpet or bare floor!

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Your "Dutch Boy" Dealer is listed under "Paint" in the Yellow Pages of your phone book. Ask him for free copy of the new booklet, "Live Colorfully with Dutch Boy." A product of National Lead Company.



Have you taught her these 3 secrets of being regular?

If you have, she'll thank you the rest of her long life!

Today's mothers know how much it means to grow up with good eating and sleeping habits. With regular bathroom habits, too.

The 3 keys to regularity are remarkably simple. *Use* them as well as *teach* them . . . and set a good example! Here they are:

1. DRINK 6 TO 8 GLASSES OF LIQUID A DAY. COUNT 'EM! If you drink 2 of them before breakfast, you'll encourage normal regularity.

2. LET YOUR BATHROOM TIME BE THE SAME TIME EVERY DAY. Pick the time that's most natural to you. (After breakfast, perhaps.) Important: This little interval should be kept relaxed and unhurried.

3. FOLLOW THAT URGE! Don't put it off! Failure to *follow that urge* is the outstanding cause of interrupted regularity.

Also important: Exercise . . . a balanced diet . . . and regular sleeping and eating habits. *Before you take a laxative, give Nature a chance to help herself.*

Remember, however, even the most regular person may run into unavoidable upsets of schedule, which will tend to upset her normal regularity.

If a laxative does become necessary, you'll find that today's Ex-Lax provides the closest thing to natural action . . . helps you gently toward your normal regularity—overnight. Taken at bedtime, it won't disturb your sleep. Ex-Lax is chocolated, pleasant-tasting, pleasant-acting. Always keep Ex-Lax on hand. Is today's Ex-Lax in your medicine cabinet? It belongs there.

Ex-Lax, Inc. 1958

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

equivalent of cold cream): she stains her fingernails pink with a preparation of henna leaf.

Until the Hindu woman's sons are grown she has no status. But with grown sons she becomes not only the manager but boss of the household. Every woman I talked to had lost at least one child in infancy. Most thought of American women as tall, healthy, wealthy, lucky and free—with the emphasis on "free." While there was a certain envy in the mention of "free," no one seemed to think it would be at all appropriate for an Indian woman to be so to any great extent. In fact, there was a definite tendency to equate free behavior with lack of femininity.

Poor Hindu women are in another category altogether from their wealthy counterpart. Perhaps I can best define how it is for the really down-and-out by telling you about a trip I took through a place called Thidirnagar. "Thidir" means sudden; "Nagar" means city. Together they refer to a shanty town in the heart of Madurai City. The shacks of thatch and mud there come and go suddenly—they appear and disappear overnight. Thus the name. I took a walk through Thidirnagar one day with a friend of mine. Apparently it was the first such walk taken by a white man because the people thronged about me, eager to answer my questions and have their situation brought to light.

I learned that about nine to ten people live in a shack less than 7'x11'; most men had two or more wives, despite the recent government ban on bigamy. A man takes a second wife for financial, not sexual, reasons: every wife means another wage earner in the family. One man, in fact, had become something of a petty capitalist: he had taken four wives, put them to work, collected the money daily from them, fed them, managed the household, but did no work himself. He was thinking seriously of taking a fifth wife and graduating from Thidirnagar. There was no evidence of peace in these bigamous situations: the women all vied with one another for status in the family and favoritism with the husband. They had a gruesome sameness. I saw no woman over thirty-five who did not look like a grandmother. A woman is lucky if she has more than one change of clothes. Women had no time or money for cosmetics here. They spent their spare time trying to make extra cash by brewing toddy from palmyra sap. (For working from dawn to sunset a woman earns 30 rupees a month doing heavy coolie labor.)

As you can see, South India is still far from being a woman's world. However, great strides are being made (in the many new and excellent schools) to give the Indian women status. It was my impression that women tended to take their education more seriously than the men. Thus you now find (as opposed to conditions prevalent when I left India fourteen years ago) mostly women nurses in hospitals, a growing class of women postal clerks, women working prominently in political, civic and social organizations, and scads of women teachers. But these still remain a distinctly small minority. And I cannot foresee any marked improvement until India manages to control its mushrooming population—a population which has outgrown every Five Year Plan on which the government has embarked.

I can't, of course, even begin to summarize my entire India experience, but the trip was rewarding! Sincerely,

ROBIN WHITE

Sign of Submission?

New York City

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: Riding a train recently, I made a game of noticing which men wore wedding rings. I noticed that few men over forty carried this marriage identification, but that most men under that age had a gold band. I have been told that the wedding ring for men is a recent, clever promotion by jewelry manufacturers, but I wonder if it doesn't represent a more serious trend.

Do American men relish marriage more than they once did? Why are they more willing to advertise their attachment? The wedding ring for wives, I understand, developed as a symbol of the time when a wife was literally bound and dragged off by her husband. When courtship became less violent, the wife was still willing to wear a gold band to show that she, at least figuratively, was bound to her man.

If this symbol means anything at all any more, what is a man doing wearing it? Is he trying to show that his wife dragged him off and tied him up? If there is any difference left between the sexes in our society, aren't men at least still *physically* stronger? I'm all for retaining a few outward signs that men have not completely submitted. Cordially,

P. B.

From a 50-Year Friend

Los Angeles, California

Dear Editors: I have been a fan of yours since 1909, but have never written to a magazine before. The enclosed snapshot of Heap Big Chief gives me the courage. I am



Ugh?

sending it in the hope that it will find its way into your pages and surprise his proud parents. He is my three-year-old grandson and lives in Hawaii. Sincerely,

NAN M. CALDERWOOD

Once I Had a Teacher

Detroit, Michigan

Dear Editors: It is now over thirty years since first I met Miss Heinzelman. The first thing she taught us to spell was her name, carefully explaining the *e* before *i* was not to be used in all spelling lessons.

Her handwriting was big, bold and beautiful. Each week she wrote an inspirational message upon the blackboard. She did not mention it, but no matter where young eyes would wander, eventually they had to light upon those large white letters. She borrowed words, but I was not aware of that, and because she gave them to us, I credited her for their origination.

How often, in the years between, they have come back to me. When I might have broken by a stormy grief, I bent, and remembered, "Though I am beaten, nobody shall guess, for I will walk as though I knew success. . . . I'll wear defeat so proudly."

When the wings of my adolescent son would fly too soon, I recalled, "Who, then, is free? The wise man who can govern himself."

When the immensity of a small girl's problems cause my child to tremble, I can tell her, "Just give to the world the best you have, and the best will come back to you."

When I would weep wildly for the mother who is no longer here, I can tell myself, "When we weep for those who are with God, we weep for ourselves." Never a laugh or a tear in my life has not been shared by Miss Heinzelman.

Now that my eldest is on the threshold of college, I pray he meets a "Miss" or "Mr. Heinzelman," no matter how the name is spelled. Should he not, I won't despair for she so inspired his parent a little must have rubbed off on him. In fact, she had enough of the "dedicated teacher" to insure part of the happiness of my future grandchildren as well.

I believe she still occupies her "earthly house," as she called the body. I hope she may read this and know a little of her worth. Sincerely,

LILLIAN A. DOTY

▶ *In the months since we called for "My Favorite Teacher" letters, we've met such wonderful people through our mail that choosing among them has been a difficult, if delightful, task. More of our favorites will appear in future issues, though—and we send our thanks to all who wrote us. Contest closed! ED.*

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Revlon 'LOVE-PAT'

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Look at the lovely new floor idea that stopped Mrs. Blake

THE FLOOR IS ARMSTRONG VINYL CORLON, CUSTOM-INSTALLED BY A PROFESSIONAL



A beautiful design in Armstrong Vinyl Corlon stopped Mrs. Blake at the flooring store window. It was Granette 6185, in a seaside setting that gave her a decorative idea for her new bathroom. And the dealer's cost estimate was surprisingly moderate.



The craftsman from the store did an expert job putting down the Corlon floor. He formed a striking border design with ready-made brown and white Vinyl Inlays, set in neatly and tightly, as only a professional can do it. Curving the floor up the walls helped make the room splashproof, too.



There's a modern comfort secret under Mrs. Blake's new floor. It's Armstrong Cushion-Eze Underlayment, a layer of soft foam that cushions footsteps. What luxury! "Cushion-Eze" costs so little, you'll want it installed with your new floor.

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FLOORS

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
BRUCE GOULD
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EDITORS



This handsome Congregational church, a New England landmark for more than 140 years, faces the fenced common in serene, well-kept Fitzwilliam, in the southern extremity of New Hampshire. The belfry is noted for decorative detail.

SAMUEL CHAMBERLAIN

MEDICAL CARE AND ITS DISCONTENTS

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

Recently the medical profession and its institutions have come in for a considerable drubbing. In 1958 the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL published two articles on Cruelty in Maternity Wards. Another national publication brought a more general indictment of hospital care, summarizing with, "A hospital is not a fit place in which to be sick." One finds critical articles nearly every month. Many relate to what appear to be excessive medical costs. Some years ago, in a newspaper, I took a fling at a certain *type* of doctor myself!

None of these articles seemed to me to answer the question, "If so, *why?*"

In a rather profound sense the current attacks on the medical profession compliment it. People, it seems, *expect* more of physicians than they do of other professional men with the possible exception of the clergy. The medical profession has invited that expectation, and in the opinion of this writer, and with exceptions that only prove the rule, has deserved it.

We may assume that since the medical profession and its institutions are staffed by human beings, there are certain to be some doctors whose concern is more for themselves and their pocketbooks than for their patients. Some nurses have a nature and temperament which better equip them to be prison matrons than ministrators to the ill. Hospitals, being institutions, suffer from the faults that plague *all* institutions whether governmental, educational or business, increasing as the institutions grow in size.

All professions have members who do not ornament them. There are shyster lawyers, Elmer Gantry clergymen, teachers who hate children. There are journalists who care more for sensation than for truth, businessmen who land, and quite properly, in jail. There are politicians who are grafters, and advertising men who make preposterous claims for their products and do it ingeniously enough to escape censure.

My profession demands contacts with people in all walks of life, and among the physicians I have known most were mentally humane, sensitive of human values, and artistically gifted beyond the ordinary. Humaneness and artistic ability or inclination often go together.

I enjoy the company of doctors. Those I have known have been many-faceted—collectors of paintings when they could afford it, frequenters of museums when they had the time, lovers of music and often practitioners of it, readers of literature and sometimes distinguished contributors to it. Among novelists Somerset Maugham, Alfred Döblin (a German writer about poor people), A. J. Cronin and Arthur Schnitzler (the famous Viennese dramatist) were all, originally, physicians.

The first trouble with the practice of medicine in America today is not doctors, but the fact that there are not enough of them!

Twenty-five years ago medical colleges were turning out about 6000 graduates per year. Since then our population has grown at a phenomenal rate, but medical schools still graduate only about 7500 per year. The number of registered trained nurses is far under the need.

The inadequacy of the supply of doctors and nurses is further enhanced by the fact that our people are living longer, due to better living standards and the findings of medical science.

Our people are also more health-conscious than their forebears. Many patronize clinics and hospitals when they are not ill, going regularly for checkups.

Two generations ago almost all women, where no prenatal complication was indicated, bore their children at home. Today, even in remote country districts, women have their babies in hospitals. So the rate of increase in medical practitioners and institutions is not keeping pace with the times.

Why is this?

First, because the intellectual requirements of medical schools are the highest required for any profession; secondly, because medical education is extremely expensive.

To become a licensed physician, a student must have completed high school and college, entered medical college under strong competition, and spent four years there, then have completed two years of general internship at no pay, or for only a token salary, followed by two years of hospital residency. The teaching in these years is especially expensive because most of it cannot be conducted with large groups. To teach a student how to listen to a heart or lungs, look into an eye for grounds, palpate an

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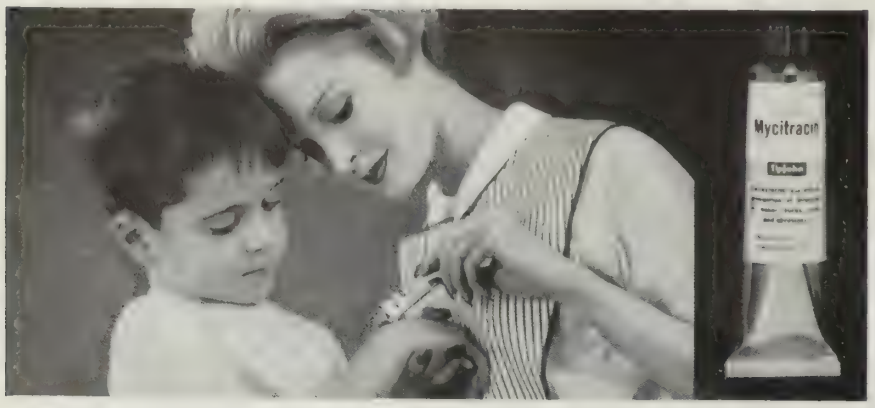
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abdomen and so on, requires personalized education confined to a very few students at a time.

Education in general, like everything else, is becoming increasingly expensive. Not only must the would-be doctor invest years of his youth (and a first-rate brain), but he or his family must put up lots of money. Four years in a grade-A medical school will cost him some $16,000 today in contrast to $10,000 or $12,000 in other branches of professional education, followed by two years during which he works for board and room and what amounts to pocket money, and two more on the very modest salary of a resident physician in a hospital.

And if only ten years are required today beyond high school to make a man a doctor, a doctor can still hardly hope to set himself up in practice until he is nearly thirty.

Then he sets himself up as a practicing physician—and waits for patients. It usually takes several years before his income equals his expenses. If he is fortunate, he gets an appointment to the staff of a hospital which gives him some prestige and enables him to admit his private patients. But in return for such an appointment, which is made for one year only, renewable annually at the discretion of the medical board, he must work in the clinics and wards for free. Every surgeon and physician I know—and I repeat that I know many despite my generally healthy life—is spending hours a week caring for patients without receiving any remuneration.

No other profession is thus organized. Graduate lawyers, architects, dentists, engineers serve no internship, nor are they asked to render services after graduation without fees. There is also the self-imposed discipline and policing of the medical profession by itself.

Women are very varied, though not so varied perhaps, and certainly not so defined as men. . . . Perhaps their chief problem is that though they differ as individuals they are all expected to play the same role of adaptation to men; yet as they differ in themselves they must also differ greatly in their capacity to adapt to others. Because they are women they are usually expected to make a home, which requires practical ability and a discerning heart. Of course many are bad at it and are condemned accordingly. But if every man because he was a man had to build his own home, and continue to build it day after day, we would surely sometimes hear a cry of, "But I'm not a natural builder."

FLORIDA SCOTT-MAXWELL
Women and Sometimes Men
Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

A doctor can retain his hospital appointment only by good work. Poor judgment, sloppy technique, unhappy doctor-patient relationships are rarely condoned by hospital staffs, and many appointments are revoked every year for infractions of the medical code.

If a doctor wishes to become a certified specialist, he must have served two years of his internship in that specialty, in a hospital qualified to teach it, have had several years in its practice (usually as an assistant to a qualified specialist and in his hospital), and finally submit to three examinations by the certifying specialty board, written, oral and practical, and *these must be given in a city other than the doctor's home town.* Only if he passes these is he certified as a specialist.

Then comes election to his Academy of Medicine, and, finally, as the last accolade, election to Associate and Fellowship in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, or the college of his specialty.

In what other profession is there such supervision of scientific knowledge and integrity based on merit?

Not only is it expensive to *become* a doctor of sufficient quality to be a member of the American College of Physicians and Surgeons; it is expensive to *be* one.

Gone are the days when a doctor could go into practice with an office, an examination room, and no other instruments of diagnosis beyond a thermometer, an instrument for recording blood pressure, a stop watch to measure heartbeat, a stethoscope, the patient's own account of his symptoms, and the doctor's experienced eye and ear.

Today, before an American doctor will diagnose any case of serious or apparently serious illness, the patient must have a basal metabolism, a chemical and a hemoglobin blood test, be fluoroscoped or X-rayed, have his eyes, ears and throat examined with illuminating devices, if he complains of intestinal disorder be given a barium test with X rays, and submit to various additional manual and instrumental examinations.

The doctor keeps regular office hours; if connected with a hospital, regular hospital hours; but no conscientious doctor (or successful one) can ever calculate on an eight-hour day, a forty-hour week, and leisurely weekends. He may be called up and out in the middle of the night or at the crack of dawn. He cannot count on keeping social engagements, or even engagements with his wife at home.

Do doctors make "scads of money"? I know some well-recognized and highly "successful" ones, but I don't know *one* who makes as much money as a widely syndicated gossip columnist or the top executive of an established advertising agency. If a young man with a first-rate mind, the sort of character that invites responsibility, and a pleasing personality wants to make money, there are easier and surer ways of doing it than in medicine.

So why do superior young men and women opt medicine? Obviously because they feel "called" to it; because of its scientific interest and human attraction.

Now, as to hospitals. They are progressively growing larger, because medicine is in a stage of transition from being an art to becoming a highly disciplined science. This means an enormous increase in technical staff. Medicine is tied in today with chemistry, physics, electronics and nuclear energy. Hence the growth of the large medical center. Medical students, learning in hospitals, must have access to a large patient population, and to every available instrument for research, diagnosis and treatment.

These conditions are not possible in a small hospital, for lack of space, personnel and funds. Many of these have well-equipped laboratories capable of performing the many tests presently necessary. But everything must be done on a small nonteaching scale. Most of the fantastic advances in medical science have therefore come from the facilities of the large medical centers, and they alone can train new surgical doctors and research scientists.

The large hospital is by no means the best place for most patients, although some with peculiar ailments can properly be served only there—candidates, for instance, for heart or brain surgery. A simpler surgical or medical case is likely to be happier and more comfortable in a hospital of 150 beds than in one with 1000 or more, for in the small hospital he is a person, not only a "case."

And this is extremely important, for human beings are *not* inorganic, insentient material. A person is not a gall bladder, a section of intestine, a tonsil or a leg. He is a mind and a soul. His recovery may be delayed, accelerated or even stopped by the state of his thoughts and emotions, and when people are ill they are mentally and spiritually hypersensitive.

The physician who attends a patient as family doctor presumably knows more about his patients than their pathological condition. He knows that Mrs. R's blood pressure, otherwise normal, goes skyrocketing under emotional strain; that Mrs. Y is going to call a nurse on any pretext, while Mrs. L will suffer silently rather than be a "bother." He knows which of his patients will be upset by a disturbing report and which can endure anything

CONTINUED ON PAGE 148



Now! A better-fitting napkin you can wear and forget!

You're free . . . easy . . . happily active.

At long last here's a feminine napkin you can wear and forget!

Fems feminine napkins fit better and absorb better. They're longer—yet there's not an ounce of extra bulk.

Now your protection stays put even under stress, thanks to the extra length of the tab ends. What a feeling of security!

Forget about stains. Wear your nicest things, knowing there's a protective safety-cushion to prevent accidents, whether you're seated or moving about.

Forget about shifting and binding. Better-fitting Fems feminine napkins are made to adjust to your body without discomfort—no matter how active you may be.

Forget about chafing. Touch the chafe-free covering to the inside of your wrist, where your skin is extra sensitive. No wonder Fems bring welcome relief from chafing.

Fems absorb quickly. That's another protection against chafing. And both the covering and inner materials are designed to keep surfaces comfortably dry, even during the heaviest flow.

Would you pay a few cents more for all this comfort and confidence? Of course you would!

Next time wear Fems—and forget!





One, two, desserts for you...



Three, four, snacks galore!





Five, six, mealtime tricks... Seven, eight, the party's great!





Nine, ten, delicious when they're baked by *Sunshine Biscuits*

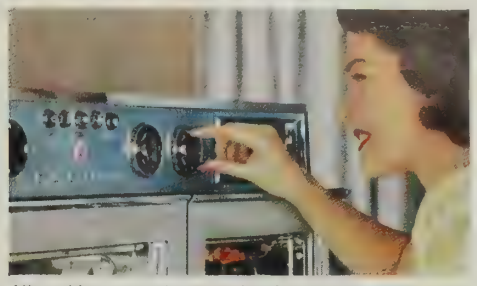




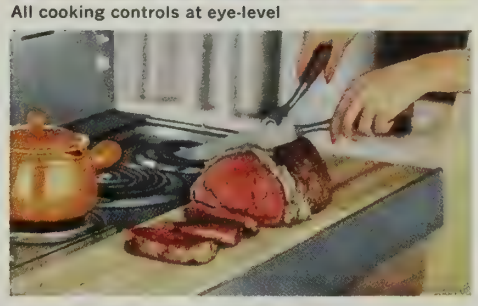
Two ovens and broiler at reach-in height



Surface units that let you see into pans



All cooking controls at eye-level



Cutting board right where you need it



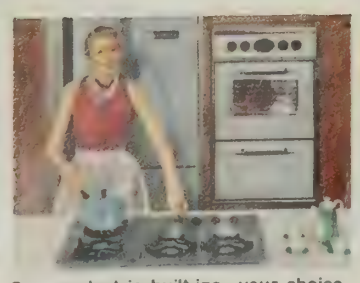
Can be hung on a wall or placed on a base cabinet to suit your height . . . or surrounded by storage units to look "built-in."

Everything's where it should be on the exclusive

Tappan 'Fabulous 400'



"Revelation"—Gold Star Award Range, finest gas range ever built.



Gas or electric built-ins—your choice. Both models have identical new styling.

Take a good look. Everything IS just where it should be. Nothing above eye-level, nothing below finger tip level.

And there are new conveniences everywhere: **two** Set 'N Forget surface units, automatic rotisserie and roast control, chrome-lined ovens.

Gas, electric or electronic, nothing cooks or looks like a

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Please send me free Kitchen Plans Book ☐, Betty Brown's Favorite Recipes ☐.

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"a touch of magic in his baton"

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Exciting scoring and skillful interpretations have helped make Mantovani the biggest selling artist on long play records. His distinctive tumbling strings created a new sound that has remained unduplicated. These two new records provide thrilling examples of the genius of Mantovani.



Separate Tables; The High and the Mighty, A Certain Smile; Friendly Persuasion; Whatever Will Be, Will Be (Que Sera, Sera); Tammy; Be My Love; April Love; When You Wish Upon A Star; Around The World; Fascination; Secret Love.

Monophonic LL 3117 $3.98 — Stereo PS 164 $4.98



Theme From Limelight; Village Swallows; Tammy; Come Prima; Some Enchanted Evening; Greensleeves; Schöen Rosmarin; I Could Have Danced All Night.

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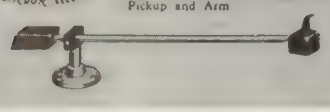
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of hours of musical pleasure

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full frequency stereophonic sound

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H.H. Scott LONDON RECORDS

To take fullest advantage of the remarkable technical excellence of ffss records, we recommend the new London-Scott stereophonic Pickup and Arm



THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER



"Joan, I have a confession to make— I've been married before."

If love is sweeping the country, I ought to add a footnote: Our state's Beauty Queen jotted down from memory the names of more than 200 boys she's dated since she was 8. And she's still in college!

Our remodeled kitchen has inspired my Dream Girl to feats of inspired cookery. On one day recently she tabled an herb omelet, an oyster stew and a brisket of corned beef, all superb. (From recipes captured in her beauty parlor!)

"If somebody loves me in a nice way," murmurs Betty Comfort, sunning her husband's summer pants, "I want 'em to show it. I don't want 'em to be secretive. Why be furtive about love?"

Eureka, I've yielded to demands that I O.K. new curtains for my bedroom. (Shucks, I've liked my old ones since they were the living-room drapes twenty years ago.)

For our freshman these significant figures: No straight-A student at a Western state college owned a car, and only 15% of the B students; but 71% of the D students did. His own doubts about a car are simpler: "You can't find a place to park."

The latest "model" home flaunted in our town isn't for the modest man; it has swimming pools indoors and out. "What, no five-car garage?" asks our local cynic.

Our first picnic of the season initiated the "hibachi" our flyer sent from Japan for my birthday: a tiny charcoal grill. I may even use it to heat my den next winter.

On a far suburban hill one of our doctors built a house, dug a deep well, found the water full of smelly chemicals. He's tempted to start a spa; so far he's merely drinking bottled water.

I sent my Dream Girl a few clumps of jonquils and daffodils, she liked 'em so much she adorned my office with seven kinds of cactus. Luckily, I don't know the language of flowers.

"Love thy neighbor," muses Peter Comfort, tidying up around his three sunken garbage cans, "I interpret to mean both sexes. But my wife deems it nobler if, while other men openly adore her, I adore nobody else."

Our little group of intrepid explorers still plans to visit Russia this summer, and the satellites, despite Khrushchev's bluster about Berlin. I'm betting it's bluff; if it isn't, we'd be embarrassed.

I can't tell our younger friends too often, our son's chums, that to me "teenager" is a word of sheer endearment. We adore 'em If I don't mean it that way I always say "teen-age monster."

My loving wife and I agree on this: We love and adore couples when both halves are charming, free from affectation, good company. (We hope we ourselves qualify.)

When my Dream Girl journeyed west to verify the arrival of an infant girl named Tracy, she scrawled a message on our refrigerator: "Feed the birds!" Guiltily I decoded: a subtle admonition to diet.

"You men don't understand!" a worldly matron told me over a dish of scrambled eggs at brunch. "A woman waives claim to men dashing or scornful or proud in favor of one who's truly gentle."

Two girls showed up at a fiesta in our town wearing their blond hair in pony tails fifteen or twenty inches long. This demolished the fanciest hairdos of women who'd visited their hairdresser that day.

Our town council has voted that all dogs must be kept secure at home except when walked on a leash. The battle of the century: between dog lovers, people lovers, and blends of the two sects.

Our banker saw, on a New York visit, people eying a Rolls-Royce in front of the Pierre. "So it's a Rolls," said an impatient husband. "So what?" "But look at the license," said his beminked wife. "It's from Iowa!"

"Ah, a Marilyn Monroe type!" I murmured when I met a coed with blue eyes, golden hair, figure and sway of a trapeze queen, cryptic smile. She turned out to be a math prodigy, a professor's daughter, dedicated to research in aerodynamics, a Curie type. Why doesn't she act her I.Q.?

Our neighbor in the oversize mansion has drawn up a list of chores for his young ones this summer. He faces school vacation with equanimity. "Just to keep 'em home," he confides. "I'll even work with 'em to catch an occasional glimpse."

In the battles of the sexes, I learned as a bachelor, a plain girl with a sweet charming voice often outdistances a beauty with a shrill peacock voice. Amiability and charm may outweigh beauty. (If offered with a dash of brains, of course.)

My arithmetic suggests that, if the Russians missed the moon by 4900 miles, they'd miss our town by about 105 miles if they aimed at it squarely. This barely unlaxes me, because they might be aiming at the next town and hit ours.

You've never seen my favorite weight-reducing diet blazoned by any expert: when rebellious, I simply eat a big dish of ice cream instead of lunch or dinner.

I've made an epicurean discovery: If you blarney the waitress she can assemble a passable mixed grill in almost any restaurant kitchen: a few well-done slivers of this and that, maybe a sausage and a bit of Canadian bacon.

. . . When Junior sends us a seven-page play-by-play masterpiece on the birth of their Eric,

. . . Or our daughter, on a holiday, hunts for a jumping spider and a wind-up butterfly for her tots,

. . . And our youngest, after a semester, tells us more about Locke, Hobbes and Rousseau than we'd suspected,

. . . Or Harlan III at two years talks a streak, verbs mostly in the imperative mood,

. . . And my wife surprises me on my birthday with thirty-six loose-leaf notebooks of my writings, stamped in gold,

. . . Then I walk with high knee action like a small-town biggie, aware most of it is luck.

Special!

Introductory price on new Lustre-Creme Shampoo for shinier, easier-to-manage hair!



Lovely screen and TV star, JANE POWELL, wears the new Empire Pouf and keeps her hair shining and easy-to-manage with New Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

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Here's your chance to try this exciting new-formula Lustre-Creme Shampoo and save money, too! After your first shampoo with New Lustre-Creme you'll find your hair is shinier, easier-to-manage! And it's so easy! You just shampoo—set with plain water—and have lively, natural-looking curls! So get *your* supply of NEW Lustre-Creme *now* and discover for yourself the new reason why—



Lanolin-blessed Lustre-Creme Shampoo —now in creme, lotion and liquid, too!

4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO



"How I use **Murine to soothe my eyes** and so relax tension"

JAMES MELTON

famous singing star and collector of antique cars

"Whenever my eyes feel tired I pop in Murine. I've found it a great comfort and a help in relaxing tension. Driving some of my antique cars with no tops exposes my eyes to wind and dust. That's another time when Murine is a big help." Like James Melton, you will find Murine a quick way to comfort and rest your eyes. Especially helpful morning and night. Makes eyes feel so *good*.

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FOR YOUR EYES*



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DR. SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHERS

Can you teach a child to love?

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

"Some say, 'Parents should rear their children with love and firmness,' as if firmness were the opposite of love. To me, firm guidance is an integral part of parental love."



A baby can do a good job of teaching adults to love. His own lovingness and lovableness demand response.

A philosophical father asks, "Can you teach a child to love?" If I had to give him an answer in one sentence, I suppose I'd say, "Yes, if you don't try too hard." I would only be making the point that of course a parent doesn't teach lovingness by means of earnestness, exhortation and drill, as a singing or swimming coach teaches. Love isn't even taught primarily by example, though a loving child always has good examples. He learns to love more simply, I think, by being loved.

But perhaps even that isn't the right place to start. The evidence is strong that a baby is born full of the inclination to love. At about one month, when he can't use his arms and legs in any way, can't even turn his head from side to side, he smiles when his mother brings her face near his and murmurs to him. By three months he is so brimming with warmth that he'll grin and squirm delightedly at a greeting from any old kind of person, including his doctor. In fact, experiments have shown that he'll respond to a nod from a man in a Halloween mask with a bandanna tied across the lower half of the face. In other words, he even feels friendly toward eyeholes in a mask. Two psychologists once carried out a drastic experiment in which they took care of the bodily needs of a pair of babies, without showing them the slightest sign of affection—no endearments, no caresses, no smiles. The babies finally brought the experiment to an end. They treated the psychologists to such loving smiles and gurgles that the adults broke down and responded like humans (thank God).

So a baby can do a good job of teaching an adult to love. I think this is just what happens—to a degree—not just in a psychologist's experiment but in every family. In fact, when you sit with a baby in your lap in a public place you find that he draws even the most unfriendly-looking characters toward him. Pretty soon they are wagging their faces and smirking and talking baby talk to him.

But a baby can't go on forever promoting love all by himself. By four or five months he must have somebody around who'll give him smile for smile, coo for coo, nuzzle for nuzzle. That somebody must stay around regularly too. He can distinguish her instantly from other people and he depends on her. If she leaves him he'll mourn for her for a number of days, even though he has a loving substitute. If he's left with no one at all to show him affection (as in the worst of the old-fashioned orphan asylums), his grief will slowly give way to apathy. After six months without love he will be withered in body and spirit—a wizened little creature who is content to live on his back all day, rolling his head from side to side, looking blankly at the ceiling or his hands. If he grows up he'll be a shallow, impulsive person who demands everything and has nothing to give in return.

So baby and mother kindle in each other a progressively deepening love.

But the word "love" happens to cover everything from a teen-ager's infatuation with an entertainer to the soldier's willingness to give his life for his country. It's worth pausing to think what the love between mother and baby is made of. The adjective most often used for the baby's love of mother is "dependent." He loves her as the person on whom he depends for company, for food, for comfort when he's in distress. During the rest of a healthy childhood this dependent aspect of love gradually becomes less prominent. But even the haughty adolescent with all his claims to independence may endlessly count on his mother to make his school sandwich, and he will certainly yearn for her when he is sick or in trouble.

A mother's love for her baby can be characterized as doting: she delights to carry it to him, realizing that he can't come to her when he needs it; and she lays it on thick, with hugs and baby talk, sensing that it has to be visible and audible and tactile to get across.

We learn about other subtle but vital things that a good mother's love does for her baby by studying, later in life, those unfortunate individuals who did not have these benefits. If a baby were able to describe his feelings when he was screaming with hunger, writhing with colic, holding his breath with rage, or staring at a stranger in terror, he might use words like "despair" and "panic." We parents take such moods in our babies somewhat for granted because we see them fairly often. But we don't stop to think that there are no situations in adulthood in which we are so totally overwhelmed with emotion—without any idea what the agony means, how long it is going to last, where relief is coming from. I suppose the nearest thing might be the feeling of lonely chaos when one is going under anesthesia, or the nameless terror of a nightmare. The mother is the person who rescues a baby or small child from what seems to him like imminent starvation, from pain, from fright. She doesn't just do the practical things. As she holds him to her she murmurs reassurances: "Poor baby. He's hungry. Mother will give him his nice bottle right away." He doesn't understand the words at first, but the actions teach him eventually what the words mean. The repeated association of his mother's soothing tone with relief teaches him that he can count on her to make up for his inexperience and helplessness. Within a few months of birth he'll stop his wailing from hunger as soon as he hears her coming.

When he gets to the exploring stage, his mother is constantly sorting out the world's delight and dangers for him: "The keys will go into the box like this." ... "The stove is hot." ... "The doggie is nice." Thus she teaches him to trust her and gradually to trust himself. With this start he is prepared to trust and love others who come into his circle. Of course some of them will turn out not to be so kind, but his lovingness and lovableness will bring out the best in each.

As a child grows, there's a lot more to parental love than dotingness, teaching about reality, engendering trust. These particular needs are lessening. In fact, an intensely doting love after the age of a year becomes a smothering influence.

In the one-to-three-year-old period when every child is driven to explore, to test, to assert, the parent is compelled to spend an enormous amount of time and energy in firm guidance. Some people say that parents must rear their children with a combination of love and firmness. This wording makes firmness sound like the opposite of love, or at least something quite different from it. To me it seems

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21



Fragile...handle with Johnson's

Skin so delicate, you touch it in wonder...
You know that only the finest skin care will do...
Only the purest powder...
Only the gentlest oil...
Only Johnson's.



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Precious Bundle of News

There's always so much to tell when there's a new baby!

Day after day and month after month comes something new. The gains in weight. The cute little tricks the baby does. And later on the momentous announcements of the first tooth, the first word, and the first brave, uncertain step.

One of the nicest things about the telephone is the way it helps out-of-town relatives and friends—grandparents in particular—keep in touch and share the family news.

Right now, you can brighten a day or save many a worry with a Long Distance call.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

more appropriate to think of firm guidance as being an integral part of parental love. To be sure, every parent gets mad at his child from time to time and I'm not trying to call that love. But 90 per cent of guidance is not hostile; it's the patient and even affectionate explaining of a thousand do's and don't's every day. Firm guidance is an expression of love because it's to protect the child from physical pain and injury. It is to shield him from the unhappiness that would surely be his if he grew up so inconsiderate of others that nobody liked him. It is to guarantee the continuation of the parents' own love for him, because they sense that if he were allowed to become an uncontrolled, obnoxious person they couldn't abide him either.

A child not only behaves better when he is brought up in reasonable control of his own aggressiveness, and is taught consideration of the feelings of others. He feels happier and friendlier inside too. All of us adults are also at our best when we are with people who get our respect, whereas it brings out our disagreeableness to be dealing with someone who kowtows to us or who allows us to be rude.

The fostering of love in the stage between three and six years seems to me to require less emotional energy, though some parents have disagreed with me. To be sure, the need for love in the form of feeding, comforting, explaining, guiding, controlling goes on. But by the age of three a child is a lot more reasonable and he doesn't have to assert his independence on *all* occasions just to convince everybody that he is an individual.

To put it another way, his loving feelings become much stronger than his contrary feelings. His inner pattern now is to mature—in wisdom and in spirit—through an intense admiration for the parent of the same sex and a desire to be just like him. He takes on his parent's words and mannerisms. He tries to absorb his interests. All day long he plays at the activities with which his parent and another adult are occupied. At the most fundamental level a boy is becoming manly in character and preparing himself to be a loving father in his turn, through his love of his father and his confidence that his father loves him. The little girl is making rapid strides in her preparation for womanhood and motherhood through wanting to be like the mother she loves. We see the proof of this most clearly in those cases where the relationship with the parent was very poor and the child reaches adulthood with little affection to give his children and his friends.

This is also the stage, during which a child forms an intense romantic attachment to his parent of the opposite sex. There is much evidence that this first romantic love plays a vital role in setting the child's ideals for his future marriage: the kind of spouse he will choose, the character and depth of the love he will give her.

I'd say then that at this age the child works mightily and joyfully at loving. And it's an outgoing, generous love, in contrast to the earlier dependent kind. The mother's and father's main job in this respect is simply to be lovable (which is nice work if it comes naturally). Even a three-year-old can't love a mean parent very much.

Now about friendliness to outsiders. A toddler of one who has been brought up by agreeable parents already has the urge to make up to a visitor in the home, if she has the good sense to leave him alone while he gets used to her. Pretty soon he edges up to her and smilingly lays a hand on her knee. Or he holds out his toy. He may not let go of it, and if she takes hold of it he'll probably pull it back. This doesn't mean that he's not feeling genuinely friendly, only that he still needs his toy. If he's willing to lay one object in her lap, he's apt to be carried away with the joy of generosity and to want to pile everything in the room that's movable in her lap.

At one and two years, an outgoing child is interested in other children. He likes to watch them. He wants to perform the same activity as they. But in most cases he is not yet ready to play co-operatively. He's quite happy to play alongside the others. He may have the impulse occasionally to offer his plaything to another child, but rarely is he able to give it up. Should he be "taught" to share? His mother would probably have to pry his possession out of his unwilling hand. I don't think generosity in sharing is very natural at this age. Forcing it is apt to make a child more possessive.

Around three years of age, when a child's love for his parents becomes so much more outgoing, warm and generous, you can see a similar change—to a lesser degree—in his feelings for other children. He begins to find the great pleasure of playing *with* them. They cook up projects together. They play co-operative roles, such as father and mother, or bus driver and passenger. They take turns. It isn't simply that there are more games and better games that can be played together. More basically it's that human beings who have been raised lovingly get their greatest satisfaction—from this age onward—from the mutuality of their relationships. In a project at school or a job in the world, it's called co-operation. With special individuals, it's friendship or love. It's the joy of receiving some expression of warmth from another person, whether it's a helping hand, a smile or a caress. It's the greater joy of showing warmth toward him and sensing his appreciation of it.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—Ed.

THERE IS BUT ONE

By DANIEL G. HOFFMAN

There is but one for whom I make
this song.
For her, the cockerel sun in
honey steeps
His sheaves of light that rise like
summer grain—
He'd sow the world with light, to
gaze on her!
Oh, when she turns, the whole
sky turns with her.
She seethes the malty marrow of
my blood;
I, just to watch her, feel my
rooted soul
Whirl, a green tall dizzying
Maypole.

Oh, what a gallantry of grace
attends
The slightest dancing of her
wrists and knees—
I had not thought that Nature or
my kind
Could bear within our frangible
human form
Such annunciation. Where she comes,
Combs of honey burst on my five wits;
I can relive it all, all hallowing:
Merely to think upon her is to sing.

Oh, when I think then how she
closer came
—The air I breathed glowed in
her aureole—
Then all her motion was a scarf
of wind;
I leaned her toward me, and her
long arms clung,
And body moved with body, mind
with mind,
Till dancing leaped in sunburst,
surged with flame
That feeds upon, yet feeds, root,
trunk, leafed poll:
It was that incandescence forged
my song.



HINTS COLLECTED BY
MRS. DAN GERBER,
MOTHER OF FIVE...

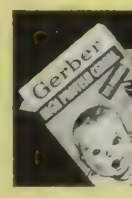
BRINGING UP BABY



Progress report. After baby passes the mid-year mark, his mental and physical development advances rapidly. But it's important to remember that, in the matter of learning, a baby can absorb just so much at one time. So try not to push him beyond his capabilities. Constant urging makes for little rebels. If you teach gradually, and make a game of each lesson, baby will respond with relish. The baby who is sensibly stimulated and gently encouraged to make new efforts will reward you with a good progress record.

ANOTHER PROGRESS REPORT

During the first year, your baby's growth progresses by leaps and bounds (and pounds). That's why he (or she) needs plenty of protein to aid that growth. Gerber High Protein Cereal has a whopping 35% protein content, an interesting, nut-like flavor that both babies and toddlers love. Like the other 4 nourishing Gerber Cereals, it's fortified with a selected form of easily absorbed iron, plus calcium and B-vitamins. Thoroughly pre-cooked.



STRICTLY FOR SUN-BATHING BEAUTIES



June is here, and it's open season on sun-bathing. A few reminders for sun-minded mothers and sun-lovin' babies.

- ***Be lavish with lotion or oil.*** It protects tender skin, speeds tanning, keeps skin petal-soft.
- ***Be a clock watcher.*** Start with 2 minutes a day, dividing time between tummy and back. Increase by 2 minutes each day. Do not exceed 30 minutes.
- ***Avoid blazing midday hours.*** Choose early morning or late afternoon, depending on nap schedules.

NUTRITION NOTE FROM DAN GERBER

"The development of new and nutritious foods for your baby is a basic part of our business. One of our major projects has been the development of high protein products. Newest of these is Gerber Strained and Junior Cottage Cheese with Pineapple. After 18 months of experimentation and evaluation, our Food Scientists arrived at a product which best met the nutritional standards set for your baby. The result: an exclusive, protein-rich dish that makes an excellent and delicious source of additional protein."

WHEN YOU "TAKE TO THE HIGH ROAD"

Traveling with baby by car this summer? Suggestions that make high-roading happier. (1) Earlier morning or after sundown driving is cooler. (2) A car bed is safer, cooler, more comfortable than your lap. (3) A can or two of Gerber Orange Juice helps out in the thirst department. (4) If you've a toddler, too, an inexpensive new toy or two will help banish boredom.

HOW TO SERVE UP SMILES

Grins galore, that's usually the score, when you serve Gerber Strained or Junior High Meat Dinners. For these delicious "main dishes" have 3 times as much meat as regular vegetable and meat combinations. That means extra-savory flavor and extra body-building protein. What's more, the meat is blended with selected vegetables and cereal for extra nutritional benefits.



Babies are our business...our only business!



NORTHAM WARREN NEW YORK

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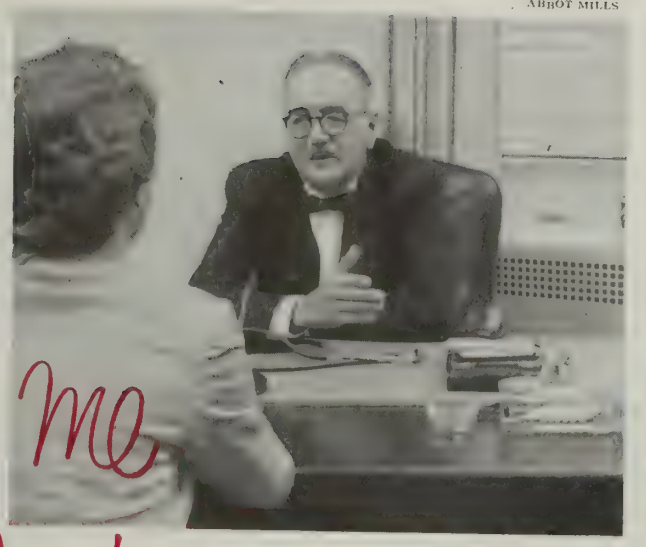
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Tell me Doctor...

There are many questions which women would like to ask a trusted physician, but there is not always the opportunity. In this series, Tell Me Doctor, Doctor Schauffler will discuss some of the problems which have been sent to him by readers. The situations are all real, but all the names are fictitious.

By GOODRICH C. SCHAUFFLER, M.D.

"I am afraid I'm pretty ignorant about sex matters, Doctor. Ought I to read a sex manual, or something like that, before my wedding day?"

"You are twenty-two, and you are here for a premarital examination, I see," the doctor said with a friendly smile for the sweet-faced girl who had just taken the chair beside his desk. "That is a good age for a bride, I think. When is the big day to be?"

The girl smiled back. "Sometime in the early fall. We haven't set the exact date yet. Perhaps I am being a little premature, coming to you so early. But one of my girl friends advised me to. When she was going to be married, she thought all she had to do was have a blood test, and she knew there would be no trouble about that, so she put it off to the last minute. Then there was something or other the doctor had to correct. I thought that if there is anything wrong with me, I'd like to know about it before we send out the invitations."

"That is an excellent way to figure, Evelyn. It is too bad that so many people look on the premarital examination merely as a formality, and leave it to the last. Now and then we do find a physical condition that ought to be corrected before the wedding day. More frequently, there are psychological factors—personality problems or misconceptions about sex and marriage—that can make a lot of trouble if they aren't cleared up. Sometimes we like to have several sessions with a bride, and maybe one or more with the groom. Frankly, I consider the premarital examination one of the most important aspects of my work. When doctors can do it in the right way, it may save lots of trips to a physician or a psychiatrist later on. Maybe even to the divorce court. By the way, have you ever had a thorough physical examination, Evelyn? Including a vaginal one, that is?"

"Not what you would call a thorough physical. Doctors have just tapped my chest and looked in my throat and ears—things like that. I've always been pretty healthy. My periods are as regular as clockwork, and never have given me a bit of trouble. So I never had to bother about a vaginal examination."

"You understand that my premarital examination will be a thorough one?"

Evelyn nodded her head.

"In our state," the doctor continued, "doctors are furnished with a questionnaire which we must fill out, in addition to making the blood and laboratory tests. Suppose we attend to that first? Then we can get to the questions I imagine you would like to ask me."

The doctor ran through the questionnaire quickly, writing down "No" each time as Evelyn answered such questions as "Is there any history of insanity in your near family?" "Have you ever had any convulsive seizures?" "Are you subject to fainting spells or loss of consciousness?" "Are you a chronic alcoholic or dope addict?"

Evelyn was laughing by this time. "My worst vice is that I drink a glass of beer now and then. I hope that doesn't mean that the state won't allow me to get married?"

"No indeed!" The doctor laughed too. "This is just to make sure, you know, that there is no condition which might be a threat to future offspring. Well, that's done! Now I'd like to ask you a question or two of my own, just so I can be better acquainted with you. Have you been working, or going to school?"

"I graduated from college in June. Since then I have been working in the college library."

"Do you plan to go on working after your marriage?"

"Yes, at least for a while. Alec is just finishing his first year in a law office, and beginning lawyers don't make a whole lot of money. Besides, I love being around books."

"Now I'd like to ask you a rather funny question. What are your reasons for getting married?"

Evelyn looked at him in some surprise, then answered dryly, "I don't have any reason to want to get away from home, Doctor, if that's what you are driving at. And daddy is perfectly willing to go on supporting me. So I figure I must be in love!"

"I suppose that did seem a rather impertinent question to you, Evelyn. Or at least a foolish one. But every once in a while we find that girls are getting married for reasons like getting away from home, or being supported; or even just to make sure they'll always have someone to take them places! That's not a very happy outlook for success in marriage."

"There is one thing I'd like to ask you, Doctor. As I told you, we haven't set the date, and I wondered if you could give me some

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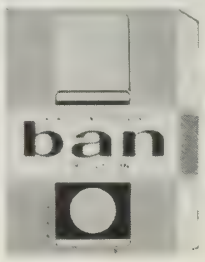


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suggestions about that. A girl I know had her first baby nine months to the day after her wedding. I *don't* want to do that! Mother and I have talked this over, but she couldn't be very much help. When she got married, the middle of the cycle was considered a 'safe' time. Now we hear it's just the other way."

"But you do plan on having babies? That's a very important part of marriage, you know."

"Oh, yes, we both want babies! It's just that I feel Alec should have a chance to get a little better established first."

"Well, as a matter of fact, it is rather unusual for a bride to get pregnant immediately, even if *no* precautions are taken. When you and Alec get ready to start your family, you might like to know that usually three to six months elapse before an ovum becomes fertilized, even in a healthy, normal marriage. A whole year is not considered abnormal. But of course you can't count on that. Since your periods are regular, I would say that the ideal day would be either in the first three or four days after the menstrual flow has stopped, or within the five days prior to the expected period. That should be quite safe.

"Here is something you can do, since you don't plan to be married for several months. You can start now taking your temperature every morning. The body temperature rises slightly at the time of ovulation—when the egg leaves the ovary and passes down to the uterus; the only time, as you probably know, when an ovum can become fertilized. Make a chart of your temperature each day, and that will give you an idea on what days of your cycle to expect ovulation. Of course that doesn't work very well if a girl is irregular. And there is always the possibility that the excitement and strain of the wedding may postpone the period, or bring it on sooner. Another thing you might like to know is that many times the first period after marriage may be delayed. That's also due to the excitement and nerve strain. And maybe to anxiety if the couple don't want to have a baby right away. If your first period after marriage doesn't come on the dot, it won't necessarily mean you are pregnant. Of course there are artificial methods of birth control, too, but even the best of them are also often not wholly satisfactory."

It is a part of probability that many improbable things will happen.
AGATHON

"Well, I will start keeping the temperature chart. But of course we will have to set a day, and stick to it. What happens if it should come bang in the middle of my period? Or if my period starts immediately after the wedding? Alec is a little shy and I guess I am too. We never have discussed awfully intimate things. What should I say or do about my first menstrual period?"

"I am sure that Alec knows a good deal about menstruation, even though he may be shy about discussing such things with you. Just tell him frankly. I believe you will find Alec very tender and considerate about your period, whenever it occurs.

"In fact, there's one thing that I wish brides and grooms could understand. It isn't absolutely essential to consummate the marriage the very first night. If she has a big wedding, with lots of parties beforehand, the bride may be so exhausted and nervous that she can barely get through the wedding ceremony. Of course I hope you will be more sensible than that! But you certainly should not feel either embarrassed or guilty if it is necessary, or even advisable, to put off marital relations for a few days. Alec ought to know this too.

"Now that I've got that off my chest, I'll add that if for some reason a wedding has to be set perilously close to a period, the menses can be satisfactorily and harmlessly postponed by the use of some new medications that we doctors have at our disposal.

"One more of my impertinent questions: Do you and Alec seem to be pretty well adjusted to each other psychologically?"

"Yes, I think we are. Alec couldn't be more considerate. That's one reason I love him so much. Oh, we have little disagreements now and then, but I really think they keep things from getting dull. Our families get along very well too."

"I'm glad to hear all that. Well, unless you have some more special questions, we'll go ahead now with the examination."

"I hope that wasn't too uncomfortable, Evelyn? The first pelvic examination, I know, can be pretty bothersome."

"It wasn't as bad as I thought it would be. There was just one time when it really hurt. What is the verdict?"

"Your confidence in your good health is very well grounded. I was impressed, too, with your poise and good sense during the examination. Actually, it wasn't quite as simple as I had thought it would be. The reason for the discomfort you experienced was that your vaginal opening is not very large. You probably know something about the hymen, or 'maidenhead,' as it is often called?"

"Yes, and mother told me to ask you about that. I forgot. It's her impression that in the premarital examination, the doctor breaks it or tears it or whatever it is you do. That's what she gathers from her friends whose daughters have had premarital examinations."

"I don't think that's strictly accurate, Evelyn, any of it. The normal hymen—it's a thinnish membrane or tissue, which partially closes off the lower end of the vagina in a virgin—is rather easily stretched. Doctors do that sometimes, without damaging it, when they feel that a vaginal examination is advisable for a virgin. Or when some slight correction is needed to make a bride's first intercourse easier and less painful. If nothing has been done to the hymen previously, the first intercourse usually tears it slightly, with some bleeding. Generally it doesn't make any real trouble, and I don't myself interfere with a perfectly normal hymen. Now and then, however, we find a hymen that is extra tough or fibrous, or that has an unusually small opening. In such cases it may not stretch, or dilate, easily. It can make the first intercourse really painful and sometimes may actually prevent normal intercourse."

"And that's the way I am? What do I do?"

"Here's one of the advantages of coming for your premarital examination early. We have ample time to correct this before your wedding. First of all, I'm going to give you some graduated dilators. Mary Ann, my nurse, will tell you how to use them. You can start tonight. If the condition isn't corrected by a month before your marriage, we will use a surgical dilation. That can be done right here in my office. It will just mean a whiff of trichloroethylene and the tiniest little incision. Only enough to free the edges of the hymen. But Alec should know that this is being done. Would he be willing to come in for a little talk?"

"I'm sure he would be glad to, Doctor. Did you find anything else that should be corrected?"

"Not so far as I can see, Evelyn. I took a smear of the vaginal fluid and the report on that will have to come back from the laboratory. Once in a while there is a slight latent infection in the vagina, and the first intercourse makes it flare up. Brides have come to me in an almost desperate state, because they thought their husbands had infected them with a venereal disease."

"How grim!"

"Yes indeed, even though it proves not to be true. In your case, if the slides show any simple vaginal infestation, there will be ample time to clear it up in advance of your wedding. Of course we still have to get a report on the blood test, but there can hardly be any question but that it will be all right.

"Now then, a virgin bride is apt to have doubts and fears, or maybe some very mistaken ideas, about sex techniques. In fact, we physicians find that a good many otherwise knowledgeable young people are woefully misinformed as to sex matters."

"That may very well apply to me, Doctor. One can't read much nowadays without getting some sex information. But I realize that my ideas are pretty vague. Will my being

CONTINUED ON PAGE 29

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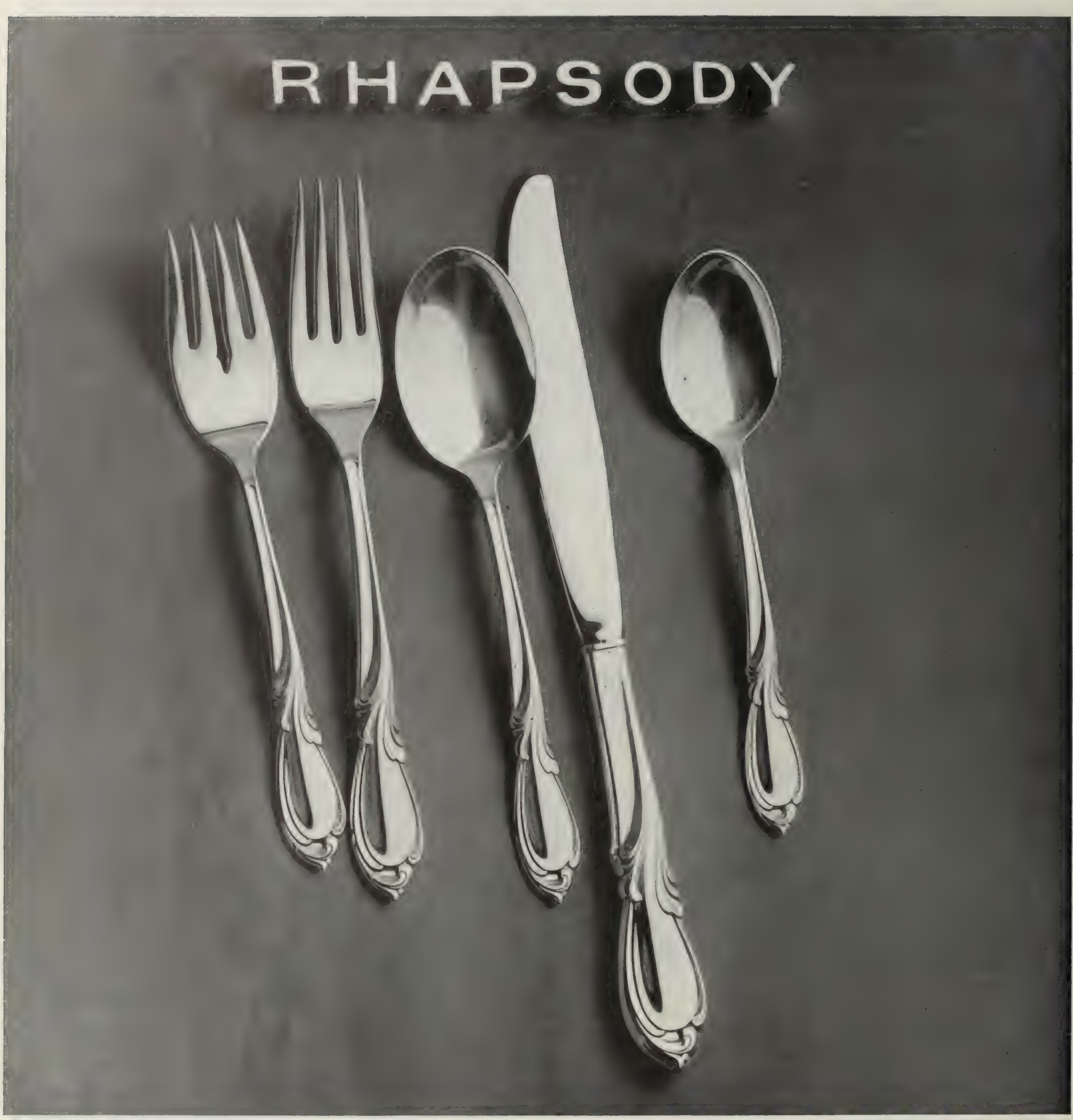
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

ignorant spoil things for Alec? Should I get a sex manual and read up before my wedding?"

"There are some pretty good sex manuals. The only trouble with this kind of education is that couples may get upset and bothered if something doesn't go just the way it said on page fifty-six. Different couples often require quite different kinds of information. I rather prefer to answer the patient's questions myself if there is time enough.

"I will start with Alec; find out how much he knows and what his attitudes are. Alec could, of course, go to his own doctor for this, but there are definite advantages in having the same physician talk to both bride and groom. Incidentally, according to our professional ethics, it is the only circumstance under which I can legitimately have male patients. It would be helpful, though, if you were to tell me first what your own concerns may be."

Evelyn smiled ruefully. "When I was a freshman in college I was told I was frigid! I guess the word had got around that I had walked out on one or two dates who tried to paw me. One of the senior girls got me off in a corner. She told me I ought to consult a psychiatrist, to get rid of my inhibitions."

"That's a fine thing! Did it worry you?"

"I'm afraid it did, for a while. But then I decided there were worse things than being a little frigid."

"How about your reactions to Alec?"

"That was an entirely different story! He didn't make any passes—didn't even try to kiss me until we had been dating long enough to know we really liked each other. By the time

With the decline of the religious life, neuroses grow more frequent.
JUNG

he got around to it I was wanting him to, but definitely!"

"Alec must have used pretty good psychology with you."

"I suppose he did. But he wasn't just using psychology. Alec didn't paw or try to kiss every girl he dated with. I knew that. It made our love-making special. We both want to wait for sex relations until we are married. I realize lots of people think there isn't anything wrong in going ahead, when you are planning to be married. But that doesn't seem quite mature to me—it's like not being able to wait until Christmas to open your presents."

"I think that's putting it very well, Evelyn."

"Maybe I should be embarrassed to tell you this, but it hasn't always been easy, even for me! I love Alec so much that—well, it's a good thing he has a pretty fine character and lots of will power. But I suppose that's one reason why I love him so much. The main thing is that I want to be everything he would like me to be."

"There is nothing to be ashamed of about any of that. It appears to me that you and Alec have normal, healthy instincts; together with the brains and moral convictions to control them until the proper time comes to give them expression. After my talk with Alec, I may have some more suggestions for you. But that will depend on what I learn from Alec.

"In any event, I would like you to come in in two weeks to see what progress has been made with the dilating. Won't you ask Mary Ann for an appointment? And get Alec to call in for his appointment, so that I can talk with him before you and I have our next visit. If you think of any more questions, be sure to save them for me. There's no reason to be embarrassed. The purpose of the premarital examination is to get into the open everything that might interfere with starting marriage under the very best conditions. Though if Alec proves as fine a candidate for marriage as you are, I don't think there will be much trouble about that!"

"Thank you, Doctor. I certainly won't hesitate. And I'm awfully glad I *did* come early for my bride's examination!"

Next month Dr. Schauffler discusses conditions which may indicate the need of a hysterectomy.



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HALEY ERSKINE

Ignorance and immaturity can mean trouble ahead for a young marriage. For a brighter future, the Roundtable offers facts and guidance, encourages engaged couples to talk out their attitudes and expectations before the wedding.

Sources of Help

By MARGARET HICKEY

The need for counseling "before the wedding" is greater today than ever before. Not only is the number of married persons growing, but the percentage who marry has changed dramatically in certain age groups. Last year, according to the U.S. Bureau of the Census, the proportion of men 18 to 24 years old who were or had been married was 75 per cent greater than it had been in 1940. For women, the proportion had increased by 37 per cent. Among even younger girls, 14 to 17, the proportion who were married was 30 per cent greater.

Individually and as part of society, we all must care about the success and permanence of these new families, many of whom are starting out with little knowledge of the world beyond the confines of home and school. In the churches, with their great tradition of pastoral counseling, young people in more and more communities (though not enough) are finding group meetings with their contemporaries under sympathetic, knowledgeable leaders a fruitful way of preparing for the privilege and responsibility of marriage.

"Stepping into an airplane does not make one a pilot," points out the Right Reverend Monsignor Irving A. DeBlanc, director of the Family Life Bureau of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, which develops guides for group instructional programs. "Nor does a mere wedding ring work miracles." Co-operating with the country's 138 Roman Catholic dioceses and archdioceses, the bureau recommends a minimum of six two-hour sessions (in addition to a couple's mandatory meetings with their own priest).

These programs (which have prepared "at least half a million couples since 1945") cover such subjects as courtship, church and civil laws about marriage, social and psychological adjustments, parenthood, economics. A doctor talks on "Your Body and You," addressing men and women separately or together, depending on the priest's estimate of which method produces more questions. Problems of practical, effective daily living in marriage are discussed by one or more married couples. Sometimes, as in Milwaukee and Chicago, future in-laws are brought together in group meeting for guidance by the priest in their relationship to the new family.

Protestant churches, too, are working to strengthen marriages through preparatory group sessions for engaged couples. Similar in structure, offering counsel from the fields of medicine, religion and marriage education, they are designed as supplements to talks with individual clergymen. Under the sponsorship of local Councils of Churches, such programs have developed in Detroit (where a Marriage Clinic is held monthly in from three to five different locations), in Buffalo (whose Marriage Roundtable for Engaged Couples is featured this month), in Syracuse and Denver, and are getting under way in Indianapolis and Kalamazoo. By next fall, churches in Kokomo, Indiana, will offer couples a four-session course, led by a doctor, a minister, an attorney and a psychiatrist. END

"Where should we stop in petting before marriage?" The question hung in the air for only a moment before the young minister spoke out.

"I don't think religious leaders have been very helpful in this," he admitted. "Tremendous needs and pressures face young adults—but too often we just don't discuss them."

Peg looked at John from lowered eyes. She didn't know who'd sent the question up to the panel, but it was one she wanted to hear answered. Now that the wedding was only six weeks off, everything seemed to be changing. They didn't have as much fun together as before. And sometimes they would pull away from each other and say good night almost in anger rather than in love. This minister sounded as if he would understand.

In fact, she was *sure* he would. Everything that had been said tonight had been clear and frank and sympathetic. When the pastor who was to marry them had first suggested that she and John go to the Marriage Roundtable for Engaged Couples sponsored by the Council of Churches of Buffalo and Erie County, they had been skeptical. Didn't they already know what they needed to know? They were in love; they'd picked the date; they were all set. But then privately each remembered the anxious feelings that kept shadowing their happiness.

So here they were, in the company of four other couples, whom they didn't know, all a little stiff at first, but, now that the evening was drawing to a close, relaxed and attentive. The young minister (father of four children) was continuing:

"You can't pretend these desires away, but maybe it will help to remember that everything from holding hands on ought to be an expression of interest and concern. In marriage we are greatly loved, much respected and needed. From the religious point of view, each marriage can have special meaning.

"Sexual union can be the most beautiful expression of love between man and woman. But when it follows from petting—and it can—the old brain just clicks off—it's apt to be furtive, possibly even exploitive, with each demanding 'something for *me*, to satisfy *my* desires.' I believe you should save this union for a time when you can fully share each other's lives, when you are willing to take responsibility for children."

The dark-haired woman next to him, the marriage counselor, picked up the thought, speaking meditatively: "People aren't always happy about premarital experimentation. I think you risk your feelings about the person involved."

And that was too great a risk for them ever to take, John and Peg agreed. As they drove down the elm-arched avenue away from the Council of Churches building, Peg felt suddenly lighthearted. The "unaskable" things had been asked; the unsettling ignorance relieved. And they had gone through it together.

"You know," she said, "a girl always thinks she'll be married *some* day, and it's like the happy ending of a fairy tale. Like that nice hostess, Mrs. Macer, said tonight: sometimes people think of marriage just in terms of a wedding, a new place to live away from their parents, with a lot of new things in it. I guess I've been like that. And then lately . . . I couldn't tell you . . . I've had this awful feeling that I didn't quite know what I was getting into and it all seemed scary.

"Now—well, it isn't as frightening. Remember you said 'What's going to be different after we're married except that everything will be easier?' In a way what they said tonight makes marriage seem harder—but happier and more exciting too. Just having specific things to figure out together is a big help."

Teen-agers in particular need to take time for this kind of talking and thinking out, says one young minister who deals with that age group more than with any other. With head in the clouds of romance, an adolescent may have very little idea of marriage as a social responsibility. "More and more," he finds, "what should be problems of the engagement period don't crop up until after the wedding. Then instead of broken engagements we have divorces."

One night at the Marriage Roundtable can't do the whole job of preparation, of course, admits the Rev. Hobart A. Burch, director of the Council of Churches' social-service department which conducts and finances this program. Ideally it is done by parents, in the home, followed by skillful premarital counseling with individual ministers, some of whom give a great many hours to such work.

But the ideal is not always realized and the Roundtable can be a unique catalyst in some cases, a welcome and useful supplement in most. For it draws together in one place, at one time, within a framework of religious concern that goes far beyond the wedding ceremony, trained people who are able to speak freely on many aspects of marriage. These



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include the problems and tensions as well as the joys and pleasures. Young Mr. Burch, who is father of two children and holder of a graduate degree in social work, says, "We want couples to know about them and face them as much as possible beforehand."

Aware of the damage that ignorance and immaturity can do, the Roundtable offers needed factual information ("That doctor shoots straight and doesn't mince words") and practical advice on social adjustments, "the kind of things you may slough off before marriage and argue about bitterly afterward." Its double panel, whose members serve singly in alternate months, includes two obstetricians, two social workers, two ministers (one of whom is qualified in social work and one with a Ph.D. in psychology of religion) and two lay moderators, both housewives and mothers.

Here couples have the chance to see what others about to be married are thinking, to discover that many of their problems are not unique. They can ask questions anonymously by way of written cards or directly, taking them if they wish from a furnished list of those commonly asked in the past. "People are apt to fear the unknown in any area of life," a minister points out. "No matter what a couple's education, there are aspects of marriage which hold a certain mystery and strangeness." But with the Roundtable's system, in the Roundtable atmosphere, such questions as "Is it harmful to have intercourse during menstruation? How does a woman know when she reaches climax? Should we discuss our pasts?" can often be raised far more easily than in a personal interview.

On a score of subjects the ice is broken for further discussion between themselves and with an individual counselor, such as their minister, doctor or, when requested, workers of Family Service Society or Planned Parenthood Center. Couples learn, also, where to turn for professional help whenever it may be needed.

In the next few weeks, Peg and John continued to explore their feelings about their physical relationship, and Peg found a couple of private visits to a doctor reassuring. She and John went on to discuss their desire for children, ideas about raising them. Seemingly minor details—household chores, recreation, the place in-laws would have in their social life, personal allowances—proved unexpectedly explosive, at least temporarily.

The idea of a budget was new, and John, an area sales manager for an industrial concern, admitted he hadn't worried about money, didn't believe it could be a major problem. As they searched for an apartment a few weeks later, though, he found himself thinking about it more seriously than ever before.

"But it's lovely! Why not take it?" Peg couldn't understand John's reluctance to sign the lease. "We're both working and we can easily afford it."

"That's just the point. Don't you remember what the marriage counselor said? That it's a good idea to budget on one salary and save the other toward a purpose? You won't be working forever, I hope. I don't want us to be like that couple they mentioned at the Roundtable where the man earned $9000 and the girl $4000 and they *still* said they couldn't afford to have children! If we take a less expensive place, I'll know that I can carry it by myself. And when a baby comes, unexpectedly or not, we won't have to panic."

Peg sobered. She remembered that at the Roundtable she'd thought many of the remarks were just common sense, which everyone has. Yet here she was not showing any at all. With a new feeling of solidarity they agreed on a more modest apartment. Really, "just common sense" could be quite thrilling, Peg decided, when you shared it with someone you loved.

Peg and John's decision about the apartment was not the only one they could have made, nor the only right one. What mattered most was that they had found out something about each other's standard of living, their goals for the future, and had made their plans together.

Since its start in October, 1953, the Roundtable, which meets on a different week night each month year round, has served some 800 young men and women. It expects 200 more this year. Most of them are sent to the Roundtable by their ministers. (Each couple whose name is given to the Council of Churches in advance receives a personal invitation.) A growing number come at the suggestion of friends, family, co-workers; a few because of newspaper articles, announcements at Y's and libraries and on recommendation of social agencies.

Students, servicemen, nurses, engineers, secretaries, chemists, spot welders, auto mechanics, clerks—they are a broad cross section of the young adult population. Not all are Protestant. A few have little church connection beyond a vague desire for a church wedding. Occasionally Jewish couples attend, and sometimes there are young people facing the difficult adjustment of a Roman Catholic-Protestant marriage. Through the Roundtable, those contemplating "mixed marriages" can be helped to understand more clearly the effect their religious difference may have on other parts of their relationship, and they are urged to seek additional counseling with clergy of each one's own faith.

Designed primarily for couples, the Roundtable nevertheless has welcomed occasional groups of nurses in training or young women from the Y.W.C.A. Sometimes an engaged man or girl comes alone. Marjorie Master remembers that she "took notes like crazy," was so excited by the program that when her fiancé, Jay (now her husband), returned from out of town she "gave it to him practically verbatim for three hours." Another reported to Mr. Burch, "I was quite dubious about coming with my fiancé to such a meeting, but after tonight I hope to come again with him instead of alone."

It often takes courage to attend the Roundtable. "The hurdles are still sizable," one minister says of the tension which surrounds a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

THE ROVING EYE

By FRANCIS NEWBOLD

"Why do you linger so long at the window,
John?" she said.
"It is growing late—what is out there
that keeps you from your bed?"
"I am watching the city come alive,
dear," he said.

"And why," she asked, "on the avenue
do you constantly turn your head?"
"I thought I saw someone I used to know
well," he said.

"Why don't you ever look at me
the way that you used to do?
I know I'm not young any more—but then,
neither are you.
Am I so changed in your sight—so changed
from the girl you loved?" He said:
"Stop getting such silly notions into your head."

"Now it's no use trying to put me off
and no use lying," she said.
"I know why you linger so long at the window
and why you turn your head—
Whose, among all those fresh young faces,
do you look for?" "Yours," he said.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

frank discussion of intercourse and reproduction. But lack of knowledge can be ten times as destructive.

Young Mr. and Mrs. _____, for instance, had had *no* premarital talks with anyone. They rushed into marriage because their parents said "Don't." With only a nominal church connection, they were married by a justice of the peace. All too quickly their "romantic" picture of marriage fizzled out as problems of emotional and sexual adjustment grew. Both suffered guilt feelings. The wife, still a teen-ager, was a "daughter scared into goodness." She feared that if she reached full satisfaction she would become pregnant, thought that sex was "one of those things you provide for your husband" and fought what she considered her own "lustful" emotions.

Fortunately, they are at last seeking help, from a young minister thoroughly trained in counseling. He estimates that probably two thirds of their difficulties could have been avoided if they had received good premarital education. A visit to the Roundtable would at least have given them a common body of factual knowledge to help clear their cloudy understanding of sex; might have stimulated a healthier perception of its place in the over-all emotional and spiritual relationship of marriage.

Even well-informed couples, when marriage is about to become a reality in their lives, appreciate the film on human reproduction and the doctor's sensible advice.

"All of a sudden it becomes all right to go ahead, but," he reminds them, "you can't easily break down barriers girls have built up all their lives. There is no substitute for gentleness, kindness, tenderness as far as a woman is concerned. If the wife is not happy, sex can become just another job, like washing dishes or cleaning house. And don't forget that humdrum things like worry and fatigue can interfere with a happy sexual relationship."

The importance of information and *communication* in this as well as all areas of marriage cannot be stressed too strongly, believes a doctor who served on the panel for five years. "There is no subject," he says, "which people tend to distort and conceal as they do sex. Many couples who come to my office are very uninformed and unable to discuss their troubles. The girl thinks that her husband should be able to tell whether she's happy. The man tells me plaintively, 'Gee, she can talk any other time; why not at this point?' I've referred a number of couples like that to the Roundtable, and even though several months married they benefit greatly."

Nature is the eternal democrat. She mocks and confounds and despises the snob. The sun enters the pariah's hut and squats alongside of him. The rain washes all faces, of all colors, those shrunken with hunger and those plethoric with satiety. The wind reddens all noses, the disdainful and the pinched, and whistles into all ears. In the bowels of the earth all flesh turns to water and all bones are ground and mingled together, and empires sleep tier upon tier in their common shroud of dust.

PAUL ELDRIDGE
Leaves From the Devil's Tree
E. Haldeman-Julius

Helping to create a relaxed atmosphere at the Roundtable are members of the advisory committee (a dozen married couples from local churches and temples) which guides the over-all program and furnishes two host couples for every meeting. Friendly and welcoming, they greet and register guests in the basement meeting room, serve coffee, soft drinks and homemade cookies, chat easily during the refreshment break. Perhaps especially helpful in setting visitors at ease is the presence of a couple like Ed and Ruth Heintz who attended the Roundtable before their marriage three years ago.

"We really started to think very deeply after our visit to the Roundtable," Ruth recalls. "We're both very definite personalities and it was hard to realize then that when you marry you *do* grow into being one person. I think the Roundtable can help to prepare you for this. Most couples are interested in the doctor's talk, but it's good that they hear the minister and marriage counselor too. What they say means so much to me now."

Others, too, have found guide lines thrown out at the Roundtable helpful some years after the wedding. June M_____, who "doesn't like to change anything—not even the furniture," was distressed at first when her husband wanted to change his job. With their first child on the way, it seemed a bad time to shift, especially to one that paid less well. "But I knew he was really unhappy having to be inside a building all day. He talked about getting a job as a driver on a laundry-truck route, and I was kind of upset.

"But I remembered what they said at the Roundtable—that you want what is best for the person you love and that if the man doesn't like and enjoy his job he won't want to go out and work for his family every day. So I just said he should decide what would make him happiest."

The change worked wonders in Frank's emotional state and all was going well until a serious injury put him in the hospital for seven months. "Boy, at times I thought my world was coming to an end," June recalls. "One day when we were talking at the hospital Frank brought up what they said at the Roundtable about sickness not destroying true love and about a marriage not being worth very much if you hadn't had to put your heads together and your hearts together to meet trouble."

June and Frank found that the Roundtable was right—that love could be even deeper, bonds even stronger, when they faced problems. In the words of the Prayer for All True Lovers which closes each Roundtable meeting, they realized "if we but keep together, no misfortune shall overpower us." For a girl who had never done anything at home "except wash out my nylons" and a man very much used to buying things just for his own pleasure, June and Frank have come a long way in assuming with maturity the responsibilities of marriage.

The help the Roundtable can give to couples like them is not just accident. At the Council of Churches' building two large notebooks attest the continuing care given the program by the social-service director (for five years, Robert M. Brill) and the guiding committee of married couples. Ever searching for the most effective presentation, they rate panelists, revise questions, look for pertinent new material, including literature which is offered for loan and sale at each meeting.

From the earliest days when an anonymous gift of $500 set the Roundtable on its feet after a year of groundwork led by Mrs. Edward H. Guthrie, a social-agency volunteer, the program has steadily won more and more support from clergymen and the community.

Recent growth of similar premarital programs in Buffalo, under the sponsorship of other groups (Jewish community organizations and a Lutheran synod not belonging to the council) and for single as well as engaged adults (at a large Presbyterian church) is evidence of increased acceptance of the Roundtable idea.

But the most satisfying tributes come from the couples themselves. "You've no idea how much this evening did for us," one reports. "It opened up whole areas for discussion that beforehand we'd never been able to get into." ... "It helped us to have a feeling of security." ... "Gave me a brighter and wider outlook on marriage relations." ... "In my home, sex was never mentioned and what I did know I found out from girls in school. It wasn't accurate and the doctor's remarks clarified things for me." ... "Helped me decide whether to have a physical exam before marriage." ... "The minister helped me understand what part sex really plays in our life."

And from one, just a simple "Keep up the good work and thank you." END



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- ¾ teaspoon salt
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- ¾ teaspoon baking powder

Grease 2-quart baking dish. Beat egg whites (at room temperature) till stiff but not dry; beat yolks till thick and lemon colored. Stir corn meal, salt, into scalded milk, beating hard. Cook a few seconds over low heat, stirring till consistency of thick mush. Blend in butter and corn, then baking powder. Fold in yolks, then whites. Pour into baking dish. Bake in moderately hot oven (375°F.) about 35 minutes or till puffy, golden-brown (knife inserted in center comes out clean). Delicious with butter or gravy—ham or chicken. Serves 5-6.

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UNDER COVER

By Bernardine Kielty



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When Dorothy Parker failed to report for work at The New Yorker office "because someone else was using the pencil," Harold Ross carried on alone. In fact, in those early days he *was* The New Yorker.

THE YEARS WITH ROSS, by ***James Thurber*** (Atlantic Monthly Press) is an amusing, appreciative biography of the tall lanky guy from Colorado who stirred up that nest of sophisticates, Woollcott, Benchley, Arno, E. B. White, O'Hara—who handled, inspired, maddened them, and left them agape at his unabashed ignorance: "Is Moby Dick the whale or the man?"

●

THE HOUSE OF INTELLECT, by ***Jacques Barzun***, is dynamite—a steel-blade dissection of our culture, of our so-called intellectuals, of the easy ways, like committees, conferences, "fact-gathering," that we use to avoid action and responsibility. Above all, he bewails the lack of hard work, especially in our schools. (Harper.)

●

The Academy of American Poets is celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary. This is poetry on a sound financial basis. By means of a trust fund, the academy awards a $5000 fellowship annually "for distinguished poetic achievement." (The first two awards went to Edwin Markham and Edgar Lee Masters, the last two to Robinson Jeffers and Louise Bogan.) Through a single large bequest it aids the publication of a book of poetry (by a hitherto unpublished poet) by guaranteeing the sale of 1000 copies. Through smaller gifts it offers annual prizes of $100 to student poets in eighteen colleges. The academy is a pillar of strength for that branch of the arts which needs such understanding and support. To carry on its work it requires—and well deserves—a continuing source of income from those who believe in it. (890 Park Ave., New York 21.)

COMPLETE POEMS OF A. E. HOUSMAN, with a lively introduction by ***Basil Davenport*** (Holt), is now out in a Centennial Edition. It contains all his poems plus some new hitherto unpublished fragments....There is also a volume of charming poetry by ***Sara Henderson Hay***, well known to JOURNAL readers: **THE STONE AND THE SHELL** (University of Pittsburgh Press).

Boris Pasternak, **Russia's greatest living poet, as well as author of DR. ZHIVAGO, has not been published in Russia for many many years. But he continues to write. He writes a poem in longhand as it comes to him, and gives it to anyone who happens to be around. These poems, so casually produced, are copied and passed on from one person to another—a sure way in Russia, apparently, of being read. One time, back in 1946, Pasternak was permitted to appear in public. It was at an enormous gathering of writers, and Pasternak was allowed to read from his works, along with the others. When his turn came, and he rose, the entire audience rose with him and applauded. While he was reading he dropped a sheet of paper, and as he reached down to recover it a voice from the audience continued the poem where he had broken off. Then dozens of voices from all over the audience took it up, and together recited the poem. They knew it by heart!**

●

Don't be discouraged when I say it is a war book. THE MARAUDERS, by ***Charlton Ogburn*** (Harper), is one of the best books I have read in months. It is literature, a human document, and probably the best-handled story of a single combat unit that has come out of World War II. These were Merrill's Marauders (known in the Army as "Galahad"), that band of miscellaneous adventurers, that collection of individualists, holdouts against assimilation, who volunteered to chase the Japs out of North Burma.

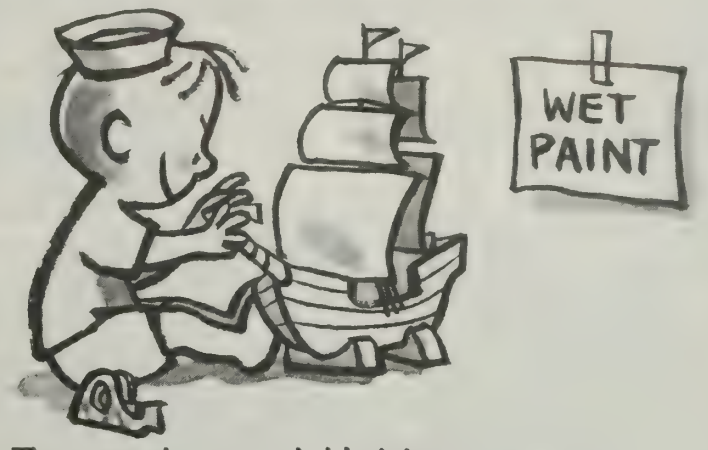
Strange to say, the book is often hilariously funny, this trek of mules, horses, men, stumbling, splashing, heehawing through the jungle, up steep mountainsides, through mud and water, harassed by disease, insufficient food and—worst of all—the strain of being always in the enemy's territory. By the end, only 200 out of the 3000 men that went in were considered fit for further combat. "Galahad," wrote General Stilwell in his diary, "is shot."

●

***Jack and Jill*, children's magazine, is running another serial-story contest, with a $1000 prize. Contest ends October 30, 1959. (Write for information: Dept. L, Curtis Publishing Co., Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.)**

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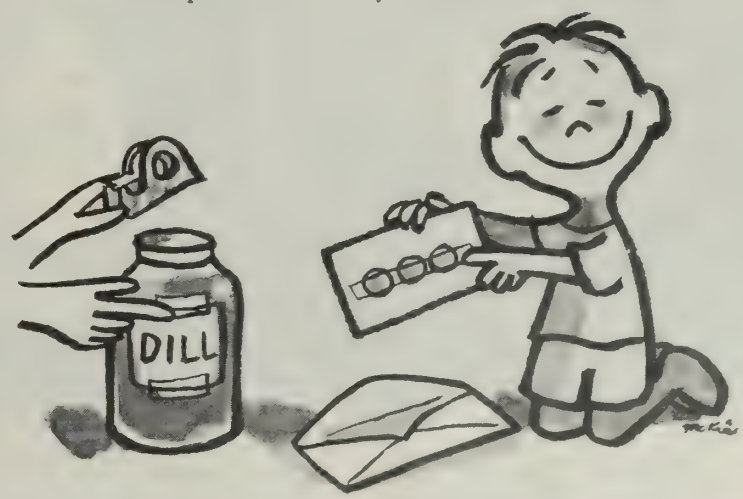
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Spicy-sweet and tomato-y thick, Catalina Dressing gives beans and franks a brand-new, wonderful flavor. Combine ½ cup Catalina with two 1-pound cans of baked beans. Bake in 1½-quart casserole for 1 hour at 350°. Score franks diagonally; marinate in Catalina. Top beans with franks; bake 15 minutes more.

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Romance and reality flourish in different climates.

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

INFATUATION, OR LOVE?

If people waited to marry until their middle to late twenties, or if they proved their love through long courtship, more of them would be sufficiently mature to differentiate between realistic, enduring love and a mere glamorous attraction based on infatuation. But today half of the women get married by age 20, half of the men before age 23. Unfortunately, many of these young people are immature emotionally. Too often they marry after a whirlwind courtship tested by neither time, reason nor circumstance. Distinguishing between infatuation and love is not always easy, but these points may help an individual see the difference.

Age must be considered, since of all human capacities, the qualities of judgment and wise decision depend most upon age. Statistics on marriage show that the lowest divorce rate and the best level of adjustment are found when men marry between ages 25 and 30 and women between 23 and 28.

Dating experience is important. The boy or girl who has dated a relatively large number of persons (20 to 30, for example) is much less likely to be a victim of infatuation. Without exception, marriage authorities oppose going steady in high school, not only because it may result in unwise, premature marriage but also because it prevents the wide dating experience necessary to understand the opposite sex. Insufficient dating experience is certainly associated with the fact that approximately half of all marriages of girls under 19 years end in unhappiness, separation and/or divorce.

Education has bearing. The man (or woman) whose education or job training has been completed is a much better marriage risk than the one in midstream.

Length of courtship is crucial. When "love" develops suddenly or within a few dates, it is almost always infatuation. Real love is a developing relationship, not an abrupt awakening. Normally, it emerges as the end product of acquaintance, friendship and going steady. The younger the couple, the longer the courtship should be. Frequency of dating and variety of dating situations are also important.

Physical attraction is essential, and without it there can be no genuine love between man and woman. But to conclude that mutual sexual feeling guarantees love, assures a good marriage, is to invite disaster. Realistic love depends upon the couple's companionship, the values and interests they share, and what they want from life and marriage. This is the nonsexual side of love and the one that is often minimized or ignored in infatuation.

Infatuation is idealized sexual attraction; it is romantic, glamorous, thrilling, and has a desperate air about it. But genuine love is not hasty; it is affectionate, tender and considerate and it is focused around the welfare of the loved one. It is unselfish and understanding. It is social and outgoing, it compromises and cooperates. But infatuation is possessive, demanding, urgent, unreasonable and self-centered. The difference is evident in these two short chapters from one girl's life.

Elaine was barely 18 and in her freshman year at college. After going to classes for two months, she wanted to return home. Her explanation was, "I met Hal during the summer and we went steady for a month before I came here. I just can't stand it, I miss him so much. I don't want to go to college, I only want Hal. Please, won't you help me convince my parents?"

Two years passed, as did two or three other attachments, each as hectic and short-lived as the episode with Hal. Near the end of her third college year, Elaine met Nicky. By fall they were going steady. Nicky was a budding engineer, a sensible young man and although Elaine would have liked to be married when they graduated, she settled for an engagement ring.

She said to the counselor, "We truly love each other and I am willing to wait until he sees how he likes his job." I asked, "How do you know that you love Nicky? You once said the same thing about Hal, and then it was Bill and Joe." Her reply was, "But this is so different. At first I liked Nicky much as I did the others—it was just fun going to dances and parties and it was all very exciting. But last summer, when I dated other boys, Nicky was always in my thoughts even though he was off working. When I took him home, I knew mother and dad would like him. I am so proud of him, and he is proud of me. It has been like that for a whole year, so it must be love."

THE FIRST YEAR COUNTS MOST

Married only three months, this bride of 20 wore a discouraged air as she sat on the edge of her chair. Her story is one that every counselor has heard.

"I don't know what's wrong, but somehow our marriage isn't what I expected. Tom loves me, and I love him, but things just don't go right. We went steady for two years and were sure we were ready for marriage. He was almost twenty-three and he had a good job. We had a beautiful wedding and his parents gave us five hundred dollars for a honeymoon trip and we loved every minute of it. But now we don't seem able to settle down. We aren't yet unhappy but sometimes I actually wonder if we should have married."

Vera had graduated from junior college just three weeks before the wedding; Tom had received a B.S. degree the previous year. It soon became clear that much of their trouble was financial.

As assistant to the office manager of a food distributor, his take-home pay was $315 a month. Her parents had given them a down payment on a home, and $85 covered the monthly payments. Although both sets of parents had contributed furniture, they had bought a range, refrigerator, TV set, and so on, on monthly installments of $55. His allowance for lunches and incidentals, excluding clothes, was $25. Vera was also supposed to have a personal allowance (including clothes) of $25 a month. Since operating Tom's car cost about $25 a month, this left only $100 for groceries and household expenses. They usually had dinner out once or twice a week when they went to the movies, and were already running behind financially.

There was some trouble with Tom's parents: "You see, I just know his mother doesn't think I am a good manager." She also admitted that she ran to her own mother every time she and Tom had a disagreement.

When Vera was asked about her personal relationship with Tom, she said, "It could be better, but I do enjoy it at times. Mother says once a week is enough for any couple, but Tom doesn't like this idea, and we do fuss a little about it."

None of Vera's problems was necessarily serious. Many young couples have difficulty about money, in-laws and sex in the first year of marriage; but when they can be recognized and adjustment made, they need not become crucial. Vera knew something was wrong and was vaguely aware of the trouble zones. If she could have pinpointed them precisely (as the counselor helped her to do), she herself would probably have been able to solve the problems alone.

Vera and Tom were sincerely in love, but deep and mature love develops only as the husband and wife more and more share with each other and work together in building their marriage. It is from facing and conquering obstacles, from standing together in adversity, that love becomes strong and enduring. Unfortunately, some newly married couples get so bogged down with relatively minor problems that they begin to doubt their love. Both mates become dissatisfied and exuberance and joy give way gradually to indifference if not to active dislike.

Ideally, all brides and grooms would be mature enough at marriage to foresee and forestall all problems. Obviously this rarely happens. But every couple can trace doubts to their source. If they can identify problems and adjust them, their love will be strengthened. But if they ignore these negative influences, their relationship will be inhibited and weakened.

Money is nearly always a problem for the newly married. The realistic bride knows that money is not elastic. Before thinking of extras and luxuries, she makes sure that essentials like rent (or mortgage payments), food and utilities are provided for. Then provision is made for obligations, such as debts for furniture. Then come essential clothing, hospitalization insurance, and lunches and carfare for the husband. Only then can restaurant meals, maintenance of a car and other luxuries be afforded. No young couple should risk their happiness by trying to maintain a standard of living beyond their means. Hard as it seemed, Tom and Vera sold the car. This put them in the black.

In-law relationships must be handled wisely. Whether or not newly marrieds and their parents live in the same community, in-laws can be either an asset or a liability. Which it will be depends upon the bride and groom more than it does upon the parents of either. For a marriage to succeed, both mates must give their first allegiance and loyalty to each other rather than to parents. If this principle is observed, neither husband nor wife will run to a mother (or father) for sympathy or advice about personal aspects of the marriage. Neither will parents be asked to arbitrate disputes or to take sides. Though brides are more likely to err in this direction than grooms, both are sometimes at fault.

Sex need not be troublesome when two people love each other and understand that this intimate companionship is the deepest expression of their love. The young wife's awakening may take time, and the husband should accept this. But evading or denying her husband's desire for her can be interpreted only as rejection of him. In the sex relationship, marriage offers a unique opportunity for giving of self.

The first year of marriage sets the tone of your relationship. Wisely, Vera faced up to the realities of life instead of trying to perpetuate the honeymoon. In doing so, she found a new and even greater happiness.

DO YOU AGREE?

Because I greatly fear childbirth, I want no children. Should I tell my fiancé how I feel?

Yes, and also consult a marriage counselor about this abnormal fear.

ASK YOURSELF:

Am I Really in Love?

The genuineness and depth of love depend not alone upon the qualities of the loved one but also upon your own ability to love, the time you two have spent in testing your love, and in finding or sharing common interests and activities. Try to answer each question with an honest *Yes* or *No*.

In Respect to Your Background:

1. **Have your parents been happily married?**
2. **Are they usually satisfied with your decisions?**
3. **Do you believe you are steady and dependable?**
4. **Have you dated 20–25 different persons?**

In Respect to the Person You Love:

5. **Has he completed his education?**
6. **Are you proud of his behavior?**
7. **Is he free from any serious faults?**
8. **Do you like and respect each other's friends?**
9. **Are his religious beliefs similar to your own?**
10. **Have you similar standards and ideals?**
11. **Do you like his parents?**
12. **Are you over 18, and he over 21?**
13. **Is each sure of the other's love?**
14. **Do both sets of parents approve?**

Credit 2 points for each *firm* "Yes," but only one point if you are in doubt or don't know; a "No" answer receives no credit. Any score below 18 suggests infatuation rather than love. Why not have your friend take the same test? If his score plus your score total less than 44, you two should take more time before making a final commitment.

Light as the touch of a trade wind ... and so easy on the waistline!

How simple! How light and refreshing! Creamy cottage cheese and chilled Dole Pineapple—every golden slice from Hawaii, where the world's finest pineapple is born and raised.

Have Dole Pineapple on hand in your refrigerator – chilled and ready to go!

Diamond Head, Oahu, photographed by Tom Hollyman for the Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd., Honolulu



WHAT WE DO

Journal about town

WHERE WE GO

WHOM WE MEET

EDITED BY EILEEN SHARPE



ABBOT MILLS

Happy ending in art department as editors Bruce Gould and Mary Bass check labor of love.

50 years ago in the Journal

In June, 1909, almost every American living room contained the Bible, the motto God Bless Our Home, and this quote from Omar Khayyám:

Come, fill the cup, and in the fire of spring,
Your winter garment of repentance fling.

Pretty girls began to dominate advertisements, and women's shoes, at last visible, gained in style. I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now? was written, and you could set a very good table for six for $10 a week.

In the June, 1909, JOURNAL *A Plain Country Woman writes: "My advice to the maiden aunt is: Don't take an abused attitude. Don't go into a convent. Don't take to good works. Look about you for a paying job and start a bank account."*

Selecting a corset: "First use a tape measure, then deduct two inches from your waist and three from your bust and hips. If your bust and hips are 39 inches and your waist 24, you need a 36–22–36-inch corset."

"Do you object to feeding strawberries to a four-year-old?" a mother asks Dr. Coolidge, who replies, "Not if you stew them first. Four is too young for the raw fruit."

"Have bridesmaids any special social duty after the wedding day?" "Yes, they should call on the bride's mother, who cannot hear too often what a pretty wedding it was."

Fashion: "The new auto veils are of fishnet lined with chiffon with satin borders and cost $3.75."

In this June, 1909, issue, the JOURNAL *repeats its plans for a six-room, one-story bungalow of the Mission type which can still be seen by the thousands in the U.S.A. Designed for "housekeeping simplicity" by Frank Tyler, it had overhanging eaves, three bedrooms, and cost—in those days—$2000 to build.*

"How a Business Girl Does Her Cooking: I buy five cents' worth of roast beef, tongue or chicken at a delicatessen near Fifth Avenue's Millionaires' Row. One roll costs a penny; so does one pickle. Eggs are two cents apiece. Oranges are very high—sixty cents a dozen."

Every issue of the JOURNAL is a love issue, lovingly planned and created. But this one is special. Our editors set out to define that world-spinning force. Whether you agree that "Love is not what you think" (one publisher plans to issue our *Jessamyn West* article as a book), are stirred by "Testaments to love," or discover how "Love can make you beautiful," you'll find it illuminating our pages. Some intrepid editors *did* try to pin love down to a sentence. *Bruce Gould:* "It isn't a sentence: it's a reward." *Beatrice Gould:* "Love is the only thing of which too much is just enough." *Mary Bass* distills it: "Love completes." And to *Bill McCleery:* "Love is something which, if you feel it for someone, you want that person to have the best of everything, which usually means, to begin with, yourself." Define love? It will take us a lifetime—the better part of one.

Speaking of love: ***Margaret Parton*** was curious about what favorite romances girls remember from childhood books, polled her colleagues, lists winners: JANE EYRE, WUTHERING HEIGHTS, PRIDE AND PREJUDICE, LITTLE WOMEN. Despite their tremors and sighs, pollees told her, none of them married stormy or moor-stalking types. Query by Margaret: "At what point in life does a woman decide that dear old Professor Bhaer is easier to live with than Rochester or Heathcliffe?"

Our colleague Peter Briggs, doubling as theater and love expert, gives us a note on both. "Better remind readers the Shakespeare festivals start in June," he tells us, "in Stratford, Ontario, and Stratford, Connecticut, with over 150,000 people expected in each place. The other night I was talking with Jack Landau, who's going to direct Romeo and Juliet in Connecticut. He says one thing most people don't realize is the brief time span in the play—those two most famous lovers of all time compressed meeting, courtship, marriage and death into three days!"

A fast pair: we watch this year's Romeo and Juliet—Richard Easton and Inga Swenson—rehearse.



SIDNEY GLOCKMAN

How did some of our distaffers meet and marry their men? For ***Louella Shouer*** *romance came over a bushel of onions (she was peeling them and crying when she glimpsed her future husband).* ***Nora O'Leary*** *lived in the same apartment house as John Smith; both spent months hunting a mutual friend to introduce them, and wedding bells followed.* ***Betty Coe Spicer's*** *story: "Somebody left Bart in a cab and I got in"; the pooled trip led to the altar. One met her man on a Caribbean cruise, one at a Ping-pong table, one on a hospital visit, and a dozen said mutual friends played Cupid over dinner tables. We went to young father-of-four* ***Abbot Mills*** *for a man's point of view, and our query brought up financial angles. "Jody was my college roommate's blind date. I borrowed a nickel from him to call her, and borrowed $2 from Jody for our marriage license. I still owe the $2.05."*

"A lovely light"—the letters of ***Edna St. Vincent Millay*** are now on stage. Actress ***Dorothy Stickney*** is doing a dramatic reading and we were fortunate to be at her tryout for friends. Alone on stage with a red velvet couch and ladder-back chair, she reads letters and poetry in a voice like a violin and creates a soaring life story in three acts. But it took seven years' work, she told us, and steady encouragement from her husband, writer-actor ***Howard Lindsay***. Her one-woman show goes on a nation-wide summer tour before it opens in New York this fall. How did it all come about? "I read the letters in the JOURNAL one night and woke my husband at three A.M. He was so moved by their greatness he agreed they had to be shared." All sharers will agree.

Office memo we intercepted: "I met a man who'd had so many secretaries marry and leave him that he hired a woman 6½′ tall, 195 pounds, 42 years old. Six weeks later she left to marry a wrestler."

Now for some tips on how to attract love by magic: Brewing mandrake root was once sure-fire; gossip says Tristram and Isolde sipped it. The Chinese brewed the scarlet-berried herb ginseng. Cleopatra was an artful philter-mixer, but left us no recipes. In England, good girls used to dream of a husband by putting daisy roots under their pillows; bad girls swaggered out to look for one after dyeing their hair gorgeously with rhubarb, alum and barberry bark. Some people have spoken up for brewing a mickey out of bryony, or sprinkling powdered roast hummingbird hearts over the head of the one you love. For more basic ways to bewitch love, there's ***Dawn Norman's*** *article in this issue, guaranteed to do more than an ocean of potions.*

"Catch his eye," said designer ***Franny Whitney***, when asked why she designed mobile hats. "You attract him with art on your walls. Why not on your head?" She told our decorating depart-

ABBOT MILLS



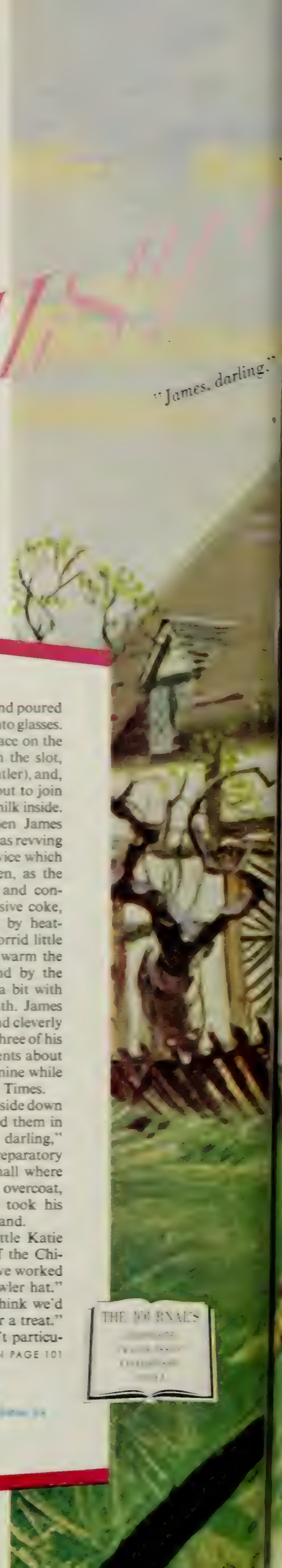
One hat is called "Linear Confusion," one is "Guggenheim Museum," another is "You Name It."

ment that architects and engineers are particularly susceptible to her designs. So they took some hats down to architectural editor ***John Brenneman*** for a test. Our decorating editor caught his eye all right. We caught his expression for you. Who buys the hats? "Brave girls," said the designer, "but a seventy-five-year-old teacher bought one to lighten her personality and it did." Miss Whitney's hats are not only spinning men's heads on Fifth Avenue, we should tell you, but have already been shown in a Manhattan art gallery. Her greatest fan? Famed and bemused artist ***Alexander Calder*** told her: "I wish I'd done them myself."

Gruff note from a male reader goaded by a recent page: "Why doesn't a man save his old wedding clothes? He's wearin' 'em."

LOVE IN THE MIST

Uproot the heart and—
given the climate of love—
it will live again.
Katie had survived one transplant. Was darling James
asking too much of her now?



By ROSALIE PACKARD

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM CARTER

Chronology, geography and characters have been changed in this book for reasons well known to artists and discerning readers. One or two events described did not happen, but they could have happened, and they may yet happen. We are in God's hands.

The day of our third wedding anniversary, January second, dawned gray and squishy. I woke up cheerily to see James gazing at the ceiling while he tied his tie.

"Hi," I said. "Happy anniversary." I kissed him enthusiastically. James is toothsome all the time, but when he has just finished shaving he is irresistible. "You know what?" I went on. "It has occurred to me that in all the three years of our wedded bliss you have never once called me 'old girl.' I was always afraid that you would, and I want you to know that I am grateful."

"We Englishmen," said James factually, "know how to handle American women. When the time comes to call you 'old girl,' I shall do it, and you will like it."

I went to shut the window—shutting windows isn't done in England, but one must hold on to some of one's old habits—but first I put my head out and smelled the damp. It was a pleasant smell. At eight in the morning, the petrol fumes have not yet permeated London's atmosphere, and, unless it is foggy, the air is wet and fresh and cold to the inside of one's nostrils. In autumn the smell is like wet leaves, and in the spring like tulip bulbs.

We live in a mews house, set in a row of similar houses. Some of them are painted pink and yellow and pale green, but ours is broken white—white when it was painted but a trifle sooty now. Across the cobbles is a brick wall about three feet high, and beyond that lies a church meadow, still green in January. The meadow is full of trees, and that morning their bare black branches against the gray sky looked like a Saul Steinberg drawing. I sniffed and gazed. To my right was the dome of the Victoria and Albert Museum, tall, bulbous and gray-white with a ramrod-stiff figure of a woman on top, and to my left the attractive stone arch that forms the end of our mews. Beyond the arch, there is a vista of clouds, chimney pots, a row of the tall, early-Victorian town houses of which London has so many, and a distant sharp white steeple. All in all, it is a view to evoke fantasies of the Waterloo Ball, tiny yellow satin slippers and His Grace chucking Her Ladyship under the chin and muttering, "Baggage."

I saw the next-door cat being pushed out the door by Margery Harper-Crewe. She, for undivulged reasons, calls this cat Philadelphia Jack O'Brien. He is handsome and strong, but it still seems a little overdone to me. My own cat, a charming lithe Siamese, is called Fluffy, a sensible cat's name. I did not shout, "Hey, Margery" and wave merrily. One does not do this in England. I withdrew my head, shut the window and went downstairs to make the breakfast.

When I knew I was coming to live in England, I had delicious visions of breakfast, culled from the novels of Angela Thirkell and V. Sackville-West. There would be an enormous fire in the Adam fireplace. George II silver coffee and tea pots, my tall, handsome sons home from Eton for their spiffing hols, liveried footmen bringing in the letters on a silver tray, and me in tweeds, very well cut, with a small yet expensive diamond clip in my lapel and the Plantagenet pearls around my neck.

Breakfast at 4 Winchester Mews is not quite like that. I went into the kitchen, which was freezing cold, and put three eggs in a pan of water to boil and cut some bread for toast and got out the jar of marmalade and poured rehydrated unfrozen orange juice into glasses. I picked up the letters from the place on the hall floor where they fall through the slot, and the Times (not ironed by the butler), and, opening the door, shoved Fluffy out to join Philadelphia Jack and clawed the milk inside.

When I got back to the kitchen James who had been cleaning his shoes, was revving up the boiler. This is a hideous device which makes the hot water, except when, as the French say, it does not march, and consumes untold quantities of expensive coke, theoretically warming the house by heating—I use the word loosely—a horrid little iron radiator in the hall. It does warm the kitchen almost imperceptibly, and by the time James had shaken it about a bit with the poker I couldn't see my breath. James ate his eggs standing by the sink and cleverly managed to get marmalade on all three of his letters, which were from estate agents about houses in the country, and I ate mine while reading the agony column of the Times.

James put his empty eggshells upside down in the small silver cups and placed them in front of me. "Have another egg, darling," he said, a joke left over from preparatory school. I followed him into the hall where he put on his foulard muffler, overcoat, bowler and hogskin gloves and took his tightly rolled Brigg umbrella in hand.

"To think," I said, "that I, little Katie Collins, the retarded daughter of the Chicago meat-packing clan, could have worked my way up to a husband in a bowler hat."

"Lucky you," said James. "I think we'd better go out to dinner tonight for a treat."

"Oh yes, please," I said. I don't particularly like

CONTINUED ON PAGE 101

LOVE IN THE MIST
is soon to be published in book form by
Houghton Mifflin Co.

said.

"I'm afraid this one won't do," said James.

The George

The baby cried very loudly and would probably attract the enemy. It used up all the men's undershirts. and it

This story is true. The author, a combat historian, first read about it in the action report of Company G, 106th Infantry. When he checked its authenticity with Sgt. "Hoppy" Ryan, he took along a tape recorder—and here, in Hoppy's own words, is how it really happened.

It was just after dark when Stoke called me to his foxhole and told me I'd have to take my platoon to Fox Company. When you move at night the main thing is to keep quiet, so I told my men that the first guy that opened his yap was going to get his head bashed in.

After we'd gone about half a mile we came to this cut where the railroad track goes through a big hill. I was in the lead and Sergeant Blasingame was bringing up the rear. There were fourteen of us left in the platoon at that time. I got almost all the way through the cut when I heard this noise like a baby crying. Well, you never know about those things. It could have been a Jap signaling. I looked around, moving my head real slow.

I knew by the way the rest of the men were looking up that whatever it was was up on top of the hill someplace. I poked Jamieson and Bergen and motioned to them to follow. Then I began to climb up the bank.

It had been raining and the bank was slippery and muddy, so that climbing was hard. About halfway, I grabbed a bush to pull myself up. The next thing I knew, I was lying down there in the ditch, trying to get the mud out of my ears. I heard a hissing. Anybody could have heard it, including the Japs in Shuri Castle.

It was Jamieson. "Hey, Hoppy," he whispered after his hissing made me look up, "there's a cave here."

I told him to shut up. Then I grabbed Mogoluski's arm because Mogoluski had a flashlight. We climbed up the hill and I grabbed the light and stuck it in the hole while Jamieson looked around. The noise came again, from inside the cave.

Jamieson whispered, "It's full of people and they all look like they committed suicide."

"They ain't all dead," I told him.

Somebody had to go in that cave and look around, so we played ibbety, bibbety, kesah—that's the paper, scissors and rocks game. Mogoluski lost. He crawled in and was gone three or four minutes. When he came back he was carrying a bundle in his arms.

"Guess what I got," he said. "A real live baby. Its mother was shot. That's what was making the noise."

"I guess that settles that." I started sliding back down the hill. "Let's get going."

Mogoluski just stood there. "Hey, Hoppy," he said, loud, "what are we going to do with this here baby?"

"You open your mouth like that once more," I whispered back at him, "and you won't have to do nothing. I'll shoot you myself."

He came sliding down beside me. He looked like he was going to cry. "What do we do with it?" he whispered.

"There's nothing we *can* do with it," I told him. "Just put it down someplace, and let's get going. We're late now."

"You mean you want me to leave this little baby here by the track?" he asked.

"That's what I said," I told him.

"It'll freeze to death," he said. "Or maybe it'll starve. Or maybe the wolves will get it."

"Listen," I told him, "we are in the middle of a war. There are trigger-happy guys all around us. If that baby lets out one single little yell, our goose is cooked."

That's when Jamieson got in the argument. "Couldn't we just take it along with us and turn it in to the first battalion aid station we come to?" he asked. "Of course we'd do something to keep it from crying first."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 155

This is a chapter from the author's book
WAR IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR
recently published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.



Hoppy was afraid every man in the platoon might cry right along with the baby.

Company Baby

couldn't eat K rations.

Could Sergeant Hoppy
be blamed for wanting
to leave it
under a bush?

By EDMUND G. LOVE





Love...

"Woman is that absurd
creature who believes she was
made for both living *and* loving;
can reconcile both; and,
in fact, does not feel that she
has lived unless she has also loved."

What a woman feels about love is that it is ludicrous to begin any writing on that subject except such writing as is headed: *My dear love*. Men may write about Women; a woman prefers to write to a man. She has no theories about Men: she has certain feelings about a man. She does not wish to anatomize love, she wishes to express it. A man writing about love—what is he doing, sitting there, theorizing? As he analyzes emotions and searches for phrases, her instinct is to put an end to all that nonsense with a kiss. In that kiss are answers, she feels, he will never find by thinking. Love is not what you think. If it were, none of us would be here.

Woman, man has said for centuries, is mysterious. Women do not feel themselves to be any more of a mystery than any other member of the human race. But if they are, the virtue of a mystery is its mysteriousness. Woman has no desire to take a Catherine wheel apart, to analyze fox fire, or to break down the aurora borealis into its spectral components. So with love: a woman feels that she knows about love. She feels her way to her knowledge; a man knows his way to his feelings. How much more accurate (and pleasant) is woman's method!

It is this difference of approach which makes the interchange of lovers so enchanting. They have arrived at the same place, but the scenery along the way has been so different! They tell each other of the landmarks they have passed on their journey toward each other. Woman is probably less womanly than men imagine, and no man can equal the manliness imputed to him by a woman in her daydreams. Nevertheless, the differences are sufficiently real to provide the two when they meet and love that sense of completion which Plato first recognized and which, once experienced, leaves the woman widowed by love's death not only sorrowful but maimed. For the loss of the loved one—his physical presence, his dear voice and unique walk and smile—is nothing compared with the loss of meaning. One's own half of the world is meaningless when it cannot be shared; and the half the man brought to one, he takes with him when he goes.

Men have been the great definers of love. Love defined by words (it is best defined by acts) has often been most eloquently spoken of by men not conspicuous for their love of women. This fact does not invalidate their statements. The battlefield is never well observed by a combatant. St. Paul did not think highly of women, nor was he, in First Corinthians, writing of the love between man and woman. But no woman who has loved would contradict him: loving, she has known fear cast out: companioned but unloving, she has heard the sounding brass.

Anything one can say about love has been true for someone in love at some time. It has been felt to be bliss, to be agony; to be health, to be sickness; it makes the world go round, it puts an end to every reasonable activity; it is born in a glance, it dies with a touch; it is heaven, it is hell; it endures all, and is killed by one hard look.

Conceived as existing in such extremes, love ordinarily finds its expression in a middle ground known as marriage. Some girls have the misfortune to grow up with the idea that marriage is an end in itself. It is not. It is a means: a means for the expression of love.

The life of most women is a search. They think of it as a search for love. If they also believe that it is a search for someone to love them, they will be disappointed. What they long for is not a lover but a man to love, a man to whom they devote the whole of their being.

This search begins very early and a woman is aged only when it is abandoned. Many women never, in this sense, age. Dreaming of love! Falling in love! These are not to be confused with *loving* any more than the bouquet of wine is to be confused with the wine, but who would miss either? Falling in love begins for most women with the eyes. If we were not sighted, we might fall in love through listening—for the voice, no doubt, reveals more of a man's essential nature than the bridge of his nose or the bulge of his calves. Falling in love by way of the senses is natural enough, and probably wise in the bargain. "The body's judgment," says Camus, "is as good as the mind's." Better, perhaps, in a matter in which the body is to be so intimately involved. Our marriage counselors are full of wisdom about the choice of a husband with a suitable background. They had better pay more attention to the foreground. It will do no good for a college graduate who is a Methodist with a background of banking in her family to marry a Methodist, bank-telling B.A. if he is splayfooted and she loves men who toe in.

is not what you think

It does what mind cannot do;
it goes where mind cannot follow. . . . Love is never the measure
of the person loved, but of the person loving.

By JESSAMYN WEST

The tragedy of our time is not that we are so eye-centered but that we do not know what we like until we are told by our advertisers and entertainers. John Gilbert and Elvis Presley and the cigarette-ad men are types, and love does not go by types. If what is superficial and conformist in you responds to a surface which also conforms to a fashion, there will be no real meeting in love. Two surfaces will meet; this will never be very satisfying, but if the coming together was impelled by surfaces, it will be perhaps dangerous to go deeper. God knows what may be beneath the surface. There may be wisdom in the judgment of the body, but the body which judges must certainly be yours. What Confucius said—or Kinsey, or Keats—may be hearkened to. But if your body contradicts them, or contradicts ten thousand girls screaming for Elvis, there is your truth. There, in fact, are you. By falling in love we discover ourselves, and there is no hope of finding a true self by falling in love with a façade. "Who am I?" is defined in part by saying, "I am the woman who loves this man."

At any rate, falling in love begins early. Käthe Kollwitz, writing of herself as a young girl, says, "After this first crush of mine, I was always in love. It was a chronic condition. Sometimes it was only a gentle undertone to my ordinary life and sometimes it took stronger hold of me."

There is no misery in these first gentle undertones of love because the girl does not wish to do anything but dream. She is suffused with the radiance of her emotions and has no more desire to do anything about them than she has a desire to do something about a sunset. The actual advance toward her of the boy dreamed about is enough to put her in flight. Yet she may be more conscious of him, his comings and goings, his apparent approval or disapproval of her, than of any other act or object in the world. Whatever her parents or teachers may think, her real life is lived in her imagination where she is companioned by this boy. The reasons for everything she does or does not do lie in this dream. When she thinks she has been unworthy of him she disapproves of herself, though she never feels truly worthy of him.

"Falling in love," as differentiated from "loving," is an intoxicating state for many reasons. One feels when in love that nothing else matters. One is turned wholly toward the loved one. There are no longer any trivialities in life: those that do not relate to the loved one do not exist, and those that do are not trivial. In love a woman feels Biblical: she has put first things first. She has the conviction that her life is unified, that it has direction and meaning, that its direction is toward and its meaning suffused with truth, that in love she transcends time and makes herself one with eternal forces. Her convictions are not without foundation.

How useless to say to the girl or woman in love, "What do you see in that man?" It is not against the man you must argue, if you are foolish enough to argue, but against the woman herself and the feelings which flood and transform her. She may not yet truly love the man or boy who has elicited these feelings, but she does love the person she has become: a woman purified by love's focusing, a woman with direction and purpose, a woman whose desire it is to be wholly used. Intuition tells her that when she feels thus, she is most herself and most woman—a person from whom she can never, except tragically, alienate herself.

Paradoxical as it may seem, it is the loving woman, not the loved, who feels most lovable. Loving is a state which imagines reciprocity and hence lovableness. This does not mean that woman feels worthy, only that her great love lifts her to a height where the man may, out of his goodness and by bending low, reach her. In love, asking to have much asked of her, the woman feels herself to be nearest her best self. For this reason, the woman who has loved, whether in conformity to or in transgression of the world's rules, has climbed one rung higher on heaven's ladder than the woman who has never known this desire to serve, to sacrifice, to lose herself in another.

No woman, given a choice, would choose for her tombstone "Mary Jones, a greatly loved woman," rather than "Mary Jones, a loving woman." Being loved, so far as Mary Jones is concerned, is someone else's history. Loving is *her* history, if she has one. Loving *and* loved is her triumph. The woman who expects to sum up and justify her life to St. Peter by saying, "On earth I was greatly loved" will encounter, if I know anything about tears or heaven, heavenly tears at this misunderstanding of life's purposes and uses. CONTINUED ON PAGE 159

LOVE IS NOT WHAT YOU THINK
will soon be published in book form
by Harcourt, Brace & Co.

LOVE BETWEEN THE ACTS

By FLORENCE JANE SOMAN

Kay knew Aunt Isobel was a tireless matchmaker. Was this evening her scheme— or his?

As she opened her program and looked around her, Kay Brannan saw that the theater had almost filled. She was quite beautiful and not used to going anywhere alone, but this was a brand-new hit show and her Aunt Isobel had called only two hours before to say that there was a ticket at the box office that she couldn't use because of a sudden migraine. Kay, miraculously, had been free after dinner, and here she was.

Now she saw a tall young man coming down the aisle and found herself staring at him because he had that dark, thin, reserved look that she loved in a man and so seldom came across.

She looked down at her program. Then, feeling a movement at her left side, she looked up. The attractive young man was sitting in the seat next to her and for a moment their eyes met. He was alone too.

The lights went out; the curtain rose. It was one of those sophisticated modern comedies. Kay discovered that she was silently sharing it with the young man at her side. They laughed at the same instant, a little ahead of everyone else, and twice they chuckled at a line that the audience missed entirely. It made for a silent rapport between them. It was very exciting, she thought. How different from those blind dates people were always arranging for her! Her Aunt Isobel, for instance, who had given her this ticket for tonight. Aunt Isobel was one of the worst offenders, always arranging little dinners just to get Kay together with some eligible man she had in mind. Lately, because of Kay's protestations, she had become more artful in her matchmaking—oh, there was no end to the tricks she could think of! For example, this ticket for tonight. It would have been just like her Aunt Isobel to buy *two* tickets, and then give one to ——

Kay, staring at the stage, stiffened abruptly. Oh, there was no doubt about it at all. It was a prearranged meeting.

His head turned suddenly; they were looking straight into each other's eyes. He smiled. In the near-darkness, his eyes had a liquid shine, his teeth were very white. Kay looked quickly at the stage again, her breathing slightly uneven. Her opinion of her Aunt Isobel rose sharply.

The first act ended and the lights went on. As everyone around her began to get up, Kay thought, *He'll say something now. Something like "You're Miss Brannan, aren't you? Your aunt, Mrs. Trent, told me to be sure and introduce myself."* She hoped he wouldn't. It would be such a conventional opening. She felt his gaze and turned her head. He said, "I love your laugh."

She swallowed. "Do you? I never cared for it much. I always wanted one that was musical and silvery."

"Well, it isn't," he said. "It's just helpless."

"Helpless?"

"As if you were coming slightly apart at the seams and couldn't do a thing about it." He grinned. "My name is Jeff Saunders."

"I'm Kay Brannan." *As if you didn't know*, she thought. But he was right in not mentioning Aunt Isobel for a while.

"Would you like," he said, "to go down to the lounge?"

"I'd love to."

They walked up the aisle together. They talked, but Kay hardly knew what she was saying. Sometimes, through the swirls of smoke, they would look at each other without saying anything at all. Kay began to feel flushed and a little lightheaded. *Dear Aunt Isobel*, she thought; *oh, darling Aunt Isobel!* Turning, she saw an empty phone booth and made a sudden decision. "Will you excuse me," she said, "while I make a short phone call?"

In the booth, she dialed the number and heard her aunt's quavering "Hello?" In a low, intense voice, she said, "You fraud. What a trick to play on me."

"Oh, Kay." Her aunt sounded frightened. "Are you angry? He was *such* a lovely young man and I simply couldn't think of another way to get you together. You know how furious you get when I invite ——"

"I'm furious now," Kay broke in. Then she relented. "No, I'm not. I'm grateful, really. He's a real broth of a boy."

Her aunt's voice was instantly eager and happy. "*Isn't he?* He comes from a fine old family, Kay. And he's so well educated and well-to-do. Of course, even with all that, I wasn't sure if you'd like him or not. You're so picky and choosy."

"I like him fine. He's very charming."

"Isn't he? Oh, darling, I would *so* love to see you married and out of that bachelor-girl apartment! I always ——"

"Yes," Kay broke in hastily. "Well, I have to go now, dear. The second act is starting soon."

"Is he talking to you and everything? He seemed a little shy."

"Shy?" Kay was astonished. "He's about as shy as a boa constrictor."

"Well—I told him to speak up at the first opportunity. Maybe he's just that way with older people."

During the next act Kay and Jeff Saunders did not speak. When the house lights went on again they stayed in their seats and talked. He was connected with a large textile firm and lived alone; he seemed very interested in the fact that she did too. "Aren't you afraid sometimes?" he said. "Of burglars, I mean."

She grinned. "I sleep with brass knuckles on," she told him.

His expression was thoughtful. "You're a very unconventional girl, aren't you?"

She was pleased. "Oh, yes. I'm a free soul. I like to drift with the moment."

"I can see that. Where are we going after the show?"

"Wherever you say. You lead, I follow. I have a very amenable nature at times."

He looked at her in an odd way. Then the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136





"I'm not going to let you
slip away," he said,
"just because no one's
introduced us."

LOVE CAN MAKE YOU BEAUTIFUL

EUROPEAN



These "before-and-after-Philip" pictures of Queen Elizabeth show how love and conscious effort can work beauty miracles. The radiance of her smile is from her heart, but a reducing diet combined with more tasteful attention to clothes, hairdo and make-up has transformed a plain princess into England's beauty queen.

Beauty, alone, cannot make you lovable. But love, we believe, can make you beautiful. Queen Elizabeth is a radiant example of how an average-looking girl can become a beauty by graciously setting her heart and her mind on pleasing another person. In addition, every woman whose eyes have ever shone or whose voice has ever softened in the presence of her loved one charmingly bears out this belief. Here are some more examples of how love at work can invest real qualities of beauty where beauty, in terms of perfect features, need not exist. By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor

A friend tells us: "Not long ago, I met a girl I hadn't seen since college. We greeted each other enthusiastically, then she looked me up and down and exclaimed, 'Why, Laura, you're looking beautiful; whatever happened?' Laughing off the left-handed compliment, I answered spontaneously, 'I'm in love with a wonderful guy.' After leaving her, I thought about how true it is that loving and being loved has put a lilt in my heart, a gleam in my eye and a luscious new look in my wardrobe. I have an average amount of grace, but let Bill take my arm and my steps turn feather-light. His nearness gives me courage—his laugh brings me joy. It's no longer just a matter of 'How do I look?' but a much more intriguing 'How do I look to *him?*' I used to wear a lot of black. But Bill loves color and as I add pinks and cherry reds to my wardrobe, or soft shades of blue, I'm thrilled to see how much more they do for me. I'm not really beautiful. But in the eyes of my beloved beholder, I seem to be successfully holding my own."

Having the true desire to forget about yourself in favor of pleasing another person is, in itself, a winning attribute of beauty. This is not losing, but using your identity to put your own delectable touches on someone else's life.

One young married attributes her lively sparkle to the fact that she's vitally happy in creating a home for her husband. She says, "It isn't my make-up or hairdo, but my outlook on life, that has changed. I used to be overly preoccupied with myself, always worried about the way I looked, the impression I was making. Now that Tom has become the center of my heart, I spend my time in joyful concentration on him. To me, Tom's home-coming is a special occasion that occurs seven days a week. I like to dress up for it, perfume for it, gather flowers from our garden for it. Our wedding china and silver shine on our table each night, even if the 'banquet' is only a baked-bean casserole for two."

There are some girls, though, who never make the effort to learn such heart-to-heart tricks. You may know such a person. In her rigidly literal-minded approach to life, she leaves no room for the wonderful nonsense of doing something just for fun. She doesn't give enough, laugh enough or even hope enough. Her reaction to her blank datebook may vary from being self-defensive ("People don't understand me") to self-pitying ("The other girls have all the luck"). What she needs is a cheerful conviction that love usually *is* "just around the corner" for the girl who confidently expects it, and who radiates belief in herself.

This girl dresses and behaves appealingly at all times, wanting to be deliciously ready for the magic and unpredictable moment when he sees her across a crowded room. She knows that "give and take" and the gloriously generous feeling of "me for you" are preparatory to making two hearts beat as one, and willingly offers her share of these ingredients.

All men respond to enchanting traits of femininity—the words or gestures, no matter how small, that graciously serve to reinforce the male ego. One globe-trotting gentleman says, "The Frenchwoman is a past mistress at making a man feel like a man. At an introduction her handclasp is appealingly firm, and when she speaks her words of greeting she isn't looking around the room or tugging at her skirt or fixing her hair. She's giving her complete attention to the man of the moment and making him feel he must be quite a fascinating fellow!"

As any happily-in-love woman knows, men don't have to cross the ocean to find these special traits. When one handsome young man was asked what he thought was his girl's most attractive feature, he promptly answered, "Her warm and wonderful smile. It starts in her heart, twinkles in her eyes and decorates her face in the most irresistible way." And a romantic husband declares, "My wife, at forty-five, is far more delightful to look at and lovely to know than she was at thirty. At the risk of sounding ridiculously sentimental I think it is because Mary and I have continued our love affair right through our seventeen years of marriage. She blooms with my attentions, and I respond to hers. Our little gestures of appreciation for each other are not necessarily elaborate. Mary might come home and say, 'Honey, I saw this blue tie and it reminded me of you,' or she may make a sweet little ceremony of wearing a certain dress or hat because it's my favor-



WIDE WORLD

ite. In the same way, I enjoy sending her flowers for no special occasion, or asking her for an unexpected date. We have teen-age children. One of them recently said, 'With mom and dad the honeymoon may be over, but, boy, the flirtation certainly lingers on!'"

From the time a little girl announces "Daddy's so handsome, I think I'll marry him when I grow up" it is apparent that appreciation of a pleasing appearance can get off to an early start. A young mother, glamorously dressed for a party, went to kiss her children good night. She smiled when her daughter exclaimed, "Mommie, you look *beautiful* in that dress!" then beamed with joy as her little boy added, "It isn't the dress that makes mommie pretty, it's mommie that makes the *dress* pretty."

If your reaction to falling in love is "feeling like a million" it's not just a dream but a medical fact. Doctors tell us that love heightens the metabolism and quickens all the body's vital processes. A reader writes: "I reduced on love. At 18, I weighed 156 pounds and I'm only 5'2" tall. At 18½ I got married (he saw my potential). At 19 a new life started growing within me. My doctor told me that if I gained the expected 20 pounds during pregnancy a normal delivery would be difficult at best. I didn't diet and I didn't gain. I lost seven pounds. It was hard to convince anyone I was actually eating three well-balanced meals each day. I went into delivery weighing 149, and came home (with a healthy baby girl) weighing 128, which I still weigh five years later. Miraculous? Yes. But love and the security of being loved can work miracles. All my life I had been urged to reduce. The more urging, the more frustrated I felt, and the more I ate. But once I had love unconditionally, I felt in command of myself. I no longer needed food for love. I had the real thing."

Love is a journey into all emotions. The moonlight-and-roses path is invariably strewn with misunderstandings and disappointments. The woman who consistently makes an effort to meet these side situations with a clear head and a tender heart is touched with a spiritual beauty that is a delight to behold and be near. Requirements are often simple. It may be no more than a well-timed laugh to lift a heart, or a loving hug to heal a hurt. Whatever the need, fulfilling it with sensitivity, generosity and good humor is an act of beauty in itself.

How old you are has little to do with how lovable you can be. "The most beautiful woman I know," a fascinating bachelor tells us, "is a charmer eighty years old. She is the center of I don't know how many lives. With engaging absorption she can do a picture puzzle with a child; swap recipes with a bride; talk animatedly on a variety of subjects. Last Sunday I took her for a walk in the park. And as she bounced along at my side, dressed in a flower bonnet and crisp little coat, I thought to myself, 'When I find a girl of my own, she must have what this one has—a truly smiling heart.'" END

HOW LOVABLE ARE YOU?

Straight from the hearts of happily-in-love men and hopeful bachelors come these reasons why "I love her" or "I love her not."

"To be truly lovable, girls have to be *girls*. Deliver me from the one with the strident voice, the booming laugh, the backslapping inclinations. When I want a 'good pal' I'll find him among my own sex."

"The more feminine, the better. I don't mean a girl must be a helpless bundle of curls and frills—far from it. But there is something mighty appealing about a girl who softens her appearance with a pretty color, or a ribbon for her hair, or a flower to keep her suit from looking businesslike."

"A lilting voice—warm, gentle and animated all at once—is a beauty order any girl can learn to fill. And with it, she can put a world of wonderful meaning into a greeting as simple as 'John, how *are* you?'"

"I once knew a girl I considered 'pleasantly plump' until she spoiled the whole illusion by showing up in slacks. Why don't the less-than-perfect-figure girls ever learn?"

"Freshness in appearance is loveliness itself. Hair that shines, clothes that are bandbox-trim are pretty pluses for any girl. Some underestimate the value of these things. They go around with soiled gloves, hanging slips, run-down shoes. It's an 'I-don't-care' look that prompts a man to feel exactly that way about her."

"Social grace—knowing how to meet people, how to be a charming guest or hostess—can turn the plainest girl into a radiantly appealing person. Sometimes these qualities are instinctive, but every girl should know they can also be learned."

"Give me a woman who openly indicates she likes the pleasure of my company—who shows real delight in being asked for a date, or who thanks me enthusiastically for my thoughtfulness in sending flowers. The girl who is blasé about such attentions or who takes them for granted is a nonentity in my book."

"A girl who wears her hair up in pin curls in public is one who will never appear in public with me."

"You think men don't notice little things? I met a girl at a party, thought she was a knockout, invited her to join me for a cup of coffee afterward. In the bright light of the little diner, I was appalled to see her hands. The skin was rough, the nails jagged, the polish all chipped. Why would a girl stop her grooming short at her wrists?"

"A man wants to help and protect a girl—to carry her packages, open the doors, see that she's comfortable in her chair. But there are some women who are so anxious to prove they can take care of themselves—'Oh, no, let me do it,' they insist—that they make the man feel totally unnecessary. Their exaggerated effort not to seem imposing boomerangs by making them appear overly competent."

"I like a girl who is romantic about the way she dresses. Maybe that's because I'm in love with one who has the fetching habit of carrying little perfumed chiffon squares in pretty colors to go with what she's wearing. And when she wafts the chiffon in the air it looks pretty and I'm intrigued."

Bojangles the lion was first missed from his cage in the Hartley Brothers' Circus at half past six in the morning, when a rather sleepy young man pushing a buffet of assorted meat cuts came upon the open door. He gaped for a moment, then let out an appalled cry.

The circus company was soon in an uproar. There was a frantic search on the grounds, there were shouted reconstructions of the last six and a half hours (Bojangles had last been seen at midnight after the night show), and blame was distributed more or less evenhandedly among four people, each of whom angrily tried to shift it to the other three. At seven o'clock Mr. Gus Hartley reluctantly notified the police.

The small city of Belleport mobilized gloriously. By nine o'clock the mayor had been at his telephone for an hour. Members of the local National Guard battalion and American Legion post were reaching for their guns. Eight fire trucks were on Bissell's meadow, where the circus had set up its tent for a week's stand, and the city police and fire departments had placed themselves under the command of the state police for an assault on the spine of wooded hills (most of it state parkland) that ran for thirty miles along the river. Unorganized citizens of Belleport, apparently at leisure in unaccountable numbers for a Monday, arrived all morning in a stream of cars, bearing widely assorted weapons, hoping to share in such a novel hunt. Bojangles was

She heard herself sobbing, "Let me get him, let me get him!"
and heard Wally's fiercely concentrated, "Shut up!"



THE LION ON APPLE BLOSSOM LANE

By NEAL GILKYSON STUART

Love is a wonderful thing. Without it we might all be eaten by lions.

officially described as a healthy five-year-old, male and breakfastless. Hartley Brothers', a redoubtable holdout in the circus world, played only cities of 100,000 or above, and its animals had class.

Bojangles himself had been traveling since dawn. By nine he was about five miles upstream, padding alertly through the morning shadows of the woods. The rich leaf mold beneath his feet, the underbrush that met his chest, the birds and squirrels that he frightened stirred his ancient wisdom. Climbing upward, he came upon Skyline Drive and stared at a state picnic site across the road, one of a string of picnic sites that the state police were at that moment cleverly scouting for signs (an upset garbage can, at least), but he mistrusted its open space at once and withdrew into the leafy depths. The dews had washed some of the seediness from his coat, his head was up, his pace brisk. The attentive look on his face was really turned inward toward his hunger, but he looked for all the world as if he knew where he was going, and he was making very good time.

Although May Sellers had her small kitchen radio unpacked, she did not have it turned on. She wore her working costume of Bermuda shorts and one of her husband Wally's old shirts; cartons and suitcases cluttered the floor spaces and sat on the rather meager supply of furniture in the spanking house that still smelled of new wood and paint. Sweetly modeled of brow, still young of mouth and chin, May in her distant, girlish past had dreamed of being named Carola and discovered by a movie director, but the dream had gone with the seventeen-year-old plumpness of her cheeks. Now here she was: a matron whose cheekbones showed. The violet scarf wrapped around the waist of her ungainly shirt dated, like most of her "good" things, from her senior-high-school wardrobe; the hands that sported the tiny solitaire diamond were chapped; and she had eighty-seven cents, largely in pennies, in her kitchen teapot. She had a look of being taken by surprise that this was the way life was, but she moved with energy and devotion. If the years ahead were kind, her look would surely turn into womanly content. Five years had gone by since she was seventeen, two of them in marriage, and if she knew anything it was that sand was running beneath her feet.

The movers had brought the heavy things the day before (at Sunday double rates), while she and Wally made many cheap round trips with a rented trailer, bringing china, lamps, baby things. This morning she had wakened happy as a lark, for this was the first true house she had been housewife of, and there were curtains to be hung. At eleven o'clock she was in the kitchen, pots and pans in their cupboard, china on its shelves, emptied cartons around her. Suddenly she felt very tired.

She reached up to her new cupboard, brought down a cup and saucer, paused, brought down a second set, then decisively put it back. A guilty look crossed her face. *I'm selfish*, she thought, but she also wondered, *Did I rattle the cup?*

A voice, old and innocent, came from down the little hall. "May?"

May thumped down the second cup again, thumped a pan of water on the stove, and went to see Aunt Nellie.

"May, dear, look in the tin box under my bed and see if you can find that lovely little box of lemon drops Wally brought me the other evening. Oh, he's good to your useless old auntie, isn't he? You're both so good to me. I'm not a great breakfast eater, as you know, and I believe I'd just like a little lemon drop."

The large old lady was all folds of dewlap and giant, useless ankles, with folds of a flowing black garment in between. May could still remember—just barely—when Aunt Nellie's role had been that of cherished younger sister, backed by a powerful, grandfatherly presence who wore a beard. Later she had been a spinster aunt, respectfully cared for under the family roof. A year ago, with the death of May's widowed father, May had fallen heir to her, but now her role would be that of an invalid waiting out her last days. The doctor had nodded at May's then-pregnant figure and said, "You must think of yourself first," and May had gone to look at a home. The visit had left her shaken and shocked; she could not take

CONTINUED ON PAGE 149

Your Plan, Please

First your coat, a clear sun-washed
yellow or any color you adore.
Wonderful how even a brilliant color combines
with other pastels, and how
beautiful with white.

Choose clothes that are
"made for each other," and go well together.

Once chosen, your trousseau clothes
should be "no trouble at all."
If you select fashions
that travel well, they will usually be
the best all-around clothes.
As you choose each accessory, make
it go with as many things as possible.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST

New Silhouette

Short in front, long in back, this embroidered organdy dress has a beautiful bordered hemline.
The jacket with its big puffed sleeves is removable—and the wedding dress becomes a bare-top dance dress
for all summer. By Rappi. The short bouffant veil has a bandeau of blossoms.



Shirtwaist Treasure

in confetti-dotted silk
with a softly pleated skirt
by Anne Fogarty.
Wear it with a waist-length
gold wool-and-mohair
sweater by Carolyn Sadoux.

Trousseau Treasures

The bride lives happily in her summer trousseau for seasons to come if she chooses wisely. This year's fashions might have been designed with a bride in mind. The coat in a beautiful color, the white suit that manages to be timeless, flower-color chiffons and organzas, romantic sleeves and necklines, cottons and miracle jerseys make it easy to assemble a "first" wardrobe to be treasured.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor



Cape Collar

in white organdy makes a printed cotton look new. Cool green and white, the freshest combination. By Gretta Plattry.

The Bride Goes Away

in a light-as-air wool coat in a new color, new silhouette to go over everything, by Gunther Oppenheim. The suit: white silk or wool tweed with gold buttons, Leonard Arkin's copy of a Chanel. Carry a white bag.



Trousseau Treasures

We Recommend

A wool suit and one in a cool wonder fabric because you can't travel in comfort without both.

At least one magical pleated Arnel sheath that never, never loses its pleats or its fresh look.

Sweaters as pretty as flowers, to decorate as well as keep you warm. Short lengths, new colors.

Accessory tips: The handbag for your going-away costume is important (don't skimp on it). Hats must be packable. Try a wide belt and wildly printed scarfs. Keep your feet pretty in slim patent-leather or pale beige or white kidskin pumps.



Pleated

to stay pleated: the striped Arnel-jersey sheath to wear practically anywhere, costing next to nothing, by Carl Rosen. New with a wide belt.



Newest

afternoon separates: blouse and skirt in pale green chiffon. The bride's choice: flower-printed slippers, crystal and chalk-white jewelry.



Hot Weather

travel or town suit of checked cotton mixture by Faye Wagner. A bow veil, white accessories.



Warp-Printed

silk taffeta, a trousseau
treasure that carries
over from season to season.
By Leonard Arkin.



Knitted

middy silhouette, a two-piece
turquoise casual—gay
traveler and easy to pack.

The fashions on all these pages are presented to you because they show you the trends of the season and serve as a guide as you shop. You will find many of them in stores throughout the nation. However, if you do not find identical styles in your local shops, we believe similar ones will be available.



Water-Color

pastels by the sea. Combine these mauve
shantung slacks with chiffon blouse, pale green
pleated shantung cummerbund and gold-color sweater.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST



Dance, Dance

dance all summer in this
hand-painted organdy
with its full skirt and high
midriff. By Rappi.
Wear a pink satin headband.



Something Blue

Oriental silk shantung,
simple afternoon
dress to wear many places.
By Tina Leser.

Teentime



The daisy dress in bold checked gingham gives a teen look to the fashion of black and white. By Eloise Curtis.



Organdy-and-gingham combination—surprise fashion the young crowd loves. Here it is with the new big puffed-up sleeves—party dress with a different look: organdy with tiny checked gingham appliqué. By Rappi. Wear with white slippers.



New ruffle sleeves, wide belt—sun spots in sun color on white organza. Newest party dress of the year by Joan Leslie.

Right—white organdy over checked gingham sprinkled with strawberries on the top. A dress for almost any kind of party, day or night.



Nautical-printed scarf dress in muslin, the sort to make any day special.



Blue tweed linen suit is a tripper or a town fashion. By David Crystal.



Flowered chintz for pretty figures. any young age. By Anne Fogarty.



The fringe coat in cornflower-blue loopy wool goes over everything. By Henry Friedricks. Piqué dress, Nornie Lanz.

and summertime

. . . the age and the time

for lots of party clothes . . . here's the news from gingham to organdy.

By RUTH MARY PACKARD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST



Overblouse doubles up with pleated skirt or shorts—shorts best on beach or in patios, worn only by the young and slim.





Baby bathing suit in checked gingham with rickrack, only for the youngest, slimmest figures. By Nornie Lanz.

ROMANTIC EVENINGS



HEADBAND BY THERESE AHRENS SHOES BY DAVID EVINS

Romantic evenings are memorable often because of a beautiful dress. A woman is never more appealing than when she is wearing something feminine and figure-flattering—perhaps a cloud of silk chiffon, a crisp white embroidered organdy or a ravishing polka-dotted silk organza with a matching stole. There are many ways of arriving at this look, as shown on these pages. The silhouette may be bouffant or slim, the dress may be long or short . . . your mirror will tell you which is for you. Choose your most becoming color (better still, the one *he* likes best) or the ever-beguiling black-and-white combination.

By NORA O'LEARY
Pattern Editor

Crisp white cotton organdy with a delightful border of embroidered daisies makes this demure, romantic dress. The bouffant sleeves are optional; without them the dress has a strapless bodice. Vogue Design No. 4017.

White eyelet batiste combines happily with black piqué in a charming young dress with a tiered skirt (peplum effect optional). The bodice ties prettily on shoulders. Add blue satin belt, pink rose. Vogue Design No. 4018.



BELT BY BEN KING SHOES BY NEWTON ELKIN

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Page 98.

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A combination of beautiful imported ecru lace and matching silk chiffon makes this timeless, elegant dress. Bodice is strapless, waistline is enhanced by a ribbon sash. Feather boa. Vogue Design No. 4008.

This charming warp-printed taffeta dress is topped by a mauve wool-and-mohair coat. Note the turquoise taffeta lining edged with a blue velvet ribbon. Coat, Vogue Design No. 4020. Dress, No. 4019.



SHOES BY BEN SOMMERS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEOMBRUNO-BODI



PEARLS BY DAN WERNER CRYSTAL JEWELRY BY AMBROS ALBERT

Polka-dotted silk organza, a perennial favorite, makes this "portrait" dress. The strapless bodice is bordered with self-fabric carnations you can make yourself. Matching stole, bright shoes. Vogue Design No. 4013.

Victorian effect (right) has special charm with its ankle-length, ribbon-bowed skirt of embroidered piqué. The bodice is plain piqué bordered at the neckline with the flower embroidery. Vogue Design No. 4014.

Satin organza, a Paris favorite, is available in the most exquisite shades. Ours, in electric pink, boasts a simple bodice and a full skirt. Wear it with an avocado-green stole and a giant rose headdress. Vogue Design No. 9744.



FLOWER BY HERMAN MILLER





Katryn's eyes glinted angrily. Tom Seymour leaned down and kissed her mouth — a brief, warm little kiss. "Good-by," he said.

ILLUSTRATED BY CORY WHITMORE

The Queen's Grace

By Jan Westcott



Against sky line, York Cathedral is viewed from city's ancient Roman wall—magnificent, serene as when Lord Latimer and Katryn made pilgrimage to pray for child that did not live.

Synopsis of Parts I–III. At sixteen Katryn Parr's marriage to wealthy Lord Borough, fifty-five, ended when he was killed in a hunting accident. Katryn, pregnant, lost her baby. She soon realized Lord Borough's older son, Thomas, was mad and intended to keep her prisoner at Gainsborough. Thomas cruelly banished his sister Lucy, who was jealous of Katryn, and then after a quarrel sent Henry, his brother, away from the manor. Katryn was rescued by Tom Seymour and arrived at her mother's house in Greenwich only to learn her mother was dead. An uncle took Katryn's brother William to court, and her sister, Anne, became one of the queen's ladies in waiting.

At her brother's wedding a year later, Katryn, accompanied by a repentant Lucy Borough, met Lord Latimer, a gentle older man, and, falling promptly in love, determined to marry him. But Tom Seymour, mocking as always, told her Lord Latimer would marry Lucy. *He* wanted Katryn. Angry though she was, Katryn found she could not resist Tom's exciting kisses. "I'm going away," he said. "And don't count on your precious Latimer. Wait for me!" But he made it clear that he was not speaking of marriage. *Wait for him? Never!* Katryn told herself furiously. *Before he comes back, I'll marry the king. Oh, how I wish that I could!*



Hampton Court, London, as it looks today. Great clock in the tower was installed by Henry VIII.

IV Katryn had never seen her manor at Tansfield. All she knew was its location in Yorkshire with the River Ure winding through its acres. She sent Lucy and Wat and two kitchen servants ahead and she stayed at Kendal for three more days. Early on the morning of the fourth day, with the warm August rain beating down, she made to leave Kendal once more. *Will I ever return?* she wondered. Her eyes took in the small cavalcade and as each cart passed she went over in her mind what she was taking to keep all their bodies and souls together.

There were three fine looms and three carders. There were four sturdy carts filled with sheep; they baaed mournfully as they peered from the wooden carts. *But that's the only way I know to prosper*, she thought, *wool*. The carts went slowly past her. Household items came next, feather beds, and quilts and wools in boxes. Silver plate, salts, and all manner of kitchen utensils. Sheets, towels, linens. A few woven carpets, and cushions and stools, and all packed with care. When the last cart rumbled past, she nodded her head with satisfaction. Mrs. Nell and her daughter, Goodie, sat on the seat of the second cart, with Mrs. Nell's favorite laying hen peering over her shoulder in some consternation. Mrs. Nell was the castle's midwife, and Katryn's nurse.

"I couldn't bear to be parted from you," Katryn had said. "Nay, nor I you, my lady," Mrs. Nell said.

Goodie and the laying hen both nodded, it seemed to Katryn, and she had difficulty keeping her face straight. She waved them on. In the gray sky the castle melted into the heavens itself, looking ghostly. She leaned down and picked up a tuft of thick grass. Wet earth clung to it, and she crumpled it tight in her bare hand, feeling its texture, its warmth. The grass cut her palm and a bit of blood oozed out. She looked down at her hand, and let the grass fall to the ground. Then she mounted. She did not look back, and neither did she wipe the blood and dirt from her hand; instead, she pulled on her leather glove and rode away from Kendal.

Tansfield seemed small when she saw it. It was built in the old manner—almost a square, and around a court. Its walls were weathered timber and old, old brick. Ivy clung to its chimneys and on the garden walls. *This now is mine*, she thought and, shaking off her weariness, turned to smile at Lucy and to attend all she was saying.

Later, propped up in her bed, with the curtains hung, and her own table with its tiny mirror and silver brushes, and her pink satin quilt over her knees, she felt that she was home. The room was paneled halfway up, and a new coat of whitewash applied to the rough plaster; beams crossed the ceiling—old oak they were. It was a comforting room, and *It is mine*, she thought, *all mine*.

Her mind went back to the day's journey as she had traveled nearer to Tansfield. That land down by the river, where it turned. Mayhap she could buy it someday, and add it to her own acres. She looked across at her bailiff, who sat, cap in hand, on the bench, looking as though he wished he were somewhere else.

"The two fields that slope down to the river we shall enclose as quick as possible," she was saying. "For the sheep. You must get all help you can, and the wood can be cut from that small piece of forest. When the trees are cut grass will grow, and we can enclose that also."

He twisted his cap. He blinked and said, "They aren't about to like it, though. That's good farming land; and the wee forest, there's game in there."

"There are sheep now penned in the courtyard," Katryn said crisply. "And whether they like it or no, 'tis my land, Master John."

"'Tis good farmland, my lady, and they get part of the crops."

"They can help with the sheep and wool, and they will get paid in money." Katryn waved her hand. "I want the men to begin tomorrow to enclose the smallest field."

"Aye, my lady," he said, standing up. "I'll bid you good night, then."

He was not convinced that sheep meant anything but trouble. Enclosing CONTINUED ON PAGE 72



PRATT

These sugar maples were planted as saplings just twenty years before this picture was made, in case you want to know how long it takes.

SHADE, BLESSED SHADE

Here are various ways to help yourself in hot weather to one of Nature's most welcome and beautifying benefactions.

By RICHARD PRATT

You have a choice of three kinds of shade: dense, dappled or diffuse. Diffuse shade is the shade produced by translucent materials, such as the cloth of the parasols and the panels of glass-fiber fabric, in the pictures below. It is the most magical, I think, and the most flattering to women's faces, and to everything else it plays upon. But it also takes the most attention, as you will see.

The kind I call dense shade occurs with a solid canopy, such as that of the little garden house in the lower right-hand corner, and often under the dense canopy of certain trees, such as the shade of the sugar maples at the top of this page. When tree shade is right, and when it is where you want it, and when you can wait for it, no other shade compares.

Dappled shade is often produced by trees with feathery foliage, such as the new honey locusts; but the quickest partial shade of all to achieve is sifted down through lattice and lathwork. This is also the most practical.

It is a pity that around so many present-day houses everything is given over to glare. A pity, because shade is so easy to have. And such a blessing to all concerned.



PRATT

A little garden house of lath and lattice is about as easy to build as anything could be; and as delightful a place for shade plants as it is for lunchers and loungers. Be sure one full side of lattice faces west to shade away the often blinding late afternoon sun.



STOLLER

Translucent shading can be the most spectacular and glamorous of all. Let it open to the east or north for the finest silhouette effects. On this simple, basic frame are fastened separate light ribbed panels of glass-fiber cloth which can be taken off when extra-high winds are predicted. For anyone who wants something sensational in light and shade, this arbor designed by James C. Rose is it.

Under this wide-spreading canopy of lathwork, which has withstood the full effect of two hurricanes, are the duckboard platform and the brick terrace where in summer are kept the tender plants from the house and the greenhouse, and where is done most fair-weather breakfasting, lunching and dining.

STOLLER

Lawn parasols in the Balinese style create instantaneous shade of the entrancing translucent type wherever their sharply pointed poles can be poked into the earth; the only kind of really covering shade you can conveniently carry with you.



JOSEPH SIDNEY

PRATT



This little garden house with a Japanese air stands slightly off the ground on posts. The wooden walls are west and north for winds. The curtain is for the morning sun when needed, and the wide southern overhang gives complete shade from the high summer sun, yet allows the low winter sun to warm the pleasant sitting place within. Designed by George Nakashima.

Can this Marriage be Saved?



The perfectionist, whether man or woman, is notoriously hard to live with. Many a home has been wrecked because a husband demanded that his wife maintain a standard of homemaking which she could hardly have accomplished with two or three full-time servants. Many a man has been driven to drink by his wife's continual insistence that an immaculate house was more important than a livable one. Perfectionism is always recognized as a serious character defect growing out of childhood experiences, and it is thought to be hard to "cure," but the American Institute of Family Relations has found that it is sometimes fairly easy to deal with as soon as attention is focused not on trying to change the inner nature of the woman but on getting her to act differently—whether she likes it or not. When she discovers that she is saving her marriage by her action, she begins to like it! Last year the Institute gave more than 15,000 consultations in addition to its nationwide educational work. . . . The counselor in the case here described was E. Groobin.

PAUL POPENOE, SC.D., *General Director*

SHE: "Yesterday I stumbled over the toolbox for the thousandth time and happened to notice a wrench Brice had borrowed three years ago. I got so upset looking at that wrench I had hysterics. It was so typical of Brice's sloppiness."

HE: "Vera is intensely critical of herself and everybody else. It is virtually impossible to please her; this makes working at home under her direction plain slavery."



"While I was settling the little boys with the sand pails, Brice vanished. Three hours later he returned from his solitary walk. He then wondered why I blew my top."

DON ORONTZ

VERA TELLS HER SIDE: "Brice doesn't procrastinate on his engineering assignments," said cool-voiced, self-contained Vera, whose beautiful guarded eyes dominated an oval face. Thirty-seven, and fifteen years married, she was the mother of three sons. "The boys and I have followed him to four different states as he moved up in jobs and salary scale—and he is now tops in skill and efficiency. Nothing is impossible to Brice where his work is concerned. The lightest task is beyond him when I want something done.

"For the eleven months since we bought our present residence—we have owned several others—Brice has dilly-dallied and put off painting, papering, landscaping, repairs. With some houses, I suppose the improvements could wait without causing too much inconvenience. Our house shouldn't wait an extra minute.

"We were able to pick up a bargain because repairs and remodeling were essential. The house was built in the worst period of the 'Thirties, the rooms are handkerchief size, and the previous owners allowed it to fall to rack and ruin. There isn't a blade of grass on the lawn, there are missing tiles on the roof, and two badly warped shutters stick out in front. The doorstep is cracked.

"Frankly, our house is a public eyesore, the black sheep of the community. Our neighborhood is populated by young professionals and rising executives; most of the houses are worth between $25,000 and $40,000. The neighbors on either side of us have stunning gardens and must be seriously annoyed at us for jeopardizing their property values. We three wives nod when we pass on the street, but we aren't speaking. It's mainly because of me, I guess. I'm too embarrassed to give the others a chance to be friendly, for fear the subject of our dilapidated property will come up.

"Six months ago the lawyer's wife on the left came over and asked whether I cared to join the P.T.A. and the League of Women Voters. She is a big wheel in both. Public affairs are an enthusiasm of mine and I'd love to yak with a group about our eldest son's scholastic difficulties, but I had to say I wasn't interested. I just can't bear to join organizations until I'm in a position to invite other women to my home.

"Actually I was too ashamed to ask my kindhearted neighbor to step in a couple of minutes. I kept her out on the porch while we talked, feeling like a fool and hoping she wouldn't look over my shoulder at the chaos inside. A sanding machine, several cans of paint and Brice's toolbox were on view in the uncarpeted living room. The sanding machine is gone now, the floors are in halfway decent shape and the carpet is laid, but the cans of paint and the toolbox, which Brice never, but never, puts away, are still permanent fixtures. To enlarge our kitchen we cut an opening into the new dining area; we need a shoji screen to cover the opening in the unlikely event we are ever prepared to receive guests. I wouldn't allow even my own sister to set foot in our bathroom; it has threadbare linoleum and an old-fashioned claw-foot tub.

"Brice says the screen and new bathroom fittings are out of the question right now and declares he hasn't the time to finish the papering and painting. If that were true, perhaps I could be philosophical about the situation. But he can always afford the money and the time for the things he wants. Last month he spent $200 on equipment for his hi-fi and he finds the time, two or three hours every evening when he should be working on the house, to listen to his favorite recordings.

"Money wouldn't be short with us except for Brice's extravagance and poor management. He makes $11,000 a year. He insists upon taking charge of the household bookkeeping—I would gladly

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

Food and Love



DI PIETRO

Whose kitchen is brighter than grandmother's? Red-haired Ellen and Kitty Jo help me add the finishing touches to a lemon-meringue pie.

by Marcelene Cox

A wise and witty wife and mother known to our readers over the years through her column, "Ask Any Woman."

I believe it is as important for a woman to *cook for love* as it is for her to *marry for love*, and where there is a strong liaison between the two she will never have to worry about love flying out the window but can keep a well-aired house at all times.

There are women in the world— I hate to think of it, but there are—who do not like to cook. Such women should lay bare the awful truth before getting married. It's just as bad a skeleton in the closet as any other. *And I mean any other.*

In our family, good food has been a harbinger of peace. It has settled a lot of fights, and it will in yours too. This, of course, is operating on the absolute certainty that you are a nice family and have an occasional fight. A well-cooked meal clears the atmosphere better than anything I know, and, in marriage, helps to keep it cleared.

A woman in love who loves to cook will conserve not only the natural flavor and juices of succulent lamb cubes bubbling in a savory stew, but also preserve the flavor and lifeblood of her marriage.

Children miss a great part of the simple pleasures of home life if the kitchen is an unfamiliar department. Through the medium of the mixing bowl, mother sometimes gets to know her own children better. To keep children away from a mother making cinnamon rolls is as difficult as to keep hummingbirds away from a blooming mimosa tree. And no mother should try!

Teaching a daughter to make a batch of cookies or a pie is probably one of the greatest pleasures a mother and daughter can share, next to discussing with cook-to-cook chitchat food they've prepared together. "Lightest dumplings ever!" . . . "Next time, a little more saffron in the rice." This last is the final flowering, the open-blossom stage in a mother-daughter relationship. Once it has been established it always will be there, to draw mother and daughter together in every meal shared thereafter, from a simple lunch in the kitchen to a sumptuous feast in the dining room, from a bedtime snack to a special-occasion dinner.

One meal I will never forget is the homecoming meal of our second daughter "Candy" after a year's absence in faraway Honolulu. To have her favorite foods, I knew, would draw Candy into the warm embrace of the family more quickly than spoken words. The house must have in it, the moment she crossed the threshold, the wonderful odors of things she loved the best; a dozen mingled smells, all saying, "Welcome home, beloved daughter!" So the smells that greeted her on coming in the door were glorious, lusty smells of Barbecued Pork Chops and Red Cabbage. Certainly the vigorous fragrance of sweet-sour red cabbage and chops bubbling in a rich sauce would reach her even before she entered the door.

Her first letters from the islands had been ecstatic about Hawaiian climate and Hawaiian food—exotic dishes such as Lau Lau, Poi, Lomi Lomi Salad, Haupia. Here she was, coming home to Pennsylvania and to her Irish-German ancestry as well—but by some strange coincidence these widely separated parts of the world both revel in sharp, sweet-sour dishes, and I knew Candy would be most hungry for the Pennsylvania-Dutch variety.

From the moment the idea struck me, it seemed so exactly right I never hesitated, but completed the menu excitedly: New Potatoes in Butter; Applesauce; Corn Bread!

For dessert? I wavered between Strawberry Shortcake and Lemon Meringue Pie, but chose the latter, to avoid anything that would have to be *put together* after the meal had begun. Besides, the delightful sweet sourness of lemon pie seemed as far removed from mild, milky coconut-flavored Haupia as Honolulu from Philadelphia.

I liked the menu especially, too, because it would be easy to manage at the last. No gravy to mix, no potatoes to mash, no carving! The Head of the Family would like *that*. He prefers conversation to carving any day.

And now, any moment, Candy and the others would be here. The dining-room table was extended to seat twelve, and for it the white-as-white-could-be linen cloth, sparkling crystal, softly gleaming silver—the best of everything. I thought of the different dishes to be brought in: the big platter of pork chops arranged in symmetrical array, rich in luscious sauce; the pink dimpled new *new* potatoes, shimmering in butter; the delicate-flavored, red-amber applesauce; the tureen of red cabbage, its pungency subdued by herbs; the long tray of yellow corn bread to come piping hot from the oven; the coffee, bubbling out its fresh-ground, sultry aroma; the pies asparkle with golden-topped meringue, cut and ready to be served in the kitchen.

We would begin by bowing our heads and holding hands for a moment of thankfulness before the food would be eaten. I could even hear some of their usual cherished comments: "Best meal ever! Best pie ever!" and *my* usual retort, "The *first* must have been pretty poor then."

There was the car, coming in the driveway! Then Candy was in my arms. "I'm home! I simply can't believe it! What a heavenly smell!"

Much later, after the circle had separated, and we had gone to bed, there was a soft rap on the door. "May I come in?"

"Of course, Candy."

"I just wanted to tell you again how happy I am to be home. Wasn't it a perfect evening? The music, the food, and being all together. I just had to thank you both again; *you* for getting us, daddy, and *you*, mother, for the grand dinner."

"Thank you, too!" I said sleepily.

"For what?"

"Just being *you*."

"Better thank her for that little redhead she brought home," mumbled Candy's father from his pillow.

"Good night, mamma and daddy!"

"Good night, dear! Turn out the lights!"

RECIPES ON PAGE 128

Appleyard Wedding



STUART-FOWLER

A wedding feast in Appleyard Center means a luscious platter of lobster salad, Mrs. Appleyard's creamy "wedding chicken," a snowy three-tiered cake.

By ELIZABETH KENT GAY

Mrs. Appleyard's niece, Rosemary, was married in Appleyard Center on a beautiful, sunny June afternoon. "It will certainly rain," Mrs. Appleyard had said calmly, prepared for the worst. It did rain, early in the morning; but by eleven o'clock the clouds pulled apart in the northwest, and big strips of bright blue sky were showing through. The lawn was brilliantly green, diamonded with raindrops, and the air sparkled with a new-washed gleam.

The wedding took place in Appleyard Center's white-spired church on the hill. Sprays of spruce and cedar from the pastures made a fragrant background against the altar for bunches of late lilac and early peonies. Mrs. Appleyard and I, coproducers of Rosemary's wedding feast for twenty guests, slipped quickly away after the ceremony, back to mother's big white farmhouse half a mile down the road. Mother's delicious "wedding chicken," an Appleyard family tradition, had to be bubbling hot. Damp towels had to be whisked off plates of thin heart-shaped water-cress sandwiches. Big rosy platters of well-chilled lobster salad, rimmed with succulent slices of avocado, and molds of pale jade-green cucumber aspic on the buffet feasted the eye as well as the palate. The traditional Appleyard wedding fruitcake towered a three-layered triumph of white splendor. Frosty punch served from a cut-glass bowl, and mounds of strawberry ice cream with fresh strawberries provided a beautiful and delicious dessert.

The bridal buffet set up on mother's broad white veranda looking out over a bank of ferns to the green lawn beyond greeted the first wave of guests flooding into the welcoming house. My older daughters helped guests fill their plates and Camilla, my youngest, prettily passed the platter of water-cress sandwiches. Rosemary and her bridegroom giddily cut their wedding cake, and it disappeared among the guests in big delicious chunks. "Next June," I heard mother saying thoughtfully to a distant cousin, "I'll have salmon in aspic instead of the lobster salad, for a change."

"Whose wedding are you planning?" I asked.

"There's certain to be *someone*," said Mrs. Appleyard happily, gazing at the large group of family and friends. "We'll try my great-aunt's recipe for strawberry mousse too!"

RECIPES ON NEXT PAGE



Clip these recipes and add them to the 50 treasures you'll find in the new Journal Recipe Treasure Box. To order the Recipe Treasure Box, send $1.35 (Pennsylvania residents add 3½% Pennsylvania sales tax) to LADIES' HOME JOURNAL RECIPES, *Dept. 6, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Offer good in U.S.A. only.*



JACK HEBERT - F. P. G.

"Early-morning showers bring June flowers," says the Almanac, on Rosemary's wedding day.

MRS. APPLEYARD'S WEDDING CHICKEN

Buy three 6-pound capons. Place each in a kettle and add 4 cups cold water, 1 carrot and 1 medium onion, peeled and cut in half. Season each with 1 teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon mixed poultry herbs. Simmer for about 1 hour or until chickens are tender. Cool in broth. Strip meat from skin and bones and cut into bite-sized pieces. Return bones to broth and simmer for at least an hour longer. Strain and chill. Skim fat from surface. In the top of a large double boiler make a cream sauce with ½ cup butter, 1¾ cups flour, 3 cups chicken broth and 3 cups heavy cream. Season with 2 tablespoons salt, 1 teaspoon paprika, ¾ teaspoon each white pepper and nutmeg and ½ teaspoon saffron. Cook and stir until thickened. Strain and cool. Wipe 1½ pounds mushrooms with a damp cloth and slice. Peel and finely chop 3 medium onions. Seed. core and slice 3 green peppers into 1″ paper-thin strips. Finely chop 6 or 7 pimientos. Sauté vegetables in 6 tablespoons melted butter until onions are transparent. Drain on paper toweling. Combine chicken and vegetables with sauce. You can prepare the recipe up to this point the day before the wedding and refrigerate everything overnight. Reheat over just simmering water about 1 hour. Just before serving add ½ cup lemon juice and mix well. Serve over 2″ pastry diamonds, 3 to a serving, made from your favorite pastry recipe. Makes 20 servings.

LOBSTER-AND-AVOCADO SALAD

You will need 7 pounds cooked lobster meat for this recipe (about twenty 1½-pound live lobsters will yield this amount). Save the tomalleys from 6 or 7 lobsters (about ½ cup). Cut the meat into bite-sized pieces. Remove cartilage. In the top of a double boiler melt ¾ cup butter, blend in ½ cup flour and 2⅔ cups milk. Season with 3 tablespoons each finely chopped fresh tarragon and chervil (4½ teaspoons each, dried), 2 teaspoons salt and ½ teaspoon white pepper. Add the tomalleys and 3 lightly beaten egg yolks. Cook another 10–15 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from the heat, strain and cool. Add 1¼ cups mayonnaise and ½ cup lemon juice. Mix well. Toss together dressing and lobster. Chill for at least 3 hours. Remove the peel and pits from 4 large avocados. Slice thinly and arrange in a shallow dish. Add ½ cup each tarragon vinegar and cold water, 1 tablespoon onion juice, ¼ cup finely chopped parsley and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Mix together gently, taking care not to break up the avocado. Chill for at least 3 hours. Turn the mixture over two or three times while chilling so that all the avocado comes in contact with the marinade. Before serving, drain off the marinade. Pile the lobster in the center of a large platter with slices of the marinated avocado arranged fan-wise round the edge. Makes 20–25 servings.

MOLDED CUCUMBER ASPICS

Mix together 9 envelopes unflavored gelatin and 6¾ cups cold water. Heat slowly over low heat, stirring constantly, until the gelatin dissolves. Add ½ cup sugar and 6¾ teaspoons salt. Stir until both dissolve. Now add 3 cups cold water and 1½ cups vinegar. Mix well. Pour about 2 teaspoons of the mixture into the bottom of each of 20 individual molds (¾-cup size). Chill until just firm. Peel 1 medium cucumber. Cut 20 thin slices slightly smaller than the bottom of the molds. Put one slice in each mold. Arrange tiny diamonds of cucumber peel round the edge. To the remaining gelatin mixture add 5½ cups cucumber, diced, seeded and peeled, ¾ cup finely chopped scallions (include some of the green stems) and 6 tablespoons finely chopped fresh dill. Mix well. Cool and chill until thick and syrupy. Fill each mold with the mixture. Chill until firm. Unmold on a platter and decorate with escarole, chicory and tomato wedges.

WATER-CRESS SANDWICHES

You can use one or an assortment of many different breads for these water-cress sandwiches. Mrs. Appleyard likes white bread contrasting with the jewel-green filling. Buy your bread unsliced and slice wafer thin. Keep wrapped in a damp cloth until ready to spread.

Filling: Let 12 ounces cream cheese stand at room temperature until very soft. Add ¾ cup finely chopped water cress, ¾ teaspoon onion salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Mix well. Makes enough to spread about 40 sandwiches.

Cut 80 heart-shaped pieces of bread with a cooky cutter. Spread 40 of the "hearts" with the filling. Remove a tiny heart-shaped piece from the center of the remaining 40 "hearts." Place on top of the filling. Press firmly together. Keep covered with a damp cloth until serving time.

MRS. APPLEYARD'S WHITE GRAPE-JUICE PUNCH

To make about 1½ gallons punch: Chill 3 large bottles each white grape juice and pale dry ginger ale. Put the grated peel from 6 lemons and 1½ cups water in a small saucepan. Boil, uncovered, until the liquid is reduced to about ¾ cup. Strain and chill. Put 1½ cups mixed fresh fruit into a large bowl. (Mrs. Appleyard likes small pineapple chunks and seeded red and green grapes.) Pour the grape juice and ginger ale over the fruit. Add ¾ cup thawed frozen lemon-juice concentrate, ½ cup thawed frozen orange juice, 12–16 drops peppermint extract and the lemon-flavored liquid. Add 1½ trays ice cubes. Mix well. Decorate with sprigs of mint. Red grape juice may be substituted for the white.

APPLEYARD WEDDING CAKE

PART I: Slice thinly and cut into very small pieces 1½ pounds citron, ¾ pound each candied orange and lemon peel and 6 ounces candied ginger. Place in a large bowl. Add 3 pounds seedless raisins, 1½ pounds each currants and seeded raisins, ¾ pound candied cherries, cut into quarters, and ¾ pound pecans, finely chopped. Mix well. Now add the grated rind of 6 lemons, 1½ cups orange marmalade, 1½ teaspoons each vanilla and lemon extract. Pour ¾ cup plus 1½ tablespoons lemon juice and ¾ cup orange juice over the fruit. Mix again. Cover the bowl and let stand overnight in a moderately warm place—by morning the fruit should have absorbed all the liquid. Line the bottom and sides of one 13″, one 10″ and one 7″ cake pan (2½″ deep) with a double thickness of oiled brown paper.

PART II: Sift together three times 6 cups sifted flour, 1 tablespoon cinnamon, 1½ teaspoons each nutmeg, salt and baking powder, and ¾ teaspoon each mace, clove and allspice. Cream together 1½ pounds butter and 3 cups sugar until light and fluffy. Add 18 eggs, one at a time, beating well between additions. Add dry ingredients gradually to creamed mixture, beating after each addition. Add fruit. Use a spoon to mix. Fill cake pans to within ½″ of the top. Cover largest pan with aluminum foil and refrigerate until the two other cakes are baked. Bake on middle shelf in a very low oven, 250° F., for about 4½ to 5 hours. Place a pan of water on bottom shelf to prevent cakes' drying out. If the surface of the cakes browns too quickly, cover with aluminum foil. When cakes are baked, remove and cool for 5 minutes in the pan. Loosen paper from sides with a spatula. Turn out onto wire cake rack. Peel off paper and turn cakes right side up. Cover loosely with a clean cloth. Allow to cool overnight. Bake large cake in exactly the same way, allowing about 5½ to 6 hours. Have ready 2 racks big enough to hold this layer. If you like, wrap cakes in cheesecloth soaked in brandy. Cover, airtight, with several thicknesses of aluminum foil. Keep these cakes for at least 2 weeks before frosting. Add more brandy, if you wish.

ALMOND-PASTE ICING

You will need about 3 pounds almond paste (available in cans in specialty food shops or ordered through your local bakery) to cover all three cakes. First turn all three cakes upside down. Fill in any holes with small pieces of almond paste.

For the small cake: Roll a ¼-pound piece of paste ⅛″ thick and circular to fit the top of the cake exactly. Brush top and sides of the cake with a little beaten egg white. Place the circular piece of paste on top and roll on the cake very lightly.

For the side: Roll a 5-ounce piece into a strip 2½″ wide and about 23″ long. Trim edges evenly. Place the strip around the small cake, making sure the ends just meet, but do not overlap. Make the edges as smooth and sharp as possible. Repeat these methods for the top and sides of the two other cakes. You may put the side on the large cake in two pieces, but the joins must be smooth.

Buy disks or plates to fit your cakes exactly. Also supporting posts and separating columns if you like. Supporting posts must be placed in the cakes before they are frosted with Royal Icing.

ROYAL ICING

Put 1 pound confectioners' sugar, 3 egg whites (room temperature) and ½ teaspoon cream of tartar into a mixing bowl. Beat together 7–10 minutes. This icing is hard drying and the bowl should be kept covered at all times. You will need about 3 times this recipe. Make up as needed. Place each cake on a disk. Frost the outside of each cake as smoothly as possible with Royal Icing. Dry overnight. The next day assemble the cakes, making sure the disks fit into the supporting posts. Decorate with Royal Icing (practice on a cake pan first), or buy decorations from your local confectioner.

SOUP 'N SANDWICHES

Cool summer meals
need one hot dish.
Make it easy! Make it soup!



It's the lunch that peps you up when the weather gets you down. It's the lunch that tastes delicious when nothing else looks good. It's the lunch that gives you nourishment you need . . . energy, too! Have a sandwich with soup as your "one hot dish" on every summer day. It's quick. It's easy. Thrifty, too! Soup's ready in just 4 minutes . . . costs less than 7¢ a serving. And tastes so good it's a pleasure to keep that healthy year-round habit . . .

Once a day . . . every day—SOUP!



Ham and Cheese Sandwich
Campbell's Tomato Soup



Tomato-Bacon-Lettuce Sandwich
Campbell's Beef Noodle Soup



Egg Salad Sandwich
Campbell's Vegetable Soup



Cheeseburger
Campbell's Vegetable Beef Soup



Peanut Butter and Jelly Sandwich
Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup



Hot Dog with Mustard
Campbell's Chicken Vegetable Soup

Have you had your soup today?

THE QUEEN'S GRACE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

the best fields for a flock of sheep! Gingerly he made his way down the dark stairway and crossed the garden to his own room. He wondered what his wife would think about the sheep, and about their new mistress, who couldn't wait till even the first night had passed to give out orders. And such orders! He shook his head.

Lucy closed the door after him. Meg was employed in making up her trundle bed, in a corner of the room under the eaves. Katryn said, "The kitchen gardener must be set to cutting back the ivy tomorrow morn, first thing, so we can see out the windows. And then every room must ha' a new coat of whitewash afore the winter comes. 'Twas most thoughtful of you, Lucy, to ha' this done for me."

"I wanted it clean and neat, madam," Lucy said, thinking of the beautiful bedroom at Gainsborough.

"If this were perfect," Katryn said, waving her hand to include all her new possession, "what on earth should I do wi' my time?" She nodded thoughtfully. "I am going to buy more land." Her voice stopped. She did not usually confide her plans; if she were going to do something, why bruit it about? She had other plans which hadn't been confided.

"Did we pass the Lord Latimer's demesne on the way, Lucy?" she asked.

Lucy flushed slightly. "No, madam." She threw Katryn a covert look. "Lord Latimer lives three miles down the river road, in a manor he calls Snape Hall. I've not seen it, madam."

Katryn nodded. Then a thought occurred to her. "But you've seen him?" she asked.

"Aye, my lady," Lucy said, low. "He called. And he brought his little boy. Oh, madam, you should see him! Fair as his father, and strong and sturdy. Six years old in six weeks, he'll be. There is a wee girl, three, and I cannot wait to see her! I told my lord, 'I just cannot wait,' I said. 'Pray bring her,' I begged him."

Katryn said sharply, "How clever of you, Lucy!" Her eyes narrowed and Lucy flushed, and put her finger to her mouth in her old gesture. "Please don't bite at your finger!" Katryn cried. Then she heaved a long sigh. "I meant only, Lucy," she lied quickly, "that it was clever of you to be so friendly with our near neighbor and kin. With our household of women we may have to ask Lord Latimer for advice and aid, in the manner of things we know nought of, like taxes and such." She nodded, and her red curls nodded too.

"Acourse, madam," Lucy mumbled. She clasped her hands in her lap. "I must get out my needlework," she said with a bit of a smile. "It's still packed."

"There is much mending to be done, Lucy," Katryn said. "After that you can start to practice your needlework again."

"I just thought," Lucy blurted, "that if my lord calls tomorrow, 'twould be nicer for him to see me doing needlework than my mending."

"My lord will think it good of thee to mend," Katryn said. "I warrant he is not extravagant, but sensible. And think you he will come tomorrow?"

"Aye," said Lucy. "He promised us four pheasants, already trussed, madam, for your home-coming to Yorkshire. He loves Yorkshire, madam! This is his country, as Kendal was yours."

"I understand," Katryn said. And although her mind was busy on all there was to do, tomorrow was another day, and a big one. She must look fresh. "Good night, Lucy," she said, low, her thoughts already far away. "God bless thee, and sleep thou well."

The baaing of the penned sheep beneath her windows, and the raucous crowing of the big rooster, waked her early the next morning. She rolled over and stretched; she sniffed the air and opened her eyes. Palest young sun gilded the tiny window. "Oh, wonder of wonders," she cried. "'Tis going to be a beautiful day!" She hopped out of bed and ran to the window.

Below her the sheep milled, some of the black-faced ones making a dot of color in their grayness. Over the ivy-laden walls, morning mist lay gentle against the green meadows, and the silvery river wandered in the distance between its tree-lined banks. She pushed the window open wide, much to Meg's consternation.

"Oh, madam," she cried, "and you almost bare!"

Katryn paid no attention. Only three miles away the Lord Latimer would be awakening, too, to this fresh, lovely August morning. She turned from the window. "I think I'm going to love Yorkshire! Meg, go you right down and gather flowers, afore



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those sheep trample them all! For the Lord Latimer may dine with us this eve!"

She dressed carefully, letting Meg draw her waist into an eighteen-inch span. Her gray dress was plain, but full-skirted, and she had red shoes. She surveyed herself in the mirror, and then around her waist she tied her white apron in a big bow in the back. Her eyes sparkled. "I am ready," she said to Meg, who went before her and opened the door.

By three o'clock, the outside of the manor had an entirely different look. The ivy had been cut back from the windows, and every one sparkled clean in the westering sun. The brick walks had been swept, and the big oaken door rubbed with wax. Within the house, Katryn surveyed the dining hall, and it was then that Lord Latimer rode up.

Katryn didn't hear him. She saw him first as he entered the dining hall. Its windows stood open, and the air was fresh from the sweet herbs scattered among the pine branches in the empty fireplace. Katryn had found two big brass bowls. Full of flowers, their color gleamed bright against the polished oak of table and sideboard. The sun slanted into the windows, touching her hair. She turned to greet him, making him a little curtsy.

"The whole house looks different," he said. "Inside and out."

"Thank you, my lord. And you come bearing gifts! Are they not beautiful birds! You must stay and share them with us."

Lucy had come into the room. He looked from one to the other. "Are you glad you are here?" he asked, a warm smile on his face. "I am glad!"

At dinner Lord Latimer insisted Katryn take the big carved chair. He would sit on a

A house without a woman and firelight is like a body without soul or spirit. FRANKLIN

stool, he said, and Lucy betwixt them. Wat carved the birds neatly, and Katryn herself kept Lord Latimer's wineglass full. She went out into the front court to bid him good-by, and as he mounted and rode off she leaned against the door. He rode so well! Her eyes misted and grew tender. *So much in love am I*, she thought. *So much in love!*

The days passed; a month passed. He came almost every day. Once he had given a big dinner, and invited all the gentry round, including some of Katryn's distant kin whom she'd never met. Katryn learned the county families were as close here as they were in Westmorland. But she had much to do; there was not much time for socializing.

"Later, in the winter, I shall go about more," she told Lord Latimer. They were walking by the fence to the river. "See how much has already been fenced," she said proudly.

He nodded thoughtfully. "Sheep are increasingly profitable."

Lord Latimer had immense tracts of ground. Snape Hall was bigger than Gainsborough, and it boasted not only what seemed to Katryn miles of farmlands, but three wooded parks, and great spreading gardens. "Why don't you enclose some fields?" she asked.

"It would work too great a hardship on my tenants," he said. "After all, suppose everyone were like you, and enclosed their lands for sheep? Where would our food come from?"

She considered this. "Why, if more people enclosed, the ones who raised food could get higher prices. Anyway, my lord, everyone won't, for everyone's not like me."

He smiled. "That's very true."

The faintest frown crossed her brow. Did he think she was selfish to enclose her land? She shot him a glance under her lashes. Here it had been a month, and although he came every day, they were almost never alone, what with Lucy always tagging along. And Lord Latimer made no attempt to try to get rid of her. Quite the contrary; he always included her, saying, "Come, Lucy, walk with us; leave your needle, and walk." Or, "Let's ride over to Norton Conyers; you come, too, Lucy." *He is too kind to her*, Katryn thought. *I may be selfish, as that knave Tom Seymour says, but one can't go about never thinking of oneself!* Didn't he even know she was dying for love of him?

They turned to start back. "Saturday," he was saying, "is John's sixth birthday. I want to give him a big party, and I would like you to come. And Lucy, too, of course. I didn't see her when I came. Where is she?"

"She is lying down," Katryn said. "A very slight indisposition."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," he said. "Please tell Lucy I send her my heartfelt regrets that she is unwell. And tell her I shall be away for the next four days, and will be looking forward to seeing her, and you, Saturday, on John's birthday."

"I'll tell her," mumbled Katryn.

He mounted, and she gazed up at him longingly. He bowed a bit from the saddle. "Good-by, Katryn," he said. "And do not forget my words to Lucy." He gave a wave of his hand.

Lucy! she thought. *Damn Lucy.* She turned and went into the cool narrow hallway outside the dining hall. She wouldn't see him for four days, then. He was going away, not saying where. *What will I do for four days?* She sighed deeply. She could make a dress. She sat down on a bench, and put her head in her hands. *Tomorrow*, she thought, *I'll ride to Richmond, and buy satin and lace. He always sees me in my plain day gowns. I'll make a dress that will show him how fair I am. It may be my last chance this year.* For she knew Lord Latimer had a seat in Parliament, and that he would go to London for the winter.

The color of the dress plagued her all night, so she hardly slept a wink. It must be just right. Black was too obvious; she would wait till she was safely wed to wear black—if she

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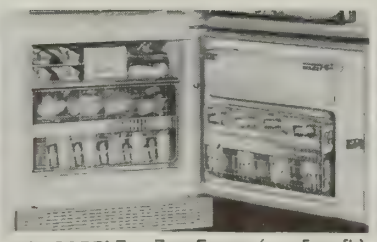


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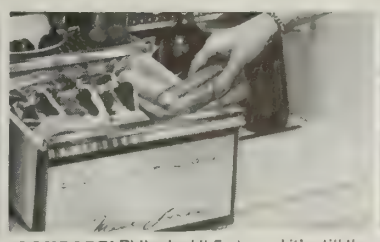
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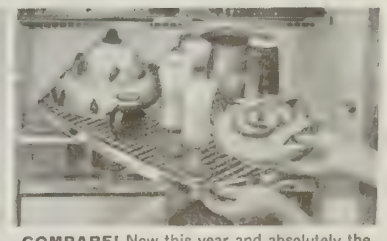
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YOU'D NEVER KNOW HE HAD A CORONARY...

Some facts and fallacies about HEART ATTACKS

☑ The chances of a person surviving a heart attack are steadily increasing.

TRUE—Not long ago, most people felt that a heart attack or a "coronary" usually meant sudden or early death—or a life of invalidism. Now we know that most victims—about 80 percent—recover from their first attack, and many of them recover fully enough to enjoy many useful years.

☑ After recovery, most patients go back to work.

TRUE—The patient who has made a good recovery is not handicapped when placed in a job which does not unduly tax his heart. Given proper medical supervision, he can engage in daily work without harm. Most doctors encourage their patients to return to work as soon as possible.

☒ Heart attacks are caused by strenuous activity.

FALSE—Most heart specialists now believe that physical exertion has little, if anything, to do with a coronary attack. In fact, attacks often occur during sleep or rest.

Many factors—including age, sex, occupation and diet—are believed to play a part in coronary disease.

☑ Recovered coronary patients should control weight.

TRUE—Next to good medical care, nothing is more important for people who have had heart disease than to control their weight.

It is just as much of a burden on the heart to carry around ten pounds of extra weight all day as it would be to carry around a ten-pound bundle constantly.

☒ A person who has suffered one heart attack will almost certainly have another one.

FALSE—The recovered patient should not live in fear that he will have another attack. He may—or he may not.

By sticking to their doctor's advice about diet, weight control, work, sleep and rest, more and more recovered patients are living comfortably without further trouble.

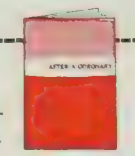
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ever did get wed! What about white? She looked lovely in white, but her only other good dress was white, and Lord Latimer had seen her in it. Yellow was pretty and gay, but . . . and blue was not positive enough. Then she said aloud, "By the Mass, I have it!" She would pick green, a glittery almost emerald green against her white skin, and it was good luck, too, for was she not of Kendal bred? But this would not be cloth, but satin, and lace, and she would cut it well away from her shoulders, but not too low. *I'll be proper covered up, but I shall show my shoulders, and wear no jewels at all. And tomorrow I must set Wat to pressing the last roses.* On this thought she fell asleep.

The four days did not drag, for Katryn was busy with her dress and her thoughts, and how she could manage to get Lord Latimer alone for a few minutes. On Saturday she began her dressing early, washing and brushing her hair till it shone, scrubbing herself from head to toe, and rubbing her body with Wat's perfume of roses. She fastened her hair high on her head. The green dress shimmered with lace and flounces; from the sea green her white shoulders rose dazzlingly, as though she had stepped from the sea. Carefully she arranged herself in the homemade litter, alongside of Lucy on the clean blanket, and the jolting ride began.

Katryn hated litters, but there was no other way to go without spoiling her new dress. She sat uncomfortable and tense, her hips protesting every time the horse stepped forward. But when they began to pass through Lord Latimer's lands, she forgot her bumping, protesting hips. It was all so well tended! The litter dragged onward, and when it turned into the tree-lined drive, up toward the first of the enclosed gardens, her heart began to beat fast with anticipation. It was then she noticed the bundle on Lucy's lap.

A vague disquiet stirred her. "What have you there?" she asked.

"A present for John," Lucy said.

"By God's most precious soul," Katryn cried, "I forgot!" Complete despair engulfed her. What would Lord Latimer think? "Oh, by the Mass," she muttered, "however could I ha' been so dumb and thoughtless? To forget a little boy," she added quickly. But to think she had gone to all the trouble for a dress, and Lucy had outdone her with a simple present. They were passing the low hedge surrounding the rose garden; Snape Hall glowered down on them, its battlements rising high as its oak forests, its great door ajar, and my Lord Latimer himself standing on the steps, smiling.

He aided them from the litter. He noted Katryn's white face. "Is aught amiss?" he asked, low.

"Aye," she blurted truthfully. "I will tell you later," she added, managing a wan smile. Then her quick brain righted itself. "Mayhap after the refreshments I could see thee."

He nodded, and turned from her to greet Lucy. He led them out into the new garden with its carefully cut yew and box, all in the shapes of various figures. He seated Katryn on a white marble bench.

She was quiet during the giving of gifts because she didn't want to call attention to herself and the fact that she had no present. The children played games and rolled hoops, and there was much shouting and laughter and quarrels. Katryn tried to laugh with the others at the children. Lucy's interest amazed her. *Mayhap when I have children of my own,* she thought, *I'll be more excited about them.* Now she only wished they would be through with their games, and taken within the house for their dinner. Katryn rose, shaking out her skirts. *Will he see me alone now?*

But he did not. She found herself answering questions from the other ladies about Tansfield and her new dress and where she had bought the material. The ladies cast sly looks at her. *They know I'm after my lord,* she thought. There were some widows among them, much older than she. She knew their eyes rested on her covertly and speculatively.

"You see Lord Latimer quite oft?" one lady inquired silkily.

"He has been most kind," Katryn said, not wanting to boast he came every day until she had a ring on her finger. "Excuse me, please," she said. She had to get away. She went into the house, and a woman servant guided her into the rooms set apart for the visiting ladies. She washed her hands, and brushed out a few curls. He did not come. *I suppose I'll have to go through dinner,* she thought and she was right.

She thought the long meal would never end. She ate almost nothing, and was careful to drink sparingly. Occasionally Lord Latimer would glance over at her, as if he were wondering what made her so white and frozen. *I can't help it,* she thought, *I feel dreadful; I am sure he loves me but for some reason he doesn't want me to wife.*

She rose from dinner. The guests sought out the garden again. Katryn hung back a little; for a moment she saw Lord Latimer nowhere. The ladies streamed past her, their gowns brushing at hers. Then she felt his hand on her elbow. His voice said, low, "Come with me, Katryn."

Her heart jumped, and she walked along with him silently, for she didn't know what to say. Finally he drew her within a paneled, shelved room. *The library,* she thought. He closed the door, and they were alone.

Katryn tried to recover her voice. "What a beautiful room," she exclaimed. A great window stretched upward to the beamed ceiling. *It must have a thousand tiny panes of glass,* she thought, for the sun caught at each one of them like a jewel. Beneath the low window was a velvet padded seat and cushions.

"Why did you wish to see me, Katryn?" he asked. "What is the matter?"

She put her hand to her breast. "The matter?" she asked. She moistened her lips. How to begin? "I had no gift for John!"

"That should not have troubled you, my dear. Why should you be so concerned over John?"

He means he knows I'm not mad over children, like Lucy, she thought, *and I'll not trouble to deny it.* She said, "I had a gift, my lord, and it does trouble me to think you think I do not care over him! I had a gift, and in the unsettling press of departure I forgot it! It lies at Tansfield!" She almost believed it, and she looked stricken.

"Forgive me, Katryn," he said quickly. "I didn't mean to imply you were not thoughtful!"

"You did so imply," she said, low. "But no matter, my lord. 'Twas the matter of Lucy." She cast her eyes down, and thought rapidly. "I was undone when we left Tansfield, as I told you!"

He took a step forward. "What about Lucy?"

Her hands began to sweat. She said, her mind racing, "Lucy is my ward, my lord; my stepdaughter by my former husband. I have her care."

"I know that, Katryn."

"Well, you do not know all about her, my lord. She is difficult and shy, and nervous, ofttimes, but she is much better than she used to be."

He said, looking closely at her, "She is well recovered from her former troubles. She has spoke of them."

Katryn said quickly, "Oh, aye, I know she is! But she is still my ward, and today, my lord, as we were leaving, she told me she expects you to wed with her! And I thought, seeing Lucy is still very childlike, 'twas my duty to speak with you, for I do not want you to disappoint her, nay, nor break her heart!"

Lord Latimer said gently, "But I do intend to marry Lucy, Katryn, even though I've not spoke to her of it yet."

Katryn swayed. Her great eyes grew bright and gold. "Marry her?" she exclaimed incredulously. "You cannot!"

"Why not?" he asked reasonably.

"Because you cannot! Because"—she looked straight at him—"I love you, my lord! I love you!"

"Katryn, Katryn," he said, low. "Please do not say thus!"

Her eyes blazed. She took a step toward him. "I must!" she cried. "I'll die without you! And you love me! I've seen you look at me! It wasn't fair to make me think you love me. For you did!"

"I tried not to," he said. "Believe me, Katryn. 'Tis true I—I —— How shall I put it? But you are too young, too full of life, too eager, too vibrant." He shook his head slowly. "Even if I did want you, Katryn, I must deny myself you and your youth. It would not be right."

She said incredulously, "You want me and you won't have me?" Her bright eyes grew narrow and unbelieving. "What kind of talk is that?" Her eyes filled with tears. "My heart is breaking," she whispered.

"Don't cry, Katryn," he cried.

"I'm going to faint," she whispered. "I laced too tight, for thee!" She gasped out the words, and he reached for her and took her in his arms. With a little sob, she put her arms around him, her head went back against his shoulder. Lord Latimer bent and kissed her. His kisses were short and almost fierce. She could feel his body tremble as he held her. She tried to answer the kisses. But her body felt like ice. *I am going to faint*, she thought. Gradually she became aware of the passion she had roused. *I did break down the reserve*, she thought, *but it is different than I thought. I don't feel the same as I did when Tom Seymour kissed me.* But it didn't matter. He would marry her now; he would marry her! She leaned back in his arms, looking at him through her thick lashes. The deep gray eyes looked into hers.

"Iadoreyou,Katryn," he muttered.

"I love you, my lord," she whispered happily. Her whole body felt light and excited. This man was hers, all his possessions, all his wit and grace and brilliance. And Snape Hall, and a house in London! "I am so happy," she breathed, "I could die of joy!" Out of defeat she had pulled victory. Her eyes shone; he was folding her close again. Obediently she raised her lips for his kiss.

Being in love is wonderful, Katryn thought. Each morn her eyes opened onto a brave and happy world, and she couldn't wait to get her teeth into the business of waking and living. Ordinarily very active, she seemed capable of enormous long hours of work. Her energies redoubled, and while her fingers sewed on her dresses, and new lacy chemises, and bright embroidery for her aprons, her mind flew just as fast.

She must make amends to Lucy. It took her only a brief hour to arrive at the solution to Lucy's troubles—poor, poor Lucy, who had lost Lord Latimer. Within a day after her own betrothal, she had written to Sir Robert Trywhit, and demanded her two hundred pounds back, and promised him a new bride, one with a big dowry, one thousand pounds. Then she wrote to Henry Borough, and told him about the first letter. Henry wrote back quickly, pleased. He would get Lucy's dowry from Thomas.

"Thomas is recovered," he wrote. "I tell you this thankfully, and I will be equally thankful that you should get Lucy a good husband. I know you considered Sir Robert for Anne. He will be a good husband."

The matter was arranged quickly, and only Lucy cried. Katryn kissed her, and told her not to be a silly goose.

"But I never want to leave you," Lucy cried.

"Truly," said Katryn, looking at her, "you must eat, for thou'rt a veritable reed! And you shan't have to leave me. Sir Robert is, I'm told, an adherent of Sir Edward Seymour, and is always at court, and you can live with me in London, should you choose. Anyway, Snape Hall will be your home, Lucy. I swear it!"

Katryn was dressing hastily, for she had an appointment with a lawyer from Richmond. She was buying land adjoining Tansfield which had previously been a nunnery. Its charter had been revoked, for its sisterhood had shrunk to six nuns. The buildings were in a bad state of disrepair. The papers were to be signed today, and then the work of demolishing the buildings could begin. It was fine pastureland, and Katryn knew she had got a bargain.

After she had signed the papers, she rode over to the crumbling convent with Lord Latimer, who had been present during the transaction. They sat down for a moment on the stone bench near the chapel. "It makes me a little sad," he said, "to destroy it."

Katryn looked surprised. "Why, it's falling down."

"Aye," he said. "But think how happy must have been these walls, once, what different people have stayed here, and walked these gardens, and knelt in the chapel, and now they are all gone."

"We are here," Katryn said. "And soon there will be sheep nibbling the grass beneath these old arches, and bearing fine wool on their backs." She smiled. "But I think on the future and how wonderful it will be!"

He took her hand. "I wish I were as sure as thee, my love." he said, low.

"Oh, I am very, very sure," she said earnestly.

Later that night she looked once more at the papers she had signed that afternoon. She looked at her signature. *In three days*, she thought, *I shall sign it Katryn, Lady Latimer, K.P.* She locked the chest. She blew out the candle. Then she knelt and made a small prayer, thanking the Lord for all He had done for her, and all she had been so lavishly given.

Katryn and John Neville, Lord Latimer, were wed on the first day of November, the year 1532. It was a small wedding, with none but the immediate families present. That meant that the three maiden aunts resident at Snape Hall, and Lucy, and a few personal and favorite servants were the only witnesses in the lovely thirteenth-century chapel. Will and Bess were still at Kendal, and Anne wrote saying how happy she was to think on Katryn's coming marriage, but that she was with child, and her husband feared for the long trip for her.

Katryn had promised Lucy she would wear her ruby cross. She had explained to Lord Latimer the reason why. So the cross glittered brilliant against the green of her velvet as she knelt by Lord Latimer's side. Afterward, coming out of the chapel into a cold November day, she clung to her husband's arm, and looked at him with pride and love. As they entered the big hall, all the hall's inhabitants were drawn up to greet them—lines of curtsying maids and bowing servants, housekeepers,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

THIS IS THE BEAUTY

By JACK PUSTILNIK

This is the beauty that catches a man
Like spring sudden showers which fall without
Plan, or rainbows we watch if we can. . . .
This is the beauty we see and we shout
To the daughters of earth, who gush forth
And spout in waters of mirth, their constant
New birth! Here in the west or home in the north
We scent their sweet breath, O tremulous plant!
We rise up and sing, so jubilant, that girls
Of the world go dancing and fling, in field and the street,
Their beautiful feet and fanciful curls,
Or warm by a fire are gentle and neat. . . .

Oh, go by the roads, oh, search in the sea;
Theirs is the brightness, this is the beauty.

GOOD BROWN BEEF GRAVY

ready to serve in so many ways



Beef Stew. Cube 1 lb. chuck or round steak. Brown in 1 tbsp. shortening. Add ¼ cup water, 1 tsp. salt, dash pepper. Cover, cook over low heat 30 min. Stir in 1 can Beef Gravy, 8 small potatoes, 4 medium carrots, 4 small onions, 2 large stalks celery cut in 1-in. pieces. Cover; simmer 30 min. Add 1 cup frozen peas; cook about 15 min. or until tender. 4 generous servings.

⅓ the calories of homemade—made with lean, juicy beef



Nothing stirs up a man's appetite like beef stew. Especially when it has that good roasting-pan flavor of FRANCO-AMERICAN Beef Gravy. This deep-brown gravy is made from the juices of lean, trimmed beef —about 25 calories in a ¼-cup serving. Try it soon on these main-dish suggestions.



Shepherd's Pie. Brown 1 small minced onion lightly in 1 tbsp. shortening. Combine with 1 can Beef Gravy, 2 cups cubed cooked beef, 1 cup cubed cooked carrots, ½ cup cooked peas; pour into 1½-qt. casserole. Spoon 2 cups seasoned mashed potatoes on top. Bake in a very hot oven (450°F.) about 25 min. 6 generous servings.



Pork Chops, Apricot Stuffing. Brown 6 pork chops in oven-proof skillet. Simmer in covered pan ½ cup dried apricot strips, ½ cup chopped celery, 2 tbsp. butter, ⅓ cup water 5 min.; combine with 2 cups soft bread cubes. Spoon dressing on chops. Pour on 1 can Beef Gravy. Bake at 350° F. 30 min. covered; 30 min. uncovered. Serves 6.

FRANCO-AMERICAN

FRANCO-AMERICAN IS A TRADEMARK OF CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY

Without your knowing it, YOUR FAMILY MAY BE CALCIUM STARVED!



U. S. Department of Agriculture studies reveal that, regardless of family income, millions of American families are not getting enough calcium in their diet.

What does calcium starvation mean to your family? Calcium is indispensable to the proper function of nerves and muscles, including the heart. Liberal calcium means a longer "period of prime," extending your active, vigorous years. Lack of calcium can cause bones to become brittle, which may explain the number of broken hips and bones in older people.



The results of calcium starvation — because of slow degenerating effects — may be hidden for years.

How much calcium do you need? The National Research Council recommends 800 milligrams of calcium daily for adults, and from 1,000 to 1,400 milligrams of calcium daily for children, depending on age. This is the amount of calcium provided by three to five glasses of milk.



". . . Whether you are young or old, it's a good thing for diet to be calcium-rich . . .

The outstanding food for calcium is milk," according to United States Department of Agriculture bulletin: "Nutrition—Up to Date, Up to You."

DRINK MILK

TO GET THE CALCIUM YOU NEED!

MILK IS THE MOST PRACTICAL SOURCE OF CALCIUM

Do you think you can depend on getting enough calcium from other foods you eat regularly?
This is what you'd have to eat of any of these commonly used, nutritious foods to get the amount of calcium in one quart of milk: 23 lbs. boneless beef, 88 baked potatoes, 11 heads lettuce, 6 lbs. green beans, 15 lbs. all-purpose flour, 44 eggs, 30 cups carrots.

Adults need milk, too. "Our ability to absorb calcium decreases after middle age, and our milk intake should increase, since our requirements then resemble those of children. One thousand (1,000) milligrams or more of calcium daily, taken largely from milk, seem highly desirable for the elderly adult."

Source: Dr. Genevieve Stearns, "Human Requirement of Calcium, Phosphorus and Magnesium," Journal of the American Medical Association, February 18, 1950, vol. 42, p. 478ff.

Authorities recommend the following daily consumption of milk. This assures sufficient calcium.

Adults 20 years of age and over	3 glasses daily
Teen-agers 13 to 19 years of age	4 glasses daily
Children up to 12 years of age	3 glasses daily
Expectant mothers	4 glasses daily
Nursing mothers	6 glasses daily



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The attached postage-paid card will bring you, free, a broadcloth draw string cap-saver bag to make it easy for you to save caps from Canco cartons—a 16-page, full-color brochure describing money-saving premiums for parents, children and home—also important calcium-milk-health information, plus a special chart to help you make sure your family is not calcium starved—and swatches of material used for Dacron® and Pima cotton blouse offered as a premium.

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Kitchen time is carefree time when you have this pretty, personalized, terry cloth apron. Super-absorbent. Color-fast. Quick drying. Lint free. Never needs ironing.

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NAME ON APRON (print below)	check if you also are ordering pair of dishtowels (same name as on apron)

Send to: _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ Zone ____ State _____

(Cash, check or money order, no stamps. If over $2, please send check or money order. Make payable to "Canco.")

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head grooms, cooks and gardeners. Then she must make inspection.

It took two hours to inspect Snape Hall. Rooms and gallery, floor after floor, kitchen, buttery, pantry, breweries, stables. Finally, atop the old battlements, high on the parapets, where one could look one way across spreading parklands, high where the wind blew unfettered across the Yorkshire hills and valleys, she and Lord Latimer were alone.

"I want you to love this as much as I do," he said.

"As much as I loved Kendal," she amended. "I shall, my lord."

"I come up here every morn," he said, "to walk back and forth, no matter the weather. I remind myself of my heritage, and what I owe it."

She squeezed his hand. Sometimes he was so very sober. "Smile," she said gaily.

They had supper by themselves. At eight, Lord Latimer excused himself and went to his own closet. By the time he returned, in his dressing gown, Katryn had said good night to Meg and Lucy, and was in bed.

In the darkness, Lord Latimer's possession of his wife was quick and passionate, and after he slept, at her side, she wondered briefly on the difference between the desires and pleasures of men and those of women. *But I love him very much*, she thought, *and I am sure he loves me*. Soon she slept too.

Katryn hardly had time to learn to find her way about Snape Hall before it was time to prepare for London. Lord Latimer had a seat in Parliament, and took his duties very seriously.

They set forth with a train of fifty. *How different was it last time I traveled down this great road*, she thought. *Now bundled in furs, with gloves of Spanish leather, and an attentive husband at my side, to say nought of all these serving people. How very, very different!* Only Lucy drooped; going forward to marriage, she was full of misgivings, and Katryn had her hands full with her. At night when she and Lucy were alone, she would try to reassure her. "After all," she said, "I promise you, if you cannot endure the sight of him, you don't need to wed!"

"I only wish to be at Snape Hall," said Lucy.

Poor, poor thing, Katryn thought. "Marriage is not as bad as that, Lucy," she said. "Why fret about it? It won't happen for more than a month, and why not enjoy what you have now? Tomorrow we'll be in London!"

Katryn fell in love with London, and it was the third love of her life. She loved it with pride, because she was English, because she was young, because its streets and its populace were full proof of the excitement of living. She loved the shops. All the wonderful things that money could buy were spread before one's eyes.

London had coronations; she saw Nan Boleyn's. London had innumerable processions, from wakes to weddings. London had endless taverns, and cookshops; London had bear gardens, puppet shows, all manner of entertainments, even plays, and if one went to St. Paul's to say a prayer, in the middle aisle you could buy the latest book, or see your lawyer, or even meet your lover on the sly, behind one of the arches.

The progress of Katryn's love affair with her city of London was slow. First she came to know her own house, on the Charterhouse, and its walled gardens. Christmas and New Year's meant staying close to home. The weather that winter was bitter, and one could actually walk across the Thames. Lucy was wed in February, the ninth of the month, the very day that Nan Boleyn electrified the whole gallery at Whitehall by a little speech to one of her friends. Nan had come bursting out of her chamber. "Oh, Master Wyatt," she had called out, catching sight of Wyatt as he stood talking to Ned Seymour. "Do you know that for the past three days I have had a mad desire for an apple? And do you know His Grace thinks I am with child? But I am not! I am not!"

This speech of Nan's flew about the town. At Lucy's wedding two hours later, that was all that people could discuss. "Damn Nan Boleyn," Katryn said fretfully, for instead of squiring the ladies, and acting like gentlemen at a wedding, the men were all gathered in knots and bunches talking of what it meant to the realm. If Nan were pregnant, then Henry might marry her; indeed, he may already have married her, and it meant to good Catholics that the break with Rome was indeed fact. To politicians, it meant they would have to get along with Nan or heads might fall.

"Vindictive little whore," one man said, as Katryn passed close. *I don't care what she is, she's spoiling my wedding party for Lucy*, Katryn thought. Looking about for her husband, her eyes met those of Tom Seymour; there was a twinkle in them, and he asked, low, proffering her a cup of wine, "What do you think about it, my lady?"

"I think she worked a long time to get her man," Katryn said. "So maybe she deserves him!"

He smiled, and she did too. "You are surprised to see me?" he asked.

Katryn wet her lips. "Aye," she blurted.

"I came because Sir Robert expects me to come. He is a close friend of Ned's, and therefore I owe him this courtesy."

"I see," she mumbled inadequately. *Why am I so tongue-tied?* she wondered wildly. *I don't like him, I can't endure him.* But now, the first unsettling encounter behind her, she found she could talk more naturally. "I don't think she's a whore," she said, going over in her mind the six years Nan Boleyn had kept Henry at bay; and with a man like Henry, that was certainly an accomplishment.

"I don't think she is either," Tom Seymour said. "They call her that because they mislike her so intensely, and feel she has taken His Grace away from his true wife."

"Who still lives," Katryn said. "How can he wed wi' Nan?"

Tom Seymour said, "Old Warham, the archbishop, has just died. His Grace has appointed Cranmer. As soon as Cranmer's appointment has been blessed by Rome, which will be any day now, Cranmer can declare Henry's former marriage invalid, and His Grace will be free to wed where he pleases, and still under the legal guise of a sanction from Rome."

Katryn puzzled over the words. "And is that all that will happen?"

He smiled and took her hand. "Never discuss politics, except with me, wench," he said. "And I mean it. There is trouble brewing."

She said, "Which side are you on?" She knew Lord Latimer was set against the black-eyed Nan.

"I take no sides," he said, "because I find myself thinking differently from any of them here." He set his wine cup down, and rested his hand on the hilt of the jeweled dagger. "I must say good-by, Katryn," he said, and she watched him walk away.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 83

MANY REFUGEES STILL AWAIT HOSPITALITY

Since World War II churches cooperating with Church World Service have settled over 105,000 refugees. This imposing figure could not have been attained if American churchmen had been less conscientious or C.W.S. less persevering. Refugees, however, are still coming into the U.S. at the rate of about 600 per month. Most are Dutch nationals from Indonesia and Hungarians from Austria. On the rolls of C.W.S. are thousands more awaiting entry. Sponsorships are still needed for these and for others yet to become eligible under American laws. C.W.S. is also seeking good adoptive homes for an unlimited number of orphans and is requesting church people to urge congressmen to extend beyond its June, 1959, expiration date legislation permitting orphans to enter this country. Recognizing the urgency of these continuing needs, the United Nations has sought to give impetus to refugee programs by declaring the year beginning in mid-1959 World Refugee Year. In short, the world-refugee problem remains a problem of the first magnitude. Nor is it likely to abate as long as the political and social turbulence of today's world continues. Concerned Americans will support the aims of the World Refugee Year and will earnestly try to help C.W.S. carry its humanitarian responsibilities. Now that the fears of those congressmen and other citizens who opposed American hospitality to refugees have proved to be without foundation, we can work with greater zeal and confidence to meet our obligations as fortunate members of the human family.

THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY

The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration



Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?

A. It's true! One is "physical," caused by work or exertion, the other is "nervous," stimulated by emotion. It's the kind that comes in those moments when you are tense or emotionally excited.



Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?

A. The "emotional" kind. Doctors say it's the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands – and it causes the most offensive odor.



Q. How can you overcome this "emotional" perspiration?

A. Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient specifically formulated to overcome this emotional perspiration without irritation. And now it's here... exclusive Perstop*. So effective, yet so gentle.



Q. Why is ARRID CREAM America's most effective deodorant?

A. Because of Perstop*, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed, ARRID CREAM Deodorant safely stops perspiration stains and odor without irritation to normal skin. Saves your pretty dresses from "Dress Rot."

Why be only Half Safe ? use **Arrid** to be sure !

It's more effective than any cream, twice as effective as any roll-on or spray tested! Used daily, new antiseptic ARRID with Perstop* actually stops underarm dress stains, stops "Dress Rot," stops perspiration odor completely for 24 hours. Get ARRID CREAM Deodorant today.



43¢ plus tax.

*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants

Whose hand is that in your purse?

If you saw a stranger's hand dipping into your bag, you'd probably let out a scream that would be heard halfway across town.

But that's just about what is happening today —without your knowledge! Certain lobbyists and pressure groups are trying to have extra taxes collected from *your* family—to put the federal government farther into the electric business.

Already, this so-called "public power" has cost Americans $5,500,000,000. And its lobbyists are after you for at least $10,000,000,000 *more.*

But it's all so unnecessary! Because the independent electric light and power companies are ready and able to provide all the electricity people will need—*without* depending on your tax money!

The costly "public power" grab goes on because most people don't know about it. So the best way to keep "public power's" hand out of your purse is to tell your friends and neighbors what's going on. When enough people understand, you can be sure they'll call a halt to this waste of everybody's money!

.....

WHEN "PUBLIC POWER" WINS—YOU LOSE!
Every time another federal "public power" project goes through Congress, you are taxed to pay the bill!

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Nothing else to buy.



Also available in Canada.



You get a complete spaghetti sauce, meat or mushroom.

You get tender, quick-cooking spaghetti. And tangy grated cheese, a real Italian blend.



You get all this and rich, hearty Italian flavor, too, for just about 15¢ a serving. Why buy anything else? Enjoy complete Italian-style CHEF BOY-AR-DEE Spaghetti Dinners.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

What Tom Seymour told her would happen did happen. The coronation of Nan Boleyn was thrilling to Katryn. She watched ladies and lords, bands of children dressed as sprites or nymphs, fountains flowing wine, music playing, and the excitement of seeing the whole city of London on its streets.

Katryn thought it was wonderful. Lord Latimer grimly noted the number of heads which stayed covered, as the critical eye of the populace fell on their new queen. Handsome she might be, popular she would never be—that was plain. At the town cross, she was presented with a bag of gold from the city, one thousand crowns. She kept it! And the city was stunned.

"Greedy whore," they said.

Katryn was thoughtful. Her mind, like a sponge, was taking in a great many odds and ends these days. She was learning there were people to know and people to fight shy of; people who were important, people who were not.

She was having her portrait painted by Holbein, who was at the time resident in Chelsea, with Sir Thomas More. Sitting here for the great artist, she would each day greet Sir Thomas, who was so kind, and gentle, and good. Also he was the Lord Chancellor of the realm, and Katryn felt very proud when she entered his house. On a spring day she met Sir Thomas walking to and fro in his garden, and she was amazed to see he wore his priest's robes.

"Why, thou'rt not wearing thy high robes of office," she exclaimed.

Sir Thomas smiled. "I shall always remember thee in thy green dress," he said. "And as for my dress, what is higher office, my dear, than these robes of my priesthood?"

Katryn bit her lip. He meant more than he had said. "Trouble, bad trouble is brewing," Tom Seymour had said. A shaft of fear shot through her. Had Sir Thomas resigned the Lord Chancellorship, because he could not sanction the king as head of the new English church? That was what Henry was founding. A new Church of England. "Sir Thomas," she whispered, "hast thou resigned?"

"Aye, my dear," he said.

She knew he was going to bless her. She knelt, there in the garden. The crocuses were about her feet, the sun lay shining about Sir Thomas' head. Katryn kissed his hand. Would the king let him step out of political life, when it was a rebuff to the king himself? Would she ever see Sir Thomas again? She went home to tell Lord Latimer what she had learned.

"It is time to leave the city," Lord Latimer said. He was deeply disturbed by her news.

But Katryn didn't want to leave London. Now in the spring, with the trees budding, and green peeping over garden walls, and the softness of the night air, she wanted to stay. Besides that, Anne was staying with her, and her baby was due any day. Lucy was back with them, for her husband had gone to France on a mission with Sir Edward Seymour. And Kate Willoughby, who had wed with the Duke of Suffolk, came every day to see Anne. Not only did Katryn like her much, but she felt it was thrilling to have a duchess calling each day.

That meant nothing to Lord Latimer, but he did agree to stay in London until Anne's baby was born. Anne was in attendance to Nan Boleyn. Will was a gentleman of the bedchamber, and they had small quarters and no proper house in London. Katryn fixed up a big bedroom for Anne, and there she rested and waited for the birth of her baby.

"Also, mayhap 'twould be best for me to stay a bit to see which way this wind is blowing," Lord Latimer said.

Katryn said, "If you would only push yourself forward, my lord, you could be a duke too!"

He smiled.

"You could!" she said. "If you would not set yourself against the new church! Why, there are lots of dukes in your family!"

"Katryn," he said coldly, "I have no intention of condoning what I feel wrong!"

Now for the first time dismay shook her, and some fear. "But you would not ——" She broke off.

"Set myself openly against it?" he asked. "I shall act, Katryn, according to my own lights, and my own conscience. I don't believe in divorcement from Rome."

"Why not?" she said angrily. "Why should we bow to the Pope? He only does what the king of Spain tells him to!"

"I've heard that argument many times," he said wearily.

"And what's wrong with it?" she asked. "Why should the king of Spain be permitted to say whether or not the king of England may have annulment of his marriage? We need an heir to the realm!"

"We have an heir. The little Princess Mary, who now, God forgive her father, has been declared illegitimate."

"If the Pope had granted a divorce, she wouldn't have had to be illegitimate," she said. "Why can't you be practical?"

"I find it difficult," he said, "to be practical, as you put it, in matters spiritual."

"You don't understand," she said.

"I do understand, perfect," he said. "Only I cannot be expedient in matters of religion."

"Expedient or not," she cried, "you are too weak to fight the king of England! You are not able; you are not equipped!"

His face was somber. His gray eyes darkened. "Ah, Katryn," he said, "you have struck deeper than you know. What you say is true. And what you imply is truer. I am not the man for you."

"Oh, how you talk," she said impatiently. "What have I got to do with it?" She studied his face. "If I were you," she said, "I'd go to court." Visions floated through her mind, even of that dukedom.

"We shan't discuss this further," he said. He made his way to the door. "Good night." She had followed him to the door, and he kissed her gently, tenderly—oddly, too, she thought.

What is the matter with him? Can't we argufy a little? I was perfectly willing to continue the battle, she thought. *He's so gentle, he doesn't like to quarrel or fight*. She sighed. *Oh, well, I'll go and talk to Anne.*

But they had no more quarrels. The summer was idyllic. Anne's baby was born on the twenty-sixth of April, with Mrs. Nell attending her, and so in the middle of May they all started north. Will Herbert gave his permission for Anne to come to Snape Hall for the summer. Lucy came, too, and when all had been packed the long train set forth for Yorkshire.

Katryn was proud of Snape Hall. Anne thought it grand and beautiful. Lord Latimer was very busy, what with the care of his vast estates, and the journeys he made to various country estates to talk with their owners.

When he was away, Katryn would ride over to her new manors and watch the enclosures go up. She saved money, and bought more sheep, and supervised the care of the flocks she had brought from Kendal. But when August came, she found she was more than anxious to get back to London.

So was Anne. On the fifteenth of August Will wrote that Nan Boleyn had taken to her

YOUNG LOVE

By MARY CARTER

There was a happy secret in her eyes,
Her mouth was soft with love;
The lights and shadows of her feeling
Like hummingbirds darting and reeling
Sucked deep the sweetness of her dreams
Intoxicating and revealing.

Of course you want a shining pan to cook your family's food in!



You protect your family's health when you cook in a shining clean pan

The shine is the sign it's really clean!

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state chamber at Greenwich, to await the birth of her child, and that Anne had best return. Since this event had great political implications, Lord Latimer packed up his whole family, and Katryn and her entourage arrived in London on the first day of September.

On the night of the seventh, Anne was at Greenwich, and Will Herbert, in the company of Sir George Blagge, was watching the pages make up the king's bed. They plumped up straw mattresses, feeling for a concealed weapon, and then laid the feather bed upon the mattresses. After that came the fine linen. Meantime, in the queen's antechamber the king himself paced back and forth, back and forth.

The fire hissed and sparked and Will turned to look at it when a page came scurrying in. "The Lady Herbert wishes you, sir," he said.

Anne stood outside the door, and as soon as Will saw his wife he knew what was the matter.

"The queen is delivered?" he whispered.

Anne nodded. "The child is a wench. They are afraid to tell him. They sent me for you. The queen is mad with grief and cries. She is afeared!"

"Ah," said Will. Then, "Take me the way you came."

Anne breathed, "Thou'lt tell him, Will?"

"Aye," he said. "Someone must, Anne."

Henry still paced. The room was silent. He heard no longer the sound of women's voices in the chambers beyond; he heard no shrill orders, no shriek of pain. He looked toward the inner door with sudden fury when it opened, and he had a glimpse of one of the nurses and a violet-gowned girl. Then William Herbert came in at the other door and dropped on one knee. The king raised him up.

Will said, "The queen is delivered, Your Grace. Of a fine healthy daughter."

Henry raised one clenched fist. A word burst from him like the thunder of destruction. This could not happen to him! "I?" he bellowed. "I have a daughter! I wanted a son!"

The veins swelled in his thick neck. The other courtiers stood quiet, moving almost not a muscle. But gradually the red anger left Henry's face, and he turned and strode toward his wife's chamber, brushing aside the nurses. Henry went to the side of the big bed where his wife lay back on the pillows, her face averted, her black hair spilling across the pillowcases.

"I suffer more now than I did during my labor, my lord," she said. She caught her lip in her teeth, and Henry saw a drop of blood catch on the white teeth.

"Do not, sweetheart," he said fiercely, and gathered her against him. She gave a little moan of both relief and pain. He released her and laid her back against the pillows.

Nan Boleyn was like a fighter defeated. The sparkling black eyes were dull with pain and fear and failure. "I wished for a son more than thee, my lord," she said. "I had prayed endlessly to the Virgin, and the child is born on her day! A girl! What bitter jest." Nan's eyes filled with tears, and she began to cry.

Henry said, "Sweetheart, sweetheart, I shall never desert thee!"

Anne drew back; she heard no more. She and Jane Seymour stood silent in the shadows, and Anne later reported to Katryn all that she had heard and that had happened.

Later in the month the court returned to London, to Whitehall. Anne had left her baby son with Katryn, and she came to Katryn's house for a week, bringing with her Jane Seymour. It was during this fall that Katryn came to know Jane Seymour well. Lord Latimer neither approved nor disapproved, but said nothing.

"The state of the whole court is odd," Katryn reported to Lord Latimer. "The women say, Lucy too, that all is in a state of flux, with aberrant gaiety, as lightning in a storm. Jane says the king is moody to the extreme, and ofttimes Nan sends him into bellows of rage. Then all is made up again. But each time they quarrel, or Nan teases ——" She stopped then, for no one knew what the outcome would be. "Jane mislikes Nan Boleyn. So I told her she could come here when it became unendurable for her. For Nan has a sharp tongue."

"And that is an extreme understatement," Lord Latimer said. He was dressing to go to Parliament. But he paused at the door. "I don't know whether Jane has seen fit to divulge it to you, my dear," he said, "but rumor hath it Henry is interested in the beauteous Jane." He doffed his cap and disappeared.

"By God's most precious soul," Katryn said aloud to the empty room; she hadn't known it. But Henry had two wives already. And both living. Would Jane become the king's mistress? Was Jane already —— "By God's most precious soul," she repeated aloud. And to think she hadn't even heard the gossip!

Jane came later in the month, and stayed two weeks. She spent most of her time sewing. There was something oddly disturbing about Jane, as though beneath that sweetness lay a sleepy strength, of body and mind, which she would call upon when she needed, or wanted something badly enough. Sometimes when she looked at Katryn, Katryn could see the same lazy determination that looked at her out of Tom Seymour's eyes.

Tom Seymour was in Hungary, as an official representative of the crown of England.

"Do you worry about him?" she asked Jane.

Jane looked up in surprise. "Acourse I worry," she said.

"Have you heard from him?"

"Nay," said Jane, "but His Grace has. He is in receipt of a number of letters, concerning the condition of the kingdom, its intrigues, and its preparation against the Turks. That was the most important bit of news."

"Oh," said Katryn. Turks? She shivered. "When I think of all that goes on in the world," she said, "I am certainly glad I'm English."

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She took two more stitches, and surveyed her handiwork with pride; it looked very good.

Four days later Tom Seymour walked into the house, a little thinner, with the lines from nose to mouth etched a bit deeper, and a scar running across the back of one hand. Katryn watched him embrace Jane. She stood back away so as not to intrude, and only when they both turned to her did she speak.

"You'll stay to dine?" she asked.

He shook his head. Then he said, "Get your cloak, Jane; I'm meeting Ned in ten minutes, at the Mitre. We barely had time for a handshake last night."

"You arrived last night?" Jane cried.

"Aye, but I spent the time closeted with His Grace. I had no time to let you know. I brought back a manservant named John, but he doesn't know his way about the city."

"He's a Hungarian?" Katryn asked in amazement.

Tom Seymour became aware of her presence again. "I believe he is, my lady," he said. "Have you ever dined at the Mitre?"

She shook her head.

"Well, get your cloak too. You'll have the finest bird pie in the city. Hurry. Ned hates to be kept waiting."

The cold tingled against Katryn's skin and pinked her cheeks; the cold hastened her step and sent the blood racing through her body. The walk was short and brisk. When the old oak door of the Mitre opened, and the wind blew and followed them inside, she felt curiously alive, and when Tom Seymour took her arm she sent him a dazzling smile that included the landlord and the whole room. Ned Seymour rose from the end of the long white-clothed table. He waved.

It is woman who saves what man needs if he is to remain man. ALAIN

Katryn was pleasantly aware that all eyes in the room followed their progress; Tom and Jane Seymour nodded and smiled at people; flushed, Katryn sat down in the chair she was given. She threw back her cloak and surveyed the scene with sparkling eyes, for she had never been in one of these famous eating places before. Lord Latimer did not disapprove of them; it was quite customary to dine out, but he preferred dinner at home.

Tom Seymour was telling the landlord they wanted all his favorite dishes, the ones he couldn't get abroad. There was a flagon of ale set on the table, and Jane poured it. Then the three Seymours raised their mugs, and Katryn did likewise. They drank solemnly, to being together again. Jane sighed. "Now," she said.

Tom Seymour smiled and shook his head. "Not me first," he said.

"You've been away," Jane reminded.

Tom Seymour picked up his glass. Then he said, "All right. It is a country some three hundred years behind ours. It consists of a ruling class and serfs. The city is beautiful, and ancient. I stayed with a noble family. There were so many servants I couldn't even begin to tell you how many there were. I brought home a dozen horses; their horses are magnificent. Their women are overestimated." He raised his glass to Jane and Katryn.

"I heard this morn that you did a magnificent job," Ned said. "His Grace is pleased. You will be rewarded, Tom, probably with land in Wales, or near the Border."

While the bird pies were brought, the gravy bubbling through the crust, the two men ate and drank and talked, and after a while Katryn forgot her momentary dislike of Ned Seymour, and forgot herself. She began to eat too. The food was wonderful, the ale stronger than any she had ever had. But mostly she was fascinated by their words.

It was as though the whole panoply of the court and its workings were spread before her. Every few moments someone would stop by their end of the table. Quickly she would be presented. It was exciting to be the center of attention. And all the while she was trying to listen to what was being said and laughing at the way Tom Seymour put his forceful sentences in a language rich and racy with slang. When she looked about the room, she was aware that the two men at her table were indeed different. They looked different. *It is no wonder*, she thought suddenly, *that everyone comes over to speak with them.* And their talk ranged into all fields.

Jane leaned over to Katryn. "They are always like this," she said.

The two men glanced at her. Ned was speaking about the rising enclosures and the hardship they were working. His black eyes grew angry. Katryn felt impelled to intervene.

"I enclosed much of Kendal!"

Ned threw her a look. "That's sheep country." He dismissed it. "The great landlords are evading their responsibilities!"

"Half the world evades its responsibilities," Tom Seymour said. "You know that. You may be your brother's keeper, Ned, but you can't be his conscience."

"Can't you?" Ned asked. "Mayhap by law you can."

"You'll cure nothing," said Tom Seymour, "but I grant you you may do it someday." He glanced at Katryn. "Ned leans toward the theory of predestination."

Katryn's eyes widened. "You mean you believe that all we do is foreordained?"

"Suppose we say that your life is the result of your own character, plus your vigorous use of it. Rather like the parable of the talents in the Bible." He raised his mug. "To our future Lord Chancellor," he said to Ned, who shook his head.

Nonetheless, his face took on its somber, thoughtful expression. Katryn was thrilled. It was possible indeed! Given a man like Ned Seymour, and it was thrilling to think on life and what it might not bring to these three people.

Even Jane was caught up in it, Katryn saw, for her blue eyes were bright, and full of her dreams and her love for these two brothers of

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hers. She raised her mug too. "And to our future Lord Admiral."

Katryn lifted her ale, and Ned, in the friendly manner he could have which was so endearing, said, "Someday we may remember and look back upon this meal, and wonder. For if what we say comes true, we will look back with nostalgia at our youth. And if it does not, we shall ponder where we went astray, or what we have lost."

"One can gain by one's losses," Jane said, and Tom Seymour threw her a long look. Katryn knew he had heard the gossip, and she wondered if he would speak of it now. But he did not.



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Ned was rising, and saying he would pay for the dinner, and that they were all his guests, at which Tom rose, too, and thanked him, adding he had an empty purse. He asked Ned to see Jane home, and it happened quickly—the two of them gone, and Katryn alone at the table with Tom Seymour.

She said doubtfully, "I should ha' gone with Jane."

He shook his head. He was regarding her. "Katryn, information comes to my ears now and then. What I hear, others hear. I want you to convey those words to your Lord Latimer. And I want you to tell him they came from me."

"You?" she echoed.

"Aye," he said. "For this message, from the enemy camp, he will trust. I am not a Cromwell, nor have I ever been associated with him."

"My lord hates Cromwell!" she whispered.

Her words conjured up a picture of the bulletheaded minister, so adept in intrigue, now so powerful. He said softly, "Why does he hate Cromwell, Katryn?"

He must know why, she thought. Yet she answered quickly, "He says—they say—that he will destroy every one of the monasteries and put the money in his pocket! He spies on the old nobility. They say he is Nan Boleyn's spawn and creature, set to do her evil work. They say it is a plot, of witches almost, with Nan the chief witch, and Cromwell her devil!"

Tom Seymour's eyes were as blue as the sea he loved so much. "Do you believe all that?"

She said, low, "I don't know. After listening to you and your brother ——"

He said, "There are other forces beside Nan, and Cromwell, for whom it is well known I hold no love. But one cannot judge the Reformation by Cromwell. Nor by Nan, although she is a deeper advocate of the new learning than her enemies give her credit for. Ah, well, the issue is much beclouded by the people involved. And by the situation in Europe."

"And they say," said Katryn, remembering she wasn't finished, "that the Princess Mary, the king's first-born, should be reinstated."

"Let the Princess Mary return her allegiance to her father, instead of putting her trust in Spain, her mother's country, and all will be well."

"But her mother has been so ill-treated!"

"She has a father, too," Tom Seymour said dryly. "More than that, Katryn, she has a country. I have a feeling, from what I've seen, that we stand on the edge of a great struggle with Spain and I dislike to see an English princess give aid to, or seek aid or comfort from, the enemy. I cannot talk longer, Katryn." He rose and she rose, too, he laying her cloak around her shoulders, and she gathered it tight. They stepped outside, and he took her arm.

"One final word, Katryn," he said, "and then we'll drop the subject. Would you like to see Spanish helmets here in the London streets?"

"Nay!" she cried fiercely. Her beloved London in the hands of the Spanish!

"I wonder if you realize," he went on, "how fortunate you are. Women in other countries have not a tenth of the freedom or respect that women do here. How did you manage to get Lord Latimer to wed with you, by the way? Storms of tears, or did you fling yourself in his honorable arms?"

"Neither," she muttered.

"It must have been both, then," he said.

How did he guess? she wondered. She trotted along at his side, because his steps were very long. She found herself thinking of the night at Newhall, when he had made love to her. On the steps of her own house she stood on the first step, so her eyes met his levelly.

"Good-by," she said, "and thank you."

He looked straight at her in the way he had of summing her up. She wondered if he would make any kind of advance. If he would, she'd repulse it quickly. He doffed his cap. "Good-by, Katryn," he said cheerfully. He reached around her and gave her a swift pat on the backside. Then he turned and walked away before she could even speak.

Why, the knave, she thought, *and right here in the street!* She flounced up the last two steps and banged the door behind her.

She carefully repeated Tom Seymour's words and warning to Lord Latimer, who, to her surprise, showed only vague interest. For a moment she suspected him of dissimulation. "Are ye trying to fool me, my lord?" she asked.

"Nay, indeed not, my dear," he said. But she wasn't satisfied, and an odd disquiet began to prick into her days.

The weather got colder, and the children caught bad colds. Katryn resisted it, but Lord Latimer did not, and on Christmas Day it seemed to Katryn half the household was sick, with high fevers and coughs. Jane had come, and she and Katryn spent Christmas Eve quietly together. Jane asked Katryn to read from the Bible story, and this she did, with the two children huddled at the foot of the bed, listening. The night passed. Jane had talked constantly of the king. The next day Will Parr came, and Katryn was glad to see him. Bess' father had died a month ago, and they had taken up residence in their town house, and Bess was the talk of London with her all-night banquets so soon after her father's death.

"Cromwell has his eye on the now vacant earldom of Essex. He shall probably get it too," Will said moodily, and Katryn saw he was very disappointed.

Jane was troubled and Katryn knew it was about Henry. She said suddenly, the day before New Year's, "Katryn, I would like to speak with you after dinner."

Katryn told her of course. She was going to dine with her husband, for Lord Latimer had retreated to his bed again with a recurrence of fever. Absently Katryn went along to his bedroom, where the servants had set up a small table for her. Lord Latimer was propped up in bed, sipping some wine, and looking thoughtful and less feverish than he had this morning, when he had awakened. Katryn leaned over to feel his forehead, and rested one palm on the counterpane. She made an exclamation of pain, and withdrew her hand. There was blood on it, and she looked at her cut palm in dismay.

Lord Latimer, who rarely swore, was provoked into a mild oath. "I'm so very sorry, Katryn." he cried. He picked up a slender dagger, which had been concealed in the folds of the counterpane. "I forgot it was lying here! It is my New Year's gift to Monsieur Chapuys."

"That dagger?" Her eyes widened. "But that's an odd gift! Almost a message, an innuendo!"

His eyes evaded hers. "Nonsense, my dear. 'Tis just a small token."

She cried, "'Tis just the thing Cromwell loves! He can read treason into it!"

"Nonsense," said Lord Latimer. "Sit down, and shall we eat? My appetite has improved."

Katryn couldn't eat. But she could not get him to admit the dagger was a message to the Spanish ambassador, nor could she prevail upon him not to send it.

"You shall leave these things to me," he said, "and attend to your women's business!"

"But ——" she began.

"I'm going to nap now," he said coldly. "You have duties, I believe."

Katryn sighed. "Aye," she said dispiritedly. "Do go to sleep now, my lord."

His servant came in. "I must be off," she said, and he could hear the quick tap of her feet as she ascended the stairs.

She went slowly through the empty gallery. She found Jane in the solar, with a big fire blazing and the curtains drawn over the windows and candles lighted. Two of Lord Latimer's nieces were there, too, sewing. They had drawn their stools close to the fire and their gowns billowed about them. Jane was at the virginal, playing a song Henry had written, a lovely haunting tune. For a moment Katryn was silent. Jane played on, humming under her breath. Suddenly she broke off.

"I've asked Tom to come," she said. "I have to do something, Katryn."

"Tom?" asked Katryn. Her hand went to her hair, to tuck in a curl. "Do you wish me to stay whilst you talk with him?"

"Aye," said Jane. "I wish you would."

Katryn was vaguely conscious of relief. "Of course," she said primly, and sat down behind her needlepoint screen, on which she was working. Soon her hands were flashing

CONTINUED ON PAGE 89



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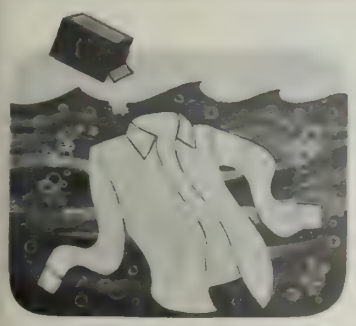
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

in and out, as she drew the wool through the mesh.

Jane played on, and when Tom Seymour came in the doorway she rose to her feet, almost in one motion, as though she rose to greet a challenge.

For a moment he towered there in the doorway, his eyes seeking Katryn and Jane, flicking over the two other girls. He was both booted and spurred, and drops of rain clung to his thick hair. He came into the room, and the four women grouped around him. Then the group parted, and the two girls betook themselves to the doorway, and left the three of them alone.

Tom Seymour turned to the fire, and spread his hands to catch the warmth. Then slowly he turned about. "You might as well both sit," he said.

Katryn sat down obediently on one of the stools; Jane took the other. Tom Seymour dragged over Lord Latimer's carved chair by the fire. "Now," he said. "Speak on."

In the silence, Jane's voice came forlorn. "I don't know how to begin," she said.

"You remind me of the time you were eight years old and threw the tankard at Ned. And hit him too." Tom Seymour smiled slightly.

This reminder had an effect on Jane, and she brought out the next sentence in a rush. "The king is making me a New Year's present, a present of a bag of gold!" Her blue eyes grew very wide as they fastened on Tom Seymour to see his expression.

He said, "Well, is that all you have to say, Jane?"

Jane stammered, "What do you mean?"

He leaned forward a bit. "I mean this. The truth. Have you accepted it or have you given His Grace any reason to think it will be accepted?"

Jane shifted on her stool. "I don't think so."

He said irritably, "What kind of answer is that? Have you accepted it?"

"Nay," she said. "But I haven't got it yet."

"God give me patience," he said. "And have you given His Grace reason to think you will accept?"

"That's what I don't know, exact, Tom," she said tearfully.

Tom Seymour swore a variety of oaths that rumbled about in Katryn's ears. He got to his feet, and stood with his back to the fire. "Let's put it blunt: being the king's mistress is hardly the happiest position for a woman like you. Even as Henry's wife, you'd have difficulty, but there are two women living, two lives between you and Henry. I would warn you, Jane, not to set your foot on that path."

Jane said, "His Grace was bewitched by Nan!"

Tom Seymour smiled a little smile that turned down the corners of his mouth. "His Grace was like every other man, Jane," he said. "He was madly in love." His jaw set a little as he regarded her. "Now I warrant he tells you he needs your sweetness, he seeks the peace of your lips, the warmth of your arms. 'Be generous, Jane,' he says. 'If you love me, how can you deny me?' Where's your self-respect, Jane Seymour? Do you want sly glances to follow you everywhere? Do you want the open malice which will be your constant companion?"

"I love him, Tom," she said, but with a certain steeling of her whole body in the admittance.

He made a muttered exclamation. "Love, love," he said. "What is love, Jane? You to Henry will be an easy conquest, going into his arms unprotesting. Love is part respect, and His Grace will have none of it for you, if you fall into his bed like a ripe plum. Anyway, you'd make a poor mistress. You're neither bold enough, nor sluttish enough, nor the other type, the submissive woman." His voice stopped. He had said the last words looking hard at Jane.

Katryn, unable to sit, jumped to her feet and went over to Tom Seymour. "How do you know all that?" she whispered fiercely.

He turned his head slightly to look down at her. "Keep quiet," he said. "Forget you and me for a minute. What I said has nothing to do with us."

She said, "I'll never have anything to do with you!"

His hand closed over her wrist in a crushing grip. "Oh, yes you will," he said. "Now be quiet, and hold your tongue. Go and sit down."

Her eyes blazed. *If Jane weren't here*, she thought. She forced herself to turn and walk back to her stool.

Tom Seymour said from across the room, "I'm sorry I was angry, Jane. I don't mean to belittle what you think is a deathless love for your king. But you are too fine to take up a position you could not possibly handle. I am going to send you home."

"Home?" Jane whispered.

"Aye," he said, coming back to stand in front of her. "You go home to Wolf Hall. Rest and sleep and walk in the woods. Indeed, Jane, should Henry seek to wed you, you would have to get a dispensation, for you are kin and cousin to His Grace, through a proud line. Think of the Norman blood that bred you. Stiffen your spine, and find your pride. Go back to Wolf Hall and test this love you think you bear for Henry."

Jane said, "Aye. I will."

He smiled, and his blue eyes glinted. "And now for your immediate problem. The gold, which will be brought to you by one of the king's gentlemen, or a messenger from His Grace."

"Will it?" asked Jane, her open candid gaze upon her brother.

"Aye, most probably. 'Tis custom." He frowned down at her. "Listen carefully, Jane, and repeat my words after me. 'I beseech Your Grace.'"

"I beseech Your Grace," Jane repeated, parrotlike.

"'I am a gentlewoman of good and honorable stock, and have no greater wealth than my honor.'" He went on slowly, with Jane's voice coming after. "'For a thousand deaths I would not wish to impair it, mine honor, and

How to Dress Well on Practically Nothing!

Relax... and be Pretty



One of Barbara's favorite combinations is her white piqué blouse from April, her new skirt. Wears it for in-town shopping, or even an informal evening. Barbara never even thinks about rain, but for a cooler day can add her white cardigan (made last fall) to any one of these costumes.

Barbara's second investment, and smallest $-wise: shorts to make. Chooses pink-and-white-striped cotton and an "Easy to Make" Vogue Pattern, No. 9312. Here she wears them with her new pink blouse—alternates with her bright cotton blouse from February.*



© VOGUE

Barbara starts her vacation plans with lots of color: a bright strawberry-colored skirt of cotton cord, a matching blouse. Likes white as an accent. Skirt, $8.95; blouse, $5.95.

Her last fashion purchase, a brightly checked bathing suit. To and from the beach she can add her new wrap-around skirt.



SEPARATES BY TOM DREW
SHOES BY GOLOVIN

*For back view, sizes and price, see page 91

This is the way Barbara J. feels about summertime. With two weeks' vacation at hand and many a sunshiny weekend after, she wants something fashionwise as lighthearted and gay as her mood: bright colors under the sun, a maximum of prettiness, a minimum of care.

For holiday evenings, Barbara relies on her turquoise linen dress (bought last month), her polka-dot separates (from April). For daytime, she adds clothes for fun, combines them with past purchases. And—with her bag packed and not a wardrobe care in the world—she does relax and does have a wonderful time! By BET HART

Fashion $'s for Vacation

Pink cotton-cord separates	$14.90
Striped denim shorts	1.89
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PRIGENT



if Your Grace wishes to make me a present, I pray it will be when God sends me a good offer of marriage.'" Tom Seymour chuckled. "That last is to remind him there are other men in the world, other fish in the sea."

"Aye," said Katryn, nodding her head. "Aye. That's a spur."

Tom Seymour swung about to look at her. "Could you improve on my words, mistress?"

"Well," she said thoughtfully, "Jane could soften it a bit. For instance, she could go down on her knees, and bid the messenger do likewise when he reports back to His Grace. Bid the messenger fall on his knees, and then repeat, like this," said Katryn. "Say, 'When you go back to His Grace, I beg you kneel, as I am doing, and beseech him to consider me as a gentlewoman of good stock'—et cetera," said Katryn.

Jane said, standing up and looking at both of them, "You make me feel like a fool!"

"So you should," said Tom Seymour. "And I'm glad to see honest pride come up in you!"

"That's just like a brother," said Jane.

"Aye, indeed it is," Tom Seymour retorted. "Now get your cloak and I'll take you back with me."

"I should never have asked you," Jane cried. "I don't know why I did. You are hateful!"

Katryn jumped up too. "Pray don't be angry with me, Jane!"

At the door Jane paused. "I'm not angry with *you*, Katryn," she said pointedly. She closed the door.

Tom Seymour paced back to the window. "Women!" he said.

"Aye," said Katryn. "And you seem to know much about them!" Her mind was busy with Jane's problem. "And what of men?"

"God's creatures, the lords of creation," he said.

"Oh!" she cried.

"Aye, and there's a night I remember when you wished mightily for breeks and boots," he told her. He laughed and looked quite pleased with himself.

"You are quite insufferable, you know," she said aloofly, going over to her stool behind the needlepoint screen. "You think you're jesting, but you truly mean it! You're so arrogant and swaggering. Look at yourself, standing there, with your thumbs in your belt!"

He laughed, looking very amused, and broke off as Jane came into the room. The two women embraced. Then they came slowly toward him.

Jane went out the door. Tom Seymour, for an instant, looked down at Katryn. In a sudden flash she remembered how they had parted last time, and her eyes glinted angrily. She put both hands behind her back. He leaned down and kissed her mouth, a brief warm little kiss.

"Good-by," he said.

January passed slowly. Even though the king and court were in Whitehall, Lucy and Anne did not come much to the house on the Charterhouse. There were many festivities at court, even after the twelve days of Christmas had passed. Lucy had won herself a place in Nan Boleyn's court by her fidelity. Anne was in constant attendance, too, because Nan could trust her. Katryn had the care of Anne's baby, and she received long letters from Jane, down in the country. Katryn grew restless. She wanted badly to go to court, but Lord Latimer forbade it. He did not countenance Nan Boleyn as queen, and refused to go if he would have to pay homage to her.

Snow lay on London's steeply sloping rooftops, and lay on the thin ice across the river above the bridge. Alone with her gentlewomen, Katryn thought, she was prisoned in her house, whilst Kate and Lucy and Anne disported themselves merrily in the great galleries at Whitehall!

The first day of March held no promise of spring. Katryn woke to a black sky and rain. She rose and dressed for morning prayer, and found herself violently sick. Meg thought it the fish she'd had the night previous.

By dinnertime she felt better, and received Will at three in the solar. Lord Latimer was dining with friends, and had not yet come home. Will was worried and grave. He told Katryn that he feared Cromwell would be successful in snaring from Henry the vacant earldom of Essex, which Will coveted and thought his right. "Think of our name, against his—the toad," he muttered. "And I wedded to the heiress of Essex. What of my son?"

This diverted Katryn. "Is Bess expecting?" she asked.

"That's what I was going to tell you," he said. "She was expecting, but she got drunk two nights ago, and miscarried. She's still in bed, of course. Katryn, sometimes I don't know what to do! She is two different people."

Katryn looked askance at him, whereupon he said, "By God, I have thrashed her!" He got to his feet, and paced across the room. "Then she whimpers and whines and says she will be good, and please forgive her, and she cannot help it. When she is drunk, she reviles me, anyone, everyone! She's like a beast!" He threw out the words, and then he put his head in his hands. "I don't know what to do, Katryn."

"Marry," she said, low. She remembered Bess drunk well enough. "How oft does it happen, Will?"

"Too often," he said. "It used to be once every two weeks or so, but now it's crowding closer, and sometimes she is drunk for two days or more." Then he said, low, "I was overthrown by the loss of the child, Katryn. Someday I hope to have an earldom to pass on to my son."

Katryn saw it was very very important to him, and why not? The material advantages of marriage with Bess had ranked high; they outweighed her disabilities, in a manner of speaking.

Katryn said, "Will, if Bess gets with child again, why don't you bring her to me? I will keep the wines and liquors from her. And watch over her health."

His brown eyes lightened. "Would you, Katryn? Oh, if you would ——"

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"Aye," she said. "I'll take the responsibility for her. And she can have Mother Nell to attend her."

"Mother Nell!" he said. "I had forgot you brought her from Kendal. Oh, how I remember her." He sighed. Then he smiled. "How's Goodie?" he asked.

Katryn laughed. "I expect she's as always," she said. "I'll be back with them soon enough. My lord wishes to leave London in April."

Will rose and kissed her good-by. As he went down the steps, she thought he would soon be in the glitter of a thousand candles, shining down on the beauty of Whitehall, the brilliant gowns of the women and the just as brilliant dress of the men. Henry, himself, even his cap ablaze with jewels. Think of the swarming palace. What excitement must it not hold! Katryn sighed deeply, and went back to the solar and began to write to Jane.

The next morning Katryn was sick again. And the next. And on the fourth day, she realized what was the matter.

The realization was compelling and to Katryn shattering. All the pain, all the suffering she had borne before was back upon her, worse than before. Her imagination quivered as it reviewed those endless days in bed. Sick with terror, she took to her bed. She had

BACK VIEW, SIZES AND PRICE OF VOGUE PATTERN SHOWN ON PAGE 89

Vogue Design No. 9312. "Easy to Make" shorts; 24–32 waist measurement. 60c. Version shown requires 1⅜ yards of 35″ fabric without nap, size 26 waist.



Meg draw the curtains, and she huddled there under the quilts the whole day.

On the sixth day, Lord Latimer demanded admittance to her room. She did not want to tell him she was with child. She did not want to tell him because she was ashamed of her fears, and she was ashamed that she couldn't control them. She lay in bed and sobbed, and refused to answer his questions. Distraught, he called in a doctor and this was the first time Katryn had ever seen Doctor Huicke.

Doctor Huicke sat on a stool by the bed and commanded the curtains be opened. There was something in his manner that gave Katryn courage. "Suppose you tell me, my lady, what ails thee?" he asked and took her hand.

She hadn't combed her hair for two days. She looked at him with huge eyes, with golden gleams of fear shooting from them.

"Madam," he said, "are you undone because you are with child?"

"Aye," she burst out. "I like to ha' died afore!" Beads of sweat stood out on her forehead.

Doctor Huicke said, kindly, "But this time you shall not, my lady. Tell me what happed before."

Katryn poured out the story in rapid jerks of speech.

Doctor Huicke smiled at her, because he was relieved. He said forcefully, "Why, madam, you've nought to fret over, or fear!" He talked further, and ended by saying she ought to be proud.

Proud. The word stuck in her head. She sank back on her pillows and watched him take his leave, bidding him good-by from her bed. An hour later, dressed in her prettiest gown, she confronted her husband with sparkling eyes and told him her news.

Lord Latimer was kind, loving, and proud too; he was a perfect husband, she thought, and better than she deserved. He told her that he thought it wise to start for Yorkshire immediately, before the child she carried grew large enough to discommode her for traveling. She gave her consent because there was no alternative.

Spring came tardily. Lord Latimer had taken to going away for weeks at a time. Katryn buried herself in the task of running the huge establishment, which roused her before dawn and continued until, dressed again and neat, she sat in the front pew, with the rest of the household, and heard evening prayer. Her child grew. But she herself waxed thin and white; shadows circled her eyes, and her feet and ankles hurt.

The warm days of July seemed to be of aid to Katryn. She felt better, and gained a little weight.

On the ninth, Lord Latimer, at supper, at the head of the great table, rang his bell and rose. Then he spoke.

"Two days ago our former great Lord Chancellor, Sir Thomas More—having refused to take the Oath of Supremacy to His Grace—suffered a martyr's death. This night we shall have a memorial service, to which you are bidden to attend, to pray for the soul of the good Sir Thomas, and for the king. May God forgive him."

Lord Latimer sat down. The household resumed its eating. There was almost no talk, but a kind of sullen silence.

Katryn whispered to her husband. "'Tis tragic, my lord!"

But he looked a bit satisfied and she wondered why, with this dreadful news. He said, in explanation, "They resent it fierce, and that is what I wish." Lord Latimer rose then, and assisted Katryn from the great hall.

On the night of September fifteenth, she began to have pain. Alarmed, Mrs. Nell put her right to bed. For a week she stayed there. At

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the end of the week she gave birth to a premature, stillborn child. She looked once at the tiny face, touching her hand to the lifeless cheek. "My little son." She looked at Mrs. Nell, uncomprehending. Lord Latimer, with tears in his eyes, leaned down to take the dead child from her arms.

Late that night Lord Latimer sat alone, drinking an unaccustomed extra glass of wine. He had set himself a hard task. Nonetheless, the path seemed clear and one of duty. The despised and unworthy Cromwell must be displaced from the right hand of the king.

Lord Latimer knew well that to dislodge a king's minister was a hard task and one which a royal master was inclined to regard as treason. Lord Latimer had made the choice on the firm grounds of his deep religion and respect for the cloth, the Pope and the ancient Catholic Church. Yorkshire was seething with revolt, and it was a clear duty to spearhead it. It was for this reason that he was going to eschew London this winter, and stay at home. Plainly his place was at Snape Hall.

When he imparted this news to Katryn, still in bed, she turned over on her side, and although she whispered it didn't matter, he felt guilty, for he was vainly trying to think of something which would rouse her from her apathy.

October began very cold. Katryn said she couldn't keep warm out of bed, which Lord Latimer thought impossible. Nevertheless, although it lacked two weeks until he usually gave orders to start the fires, he kept them burning in Katryn's room, and urged her to rise. "'Twill do thee good to dress, sweetheart," he said.

She shook her head. She had a letter that morn from Jane. Listlessly she held it out for Lord Latimer to read. Jane wrote that she was returning to court, on the king's express wish. Ned was to be with her, so that none should think there was aught amiss. At the end of the letter she added that Nan Boleyn was with child.

Lord Latimer laid down the letter. "Rise and answer it," he said. "I wonder what it means." Then he noted the crest of the Duke of Suffolk. "Why, you had a letter from Kate," he exclaimed.

"Aye, they came together," Katryn murmured.

"May I read it?" he asked.

She looked surprised. "Of course, my lord."

Kate wrote a letter as dashing as her style of dress, and as full of color:

God knows what will hap. I miss you truly and so does Jane. Anne is very close to the queen, for Nan can trust her. You know we are not very popular with Nan right now. I guess she and my lord husband never did see things together. Our first queen is so afeared for her life that her few women cook her eggs right in her room, over the fireplace. She is much weaker, and hears Mass five times a day, poor soul, and she lies there in a room with bare stone walls. Even the Princess Mary may not go to her mother. Dear Katryn, I wish I could see thee! A fine friend is so hard to be parted from! And even though I do not see thee, I can still hear your merry warm laugh. I will write again at Christmas. And pray burn this.

Lord Latimer rose and took the letter and laid it on the flames. "One should not mention we had a former queen, by name of Catherine, who lies ill and prisoned," he said bitterly. "Nay, she is now a princess, and her daughter, our princess, a bastard!"

"Marry, my lord, such vehemence makes my head ache," Katryn said. "And I wanted to read the letter again!"

"'Tis best burned. I want no evidence about this house!"

She raised herself on her elbow. "They'd find nought," she said. But she was uncertain.

Lord Latimer now threw all his wit and energy into the problem of making his wife well again. First he made provision for Mass to be said every day for thirty days in the cathedral at York, for the soul of the little boy who had not lived. For this Katryn roused herself from her bed and accompanied him to York. In the great cathedral they knelt close together, his hand clasping hers. "Cast thyself upon the mercy of the Lord, Katryn," he said. "Pray for strength and it shall be given thee."

When she rode home, in the December twilight, she felt some measure of the strength she had asked for, a recurrent of pleasure stirring within, an awareness of the gladness of sights and sounds, the business of living. She alighted in front of the welcoming torches set in the stone of Snape Hall. She said to her husband, "You were right. I feel much recovered. But I was silly and foolish, and I shouldn't ha' needed to ask the Lord for help."

Lord Latimer smiled, a delighted smile. "Come within, sweetheart. We have roast beef for supper!"

He brought her a pair of little dogs, silky and smooth. At Christmas, he gave her a bird in a golden cage. He brought her these gifts on the occasions of his returns from his many trips, some short, some long. He had resumed his place in her bed, which he had forborne to occupy since her pregnancy, and although she found it difficult to respond to him she was glad to welcome him back. Maybe she would have another child.

"I think only a barren woman knows how bitter her lot," she said one day to him. "I feel as though I'm being cheated! I was afraid to confess it to you, when you knew how afraid I was when I first found myself with child. But it seems a million years ago! And now I want one!" She stared into the flames, and something she had said or thought brought a forceful image into her mind. For just a second she could see Tom Seymour and hear his voice: "You are thick and muddle-headed, always charging forth on the wrong path! You don't think, you act!" She bit her lip. *I wonder where he is this eve*, she thought.

Rain poured down onto Snape Hall. It beat against the windows and ran cascading off the slate roofs. Katryn sipped the wine she held, looking at Anne. Anne was very big with child and Katryn thought any time now Anne could expect. She must send for a midwife from the nearest big house, for Mrs. Nell had been stricken sick and helpless the day Bess' baby had been born.

Could it be the middle of September? Where had the spring and summer gone? Nan Boleyn had been executed; they said that Henry waited, ahorse, nearby to hear the boom of the cannon that announced her death and then he had ridden off to Wolf Hall to marry Jane Seymour and make her England's new queen. Anne and Lucy, who had been with Nan Boleyn in the Tower and seen her to the headsman's block, had come to Snape Hall. Four days later Will Parr had arrived with Bess, giving her into Katryn's care till her child was born.

Lord Latimer had hardly been home all the summer months. Anne had been sick. Five months with child, she could not forget the tragic death of the queen she had served.

Katryn said, "Anne, you must forget. You must! In the fall you shall have to return. Will is at court."

"I cannot serve Jane," Anne said.

Katryn was silent. Then she said, "Anne, most truly, it was not Jane's fault. I think this was between Nan and the king. I would not blame Jane. And if what you say is true, Jane will need you."

"Aye, that is so," Lucy said, low. "Jane will need us."

"Much as I mislike the idea of your going," Katryn said.

The wind blew. The rain beat against the window. Anne said, "Life is so sad, so miserable!" Her mouth puckered, and Katryn said:

"Pray don't weep, Anne. I cannot bear it. And of all people to speak of life! You have two lives right now. If you knew how I wished for a child!" She rose, and went to the door. "I shall be back soon, but I promised the choirmaster I'd hear the choir this morn, afore he takes it to Richmond."

Katryn sat in the gallery to hear the choir, because she thought the music was better in the loft. She leaned back against the hard wood and closed her eyes. Peace enveloped her. She did not sleep, but seemed to float on the high, pure voices.

She leaned over the gallery and waved her hand. "Perfect," she called down. She rose. "I must commend all of you, I am so proud!" And they looked well too. All their choir robes were new; they would make a fine show at Richmond. "And if Lord Latimer were here, he would commend you also."

She made her way out of the chapel and down the loft steps. *I wish I knew exact where my lord is*, she thought. *I don't like this going about the country, for 'tis trouble brewing, what with the whole county hating Cromwell, and wanting his blood.* One could not speak with a county man without hearing words against the king's minister. Even the bailiff grumbled about Cromwell. The bailiff. It would be soon time to go over the harvest figures, and the thought made her head ache. "I wish to God my lord would return," she said aloud and, entering the great hall, under the stairway, she saw Lord Latimer.

She gave a cry of delight, "Thou'rt home!" She ran forward to give him a welcoming kiss. "Oh, but much has happed, my lord! Bess

CONTINUED ON PAGE 95



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Ask any WOMAN

By Marcelene Cox

To profit from the experience *you* haven't had is wisdom at its best.

Advice to a new bride: Never issue an offhand invitation without first considering what will happen if the invitation is accepted.

One mother comments that on rainy mornings the elementary school appears to be under invasion by an army of small space men, as the children sloshingly gravitate toward it in their bright yellow slickers and helmets; and the huge yellow buses drawing up to disgorge more similarly clad little people only heighten the illusion.

Elderly woman: "When I eat out, I always choose a place where tablecloths are used; I find a corner of one keeps my purse from sliding off my lap."

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It is perfectly correct to refer to any husband as a "tower of strength"; one of the strongest towers in history also leans.

If a mother is forced to cut too many corners, she may find herself going around in circles.

The following cards, written from camp when our youngest was ten, were washed to the surface recently in the annual house cleaning.

Card 1.

"I am having fun up here even though I freeze most of the time. I have never been so cold in my life. This morning when I got up it was freezing. To breakfast I wore 4 tea shirts, 1 swet shirt and 2 sweters. I am running out of clothes. They made a rule up here you have to eat 2 bites of everything."

Card 2.

"I'm glad you made me bring my bird book. I've settled a lot of fights with it. Some girls call a sparrow anything. I need 1 blanket—heavy, 2 shorts, 2 swet shirts, 5 underwear shirts, 3 pairs of pants."

Card 3.

"A few nights ago, Cabin 2 (ours) was really crying for their mothers and fathers. We all can remember how our mothers and fathers were always right and so kind to us. Oh well, only 4 more days."



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

has had a son! And Mrs. Nell has been taken sudden!"

"Oh?" he said. He was looking at her as though she were far away. "Katryn," he said, "this will shock you. There has been an uprising in Lincolnshire."

Katryn stared at him. "In Lincolnshire?"

"Aye. Come into the winter parlor. I wish to speak with you, and Anne is there; she may as well hear too."

Running footsteps on the stairway caused Katryn to glance past him. Lord Latimer handed his head groom a large key ring. And Katryn knew what it was. It held the keys to the old armory. She started to cry out, but swallowed her cry as she intercepted a warning look from her husband. In the winter parlor, in front of Anne and Lucy, he spoke but briefly:

"Lincolnshire is in revolt. Yorkshire will follow. We are ready to move, to march. Already the royal castle at Pontefract is in our hands! This is a Pilgrimage of Grace, and our banners carry the five wounds of Christ. I am taking fifty men with me. They are being armed now. We go forth with your blessing, and I hope your love. I hope to be at Pontefract this eve."

Anne sat still and stony-faced. "Ye may have doomed all of us to a traitor's death," she said. She brushed past Lord Latimer, and Katryn would have run after her, only Lord Latimer seized her arm.

"I'm leaving you a good fifty men here. And ——"

Katryn cried, "Do not go! Do not go! Anne is right!"

"Anne is foolish," he said. "This is a just cause! There is nought to fear! Yorkshiremen will not harm this house!"

Katryn cried, "But what o' the king's men? For they will come, surely!"

"We shall stand between you and them. And with our numbers, there's no harm possible to you. Stephen Hamerton is taking all his men!"

"The devil with Hamerton!" she cried. "He and you, and that Earl of Poverty! I wish he'd never been born! Going about the county, masked, raising tempers and inciting to revolt! He must be mad. And you must be mad to follow him. I just wish he would show his masked face here! I would ——" She broke off, she stared at him in incredulous horror. "'Twas thee," she breathed, for he was holding a small black mask, and under her eyes he nodded. He took it over to the flames and laid it upon them.

Lord Latimer stood watching the flames shrivel up the mask. Then he turned to his wife. "The Earl of Poverty is dead now and there is no further need for thee to fret." He patted her shoulder. With unseeing eyes she watched him go to the door. "A final word," he said. "I shall send messages, and keep you informed. Good-by."

It had happened so quickly she couldn't believe it. She stood in the center of the room, alone. She looked toward the fire. The mask was gone. Henry Tudor would never forgive the Earl of Poverty, were his identity ever revealed. She shuddered. A long time ago Tom Seymour had warned her, and warned Lord Latimer. Those warnings had gone unheeded, and what was to be the result?

When she came up the wide stairway the sun poured light onto the gallery floors and her mind registered that it must be almost time for dinner. She went to find Anne.

Anne wanted to dine privately. Katryn shook her head. "No. For the good of the house, we shall take dinner in the great hall as usual."

She found she was hungry. After dinner she commanded the almoner to tell all the male servants that she wished them to remain in the hall after the food had been cleared away. With four sturdy knaves, she went to the old armory, and there they picked out the least rusty of the bills and pikes, and solemnly standing at the head of the big table, Katryn watched the clumsy arms issued. There was some talking and joking among the men; they seemed in fine humor. Katryn dismissed the men and went back to lock up the armory.

Alone in the small round room, she picked out two old pikes, heavy and short and murderous. Under the stairway, in the shadow of an ancient suit of armor, she rested the first pike. The other she took upstairs with her. Anne gave a small cry when she saw it.

"I just feel better with a weapon to hand," Katryn said, and rested the pike against the head bedpost.

She slept well and deeply. The next day began as always. The baby slept, and had sipped a bit of water, and the wet nurse was with Bess in her room. Bess' two women were laying out clothes, so she could see what she had.

"Thank the Lord I'll be able to wear a fine gown once again," Bess said.

Katryn said, "Today we must send a messenger to Will. And I shall send Father Lambert to you, and you can discuss the details of the christening, which I think had best be here."

The day continued quiet. But by midafternoon, when they walked on the battlements, they saw the first troop of horses gallop past. After them came men marching, men with accompanying riders, orderly, and with their banners waving. They passed quickly out of sight, and they had hardly gone when another just as orderly band appeared, on a road now dusty. Katryn hastened down into the hall and gave orders for the gates to be closed.

The night passed without incident. It was the following day that the bands of commons began to stream past Snape Hall, and that night Katryn saw the signal fires.

They burned bright, as they did on the Border. Huge fires, sending streamers of sparks into the night skies. And the night was rent with sound. These voices were raucous shouts, and screams of laughter, and yells and curses. One band beat on the closed gates of Snape Hall, shouting epithets. Then they went on, leaving Katryn and Anne and Lucy awake and trembling in their beds. Katryn rose and dressed, and went up to look over the country. From the top of Snape Hall she could see the great fires burning, calling the men to battle.

Shivering there, in her cloak, she watched, and in the morning light, when she descended,

OF ALL THE MANY THINGS WHICH GIVE LOVE RISE

By MARJORIE LEE

Of all the many things which give love rise
To enter fully, with unquestioned flow—
(Perhaps the dappled hazel of your eyes,
Noting in silence some fond scene; the slow
Compassing of your smile; perhaps your hand
Caught in familiar gesture; even still
The sweet yet certain way you take your stand
Far and above the course of my own will)—
Of all the things, surface, or deep in tone,
That I, if seeking reason, well might use
To fix my love upon, one grows alone,
Cherished apart: that thing which bids you choose
The fragile violet, sprung of common seed,
Knowing the lilac strong, and less in need.



she realized that the rest of Snape Hall's servants had deserted. At the very time when the first band of commons had banged on the gates, she had been alone in the great house with nought but women! She almost fainted. And she had armed them! They had taken those arms and deserted.

"Oh, the knaves!" she cried. She darted through the great hall, through the old door into the pantry. She flung back the door to the first kitchen. The housekeeper stood there, wiping her eyes with her apron. Two maids were bent over the fire, and Wat was coming in the other door with the four Italian gardeners, all of them talking.

The housekeeper sniffed aloud. "We're trying our best to light the fires, my lady, and they've taken all the bread!"

"The sturdiest maids must carry the water, and bring the wood," Katryn was saying, and the housekeeper nodded. "Wat can pick a few to help in the stables, and wi' the stock. In fact, some of them know much about the stock anyway."

By dinnertime the women had all been allotted various tasks. Father Lambert and the almoner both made a prayer. Then all sat to dinner, and Katryn tried to push her disquiet aside. After dinner she insisted that Anne and Lucy come with her to get fresh air.

It was misty and damp, the first day of October. "We shan't stay long," she told Anne, for Anne looked pinched and frail. Katryn was worried about her. In the distance they could hear shouts.

"There are more commons," Anne whispered.

"They can't harm you here," Katryn said, straining her eyes to see through the mist. Then suddenly she did see. The first two men were carrying the usual banner, a piece of white cloth with the five wounds of Christ on it, clumsily daubed in red. Behind them other men came, streaming out of the mist. They were shouting and running about.

"They'll never get to York that way," Katryn said contemptuously.

They came closer, and she saw they were running because they saw Snape Hall looming ahead. They were coming through the park.

"What are they waving?" Anne asked tremulously.

Katryn herself was frightened. "We'll not let them in, Anne," she said reassuringly.

The first ones were quite close now. It was then Katryn saw what the first one carried, and she gasped in horror. The man was waving a man's arm. Beside her Anne screamed.

Katryn stared down at them. There must be fifty, she thought rapidly.

"Give us food, we want food!" The shouts pierced the air.

Anne looked down. "One of them is carrying a head," she said. "If I see more blood and brutality, I shall swoon."

Katryn took her arm and led her inside. Below they could hear the pounding on the doors. Katryn ordered Anne into the bedroom and slowly went down the stairs. There was a little knot of women at the foot, and Father Lambert.

Katryn spoke quickly. "If they pound the door in, they may be so wild as to kill," she said. "If you will come with me, father, mayhap we can send them away. Close and bolt the doors behind me, Wat. We shall use the postern, the side door."

She stepped out into the misty day. She felt numb. Did they see her? She raised her voice. "Yorkshiremen," she called, "I am here."

In the court, the men turned from the great doors and faced her, coming closer.

"List to me," she called.

There was silence. The man who held the head took another step toward her. He held the head by the hair. Katryn moistened her lips.

"We have almost no food, for our men have taken it for their march to York. We are a handful of women, our lord is in Pontefract. You must go on, and not molest us. You are on a pilgrimage. Father Lambert, beside me, will bless you and send you on your way. List to Father Lambert."

Father Lambert started to speak. Katryn heard nothing he said. Her knees trembled, her whole body shook. "Father Lambert," she whispered, "oh, make haste, make haste!"

He raised his hand in blessing, and the men knelt. Katryn turned to the door, and went through it. Father Lambert stayed but a moment, and then he was beside her in the old narrow hall.

"They knelt there, in the court, for you!" she said.

"'Twas your quick thought saved us," he said. "For you were right! Had they broken in the doors, God knows what they might not have done. I pray the Lord will forgive me for bestowing blessings on men who have killed so wantonly. But they have been much abused. But you, my lady, you were very brave!"

She frowned. She said pityingly, "Why, father, you mistake. I was terrified." She picked up her skirts, and went ahead of him into the hall. She had a wild desire to scream with laughter. Instead she said, "You may all go about your duties. We shall sit to supper presently."

Night fell. Midnight struck twelve booming strokes on the huge new clock Henry had installed in one of the towers of Hampton Court. Solemnly its huge hands ticked off the minutes.

At two, the guards heard the sound of horsemen coming fast, and a frightened page scurried up to summon a groom of the chamber. The groom hastened to the gentlemen of the king's chamber. He laid his hand on the shoulder of a man soundly asleep, but who he knew would wake on the instant.

"Sir Thomas," he said.

It seemed to Tom Seymour he had just fallen asleep. He raised his head, and propped himself up on his elbows. "Aye, Dick?"

He listened to the groom's low voice. While he listened, he leaned over and shook his page, who slept on the floor beside the big bed. He swung his legs out of bed. The faint night light in the room showed Tom Seymour slipping his arms into the robe the page held. He tied the belt, and found his slippers. He splashed water on his face, brushed his hair, and thrusting hands into his pockets, he left the room and emerged into the gallery.

There was light here. Torches flared against the paneled walls. Tom Seymour squinted his eyes against the light. When he saw Thomas Borough, he suppressed an oath. His eyes went to the other men, and summed them up quickly. Trouble.

They were muddied. Their clothes were in disarray, and one sleeve hung loose from Borough's jacket. For a brief moment Tom Seymour wondered whether Borough had permanently lost the use of the arm. Then he saw Borough's hand, with the coat sleeve swinging above it, and he said, "What news?"

Did Thomas Borough recognize him? He thought not. In any case, he was too distracted. "Rebellion," Thomas burst out. "Revolt in Lincolnshire, Yorkshire! Aye, the signal fires burn!"

"Yorkshire?" asked Tom Seymour. "Begin at the beginning, man, and talk."

Thomas Borough did as he was told. When he had finished Tom Seymour took the paper he handed him. He ran his eyes over the scrawled words.

He said, "You were waylaid and taken prisoner by the rebels as you traveled to London. You were made to take an oath. Yorkshire wants a different oath than Cromwell's. One faith, one God, one king! You were made to swear to 't, and then you were sent from the rebels at Pontefract with these terms for His Grace. 'The abbeys to be restored, no tithes from the clergy, the heretic bishops to be put aside, and villain blood'"—he smiled a little—"'to be banished from His Grace's council.'

"Well," he said, "I see there's much to be done." He pointed to the groom of the chamber. "Go rouse my lord my brother, and tell him to get dressed immediate and attend His Grace. You, Lord Borough, wait here a moment." He strode to the door from which he had just come. He called, "Will! Pig! Up and into your robes." He thrust his hands back into his pockets again and waited, and in a minute the two men he had called plunged out the door, surprised and sleepy. Tom Seymour turned, and everyone followed through the privy chamber, an anteroom, and into the chamber of the king himself. The others waited without the door, and Tom Seymour went in.

He roused the king. Henry stirred, and sat up. Tom Seymour put on his dressing gown. Henry threw his legs over the bed, and sat on the edge of it. His narrow, piercing eyes gleamed.

"Come in, Lord Borough," Tom Seymour called.

The four men filed in. Borough, looking white as death, saw he was indeed in the presence of the king, and fell on one knee, and helplessly proffered the paper.

Tom Seymour said, "There has been rebellion in Yorkshire, Your Grace. Lord Borough was taken and made to swear an oath, and made to bring these terms to Your Grace. But Lord Borough will tell his tale himself. Speak, man. His Grace awaits."

Borough began, still on his knees. The tale poured out again. Tom Seymour stepped back and away, and left the room.

He dressed hastily. When he returned to the king's chamber, Borough had just finished his recital, and Henry was reading the terms on the crumpled paper. *His expression*, thought Tom Seymour, *bodes ill for the rebels*. Henry saw Tom Seymour dressed. He heard the jingle of spurs. He smiled a crafty smile with cruelty in it. But the king never overlooked any man's behavior, and noted all.

"You did well, sir," he said, "for thou art dressed and ready. Summon my council! We start to deal immediate with men who dare to instruct their king in matters spiritual and temporal!"

It was a bright blue October morning, and Tom Seymour scanned the countryside on either side of him. How beautiful was England! This morning the mist had lain low on the meadows, gradually lifting to let the sun shine on rich wooded forests. He was in command of a large troop of horse, hastily assembled: part the king's own guard, part gentlemen and their retainers, a few professional soldiers; in short, as many men as the Duke of Norfolk could lay his hands on in a few hours.

This was the van. And its duties were threefold: to reconnoiter and explore ahead of the more slowly traveling foot; to discover which royal castles were still in royal hands; and to engage at any point any segment of rebel troops they might encounter.

The situation was serious, as they had known before they left London. The rebels were some thirty thousand strong, and the royal army numbered around six thousand. He studied his map. He gave an upward glance at the sun. He should have time to make a wide sweep ahead, drawing near to Doncaster, meet his other captains in the appointed rendezvous and still have enough time to double back and meet the Duke of Norfolk before dark.

He gave a final glance at the bodies of twelve hapless rebels who had fallen into his hands this morning. They decorated the tree, swinging to and fro. They served as warnings.

The cavalry, the quickest striking arm, was under orders to do as much damage as possible, and as Tom Seymour had said this morn, to himself, *Mercy was not among my orders*.

His servant held his horse. He was about to mount when a movement among the trees betokened the presence of a man lurking there. The nearest archer raised his bow, the arrow trembled.

"Hold there," Tom Seymour said quietly. "Let him go home and tell what he's seen. We'll ride now."

In the stillness the men waited till Tom Seymour galloped to the head of their line. Then the troop of horse moved off down the rutted road.

(To be Continued)

NEXT MONTH

WHY THE HUSH-HUSH ABOUT FACE LIFTING?

Is it immoral to let a doctor remove fifteen years from your face and neckline? Then many celebrities, including a surprising number of politicians, are living in an attractive state of sin! "Stranger in My Mirror," a well-known actress' gleeful account of her own "lifting," tells *everything*—even how much she paid for the beauty work.

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE THERE'S BARBECUE

Nothing can compare with an outdoor meal, especially if you serve our rosemary tenderloin sandwiches with sauce béarnaise, our broiled chicken with tarragon aspic, our clam juice on-the-rocks. Recipes for other tantalizers given too.

THE CRY OF THE PEACOCK

"When I saw your portrait in that gallery in Rome, you looked like everything vibrant and breath-stopping in the whole world, and how could I guess you were the pitiful victim of a husband's selfishness?" It was the cry of the peacock. All that hot summer the pair of them spread their white, improbable fans against a backdrop of "ordinary" human life. Melba Marlett's stage story, "White Peacocks," is a complete novella.

SHOULD YOU HAVE A HYSTERECTOMY?

"Is there really a hysterectomy 'ring'—doctors who perform hysterectomies for no good reason?" Doctor Schauffler answers this patient with some important facts about an often-misunderstood major operation. "Tell Me Doctor."

IS YOUR SIX-TO-TWELVE-YEAR-OLD AWFUL?

He's normal. Just emancipating himself from you, that's all—there's a big, glossy world outside! Expect trouble. Read Doctor Spock.

Also, a charming and easily changeable decorating scheme; "Making Marriage Work"; how to assemble 14 wardrobe changes from 7 separates; "How America Lives"; and much, much more

IN THE JULY JOURNAL



Save 5¢ on Log Cabin Syrup... and enjoy this Maple Sundae



A maple sundae is a marvelous treat—so easy to prepare and so good with Log Cabin.

Log Cabin's original 1887 recipe for maple-perfect flavor is real maple sugar—from real maple trees—blended to perfection with the finest cane sugars in the land. And no one's ever quite been able to match that wonderful maple flavor yet! **CLIP THIS COUPON.** Take it to your grocer. Save 5¢ on any size of Log Cabin Syrup, either 12-ounce, 24-ounce, new 36-ounce bottle, or 48-ounce tin. Offer limited to one coupon per bottle. Offer expires August 30, 1959.

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS

5¢ VALUABLE 5¢

THIS COUPON WORTH 5¢ ON ANY SIZE LOG CABIN

MR. GROCER: General Foods will redeem this coupon for 5¢ plus 2¢ for handling, if you received it on your sale of one bottle of Log Cabin Syrup (any size) and you present it for redemption before September 30, 1959. For payment present it to your Jell-O Division salesman or mail it to *General Foods Coupon Redemption Office, P. O. Box 103, Kankakee, Illinois.* Coupon may not be assigned or transferred by you. Invoice proving purchase of sufficient Log Cabin to cover coupons presented by you for redemption must be shown upon request. Customer must pay any sales tax. Cash value 1/20¢. This coupon is void if taxed, prohibited, restricted by law. Good only in Continental U.S.A. General Foods Corporation. Deal No. 248-59



5¢ WORTH FIVE CENTS 5¢

beautiful discovery!



New! Pond's Moisture Base

new kind of greaseless foundation cream!
brings you "night cream" moisturizing
under your make-up all day!

Creates an all-day "moisture reserve." At last a cream that goes beyond superficial smoothing . . . that actually controls the moisture level of your skin *under* your make-up. At the same time, it normalizes your skin's protective chemistry all day long.

Prevents under-make-up dryout! New Pond's Moisture Base protects your skin against sun and wind—the drying effects of make-up itself! Your skin stays soft and dewy all day.

For a smooth, no-shine finish. Pond's Moisture Base is greaseless. Your skin never feels sticky—your make-up never streaks or cakes. Completely transparent, it can't conflict with any make-up shade.

For a lovelier face, smooth on New Pond's Moisture Base every morning. And, of course, use it for nighttime moisturizing, too.

Pond's Moisture Base
NEW GREASELESS UNDER-MAKE-UP MOISTURIZER

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION ON VOGUE PATTERNS FOR ROMANTIC EVENINGS SHOWN ON PAGES 60 AND 61

Vogue Design No. 9744. One-piece dress; 10–18 (31–38). 75c. Version shown requires 4⅝ yards of 45″ fabric without nap for dress, ⅜ yard of 39″ fabric without nap for binding and 4¾ yards of 39″ fabric without nap for underbodice and underskirt, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 4008. One-piece dress and petticoat; 12–18 (32–38). $1.50. Version shown requires ¾ yard of 35″ lace without nap for bodice, 8 yards of 45″ fabric without nap for underbodice and skirt and 8¼ yards of 39″ fabric without nap for bodice lining and underskirt and 2⅛ yards of 1¼″ ribbon, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 4013. One-piece dress and stole; 12–18 (32–38). $1.00. Version shown requires 14⅞ yards of 39″ fabric without nap for dress and 14⅜ yards of 39″ fabric without nap for bodice lining and underskirt and 2⅜ yards of matching or contrasting fabric for stole, size 14. Skirt may be machine pleated.

Vogue Design No. 4014. One-piece dress and fichu; 10–18 (31–38). $1.00. Version shown requires 3⅜ yards of 35″ fabric without nap for skirt and bodice band and 1⅛ yards of 35″ fabric without nap for bodice and ¾ yard of ⅞″ ribbon, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 4017. One-piece dress and petticoat; 10–16 (31–36). $1.00. Version shown requires 8 yards of 45″ fabric without nap for dress and 6½ yards of 39″ fabric without nap for petticoat, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 4018. One-piece dress with detachable peplum; 10–18 (31–38). $1.00. Version shown requires 4¼ yards of 38″ fabric with one scalloped edge, 3⅝ yards of 16″ fabric with one scalloped edge and 1⅛ yards of 35″ fabric without nap for bodice, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 4019. One-piece dress; 10–18 (31–38). $1.50. Version shown requires 4 yards of 39″ fabric without nap, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 4020. Coat; 12–20 (32–40). $1.00. Version shown requires 3½ yards of 54″ fabric with nap, size 14.



New! SINGER Slant-Needle Series

Now there are 3 machines with the exclusive **SINGER** Slant-Needle that makes all sewing easier and better. All three made in America by American craftsmen.



SINGER exclusive SLANT-NEEDLE machines come in cabinet or lightweight portable models.

SINGER offers a machine for every purse and purpose. See the new SPARTAN* Portable, only $69.50

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Listed in your phone book under SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.
*A Trademark of THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.



The great SLANT-O-MATIC*

Finest fully automatic machine you can own. You can do thousands of fancy stitches just by "tuning" a knob. Mending, buttonholing, button sewing, too. And no other automatic can match its fine straight-stitching.



New! SLANT-O-MATIC Special

Brilliant automatic machine. Has many of the superb features of the SLANT-O-MATIC, at a lower price. Comes with a set of FASHION* Discs that you slip onto the machine to do a variety of fancy stitches.



New! SLANT-NEEDLE Deluxe

The ultimate in straight-stitching machines. And, like its two sister machines, it has a built-in threading chart, handy drop-in bobbin in front of the needle, and a gear motor drive so machine never slips or stalls.



He'll say "Wunderbar!" (Or maybe, "Wow") when you serve this savory beef-noodle dish. It's easy . . . so why not do it, soon?

Beef Stew Viennese! . . . *old-world touch for*

Dinty Moore Beef Stew

Enjoy giving familiar foods a touch of drama and distinction? Then do this:

HEAT.....Dinty Moore Beef Stew (lean beef, tender vegetables in rich gravy—a big 1½ lbs.!)

COOK.....wide egg noodles according to package directions.

SPRINKLE..drained buttered noodles with poppy seeds.

SERVE.....the hot meaty stew on seasoned noodles. Rest of the meal? Try a colorful slaw of red cabbage and onions...slices of dark, moist pumpernickle. Set out a shaker of paprika for a nice color and flavor accent. Main thing is—be sure your stew is Dinty Moore, America's favorite kind!

You get such good things in Dinty Moore Beef Stew!

Lean beef, firm white potatoes, tender carrots . . . in rich brown gravy.



Geo. A. Hormel & Co.
Austin, Minn.

LOVE IN THE MIST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

going out to dinner in England. The food has improved a great deal since the dark days when it was all chicken with no recognizable taste, but restaurants are either cold and gelid or hot and smelling of grease, and the other people in them are frightfully unattractive, because attractive people are either too poor to go to restaurants or else they are at large, chic dinner parties. The pudding is always Coupe Jacques or Pêche Melba, two confections up with which no other country in the world would put. However, the idea of not having to think what to eat and then not having to cook it appealed to me more than a little.

I am not wildly fond of going out to dinner in American restaurants, either. The food is usually very good, but expensive; the tables are too close together; the waiters are likely to spit on one's tip (not James', to be sure, but mine); and the service is slow. The small, *intime* New York supper clubs, where the atmosphere is full of love, both married-type and profane, real and spurious, have no counterpart in London. Love in England, anyway, is a difficult business, what with the weather and cars' being so expensive, and I feel sorry for the poor young things who have to do their getting-to-know-each-other in the bus, the chilly park or a florid coffee bar because there is only one fire at home and it is ringed around by mum and dad and Auntie Eth and Uncle Bert and young Ernie.

I confided some of this train of thought to James, but he said, "There, there," took off his bowler, kissed me, put it back on again, and went away to Leadenhall Street.

I went upstairs and dressed in the ten inches square which is heated adequately by the electric fire on a really cold day, and then I came downstairs and the miasma which is London life in midweek began.

London weekends are the most peaceful of times. Either oneself or one's immediate circle is staying with friends in Berkshire, or sailing on the Solent, or following the Quorn (probably on a bicycle, such is the cost of living), or having a nice, revivifying breath of sea air at Beachy Head. Nobody ever rings up.

But Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday are different. On Mondays one is left alone, presumably to unpack from the weekend and get the washing done and to remove the London dust which makes the floor crunch under one's feet and the window sills come off on one's cardigan sleeves. Tuesday morning the General Post Office, which owns the telephones and runs them in a cozy, inefficient way that is endearing, sounds its general post and away we go.

I let Fluffy in, asked her if she was well and gave her her breakfast. I washed our breakfast dishes and swept and put the rubbish in the dustbin (or garbage in the garbage can) and threw away yesterday's papers and went upstairs and made the bed and grubbed the bits of soap out of the corners of the soap place in the lavatory basin, and while I did all these absorbing things the telephone kept ringing.

One call was from Paris. *This is it*, I thought. *Yves Montand now realizes that he can no longer live without me, and I shall have to tell him I am married.* Then a heavenly Yank voice came on the line.

"Katie." Mickey O'Brien, friend of my youth and girl world traveler!

I screamed, "Where are you?"

"Let me think," said Mickey. "Paris. Listen, I'm coming to London tomorrow. Let's have lunch."

"Don't be cretinous," I told her. "Come stay with us."

"So sweet," Mickey cooed. "But I'm staying with the family of a gorgeous new man. In Shropshire. Where's that?"

"West of here." I said. "Is he nice?"

"He's dreamy on skis. Can I come right from the plane to your house?"

"Yes, that'll be wonderful."

"See you." The telephone clicked away across the channel, and I envisaged Mickey dashing out to Givenchy for something chic to wear in Shropshire. I spent my youth watching Mickey with the fascination of a wren for a pink flamingo. But none of Mickey's men had been James, for which I muttered a short thanksgiving and a heartfelt "Poor Mickey." There are few things smugger than a really smug wife.

Margery Harper-Crewe rang up and said was I doing anything. I said nothing much, just chewing a corner of the rug, quite relaxed. She said come over and have a cup of coffee and bring Fluffy to play with Philadelphia Jack, so I picked up Fluffy, who had been going *proo* against my ankle, and went out the door without a backward glance.

The coal fire was burning brightly in Margery's Adam grate. She has a very pretty drawing room. There are fruitwood chairs with *gros point* seats to look at and large, well-shaped armchairs to sit in. We sat in two of them, on either side of the fire, while Fluffy and her playmate rolled over and over under the piano, making menacing noises in their throats. Margery and I stretched our weary housewife legs. We were wearing the morning uniform: smooth tweed skirts and lamb's-wool sweaters. If we'd been young unmarried girls in Chelsea or Hampstead we'd have worn tartan trousers and black polo-necked jumpers. If we'd been the kind of housewives who had the Light Programme on all day we'd have worn the black skirt from our old costume and short-sleeved woollies knitted in ever-so-fancy patterns of bright turquoise or fuchsia yarn.

Margery and I blended into our surroundings in the way that all Englishwomen, no matter what their personal sartorial idiosyncracies, consider the best taste, and the knowledge that one looks *right* is almost as comforting as the knowledge that one looks pretty.

Fluffy and Jack squawked at the drawing-room door, were let out, dashed to the front door, squawked again, were again let out and tore, side by side, the length of the mews, at which point we left off watching them.

We went out to Margery's kitchen and ate some bread and cheese for lunch while she hotted up small tins of strained Brussels sprouts and other healthful uck for the luncheon of the young Harper-Crewes (or Harpers-Crewe), and then I went home and read the rest of the Times conscientiously—one must try to know what is going on in the world—and turned with sighs of relief from interplanetary affairs to the advertisements for country houses on the back page. I felt sure that there would be none we could both like and afford, till I came to a very small advertisement:

> Small, warm Georgian house, Edenbridge 3 miles, 4 bed, 3 rec., apple trees, 2 acres in all, owner going abroad, £4850 for quick sale.

"There must be something wrong with it," I said to Fluffy. I tore off the corner and put it in my bag.

By the time James came home I was bathed, lipsticked and dressed in my best. He changed his collar. Then we went to the Connaught Hotel for dinner. All my foregoing remarks about English restaurants do not apply to the Connaught Hotel. In that blissful bulwark of total Englishness, the food is divine, the *décor* is soothing without being wishy-washy, the temperature is just right, and all the other customers look like dowager countesses, Nordic orchestra conductors or the better type of film star.

It was in the Connaught Hotel dining room that James and I got engaged, and he had booked the same table at which this ecstatic event took place. We sat down and had some caviar and steak and a bottle of Château Lafitte, because James said one had not been married exactly three years every day.

When James got out of the army and finished at the university, he became, mostly from reading The Economist, rather depressed about making a career in England, so he decided to go to America. With smiling faces and sinking hearts, his mother and father gave him a lot of letters of introduction. He just happened to come to Chicago, and while there just happened to go to a party given by one of the addressees of a letter of introduction, to which I just happened to go too; and that, kiddies, is how grannie met grandpa.

I was in college, majoring in Eng. Lit., and, though I had never been abroad, steeped in the stories of my family, who were, to a man, violent Anglophiles and indefatigable tourists. So that when somebody said, "This is Mr. Chesney, Katie," I said, "How do you do?" and fell in love.

James—who is, let's face it, James Francis Charles Farquharson Chesney—says he did too. He took me out to dinner after the party and on each of three subsequent evenings, and then he went to San Francisco, where he had old war buddies and a temporary job, and then he went to New York, which he enjoyed very much, and then he came back to Chicago and said he adored America, but he found that he missed dear old messy, tired, possibly declining England too much ever to live anywhere else, and would I marry him and come over there. I said love was all very well, but England was three thousand miles away, and I hadn't finished college yet and what would my parents say and I didn't know if I wanted to marry him, so we left it at that. James then kissed me in such a way that I nearly said, "Wait here, I will get my toothbrush and come to England with you," but fear of the unknown and indecision held me silent, and James went back to England and settled down to earn that part of a living wage which one is allowed to keep by the tax man.

I found I missed him violently. We wrote each other fat letters about how foul it was not seeing each other. When I finished college, my father said, "Frances, you'd better take Katie to Europe this summer. I can't stand the way the child is moping."

I dare say it is psychologically suspect to be fond of the company of one's mother, but I am very fond of the company of mine. So we bought nylon underclothes and Dacron dresses and little kits of plastic bottles and mud-colored traveling coats. (These last are a fallacy perpetuated by certain fashion magazines, for which I hope they fry in hell. The only place in the whole world where mud-colored traveling coats look suitable is on the deck of an ocean liner, where one is for, say, five days every three years. Anywhere else they just look depressed.)

James met us at London Airport, and ma took one look at his old green Bentley with the hand brake on the outside and said, "Run along, dears; I will follow you in the airport bus." So James and I drove the flat, uninspiring, but to me illimitably thrilling, road into the West End of London, and I saw my first pillar box and my first policeman's helmet. The soft air cosseted my cheeks, there were lupines as tall as I in the suburban gardens, and everything was heavenly.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 103

A LIGHT TO BRING US SAFE

By THOMAS JOHN CARLISLE

Because I live alone
I leave a light
To help me find my way
Back home by night.
But if I could
Walk home again with you,
To bring us safe
The smallest star would do.





HOW TO MEET EXPENSES

YOU can earn extra cash to meet expenses by selling subscriptions to the *Ladies' Home Journal, The Saturday Evening Post, The American Home, Holiday, Jack and Jill* and other popular magazines. Earn generous commissions in your spare time. We'll send details without obligation.

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FABULOUS FOODARAMA

a 12 cu. ft. deluxe refrigerator and a 6 cu. ft. upright freezer in one cabinet only 41" wide, 63" high and 25" deep!

Better Living for Everyone . . . from Kelvinator



The Raleighs: "WE EAT BETTER!" More exciting, healthier meals are easier to plan and prepare with Foodarama's tantalizing variety of foods within easy reach. The refrigerator side is *100% usable* for fresh foods . . . the *upright* freezer is 207 pounds big. Arrangement is *so* convenient, with most-needed foods where they're most accessible. There's no stooping to use the waist-level Cold-Mist Freshener. New Package Pantry stores ready-wrapped fruits and vegetables right in their plastic "crisper" bags.



The Andersons: "WE SAVE TIME AND MONEY, TOO!" You shop less frequently, "run out" of things less often! And Foodarama's huge 18 cu. ft. capacity—6-cu.-ft. upright freezer and 12-cu.-ft. refrigerator—lets you fix so many things in advance . . . a whole, cooked roast if you like. You save big money, too! Foodarama lets you buy in quantity when prices are lowest. It costs much less to buy than a separate freezer and refrigerator . . . operates from a single, economical unit.



The Thompsons: "WE HAVE MORE FUN!" Teen-age or adult party, entertaining is always more gracious and easy-going. You're free for fun and hospitality like never before. You won't run out of frosty cold beverages . . . Foodarama holds enough for a week. Even when sudden guests drop in . . . Foodarama's abundance turns emergencies into relaxed repasts. Incidentally, see how Foodarama's glamorous cabinet fits into 41-inch space to make a beautiful built-in, if you desire.



Foodarama costs much less than a separate deluxe refrigerator and upright freezer

Live Better *Electrically*



NEW FOODARAMA PARTY BOOK

What to do to have more fun . . . decorations, games, food for parties of all kinds. 128 pages, beautifully illustrated in color. Now on sale at bookstores at $3.25, but here's your chance to save $2.00 . . .

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FOODARAMA *by* **Kelvinator**

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Built Better to Serve Better—Dependable for 45 Years *American Motors Means* *More For Americans*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101

Ma had booked rooms at the Connaught Hotel, and when we had forgathered there and said how well we all looked and how everybody in Chicago was, and James had said that his mother and father were coming up from Somerset next Wednesday and hoped ma would dine with them, and ma had said bravely that that would be delightful, we stood around in a glassy-eyed silence of nerves and exhaustion, and then ma went considerately to bed with a glass of milk, and James and I had dinner and drank some champagne, and he scrabbled in his waistcoat pocket for the diamond-and-ruby ring given by Francis Farquharson Chesney, Gent., to Prudence Pitman, spinster of this parish, in 1794, and we got engaged.

And now here we were, same people, same table, four years older but still bright-eyed and bushy-tailed. We were very happy.

"You remember our wedding, I suppose," I said.

"Vividly," said James. "I was awfully relieved when I found out your church was called St. Laurence's and not 'The wee chapel in the tall pines.'"

"I can't think why they do it."

"Coziness is all," said James. "I liked the bridesmaids' going down the aisle first, instead of trailing along behind the way they do here."

"They do look kind of useless here."

"Viewed objectively," said James, "all the claptrap that goes on about weddings, excluding the bride and groom, is useless. Bridesmaids are really only there to be kissed."

"You were well away. You even kissed Cousin Lois. I nearly fell on my face."

We reminisced about our honeymoon, then progressed into one of the lounges, where we ordered some coffee and brandy. In a little green alcove, round which there was a padded bench, I took out the clipping about the small, warm Georgian house and inquired whether James' letters from the agents had yielded anything. James pulled them out of his pocket.

"I haven't read them yet."

"Oh, James." I cannot understand people who do not rip open their letters and devour every word the instant they arrive. James seems to like his to age. I have known him to leave them on the hall table for three or four days and then have to be asked to open them.

James squirmed a bit and said did I think that was General Alexander over there in the corner. I said no, I thought he looked more like an admiral. James gave me a cigarette and lit it and one for himself. Then he sat and flicked his lighter on and off.

"Darling, what is wrong? Tell Katie."

"Nothing," said James in an unconvinced way.

"James," I said, "have you wagered the house money on a slow horse?"

"No," he said. "I don't want to tell you what is wrong. I don't want to spoil our anniversary. Why did you have to bring up houses?"

"But darling, don't you want to have a dear little warm Georgian house with two acres for Fluffy to jump about in?" *And at least six bonny, blue-eyed babies*, I added in my head. I tried to show him the clipping.

"Darling," he said, "we have to move."

"I know," I said. "We have been dithering about it for quite some time. I am longing to get into the country. Won't it be fun?"

"Catherine, my pearl, my treasure, shut up."

"Yes, darling."

"Now listen." He spoke slowly and patiently, as to a child of four, and his tone was far from cheerful. "We cannot live in London any more, or even near London. The firm is sending me to another place."

I blenched. "Tanganyika?" I said.

"Worse," said James. "Farmiloe."

"Farmiloe?"

"Yes."

"The North?"

"Well, the southern edge of the North."

"Coal mines and like that?"

"More or less."

"No Tate? No taxis? No Thames? No Battersea Power Station? No Harrod's?"

"That's about the size of it."

"I like it *here*."

"So do I."

A tolling bell seemed to be sounding in my head. "I don't remember the marriage vows' saying anything about Farmiloe."

"It's included in 'for better, for worse.'"

I put my cigarette out. It has to be a crisis for me to leave more than half an inch of an expensive English cigarette. It was going to have been sad enough to leave Winchester Mews, our first home, for warm houses near Edenbridge, with Fluffyworthy gardens and potential nurseries, but to forge into the moorland, the dales and fells and whatever else they had up there began to seem like planning to live in the middle of the Gobi. Everything I'd ever read by authors born north of the Wash passed through my mind. It would be the land of Lucky Jim, satanic mills, tubercular poets being made to work in fish-and-chip shops by their old dads, biting wind and lethal fog, silicosis, bleached sheep bones and no film less than two years old at any cinema.

"When do we have to go?"

"Probably sometime in April."

"Do we have to stay there forever?"

"Oh, I shouldn't think so. Hard to tell."

We finished our brandy. I took James' hand. "It may be quite nice," I said. "Do you know anybody in Farmiloe?"

"No," said James. He rang the bell for the waiter. "Do you?"

"No." I stood up and put my coat on. "I only want to live where you live."

At long last James smiled. "It's mutual," he said. I was able to push my face against his cheek for an instant before the waiter came.

The day after our wedding anniversary, I sped about my household tasks clenching a pencil in my teeth with which, should I have any moments of inspiration about My New Life, I planned to write down lists. So absorbed did I get that when the doorbell rang, and Mickey O'Brien's lissome, seductive form presented itself on the threshold, I demonstrated inhospitable surprise.

Mickey is one of the prettiest girls I have ever seen, tall, ash-blond, excitable and warm. We hugged each other. "Do not tell me you remembered I was coming," she said, laughing. "I know that blank look of yours from away back. Here." She handed me a bottle of *L'Heure Verte*. "I didn't get this for you, but somehow it smells like cardboard on me." She pushed me into the drawing room and went around making sure that all the windows were shut. "It's cold in here. How British can you get? Is that fire burning? I suppose it is, in a manner of speaking. I am absolutely *dead*." I have never seen anyone look more totally alive. She took her shoes off and curled her legs underneath herself in a comfortable chair and smiled brilliantly. "Well?" she said.

"Mickey, darling, I *am* pleased to see you."

"Likewise."

"Let's have a glass of sherry."

So we had it and she told me about the new one. Sometimes I feel that I spent my whole life listening to Mickey telling me about the new one, but I always enjoyed hearing. I said that he sounded like a ski bum to me.

"Well, he has this place in Shropshire," said Mickey. "I mean, his father does. So when he's home he learns about managing that."

"For your sake," I said, "I hope when you go to visit it will be like Merrie England, with hot water in brass ewers going upstairs, and a pink-cheeked housemaid on her knees lighting your bedroom fire when you wake up."

"Wouldn't that be heaven?" said Mickey. "Feudal bailiffs tugging their forelocks, the hall full of glass cases with *stuffed* things in them."

"I do hope it'll be like that," I said. "But I bet it won't. Let's see. When you get engaged, the entire staff can line up in the hall, all trembling with emotion about the young master, and say 'God bless Miss Mickey.' You'll have to change your name to something suitable."

"Oh, we're not going to get engaged."

"He must think you are if he's taking you to meet his old mum."

"Do you think so? Really, you are the most old-fashioned girl I ever knew. I don't love him. I suppose he might ask me, but if he does I shall say no."

"O'Brien who drives men mad," I said. "The divine and unattainable she. So tell me the news from home."

Mickey had seen my ma and pa since I had, she had been to a dance weekend at my brother Henry's college and seen him, she had fairly recent news of all our common friends, so that she talked steadily while we put our coats on and walked to a nearby restaurant and lunched, after which we kissed each other good-by, planned to meet in Chicago before we were eighty if possible, and she rushed off to catch the train to the feudal Salôpian acres.

James and I were going to Margery's parents in Berkshire for the weekend. I had packed tweeds and a dinner dress and walking shoes and shoes for wearing when one's feet were tired and a waterproof coat and extra sweaters and a woolly nightgown and a not woolly nightgown. One must be prepared for all eventualities on an English country weekend. James, with sighs of quiet pleasure, flung his bowler at its hook in the hall and missed, his badge of slavery falling unmourned into a corner, and packed his aged corduroy trousers and a revolting sheepskin waistcoat to which he is much attached, and we drove away toward Berkshire, dropping Fluffy at the quarters of a glamorous veterinary surgeon who loves her. The old green Bentley chugged through the park. I feel that this car will be with us until the end of our days. With financial wizardry worthy of a Rothschild, James manages to afford its extensive repairs and its neurotic cravings for gallons and gallons of expensive petrol, while he does not manage to afford a new car, one with a heater. The old green Bentley is extremely *lovable*, almost like a horse; besides, I comfort myself, it is so *smart* (in the sense of *élan, chic, panache*) to have a really old car instead of a new, mass-produced one. This is true in America, too, contrary to the popular view abroad, though there, to be really effective, the car ought to be an extremely battered Ford station wagon of the days when the wood part was really wood, before the dawn of time.

Bilberry House, the home of Margery's father and mother, is large and comfortable, dating from the golden days of good Queen Anne. It is a very cold house, but that does not count as uncomfortable in England. As they are a little farther from the brink of starvation than the rest of us, one does not feel too guilty about switching on one's bedroom electric fire occasionally. They love having young people about them, and though Margery, Christopher, James and I are rapidly aging, to them we will always be children, and this is very pleasant.

After all the greetings and kisses and lovely-to-see-yous and unpackings and face washings had taken place, and the grandchildren had been gathered unto Dear Old Nanny, we sat down and drank sherry and I told Margery we were moving to Farmiloe.

"You *can't!*" Margery put every ounce of Burke's Landed Gentry she possesses, which is considerable, into her exquisitely broadened *a*. "It's the *North*."

"I know," I said, beginning to feel rather defensive about the North. Why should the North be that much different from the South? After all, the whole island could be stuffed into Illinois, and nobody in Chicago would even notice. "If it's so cold, we can ski," I said.

"Ski? In England?" Margery knows all about everything. One skis in Austria, hunts in the shires, swims in the Mediterranean, shoots in Norfolk, races at Epsom, Ascot and Newmarket, and fishes in South Wales. For vacations one goes to sequestered little beaches in Corsica or Djerba where no Anglo-Saxon foot has ever trod before. "Well, maybe they do. If you get some good snow, we'll come up."

Within me welled unreasoning optimism. James cheered up, and we decided that everything might possibly be beer and skittles.

Country weekends in England range from divine to abysmal. At the very top of the list are the great houses, where your name is on a little card in a slot on your bedroom door, there are roaring fires in every room, a hunt ball is being held in the house on the Friday with Tommy Kinsman's band playing nonstop till six A.M., you wear your Balenciaga, and all the books on your bedside table are brand-new and/or very good.

The other end of the scale is the damp, cedar-surrounded cottage on the main road, where the sixth child is being christened on the Sunday afternoon at a smashing tea party to which are invited twenty-seven unengaging relations, all female. You wear your thickest suit with a twin set and feel immobile, and in spare moments read the Daily Telegraph.

Weekends at the Faradays' are on the divine side. Colonel Faraday, with Edwardian gallantry, contrived to make the three ladies feel among the most gifted and beautiful females in the world and at the same time serious-minded, intelligent and not mere playthings.

When we went to bed the deep silence of the country was all about us. Winchester Mews is not in a noisy part of London, but there is always some slight noise there. Here, at the end of the village street, where every light had been out for some time, the silence was complete. If the foxes and the mice were going about their lawful occasions in the fields, they were doing it in their stocking feet.

The next morning we awoke cheerful and placid, our lungs full of life-giving, smokefree air, our nerves dormant. Oh, delicious Saturday; oh, beautiful Berkshire: we could get dressed slowly, we needn't put our faces into a kitchen till Monday, no boiler to coexist with, no alarm clock. At breakfast the ladies wore thick tweeds and woolen stockings, and at least one of the ladies wore woolly pants. When I came to England, newly wed and firmly determined to be glamorous at all costs, I thought no husband could go on loving a wife who wore woolly pants, but one comes to it—one has to—and the difference this slight layer of clothing makes to general comfort in the Great British Winter is amazing.

We ate grapefruit and porridge and scrambled eggs of a golden delightful egginess, unsullied by milk or bread crumbs or any of the extraneous matter sometimes put in scrambled eggs.

Afterward the gentlemen went off and did such manly things as shooting pigeons and looking at the compost heap, Margery and I carried the dishes out to Mrs. March in the kitchen, and Mrs. Faraday disappeared, cooing blissfully, to have a satisfying time with her three grandchildren who had been behaving very nicely, as indeed they always did with nanny.

I knew that sooner or later someone would suggest doing something, so when I had tidied the room James and I were in, I settled into a large chair by the drawing-room fire and read the Illustrated London News and all the back numbers of Punch that had been in a neat pile on a stool.

When action came it was Margery's wee ones, who arranged themselves in a neat row on the hearthrug and said they were going to walk to the village with mummie and grannie to buy sweets and would I care to come. We

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set off, a hearty party of six, breasting the winter winds, down the drive and along the road, past a field or two and then passing the small brick cottages of the village with their tidy gardens. The remains of the Michaelmas daisies were tied up in bunches with string and, here and there, under a sheltering bush or in the lee of a wall, was an occasional shy, brave snowdrop. Through th small windows we could see tables covered with oilcloth (which they call "American cloth" in England) and on which there were brown teapots, loaves of bread and jars of strawberry jam and lemon curd. Elevenses were being had.

When we got back, rosy-cheeked and windbuffeted, a large luncheon was ready. After lunch Colonel Faraday sat by the fire, put a silk handkerchief over his face and went to sleep. I look forward to this, every time I am there, because having only read of it in novels I did not think it ever happened. Margery and Christopher, James and I discussed driving over to climb Inkpen Beacon, walking over the downs or going to Newbury, but in the end we took naps too. After tea, we four did the crossword puzzles in the Times. After dinner, Mrs. Faraday and I talked about prewar England. We had just got to the abdication when our husbands, daughters and friends came into the room, tired of billiards.

Sunday morning, hatted and gloved, suitably shod, and in some cases woolly pantsed, we all walked to church. We didn't have to, and possibly some of us didn't want to, but we all went. We confessed our sins, chanted the psalms, listened to the sermon, sang loudly while we put our five bobs in the bag, stood respectfully as the vicar went down the aisle at the end and knelt again to mutter such little prayers as "Please make me not hate Farmiloe."

I hate Sunday lunch and James and I never have it, but somehow in Bilberry Parva Sunday lunch is part of a disciplined way of life which no one has ever questioned. We triumphed over the languor which ensued by walking through the stubbly, half-frozen fields at a spanking pace. Americans often say how small is the English countryside. But to me England seems as big as Texas when I am walking in it. The sky is limitless, even when the ceiling is zero, and far, far away is the sea which is bigger than anything.

Then it was time to depart. We kissed everyone fervently and wobbled away in the Bentley.

"Bliss," I said as we turned into the main road.

"Yes," said James some ten minutes later, and so sodden were we both with country air and large teas that neither of us noticed the time lag. After that conversation flagged, and I began, in the irritating way we housewives develop, to plan the coming week. Then Farmiloe recurred to me. My first reaction was to apply for entry into a loony bin, or neurosis center, where I might lie on my back under sedatives while somebody else (who?) did all the work, but then I thought the really sensible thing to do would be to prepare for it by visiting my dear family, being cosseted, and filling myself with protein-full American food.

"James, darling," I said, "would you mind if I went to America for a minute before we move?"

"Yes," said James.

"Well, can I?"

"I'll give it some thought," said James, which means, bless him, that he would put it straight out of his head, and when I said three days later "What about going to America?" he would say "Well, what?"

"It's the thrift season," I said.

"That's good," said James.

"I haven't seen them for ages."

"Well, I dare say it is the freest time you'll have for a bit, and it won't be much fun for them to come and stay with us until we've got settled into a house up there."

"You have followed my train of thought."

"Like a guard's van. Am I not the perfect husband?"

"Yes, yes, yes, darling." I lit a cigarette for him and stuck it between his lips. "Will you miss me?" I said. Of course he'd miss me. He'd better. Not only was I a good cook and chief maker of inept darns in his socks, but also I was company around the house.

"No," said James carelessly. "I'll get Miss Budgett to come and stay." Miss Budgett is his typist, a girl of statuesque proportions with beautiful copper-colored hair, who was voted Miss Wandsworth of last year.

"Ah," I said. I would be British, by George, if it strangled me.

"Yes, I will miss you," said James.

I wrote to my mother and asked if she would care to have me visit her in the near future, regale her with songs and stories of the Old World and eat her out of house and home. I had, I wrote with pride, saved up nearly half the fare out of my dress allowance, and if she could float me a small loan I would call it a kindness. By return post there was a letter from ma expressing happiness at the thought of reunion, a note from pa saying good heavens, he thought he had got me off his hands at last and here was a check, and an airmail post card from my brother Henry saying tersely that he wanted a wife for his beagle and would I bring one over. I cursed Henry quietly and lovingly for a minute or two. Then I remembered guiltily that he had brought me all my old jazz records in a hideously heavy bundle the last time he came to England.

There are three ways of finding out things in England. One is to have one's husband ask his friends at the office, the second is to look on the front page of the Times, and the third is to ring up Harrod's. Harrod's arranged to have some beagles available for inspection.

We picked one that looked, to my ignorant eyes, just like all the other beagles, but she was engaging and licked my nose when I picked her up, and the vet and James' friend agreed that she was a fine example of beagle flesh and that Henry would adore her at sight, and so, more important, would Henry's beagle.

To spare Fluffy's nerves, the beagle lived with the vet till sailing time. I turned my attention to clothes. After three years I had largely worn out my American trousseau. Clothes that are warm enough for American women living in England are far too warm for the American woman living in America. I look admiringly on the English woman who can wear a low-necked sleeveless cocktail dress any time between September and May, but I cannot emulate her. All my cocktail dresses are wool with long sleeves, and I possess innumerable cardigans and stoles and odd bits of fur for putting around the neck, shrugging over the shoulders or wearing all at once in the depths of the winter. None of these bedraggled objects would do for dear centrally heated Chicago. I opened the wardrobe door and gazed dispiritedly inside. "Drat," I said. That was what came of saving up dress allowances to go to America with. Why could not James have been someone who sold things on margin and messed about with syndicates, and considered it good business to dress his wife in Balmain models and sables and sapphires? But perhaps gentlemen like that were not so nice to have around the house as darling James. Lurking in the back of the wardrobe was the mud-colored traveling coat, and there was a suit that would do and a little black dress which, though it was distant from *haute couture* and lunch at the Colony, was neither too thick, too thin nor too ragged, and there was the cashmere sweater my mother-in-law had given me for Christmas, and the tartan skirt I'd had in college but never dared to wear in England because they think you ought to be entitled to a tartan to wear it and my links with the Black Watch were tenuous. Furthermore—oh, cheery thought—if I went home looking like a waif, ma would buy me something.

It is terrible always to be torn, with half of one's love and loyalty bending toward a place and set of people who are far removed from the other half of one's affections. There has been exactly one month in my married life when I didn't look for the postman coming down the road with his bag and wonder if there would be any letters for me. That was when ma and pa came to visit us. It was bliss.

James stuffed me into the boat train and stood on the platform looking unutterably dear and sweet and a little lorn, while I hung out the window and thought my usual travel thoughts, which consist of a dull din in the head: *Why did I ever think this was a good idea?*

"Write to me straightaway," I said to James.

"I'll try to get a letter off tomorrow or Sunday," James said with maddening calm.

"Darling ——" I began in a threatening tone which changed to an un-British sniffle at the horrid thought of leaving James, home and cat, so I cried a few tears, and James got back into the carriage and hugged me, and the beagle that I was keeping with me in the train till someone came and told me not to barked once sharply, so that my attention was distracted, and James and I united in saying, "Shut up, bad dog," to the poor little immigrant who then subsided and looked as sad as any head-scarfed Latvian hauled onto Ellis Island in 1920 speaking no English. Then, of course, James and I fell on our knees beside her saying, "Poor darling, was homesick, was," and the whistle blew, and James had to leap out of the train, and we were off in a cloud of steam and soot.

At the dock, I took a firm grip on the beagle's lead and marched up the gangplank. The purser was polite but adamant, so the porter carried her basket to the dog repository, and I trailed behind, murmuring comfort. I found I was to share my cabin with a Mrs. Hardcastle, who was going to New York first,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120



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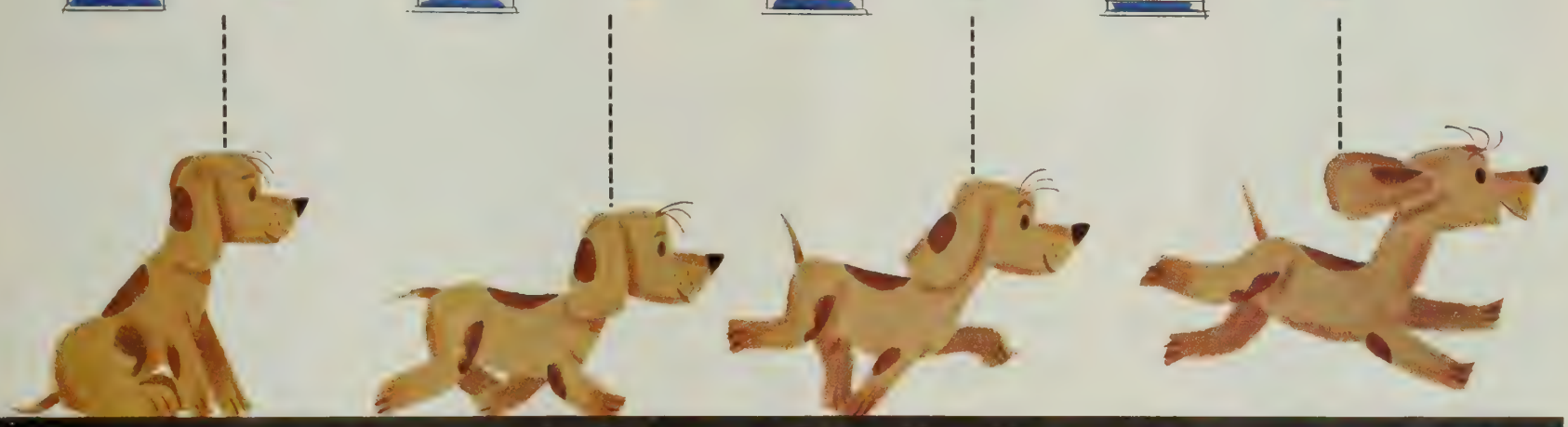
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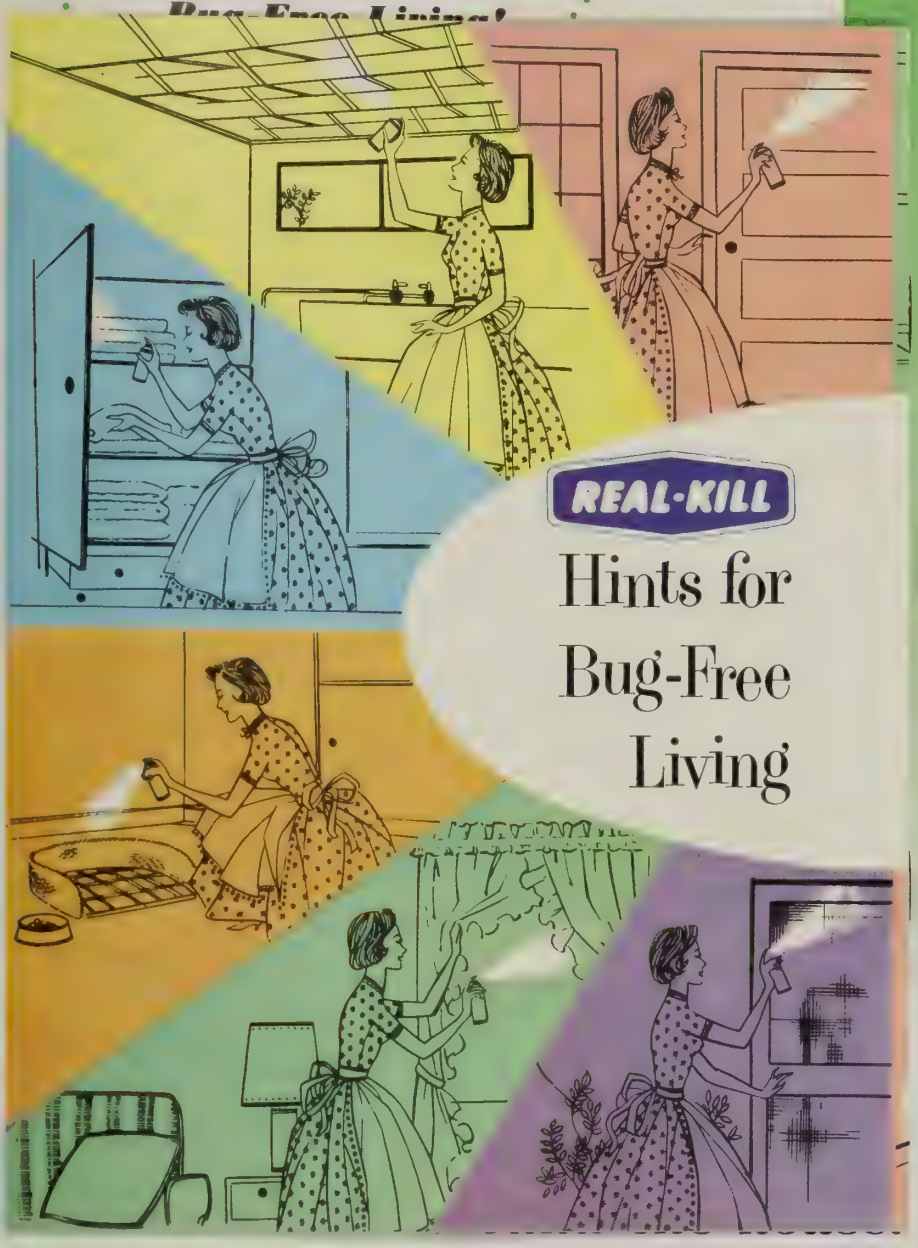
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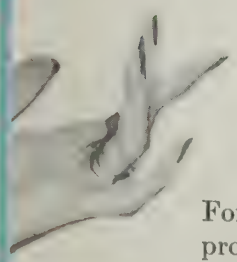
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and then to Michigan. Mrs. Hardcastle said Mitchigan, instead of Mishigan, as so many English people will, and I thought perhaps I ought to tell her, and then I thought I would leave it to her daughter in Grand Rapids.

"How are you liking England?" she said.

"Oh, very much," I said. "Especially London. Where do you live?"

"It's a place you won't know," said she. "In the north. Farmiloe, it's called."

"Golly," I said, nonplused. "Guess what, Mrs. Hardcastle." And I told her.

If it hadn't been for Mrs. Hardcastle the afternoon would have been interminable. I kept having to fight a temptation to ring up James and anticlimax our farewells.

We began to move slowly past the Isle of Wight. The first slow motion of the ship was soothing, and there was deep silence. I thought of the London traffic streaming along in a solid mass from Trafalgar Square and points east to Hammersmith Broadway, where it was undoubtedly gurgling and churning itself into the usual inextricable mass. Since it was late teatime in Southampton, it followed that it was lunchtime in Chicago, and people would be going up and down in elevators and eating hamburgers and ham and Swiss on rye at a thousand soda fountains, or ham with raisin sauce at Marshall Field's, or drinking the palest golden martinis in the Pump Room. I knelt on a sofa at a sternward window and watched the gray-brown land getting farther away. What was I doing here all alone, in the middle of nowhere, committed to save the beagle's life in case of shipwreck, not keen on shuffleboard or deck tennis, or indeed any form of communal life? I was a square peg in a round hole, that's what I was, and all life was dank, gray and miserable.

A steward told me I was at the captain's table. This seemed very strange till I discovered that the captain had been of lesser rank on the Queen Mary and that I had danced with him quite a lot while James was being sick at the end of our honeymoon.

Two days out full-gale conditions prevailed, and my walks with the beagle were somewhat spoiled by its being so hard to stand up. Everything aboard RMS Forsythia that could be tied down was, and guide ropes were up everywhere. I am a disgustingly good sailor and found all this activity of the elements refreshing.

I went to somebody or other's party nearly every night. A Mr. Wade showed me photographs of his wife, perfectly heavenly in the Southern manner with melting eyes and frills and named Lucie Belle, and his three children who were Spottswood (female), Buckner (male) and Betsy Fitzjames, never by any chance called just Betsy, who had long curly eyelashes and had been born to be a prom-trotter and to cut a tremendous swath through Georgia Tech in the near future. I showed him a lovely photograph of Fluffy, wishing I had lots of babies, or even one, and the picture of James taken from the top of a tank at Tobruk.

After a great deal of sleep, so that the purple shadows under my eyes vanished, and discussing Farmiloe with Mrs. Hardcastle, about which she was well meaning but uninformative, and coming to the end of the supply of books I had brought with me, I learned that we were to anchor for the night. I went down and fetched out the beagle. Her warm, pink tongue lingering on the back of my neck added to the rampant emotionalism of rushing to the starboard rail and looking at Long Island, where the street lights were on and what seemed to be a million cars, all with brilliant headlights, were streaming along the coast road. I held the beagle with her head pointing toward land. "That," I whispered to her, "is the land of the free and the home of the brave." One has to say these things occasionally, but it is better to say them to dogs. We filled our lungs with the air of the New World, which is so different from that of the Old. It has none of the softness of English air, none of the languor of Southwestern Europe, but is hard, diamond-bright and stimulating to the nerves.

The next morning when we first saw the towers of lower Manhattan rising up from the sea I thought I might shed a few tears, but it was too early in the morning so I just looked and looked while Mr. Wade said maddeningly that New York was a fine place to visit but he would not live there if you paid him, and I replied that my idea of earthly bliss was to live smack in the middle of either New York, London, Paris or Rome; and though this is not strictly true, at the time I thought it was.

I managed to get everything together and in one place, and then the beagle and I went topside. Through a slot in the dockside building I saw some legs and feet I was sure I knew, and when the whole bodies came into view I was filled with joy, because there, looking unbelievably immaculate and smart, as Americans always do, when you have not seen any for a long time, were ma and pa. I became so absorbed in waving to them and shouting things they couldn't hear that I had to be tapped on the shoulder and told it was time to go through Customs and Immigration. Off the beagle and I went, smiling all over our faces, slid through Customs and Immigration, and were scooped into the dear loving arms of Mr. and Mrs. Collins, freshly arrived from the Middle West.

With thoughtfulness and consideration, dear ma had decided that I might like a day in New York to look at a few sights, and she had also decided that I would like to stay at the St. Regis. What is more, she would like it too. The St. Regis is the prettiest hotel in New York and one of the few where they still employ chambermaids to turn down the beds. My room was painted a delicious pink and smelled good. Ma and pa's room was Adam green and full of lovely things like chesterfields and yellow telegraph blanks and breakfast menus listing fourteen different kinds of fruit, rarities almost exotic to the returning Yank. We talked till we were weak. Henry was coming from college for the weekend, and his beagle was longing to meet the new beagle. Everything was well at home, the iceboat in good condition, my three dearest friends had been informed of my impending arrival, the rhododendron in the garden (there is but one, mother's pride

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McCORMICK
Recipe of the Month
"SAUCY" BARBECUE SAUCE

Combine 1 can (8 ounces) tomato sauce, ¼ cup molasses, 1 tablespoon prepared mustard, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce and the following McCormick or Schilling products: 1 teaspoon Minced Onion and ¼ teaspoon each Season-All, Barbecue Spice, Garlic Salt and Black Pepper. Mix well. Bring to a boil; boil 1 minute. Use to brush broilers during grilling. Makes about 1⅓ cups, enough for two broilers.

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and joy) was not looking well, but it had survived last winter so perhaps it would this one too.

I told them about James and Fluffy and Farmiloe. And, of course, London, but Farmiloe first. Mother's reaction was aesthetic. She mentioned the Brontës, and Hadrian's Wall, which she seemed to think, England being on the whole smaller than the U.S.A., would run through our garden. Pa said it was surprising how happily one could live in untempting places and that heaven knew Chicago was a sinkhole. Then we went out to lunch. Would I care to go to the Chambord or 21? So eager were they, bless them, to spoil rotten their returned daughter that they would have pawned their watches to take me there. They even put up a show of enthusiasm in agreeing to my choice, which was the nearest drugstore. Bacon-and-tomato sandwiches and chocolate malted milk are the two articles of diet which I think of with greed and longing when I am abroad. It isn't exactly that they are my favorite things in the whole world, it's just that one can't get them made with any degree of *expertise* anywhere but in America, so they haunt my dreams.

My chocolate malted was the glorious chocolate malted of my most homesick dreams ("That's what I fought this war for, mom."), *luxe, calme et volupté*, and was as the Kohinoor to a zircon compared with the chocolate malteds with which I had experimented during recent months in Leicester Square. I chewed on my bacon-and-tomato sandwich (on toasted whole-wheat bread), which was also delicious, and looked out the window at the passing maelstrom, and thought how very

If you love, you must needs become wise; be wise and you surely shall love. MAURICE MAETERLINCK

sad it was that the things which are really American are so seldom ever mentioned to Europeans.

When they travel to the U.S.A. they are always too busy to find out about really important things, or else they are in the wrong part of the country and are rushing to catch a plane to another wrong part. So they spend all their time talking to newspapermen or being wined and dined (well, *dined* anyway) in Dallas or speaking to the Upper Wichita Republican Ladies' Happy Friday Afternoon Club (no reciprocal agreements with an English organization known as the Methodist Bright Hour). They see and hear about drive-in movies and Walter Winchell and sports shirts. But they never find out about the little green fresh-water lakes where the water in summer is as warm and sticky as new milk. They don't know about trailing arbutus and Spanish moss and college songs (by which I do not mean The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi, I mean My Cutie's Due on the Big Choo-Choo) or the gas-station men in the South who say "Y'all come back now." They know about Cannery Row and Madison Avenue and Basin Street, but they do not understand about North Conway or the Eastern Shore or adorable little towns like Medina, Ohio. They have never heard of the copper country of Northern Michigan, nor do they know why it is both funny and exciting to say "I'm flying to the Coast," and it is very hard for them to picture the barren wind-swept beauty of Marco Island in Florida, because there are very few things in Europe that are as untouched by human hand as Marco.

When we had given up our places to the ravening hordes, pa went off to see some men as men all over the world seem to do after lunch, and ma and I stood with our noses pressed against Bergdorf Goodman's windows in a state of advanced cupidity, and then we went across the street and did the same at Bonwit Teller. We strolled down Fifth Avenue goggling, ma as much as I, because Chicago is not and never was New York When our feet began to ache we went back to the St Regis and, as my dear mother-in-law says, put our toes up.

For drinks, ma had invited Charlie Judson, who used sometimes to take me to dances and films in the days before James. Charlie kissed me fondly, and without drawing breath inquired if I'd be seeing Mickey when I got home. I said I supposed I would and good heavens, why hadn't he found himself someone else by now? Charlie said he had posses of attractive girls trailing him, but he could not forget Mickey and could he take me out somewhere to dinner so that we could talk about her. I said that I would be damned if I would spend my first evening in America discussing exclusively Mickey O'Brien, fond as I am of her, and he could dine with the three of us if he would pull himself together and talk about interesting things, like James.

After dinner ma and pa said they were old and feeble and were going to read in bed, so Charlie took me to Jimmy Ryan's for a little while. I was very grateful to dear Charlie in spite of his one-track mind, because a girl cannot go to Ryan's alone, and he could blither on about Mickey as much as he liked while I listened to Wilbur's valve trombone and occasionally made a sympathetic face.

When we were walking back to the St. Regis I said yes yes about all Charlie's heart troubles lots of times and looked at the lights of New York and when I had sworn I would make Mickey come to New York for a weekend, Charlie went away and I went upstairs and looked out my bedroom window at more lights. They were magical, golden and silver and crimson and blue, and there are always more of them than one ever remembers. The air smelled of electricity and was sharp and nerve-tingling. I wrote James a long letter telling him very little that he did not know already, and then I read the various pieces of literature lying about, including, again, the breakfast menu, but this made me hungry so I got in bed and eventually went to sleep.

The telephone woke me. It was ma. She informed me crisply that it was seven-thirty, and



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if we wished to drive the mule team to the West we must get on our way.

Pa's car felt, after the old green Bentley and Margery's Hillman Minx, like a Greyhound bus. We all sat in the front seat and were not squashed. I said weakly to pa that I'd got so British I might faint if there was not one window open, and he smiled commiseratingly and opened one about an eighth of an inch.

When I am driving through France or Germany, I feel that every square inch of land has been peered at, breathed over, weeded, fertilized, planted, raked, inspected, counted and all but tied up in a small parcel with string. In the long lonely stretches of the U.S.A., before one ever gets to the Mississippi—between, say, Albany and Buffalo or Atlanta and Jacksonville—I know in my heart that the soil is not virgin and that all sorts and conditions of Indians, pilgrims, red-coated troops of Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne and young thugs with Elvis Presley haircuts have been stamping about on it for 150 years, but I still feel, with joy, that the land is strong, young and free, and the contact between oneself and it gives strength. When we stopped to give the beagle a little run, I followed her and my feet scrunched on the frozen fields, and I jabbed my finger on a piece of barbed wire, and as I sucked it I thought, *This is American blood in America I am sucking*, and it all seemed tremendously right, though it did not make me stop wishing James was with us.

When we got within fifty miles of Grahamstown, a suburb of Chicago where I was born and raised, I began to recognize lanes down which I had driven or ridden, houses I had been in, trees I had climbed, a roadside eating place at which I had once eaten four cheeseburgers. In Grahamstown, we turned into Adams Road to No. 380, and its dear old red brick, green doors and shutters and surrounding maple trees.

Inside was the winter smell of furniture polish and chesterfields and baked apples and wet snow boots. In summer it smells of grass cuttings and roses and sun-tan oil. Everything seemed to be as I had left it: the same magazines, the same flowers in the same vases. It all looked very clean and light and bright, because on the most reprehensible winter day in Chicago there is more sunshine than on many a delicious summer day in England.

Upstairs nothing was changed either. In my room were the framed snapshots of a cocker spaniel that I had loved; the white dotted-swiss curtains which had framed my wistful face on many nights spent gazing, mindless, out across the lake, for as much as twenty minutes at a time; the writing table I had kicked the legs of while I composed verses about my first beau and the horrors of war, and yellow tulips and moonlight.

I put my head into mother's room, which smelled faintly and deliciously of Shalimar, as always, and the other rooms, then went down and took the beagle into the garden.

I had forgotten the intense hard cold of my childhood. In England, the cold does not pinch, it seeps. Down the neck, under the skirts, into the shoes, while the area across the shoulder blades gets colder and more uncomfortable gradually, like the Chinese water torture. The beagle and I ran to the end of the garden and around the garage and down the drive, and what should we see coming, making a hideous noise because of its eternally broken muffler, but the aged blue convertible in which my beloved brother Henry does his motoring.

"Darling," I said to the beagle, "it's daddy."

Henry ground to a stop and climbed out. He is a tall, casual boy with a cheerful smile; his movements are languid, but his heart and mind are large and quick. I flung my arm rapturously around his neck. "Stinkpot!" I said.

"Well," said Henry, "look who's home."

The beagle would not sit down because the ground was too cold. She stood shyly till I picked her up and handed her to Henry. "Many happy returns of the day," I said.

Henry examined her with interest. He looked deep into her eyes. "Woofle," he said, and then to me, "Say, she looks good." He patted her head and put her down. She gazed up at him with the seeds of adoration in her eyes. "I think we're going to get along," said Henry. Nobody in England ever thinks anyone in America is capable of understatement, but Henry is a boy who has never exaggerated anything in his life, except for a short period when his favorite adjective was "sensational." Anyone with half an eye could see that the beagle already thought Henry was a combination of St. Francis of Assisi, another beagle, and juicy marrowbones.

Henry drove up to the house, and we all went in the kitchen door. I had to linger there to admire the double stainless-steel sink, the cupboards ranged round the room at eye level and knee level, the gleaming range studded with efficient push buttons, and to feel the warmth while I thought of my dear but horrible kitchen in Winchester Mews. And if the Winchester Mews kitchen was grim, what would the Farmiloe one be like? I shuddered and looked around for some garbage so that I might listen to the disposer, but all trash had been dealt with tidily, so I followed Henry and the beagle, and we dispersed ourselves around the living room. In America, you can sit anywhere in the room. In England, you have to sit in front of the fire.

"How is college?" I said.

"O.K.," said Henry. "How is James?"

"Fine," I said.

"Say, that's ginger-peachy," said Henry, and we both laughed because that is what Henry said to James when James asked him to be best man at our wedding, and James had to have it translated into "Yes."

He went over to put on a record of the Brahms Violin Concerto.

"Gosh, Henry," I said, "you're coming on. I am pleased and proud."

"You're not so bad yourself," said Henry generously. "You look real good. You're thinner."

"It comes from walking," I said. "You know, *walking?* Like out in the country."

"Ah, yes," said Henry.

We listened to the Brahms for one side, and then Henry, always so kind, put on his bat-



tered old disk, which he never would give me no matter how much I pleaded, of Johnny Hodges playing Passion Flower, and I told him that in England they called Louis "Satchmo."

"What next?" said Henry.

I told him about Jimmy Ryan's and Charlie Judson and his yen for Mickey.

"Poor Charles," said Henry. "He'll never get to first base."

"Oh, I don't know. He's improved a lot."

"He has?"

"Well, he's much more suave," I told him, "and he doesn't smile fanatically all the time any more."

"I haven't seen him for years," said Henry, "but I ask myself if St. Mark's and Princeton can make a real creep uncreepy."

"They think in England," I said ponderously, "that Eton and Winchester and those can uncreep the creepiest creep, and they do seem to. Charlie wasn't ever *terribly* sloblike. I wouldn't have dated him if he was."

"You'd have dated anybody," said Henry. "It wasn't till you were going on eighteen that you stopped looking like a sick horse."

"I wouldn't ever have dated just anybody," I said, sticking, as women will, to the subject that is most striking and forgetting the horrors of adolescence, which is far more virulent in America than in England. "No clean-cut, clear-eyed American girl would."

"You've been reading Wise Words for the Sub-Deb again," said Henry. "How many times do I have to tell you? You come home and just because it's like in your youth ——"

"I didn't come home to be insulted," I shrieked.

"In your youth," Henry went on, as calm as Lake Michigan in August, "you start remembering all the American clichés your sojourn abroad was beginning to wrest from you."

"Who you got teaching at your school," I said, "that you are suddenly so intellectual? Descartes?"

"Progress, progress," said Henry. "Mental progress. One thing about America: We don't just sit around on our cans. We advance."

"Margery Harper-Crewe would make mincemeat out of you."

"Margery Harper-Crewe thinks I'm the greatest thing that ever got off the boat," said Henry. "Maybe you better call Mickey and tell her Charlie's heart is cracked."

"Later."

Dinner was fun. We had corned-beef hash and a lovely salad of iceberg lettuce, which does not seem to exist outside of the United States and Canada, and strawberry shortcake, and I said how blissful, and ma said the next time she came over she counted on me to produce roast beef and Yorkshire pudding and Brussels sprouts properly cooked and a really good trifle.

The beagle was sitting by Henry's chair, and when he gave her a small fragment of shortcake she tried to get on his lap. "Relax, kid," he said. "Walter is waiting for you." Walter is Henry's other beagle. He lives at Henry's educational establishment during the scholastic year.

"What are you going to call this one?" ma asked. "Rover?"

"How about Margaret Rose?" said pa.

"Pa," I said, "keep a civil tongue in your head. I think Daleswoman would be nice. There are heaps of hounds called Dalesman."

Henry mused. "I think I will call her Judith."

I woke up my first morning at home and lay thinking of all the things there were to do and wondering which to do first. Should I invite my three dearest friends to lunch and hear every scrap of news? Should I go and buy some lovely American clothes? Should I go down to my old school? Should I ring up Mickey O'Brien and entreat her to make Charlie happy if she could possibly bear to? Should I go off to the library and get all the new books that hadn't been published in England yet? Or should I just drive around, carefully keeping to the right side of the road?

Marriage is the alliance of two people, one of whom never remembers birthdays and the other never forgets them. OGDEN NASH

Downstairs, I got my orange juice out of the refrigerator and was preparing to enjoy the now unusual treats of John Crosby's column and AP, UP and INS, when Henry appeared and said that if I wished to come iceboating with him I'd better get the lead out.

So ma and I trudged up to the third floor and found some ancient ski pants, a heavy jacket, muffler and a red woolen cap with a tassel, all of which I had worn in my youth. I chose a pair of the mittens that are kept in the chest in the front hall and Henry and I kissed ma good-by. She said, "Now, children, do be careful and don't get cold." I was very pleased with this, having got out of the habit of it.

Iceboating is easily the coldest sport in the world. I managed to shield myself a little behind Henry's stalwart back, and we whizzed along the ice at what seemed seventy or eighty miles an hour. Henry did some terrifying swoops. I wondered whether I would survive to see James and Fluffy again, or even ma and pa. Presently Henry screamed over his shoulder to me that he thought he would stop before his face froze solid. We lit cigarettes and said how lovely the sail had been. On another iceboat we saw Mickey O'Brien. She whacked her pilot, and he brought his craft to an almost disastrous stop.

"This is Joe Burgess," said Mickey, indicating the boy friend who was unwrapping his face. "He is since your time." Henry seemed to know him, and they said hi and stood scuffling their feet the way men do.

"I gather," I said to Mickey in an undertone, "that the Shropshire Lad had it."

"Yup," said Mickey.

"Is he sad?"



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Vary Your Outdoor Menu With These Tasty Treats!

BARBECUED SPARERIBS. To serve 6, marinate 5 pounds of Spareribs for 1 hour in a sauce made from the juice of 1 orange, 3 tablespoons granulated sugar, 1 teaspoon orange extract, 1 cup pineapple juice, ½ cup soy sauce, juice of ½ lemon, ½ cup wine vinegar, ½ cup honey, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, a minced garlic clove, salt and pepper to taste. Broil 20 minutes on each side, basting with marinade. Serve on Chinet Paper Plates with B&M Baked Beans.

BAKED BEAN CASSEROLE. Mince 1 small green pepper and dice 1 small onion and cook, in a little butter, until clear and transparent. Add 1 can of B&M Baked Beans. Cut 5 or 6 frankforts crossways and arrange around the sides of a casserole dish, cut end up. Fill casserole with bean mixture and bake in a moderate oven (350°) for 30 minutes. Serve on juice-proof Chinet Paper Plates.

"He'll survive."

"What about Charlie Judson? I sort of promised him I'd get you to New York."

"And leave this one? Alone to the sobbin' women? Not on your life." Charlie's heart, could he have seen Mickey, her cheeks pink from the wind and her eyes bright and sparkling, would have flipped. No doubt Joe Burgess' heart was likewise engaged.

"*Well*," I said. "O'Brien is in love at last."

"Yes," said Mickey. "I think I am." And she told me in a wind-whipped whisper all about Joe. He sounded nearly as nice as James.

Henry and Judith departed for the university and Walter. Judith licked my face, and I wished her happiness in her new life. The house seemed very quiet after they had gone, though mother's cat was able to emerge from the basement after a harrowing weekend.

Barbara, Mary and Louise came to lunch the next day. It was lovely to see them. They all looked very smart. When I think of our lumpish schoolgirlhood, the flowing hair on our shoulders, our baggy sweaters and inferiority complexes, I marvel that we have grown up to be so attractive and charming.

Mary has two children, whom she kindly did not bring; Barbara, twin boys of incredible beauty and wit, aged three; and Louise was busy producing her first and wearing a pretty pink linen smock. They asked when was I going to get busy with a future Prime Minister. I said I was doing my best, and they gave me a lot of interesting information about temperature charts and vitamin E and said that one was likely to have one quicker when one didn't worry about it, which I knew.

They asked eagerly about James and perfunctorily about England. They did not really want to know about England, so I didn't tell them. This also happens in the U.K. when I get back from America.

We discussed politics, and then the probability of Mickey's marrying Joe Burgess, and of finding a really special girl for Charlie. Mary's mother trotted in with Mary's children. When we had admired the extremely nice little girls with good manners—which few English people will believe is capable of happening in American children—Mary's mother sat down by me and told me about the farmhouse she was restoring. She was determined not to have anything modern in it.

"I'm really having fun with the kitchen," said Mary's mother, her eyes behind her horn-rimmed spectacles beaming with enthusiasm. "It'll be a *lot* like your cute, old-fashioned kitchen in England, Katie."

Her eyes were wide, blue and innocent. My kitchen in England, though indubitably a plague spot, did cook by electricity, had taps, not a pump, and was not hung about with hams and dessicated grasses. She knew this. She had dined with us during a European tour the year before. But hers is a state of mind adhered to by certain Americans of a certain age.

Ma and I went for winter picnics in the country, watched men fishing through holes in the ice, went and listened to all the records of the new Broadway musicals. We bought me a few new clothes. I read books and played Scrabble with pa in the evening, and he read me editorials and tried to get me to tell him why England traded with the Communist countries. I had to write to James for help; he replied on six pages of foolscap in his minuscule writing, and I gave the letter to pa and said, "That's why."

I rang Henry up to find out how Judith was getting on with Walter. The speed with which the long-distance call went through fascinated me.

"Hello," said Henry's voice full of curiosity. Girls never telephone men in America.

"It's me," I said. "Ava Gardner."

"Hi, kid," said Henry. I was pleased to hear him not sounding disappointed.

"How is Judith? Does she love Walter?"

"I think so. There weren't any fights. I took them for a run this afternoon."

"Did they go side by side with their ears flapping?"

"Yeah. It was kind of cute."

So that was all right.

"Maybe I'll come over in the summer," said Henry.

"James will have become gamekeeper to Lady Chatterley by then, and everything will be terribly fraught."

"Don't hold your breath," advised Henry. "Lady Chatterley can't be any chicken by now."

"Cable me if there're some puppies. I shall regard them as nieces and nephews."

"Do that," said Henry. "Good-by, dear girl; it's been real."

Darling Henry. This is my favorite thing he ever says. "Good-by, my sweet," I said.

"I'll see you," said Henry and we hung up.

Mickey O'Brien's mother and father gave a party, and strewn over all the tables were book matches with "Mickey and Joe" written on them, and Mickey came over to us holding out her left hand on which glittered a large diamond ring. Everyone hugged everyone else and congratulated Joe Burgess, who took it very nicely and said I could be flower girl if I wanted to, and I said they must come to Farmiloe on their honeymoon, and they said they would see what they could do.

When people get engaged in England they put a small discreet notice in the Times or the Daily Telegraph and drink some champagne, and that is that.

Just about the time James stopped writing plaintive letters asking me where his other cuff links were, with roguish postscripts advising me that Miss Budgett was not as good a cook as I, it was time to go back. Ma and I began trying to think of all the things we wanted to say to each other that we hadn't got around to yet, and found we couldn't remember any of them and said, Oh, well, I will write it, and I bought five new toothbrushes to take back, because American toothbrushes last longer than English ones, and packed, and ma and I exchanged haunting looks because however much one tries not to think about it, there is always the possibility that we may never see each other again.

Once more I bade my native heath farewell and ma and I cried, and pa told me to be good and take care of James because he doubted that I'd ever find another husband as nice, with which I agreed unreservedly. When I saw ma out the plane window, her lips were moving, and I knew she was saying little prayers that the Convair would not crash over the Poconos, and that Forsythia's hold would hold out.

When the chalk cliffs of the South Coast rose out of the sea, I was hanging over the rail, though this exercise would not get me to James any faster, and it was damp and chilly.

Presently we docked, and I saw James on the quayside. We waved frantically. He was bowler-hatted, hogskin-gloved and Brigg-umbrella'd. This is a joke with which he always greets me on my return from the New World, whether I touch down at Southampton, Liverpool or London Airport. I tried to be first down the gangplank and almost made it, and blissful reunions took place, and then we went and stood around under "C" till the luggage appeared, and it was lovely to hear the English voices of the customs man and the porter and the car-park attendant. I patted the fender of the old green Bentley, and we threw the luggage into her and chugged away to London, Winchester Mews and Fluffy. The fields were beginning to get their first touches of spring green, and all the little Morrises and Austins and the big Rolls-Royces and Rovers were on the wrong side of the road, and there were signs saying Dainty Teas and ever-so-quaint Tudor-type pubs and ugly concrete modern pubs, but there weren't any billboards to speak of, and here and there I saw a farmhouse that looked as if it had been in the same sheltered spot since the dawn of time, and it was wonderful to be back, and James held my hand and drove with his other one.

When I had finished telling him about the family and America and my journey there and back and given him many tantalizing hints of goodies secreted in my luggage, he told me of his activities: he had dined with These and

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Those and The Others; he'd been down to Somerset for a couple of weekends with his father and mother, who greeted the news of Farmiloe with characteristic British phlegm, his mother coming up to London with him, when he returned, and buying him a very expensive, interlined, waterproof, shockproof overcoat at a place which specializes in fitting out Everest expeditions. He had taken Fluffy for some walks in the park during which she had bitten the ankles of nannies, sneered at pigeons and hurdled the fence into the enclosure of the Belgian hares. James had cleaned all the silver. I would rather do *anything*, even lay out a corpse, than clean silver. Then he told me some very funny jokes he had heard over lunch and presently we were in Greater London, and very ugly and familiar and nice it was.

Fluffy, most exquisite of cats, was looking cross-eyed out the window of our house. I rushed in and seized her, blurbling, "Mother's little angel; who was a blissful cat? Who was?"

Coming from America and a heated ship into an English house always leaves one loath to remove one's coat, but I had on a suit underneath and I knew that I would soon be used again to the temperature, and the house did look lovely. James and Mrs. Thing, my char, had obviously worked their fingers to the bone, the darlings. There were vases of daffodils and tulips, and a bowl of hyacinth bulbs which I had left in a dark cupboard to sprout had accomplished this, and their scent was delightful. The fridge was full of food, the drink cupboard stocked up, and James had saved me all the Sunday Timeses and Observers so that I looked forward to a feast of them and only wished I could have the Sunday New York Times as well.

James lit the fire and began to make some martinis and I sat down and said, "I have forgotten how to cook."

"That's too bad," said James. He raised his glass and added, "Welcome home." He sat down. Fluffy jumped onto his lap and dug her claws into his knees. "I think," he said, "we'll have to go up to Farmiloe for a few days and look for a house. I've written to some agents." James unpinned the cat and extracted some letters from his pocket. "They don't sound very promising."

"Vicarage?" I said, reading one. "Many useful outbuildings? *James*, it doesn't say bathroom." In English house advertisements, if it doesn't *say* bathroom there isn't one.

"No, it doesn't, does it?" said James. He smiled at me. "Does it say 'well'?"

I looked. "No," I said. "Neither artesian nor plain. So that's that one." I flung it into the fire. The next one said "Detached," which means the house is surrounded by semi-detached other houses, and is ugly. "'Lounge, twelve by nine and a half; dining room, twelve by nine and a half, French windows to garden; oak-floored hall, kitchen, pantry with tiled thrall.' What on earth is a thrall?"

"*La belle dame sans merci* hath me in thrall," said James.

"In tiled thrall?"

"I doubt it," said James, leaning back and looking at the ceiling. "No idea what they mean, ducks; go on."

I looked through the rest, none very exciting. One mentioned a ballroom, but James and I rarely give dances and the house appeared to need an inside staff of fifteen.

I went into the kitchen and cooked the steak and frozen French-fried potatoes and made the salad, all thoughtfully provided by James.

A few days later we stashed Fluffy at her holiday home, and set off for Farmiloe. It was a filthy March day. We went into the great hunting country, known dashingly as "The Shires." The hills became higher, the hedges dry-stone walls, the sky more lowering, the rain wetter and the hiss of the tires more piercing. We began to see slag heaps.

Over Farmiloe, although it was only three o'clock in the afternoon, charcoal-gray gloom hung. All the women wore dirty beige mackintoshes and furry boots, and all the men wore dirty beige mackintoshes.

"God," said James simply.

I sang him several verses of On Ilkley Moor and Blaydon Races, but when I noticed that he was not enjoying this I stopped. Eventually we penetrated the front door of one of the agents. And then he came in the car with us.

The sodium street lights cast an infernal glow, so that James' pink, pleasant, darling face took on the aspect of the mad Dr. Fu Manchu, and my lipstick looked as if I were gripping a lump of coal in my teeth. It was very cold, the rain glistened on every flat surface, and I began to feel that we were in a novel by Kafka, that the road was infinite.

After about ten minutes the agent said, "It's the first on the left."

"It" was Larches Road, winding up a hill, and on either side of it were semidetached and detached houses with garages and gates on which were painted fanciful names like Fairbourne and Arundel and Larch Nook.

James said, "This is a suburb." It could hardly be less like Grahamstown.

"Otter Dale," said the agent. "It is much sought after."

I looked at him. He meant every word he said. A painfully sincere chap, this estate agent. "It looks ever so nice," I said. I have this American craving to be liked, at any price, and I have met a lot of non-Americans that I wish also had it. At the top of Larches Road we came to No. 43, detached and undistinguished.

He got out of the car and felt in his pocket for a torch. Inside we discovered that the people had not left a light bulb, so we looked at what we could see by flashlight and matches. The drawing room was oblong and painted cream, the dining room was oblong and painted buff, the less said about the kitchen the better; there were two square bedrooms in shades of off-cream and a smaller rectangular bedroom. The bathroom was rather nice. It was small but tiled up to shoulder height, and there was an oriel window which provided a handy shelf for holding bottles of face muck and bath salts. The sep. w.c. was all that a sep. w.c. needs to be, and there was a good big airing cupboard. An airing cupboard is very important in English houses because of drying things in it, a question that never arises in America where you have to keep dampening things. The tiled thrall, far from being the invisible chains holding one to one's demon lover, was a shelf in the larder for the purpose of keeping food cold, a pursuit which I felt would never encounter much difficulty in Farmiloe. The agent told us that there was a good garden in back.

We drove him back to town, made plans to inspect No. 43 in the light, should the next morning provide the benison of light, and betook ourselves to the hotel at the top of the



"They're sneaking the waistline back to the waistline again."



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list in the Automobile Association Yearbook. They gave us a square room, painted cream, with rust-and-green curtains and counterpanes. It had a gas fire, and luckily we had a couple of shillings in shilling form. And say what one will about English hotels—and there are things to be said—the beds are always comfortable.

The agent had been right about the Larches Road garden. It had a flowering-almond tree and some raspberry canes and at the back a low fence, behind which spread green fields and hills and to one side a copse. When I first heard this English word I felt called upon to ask James if robbers hid in the copse. He laughed, with an effort. The house didn't have any large obvious cracks in the plaster and smelled all right.

The next house was low and brown and beaten-looking; it huddled in the back of its plot, screened by some tubercular shrubbery. Inside, some of the rooms were cream, some buff and some blatantly brown.

"James, darling," I said.

"I'm afraid this one won't do," said James.

The next was a small damp cottage in a village four miles from Farmiloe. It was quite sweet. James couldn't stand upright in the sitting room, the bathroom was downstairs although the bedrooms were up one flight, but it had charm, a wealth of old beams, and a garden in back about twenty feet by four.

"It seems rather damp," I said.

"It does a bit, doesn't it?" said the agent. This is English antisalesmanship.

After lunch we acquired another agent and gazed on the surrounding countryside in search of houses. The landscape itself was shatteringly beautiful: high hills, moorland, empty air, breathing space, miles of wonderful drystone walls, exquisite dales and vales and glens. But the vicarage without the bathroom had not suddenly grown one. The large peculiar black-and-white edifice known as St. Boniface's wanted five thousand pounds' worth of work done on it to make it habitable. The dear little brick cottage next to the post office in a delectable village called Hitherley had the railway at the bottom of the garden and only four rooms, with a chemical john in a cupboard next to the coal house. We sat dispiritedly in the car by the side of a country road. James had his worried look on his face, the one where he wishes he was hanging me with diamonds instead of forcing me to move to the Arctic Circle. It rends my heart into shreds. I don't know whether James knows this or not. The wind whistled through the cracks in the old green Bentley, and it was getting dark.

"We'll go to some more agents tomorrow," James said. But I think it was then that we both knew in our hearts that it was going to be 43 Larches Road.

When we got home I began making lists, giving objects we no longer needed to East End parishes and the Red Cross, and interviewed removing firms. Then we gave a farewell party. We invited everybody we knew, and 95 per cent of them came.

James and Christopher Harper-Crewe had spent the afternoon inventing a new cocktail. Margery, who is not only pretty and gay but kind, devoted herself to people who stood shyly in corners and was so charming to them that they blossomed like peonies. In between pouring I was able to scream pleasantries to my friends. I wished Mrs. Elliott joy with the hospital tea bashing on Thursday mornings. Susan Varnum said I wouldn't need any clothes up North but tweeds, and had I got lots of woolen stockings?

"I've got some," I said.

"Well, don't wear them on days when you are going out in the evening. It's indescribable hell changing into nylon ones up there."

"Rhododendrons do magnificently up there," said Elizabeth MacGregor, "and there's a heavenly ground cover with small blue blossoms that you must try. They have masses of it at Chatsworth." A faraway look came into her eye. "Have you got anything in the garden of your new house?"

"I don't know," I said.

"Well, with any luck, you'll find a few daffodils and tulips, and you can see where they are and put in lots of bulbs in the autumn."

I kissed them all good-by and thought how much I would miss them, and James and Christopher cooked bacon and eggs which the four of us ate sitting on the floor.

Then the hard part started. Packing clothes, and watching the moving men and wondering what was going to break or be lost off the van or be left behind, and giving our dear first house a final sweep-round and shutting its door for the last time. I could hardly bear it. I did it before James came home because he would have hated it too. We spent the last night with Margery and Christopher, and after dinner we got in the car and went for a nostalgic drive alone through London.

Fluffy, who dislikes motoring, squawked all the way to Farmiloe.

When we got to Larches Road I carried her upstairs, took a small parcel of margarine from my bag, buttered her paws and shut her in the smallest bedroom, reminding her that inside of a week she would have forgotten she had ever been a fashionable London cat.

The house was very cold. I took my coat off and then quietly put it back on again. While James found out where the hot water turned on and turned it on and put bulbs into sockets and connected an electric fire in the drawing room, I dusted, removed three dead spiders from the bath and disposed the two priceless objects not trusted to the moving men: my American drip coffeepot and a tranquilizing pill, given me by Margery as a farewell present.

During the course of the afternoon I was sitting on our bedroom window sill while James tacked down a carpet when I saw a woman come out of the house next door and through our gate, so I went downstairs.

"I'll be a hornswoggled coot," I said, feeling that something out of the ordinary was called for.

"This *is* a surprise," said Mrs. Hardcastle, and then to the astonishment of both of us, we kissed each other and were struck dumb.

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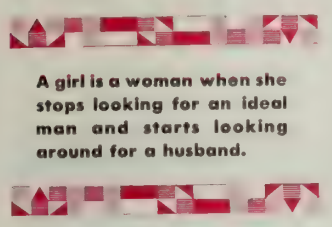
CHEESE Nippy Blue Cheese, smoothly blended with Roquefort, livened with piquant seasonings.

Finally: "I came to say you can come to tea if you like. Only I didn't know it was you. You won't be wanting to get anything for yourselves after all this," said Mrs. Hardcastle.

I told her we would love to come and she went away her face shining, while I meditated on the peculiar phrase "you can come to tea if you like." After I had lived in the North for a while, I found that it was a normal and frequent form of invitation.

No. 43 Larches Road, as the moving men finished their tasks, was not an inspiring sight. I gazed around and wished for death or four servants or a service flat and then pulled myself together, found towels and soap for the bathroom and made up our bed. Then I took Fluffy into the garden on a lead in case she wished to make any arrangements out there. I took her inside again, and James gave me a large warming glass and he and the moving men drank some beer, and then the men were tipped and thanked and they departed, and James and I sank into chairs in the messy drawing room and stretched our feet toward the electric fire.

I informed James of our social commitments for the evening and he said he'd better connect a few lamps before we went, and I said it was quarter past six so he better do it quickly. In England it is very rare to find that the plugs which fitted in



one's old house go into the sockets in one's new one.

It was a highly informative evening. James was very good about eating his pink jelly without even the smallest yip. Shortly after nine, after many expressions of gratitude, we went back to our new home, turned on all its lights and got to work. James did the plugs for the electric fires, and I stood in the kitchen and wondered where to start and then said "Pooh" and started. About 11:30 I was thinking of stopping work when James appeared covered with grime and said he was ravenous, so I cooked him a boiled egg, as he said he was sorry but he couldn't face another sandwich, after the Hardcastles'.

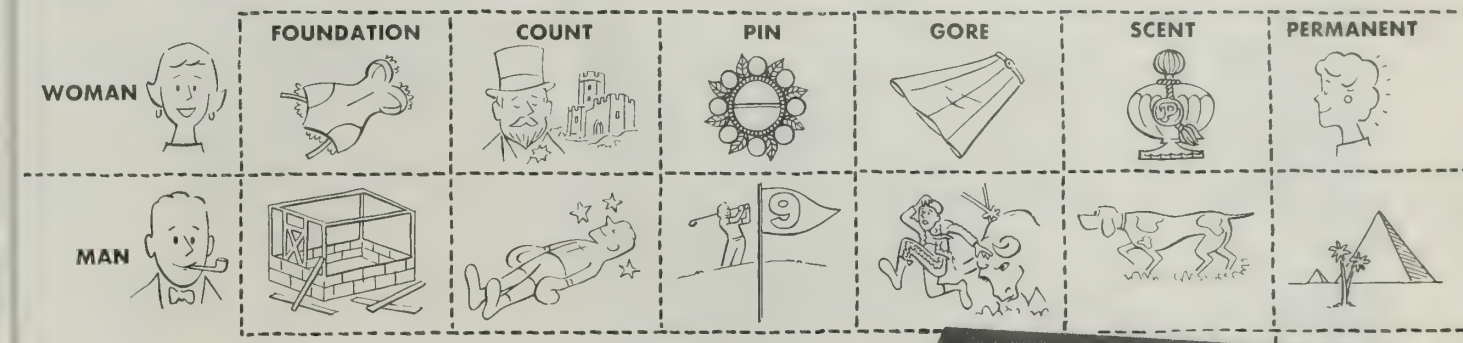
By Sunday night we had got everything tacked down, hung up, folded, put away or arranged; Fluffy had made herself at home, showing no disposition to wander; the milk, baker, greengrocer and fish had called and said what kind of a cat is that, isn't he pretty (or strange or a funny color or noisy); the news agent had licked his pencil and taken down the order for the papers, and I had investigated the shops Mrs. Hardcastle had recommended, and James and I were ready to begin living again.

Monday morning he went off to work. It seemed very different that he took the car and did not wear his bowler. I watched the old green Bentley vanish down the hill leaving Fluffy and me all alone in a strange cold world. It was nine o'clock. Some of my new neighbors' washings were already hanging on the line. I went upstairs and attired myself in a thick tweed skirt and woolen stockings and a cardigan over a flannel shirt. I did not feel like dusting or making the bed. I looked out the window. I saw Mrs. Hardcastle start toward the bus stop. She was wearing a gray flannel suit with a pink *broderie anglaise* blouse and pink nylon-net gloves, with ruffles on the cuffs. This must be spring. I buttoned up my cardigan, blew on my hands and made the bed. Fluffy helped by getting under the blankets and making humps. I pretended to smooth out these humps, Fluffy pretended she wasn't there, I flung the blankets back again, Fluffy squawked. This was a game we both enjoyed.

So, life began in Farmiloe. April melted into May and May into June. James and I took weekend picnics and explored the dales and found them lovely, discovered a hillside running down to a stream with a bank of bluebells, saw all the local beauty spots and found others as lovely which were not covered on Sundays and bank holidays with millions of sturdily shod sandwich-chewing trippers. I used to think we ate a lot in America, and I'd always known that the French place great importance on food, but for *steady* eating the English beat the world. They stop doing it only to drink cups of tea.

The people in James' new milieu asked us over. Some said come at seven and we went without dinner and looked at the television till ten when coffee and little cakes of great fanciness were produced. Some said come at six and we had a thing that is called "meat tea." Some said come at seven-thirty and we had five-course dinners that must have taken three days to prepare. Some said come when you get ready and we issued out to pubs and drank quantities of beer and played darts. I liked most of the wives but found no

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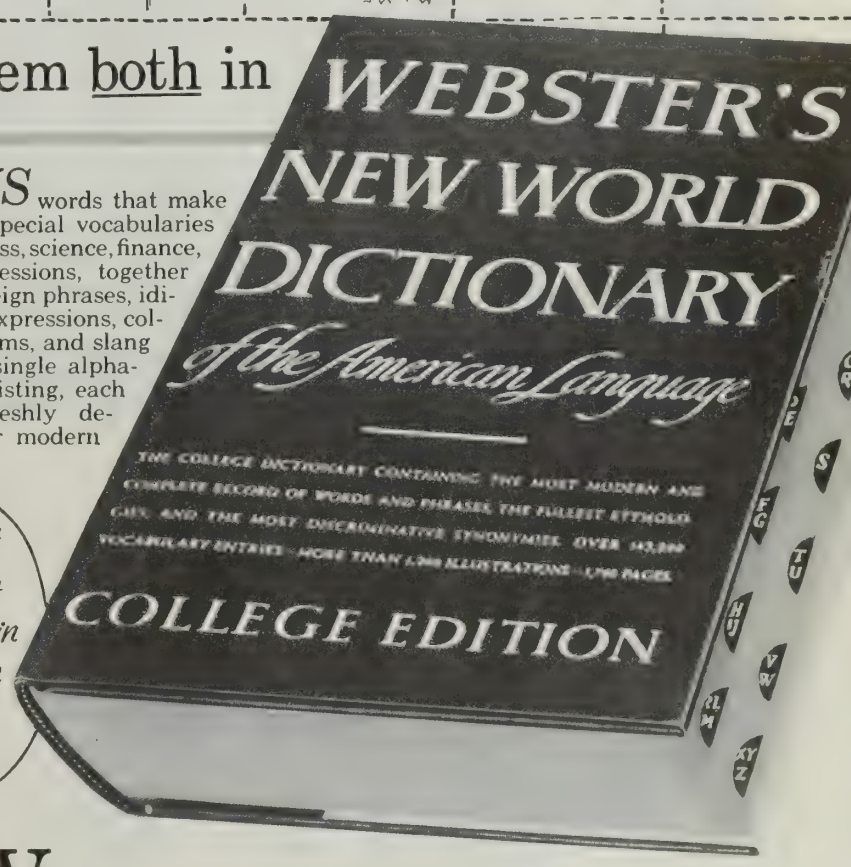
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soulmates, and longed for Margery Harper-Crewe, who wrote me that life in London was the same as it always was and filled my soul with envy.

I had to wear so many sweaters against the weather that I looked dreadful most of the time, and after resembling an old bolster for a month or two and examining the other women I began to feel self-conscious about things like high heels and French scent. I was terribly lonely. The women I met all had children and worked hard all day, cosseting their husbands and waiting on them hand and foot, to be rewarded by endless little presents. One of these presents was more babies.

The ways in which I had amused myself in London were in another life. There the days were far too short and I got greatly behind with mending and ironing and silver cleaning. In Farmiloe, James gazed thunderstruck at his chest of drawers in which reposed every garment he owned, neatly washed, dried, ironed and mended. The silver gleamed. The cupboards were exquisite. I arranged flowers instead of thrusting them into vases all at once and even considered trying to embroider tray cloths and make Christmas presents. I got so sick of the inside of 43 Larches Road that I could have had hysterics. I longed for the Festival Hall and Arthur Jeffress (Pictures) and my nice, gossipy, neurotic chums. I counted the minutes till James came home at night and considered my vacuity while Fluffy and I went for short walks in the fields back of our house. But I have never been a true country girl, and one can garden for only so long, especially when one is not sure which are flowers and vegetables and which are weeds. I longed for people.

The vicar came to call, and I offered him tea which he said he hadn't time for. He said there was a working party for the bazaar which would be glad of me. A few days later I got a post card and duly presented myself at the church hall. A very nice Mrs. Barker gave me a piece of material from which she wished a pillowcase made. Then a horrible thing occurred to me. I did not know how to sew. I shivered, murmured a prayer and got busy. I gave my pillowcase to Mrs. Barker. She looked at it and then said firmly and quietly, "It was made for the love of God." So I relaxed and went happily to my Tuesday afternoons, and

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FOOD AND LOVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

PORK CHOPS AND SWEET-SOUR RED CABBAGE

Have your butcher cut as many thick lean pork chops as you know your family will eat, and include some fat scraps for browning. Lightly dust the chops with well-seasoned flour. Using a large skillet, brown the chops on both sides, in a little of the melted pork fat. Transfer to a large flat baking dish or roaster. Now for the sauce. Remember, the art of making a good sauce depends on knowing just when to stop. I like it strong yet subtle.

In a saucepan, melt ⅓ pound butter. Add 1 cup each finely chopped onion and lemon juice, 6 tablespoons red-wine vinegar, 4 tablespoons sugar, 3 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, 2 teaspoons each dry mustard and paprika, ½ teaspoon bottled garlic juice and several dashes liquid pepper seasoning. Cook just a few minutes. Pour over pork chops. Cover and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 1½ hours or until tender. The chops should be juicy within and brown-crusted. While the chops are baking, empty contents of four 1-pound boughten jars sweet-sour red cabbage into a saucepan. Add 1½ cups peeled and finely chopped tart apples and 3 tablespoons each red-wine vinegar and sugar. Simmer gently for 15 minutes. Serve with pork chops. Add celery seeds or caraway seeds to give distinction to its seasoning. Makes 12–14 servings. Serve with buttered new potatoes. (Try to find some so recent from the womb of the earth the dirt is still moist on them.) Cook with skins on.

AUNT TILLIE'S APPLESAUCE

A break here! Still a few homemade jars on the shelf from last season—but here's how Aunt Tillie taught me to make it: Core and quarter 8 large Winesap apples. Discard cores. Put quarters in a large kettle. Add one 6-ounce can frozen orange-juice concentrate and about ½ cup water. Cover and simmer slowly until tender. Press through a sieve or food mill. Add sugar to taste—about 1 cup—and a good dash of nutmeg. It should be a lovely amber-red color. Makes 8 cups applesauce.

CORN BREAD

Beat together 1½ cups sour milk or buttermilk, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon baking soda. With a few strokes stir in 1½ cups corn meal sifted with ½ cup flour. Add ½ cup melted butter and pour into a well-greased round pan, 8″ x 1¼″. Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for 30–40 minutes. Makes 6–8 servings.

AUNT DEA'S DEEP LEMON PIE

One that takes time to cut through the thatched, thick, sweet meringue and lemony filling, down to the flaky crust. Heat 2 cups water and the grated rind of 1 lemon in a saucepan. Carefully stir in 1 cup sugar sifted with 6 tablespoons cornstarch. Add 3 egg yolks beaten with ½ cup lemon juice, 2 tablespoons butter and ⅛ teaspoon salt. Cook and stir until mixture is thickened and clear and there is no taste of cornstarch, about 25 minutes. Pour into an 8″ baked piecrust and top with a meringue made from 3 egg whites beaten until stiff and glossy with 3 tablespoons sugar and ⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar. Sprinkle with about 1 tablespoon crushed lemon drops and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 10–12 minutes or until delicately browned. The lemon drops give it a glittery top!



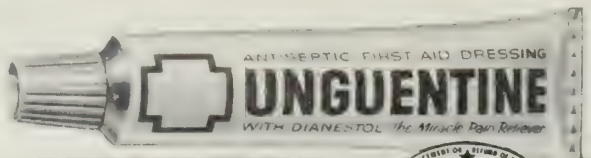
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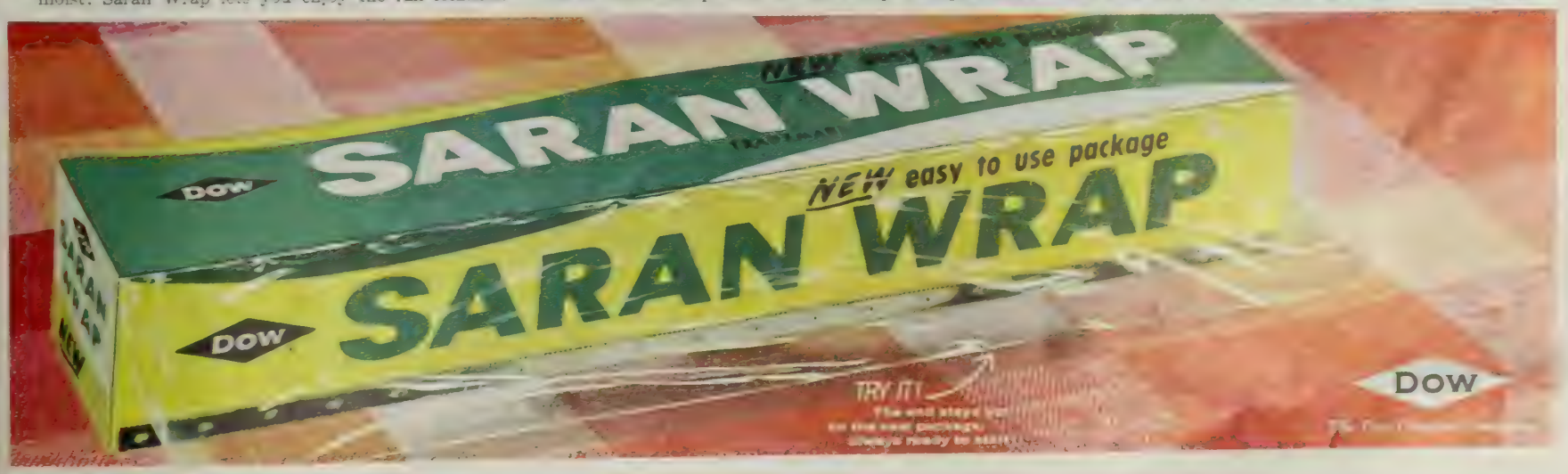
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

when I had learned cross-stitch thoroughly I graduated to knitting dishcloths and kettle holders and other pieces of advanced craftsmanship. Margery Harper-Crewe would have bust a gut laughing.

After I got to know the ladies a little better, they asked me if I was homesick and I said not very often any more but that I always had to sniff a bit when I saw The Stars and Stripes hanging out in Grosvenor Square, and they said how funny to cry about that. I explained that Americans feel about the flag the way English people feel about the queen. Mrs. Barker said, "But all you Americans are mad keen on royalty." I had to reply delicately. It only upsets the British if one asks them why, if they must have kings, they just don't have them in peace and dignity and not write up every sneeze, smile, hat and gesture in the daily press. It is impossible to tell them that the great mass of the American public does not love royalty but regards them as theatrical events or public entertainment of an extremely respectable nature. So, in the end, I just said, "Oh, yes," because they want to go on thinking that Yanks love royalty. Besides, I nearly always cry when I see the queen.

The real solution to the problem of Catherine-being-bored-to-the-back-teeth came through Pauline Glover. Friday is market day in Farmiloe, when all the women who live in the country come into the town to shop and have lunch. P. Glover happened to lunch at a pub called The Grapes. Sitting at the next table was James, reading the Times, so handsome, so old-school-tied, so obviously irreproachable. She elicited his history, said, "Why Otter Dale?" and asked us round.

George Glover turned out to be very tall and said "Harrumph." The drawing room was full of flowers, and I'd had a glimpse of a heavenly garden when we drove in. There were three King Charles spaniels on the hearthrug, and in the hall I'd seen an enormous basket of eggs and another of raspberries. Pauline raised puppies, did the garden with the help of one man three days a week, had twenty hens and five ducks, was president of the local W.I. (Women's Institute, a sort of club with monthly meetings in country districts), sat on the Parochial Church Council (in more than one way) and was a district commissioner of the Girl Guides (I thought district commissioners of anything were right out of Graham Greene's African colonies, but this is not so); she was vice president of the Thursday Club and on the committee of the local hunt's Pony Club. Pauline had the above-mentioned good-tempered husband, five children, and an amazing friendliness. Her one luxury was a nanny. She found crowds much more fun than individuals. I liked her instantly and thought that if she said I ought to do some Girl Guide work then I better had. I had been a Girl Scout for three months at the age of twelve and found it stultifying.

"Will there be knots and things?" I said.

"Oh, I expect so," said Pauline vaguely. "But you already know all about that."

"Ha," I said, but Pauline was now talking about the Chelsea flower show which she had visited during a two-day journey to London in the course of which she had also been to a play and a French film and a wedding of dear young relatives and two cocktail parties.

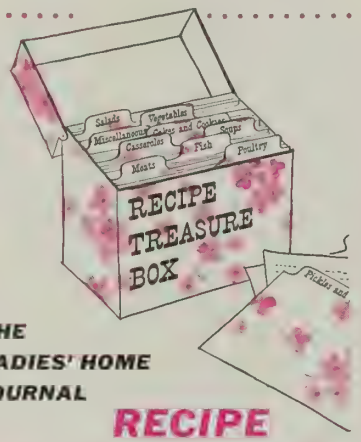
A few days later I found myself seconded to a company of thirty little girls, aged eleven to seventeen, where I was expected to learn the ropes (unhappily including dozens of different knots) preparatory to a more exalted position. I was called lieutenant (pronounced "leften-ant," naturally, which soon degenerated to "lefty"), and I had to wear a blue serge skirt, which bagged in the seat, and a repulsive royal-blue shirt, collar and tie, pinned to the middle of which was a shiny brass trefoil (or tenderfoot) pin. I also wore an unbecoming beret with the county badge pinned on it, and I felt like Ugly Anne Hyde. I thought James was going to have a spasm when he first saw me, but he stopped laughing after only ten or fifteen minutes and forced me to salute him in the proper three-fingered fashion.

During that first summer, the weather being slightly less cold and wet than in the winter, our company went on hikes, admired sunsets, climbed stone walls and sat on windy hilltops catching pneumonia and writing down nature notes in our pocket notebooks.

The Guides were, on the whole, very rewarding children. I loved them and tried not to have favorites. There were, naturally, many occasions when I could have killed Pauline Glover with a rusty ax, but these were mostly when I was climbing into my hideous uniform and thinking, *Oh, heavens, two whole hours.* When I got to the school and found all the eager faces, some decorated with bubble gum and some with lipstick, I enjoyed it. Besides, Pauline also introduced me to all her friends, and I looked hopefully for a provincial facsimile of Margery Harper-Crewe.

I would trail out to Pauline's house by bus and foot and off we would go, in her Morris Minor, to a Coffee Morning. These events were always held in someone's house, the natural nosiness of women to see other women's domestic arrangements thus being converted into money. Or we would go to the Thursday Club, have lunch and listen to a lecture, or do Girl Guide business or go to a random committee meeting, and then Pauline would drop me and while I crawled into my house she whirled away to feed the chickens and ducks and children and nanny and George Glover.

Sometimes I would give little talks about America to one or another of Pauline's groups. This was tiresome because their meetings were usually in the evening, when James would be coming home, whistling about the house and making martinis. I usually began my remarks feeling that none of the women knew anything about America so I could say what I liked, and I would then discover that every one of them had an aunt, sister, daughter or second cousin in Jersey City or Omaha or San Francisco and that they were just departing for there or had come back more recently than I. Grahamstown is heaven, but it is not adequate preparation for this sort of thing.



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Pauline's friends were pleasant to me, but they had not, like Pauline, had the advantage of seeing James first and knowing who I was, so that they would, or at least I felt they would, look me over with quizzical glances until they had satisfied themselves that I wasn't a former resident of Tobacco Road or a disguised Rockefeller heiress, and I sometimes longed piercingly for Grahamstown, where I knew who I was and so did everybody else.

I did have a few spare moments to play with James or to wish my feet were not always so cold and to remember with pangs walking back to Winchester Mews from Knightsbridge Underground with the late-afternoon sun making pink streaks behind the charming domes of the Brompton Oratory and the Victoria and Albert Museum. When I was walking back home from the bus stop at the foot of Larches Road I ruminated gloomily that somewhere on this very same planet there were Vlamincks hanging, and beautiful women wearing black chiffon and pearls were having their hands kissed and people were lying on white beaches, and harpsichordists were playing Vivaldi and guitarists Villa Lobos, and I thought of begging James to emigrate, but by the time I'd got into the house and dropped the shopping bags from my aching arms and fed Fluffy and met with her purrs of welcome and lit the fire and put on records of Dixieland jazz (which is very cheering) very loud, I'd remembered one of the few theories I'd ever managed to evolve in a long and unthinking life, which was to the effect that if one is married to a man of a different nationality from one's own it is better to live in his country if he likes it there, because I have seen washing-machine-and-freezer-hungry American wives drag their cowed non-American mates back to the United States to be given jobs by their relations, and the results of such moves are often far from ecstatic.

The regimental cocktail party was held in the drill hall, with the walls draped in bales of cloth for the occasion. James muttered things out of the side of his mouth to me for a bit in an amusing fashion, but then he came across someone he'd known in The Guns. After James' treacherous defection I stood about, feeling rather sick because of the heat and the noise. One becomes so used to being cold in the North that the least little bit of warmth is likely to make one feel dizzy. I saw a woman looking lorn, so I made my way over to her and said, "Have you lost your husband too?"

"He couldn't come," she said.

"Mine's found an old war chum."

"How bloody for you. I say, do you know anyone here?"

"Practically nobody. Do you?"

"No. We've only just come here. I'm Virginia Drysdale. We live in Hitherley."

"We looked at a house there," I said. "It was darling, only the loo was outside."

"The cottage next to the post office, with the railway at the end of the garden?"

"Good heavens. Why did you take it?"

"It was the only bearable one we saw."

She had a long red scratch on one wrist.

"Have you got a cat?"

"Three."

We sat down on some little gold chairs and talked about religion and marriage and Communism and psychiatry and the place of art in everyday life. It had not occurred to me till I met Virginia that what I hated most about Farmiloe was that nobody ever talked about these absorbing subjects or about anything distantly connected with them. Pauline talked about good works and her friends. Mrs. Hardcastle talked about shops and recipes and bias binding. Jane Barker talked about the minutes of the Parochial Church Council meeting and how the dahlias were doing. But Virginia. The bliss of Virginia.

We went out to the cottage in Hitherley and dined with Virginia and her husband Philip, a specialist in aerodynamics, recently come to work near Farmiloe. He turned out to be charming. On the way home from his delightful evening James said, "You seem unusually cheerful tonight."

I said, "It is so nice to find that life is not always so madly real and earnest as it has been lately."

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"I've neglected you," he said.

"Never," I said. "I've neglected you, rushing about all the time."

James is never gracious. "Yes, you have," he said. "I thought I might buy another cat or two."

A couple of days later he came home, found me huddled over the fire mending a sock (I always think it's nice for a wife to be doing something wifely when her old man comes home), and said, "Go and do something to your face. We are going out on a tear." We drove very fast to Birmingham, where we saw a desperately *avant-garde* play about which we had intellectual conversation, and had supper at a Continental-type place with candles in bottles. We giggled, and James told me he loved me even when I was wearing my royal-blue shirt, and then we roared home, singing through the midnight, much refreshed.

We went to many more dances in Farmiloe than we ever had in London. Some were distinctly on the tatty side, with flat bands, unglamorous women and terrible buffets. Provincial dances are always very cold. It is the done thing to wear backless, sleeveless evening dresses and acres of goose flesh. After a few rounds of the floor one gets warmer and thinks, *Oh, I was a silly girl to wear my woolly pants*, but at home, dressing for the evening, to leave off one's woolly pants is absolutely out of the question, one would *die*.

But Hunt Balls were different. That first winter in Farmiloe, Pauline gathered a large party for the Hunt Ball; included were Philip and Virginia and James and I. Virginia, who is very detached, got as excited as I had ever seen her. She discussed clothes. There was no point in discussing clothes with Pauline. She was the perfect Englishwoman. She always looked exactly right and she never wore anything noticeable. She was like Boston women and their hats. She didn't buy her clothes; she *had* them. During my mental machinations over fitting in I had reached the conclusion that it didn't matter what I wore, because of always having to cover it up with sweaters. Till, in the case of dances, the very last minute. But Virginia, who nearly always wore frontier pants and polo-necked jumpers, said that here was an occasion worthy of one's mettle and she didn't care what I did, but she was going to make every effort.

I was prepared to be overwhelmed, and I was. Virginia was in white chiffon with a gold kid belt and sandals and she looked divine. Pauline was in burgundy brocade with a garnet necklace and she looked very nice. I wore sea-green tulle and the pearls my mother gave me, and Philip and George and James forgot such things as frontier pants and berets with the county badge on them and behaved as romantically as if they were aspiring to our respective hands instead of firmly married to us. When we got to Hitherley Grange, where the ball was in progress, a scene of great elegance and gaiety presented itself. There were Adam ceilings. There were tiaras. There were gold velvet sofas. There was lobster. The orchestra played the most delightful kind of dance music, sinuous without being sordid. Flattering light filtered down from crystal chandeliers. Champagne corks popped. The most beautiful woman in the county, who was also a marchioness, was there, wearing a dress by Balmain, the family diamonds and a happy expression. There was a gracefully curved double staircase. One went up one side to leave one's coat and was thus enabled to float dreamily down the other side, trailing one's long skirt like Cinderella. I forgot about cold kitchens, potatoes at every meal, cross-stitch and running bowlines, and gave myself up to pleasure.

James and I danced a long delightful waltz with consummate grace, Philip and I had a bouncy fox trot and George Glover and I joined in the Gay Gordons, which went on for hours and was very heating. The other gentlemen in our party had been brought up the right way about weighing in with duty dances with their fellow guests. The band played all the songs from Broadway musicals which hadn't opened in London yet. They are not allowed to do this except at private parties, and this is another thing about Hunt Balls which makes one feel pampered.

Driving home with my head buzzing with champagne and the rest of me fortified with hot soup, with predawn mist and fog swirling round the car, I felt that what with Virginia and a few really good parties and the possibility of occasionally getting to a real theater, life in Farmiloe might not be going to kill me after all

Shortly after that, winter came down over Larches Road. Snow fell. Ice formed. James wore his Kanchenjunga coat, and I spent every spare minute in bed with my electric blanket and a book about the torrid zones. My mother-in-law knitted Fluffy a pale blue polo-necked jersey in which pussykins looked very sweet. Virginia went everywhere in a huge fleece-lined coat over her frontier pants, and Pauline said, "I can't think what you are complaining about; it is merely pleasantly bracing." As I cleaned grates and laid fires every morning with rubber gloves on my hands and genocide in my heart, I thought of my American friends who could wear frilly nylon nightdresses all the year round. The sun had left us, possibly forever. I informed James that if any Greek shipowners appeared and asked me to run away with them I would go without a backward glance. He replied that numerous women he knew were molding little wax figures of me and muttering charms so it was only a question of time till I went *somewhere*, and departed to unstop the bath pipe again. We had hearty meals of Lancashire hot pot or boiled beef and carrots and steamed ginger puddings, and James insisted on porridge every morning though I told him I felt sure it clogged one's insides permanently.

At parties nearly all the women wore tweed suits, with their diamond clips or regimental brooches on the lapels, and every lady's leg in the district was encased in a wool-lined boot.

We went down to Somerset to spend Christmas with James' father and mother. There, in harmony with a million other families in the



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kingdom, we had carolers, mistletoe, Christmas pudding, a tree with a paper fairy on top (in America we always had the Star of Bethlehem), presents, cards, the *lot*—and midnight Mass at the village church, from which we walked home across the fields with our moonlit shadows black on the ground, and heard the bell ringers sending the peals of Hark, the Herald Angels Sing across the quiet hills.

The next day we all went to the Boxing Day meet. Boxing Day is very much like Labor Day and Memorial Day in America. Nothing happens and there isn't any mail.

January is an anticlimax instead of a new beginning. The church bazaar, for which I had cross-stitched till my eyes bubbled, was over, the Guides were absorbing semaphore signaling very very slowly, the Thursday Club went dull. I began cleaning the silver again. Virginia and I considered buying a Scrabble board.

I think that it was on a Tuesday that I found a small, chilly snowdrop in the garden. The ice crust in Larches Road began to melt and flow down the hill in noisy runnels, and on the Friday a letter arrived from Henry. He was coming over. I rang James up at his office. I told the people in the train when I went up to London to the dentist. I told the dentist. I told Mrs. Hardcastle every time I saw her.

Henry looked funny when he got out of the plane.

"Henry," I said, "you are wearing a hat."

"Yes. Well," said Henry—he removed the hat and looked at it carefully—"I just thought I would."

James had a rollicking fire going when we got home, and he and Henry met with such evidences of esteem as banging each other on the back and inquiries into the health of self, kin and kith. Henry opened his duffel bag, dropping pajamas, photographic equipment, Religio Medici, The Oxford Book of Seventeenth Century Verse, The Case of the Voluptuous Vampire, sun goggles, Argyle socks and Brooks Brothers shirts (with button-down collar) in widening circles around him. He handed each of us a flat package. Mine was a long-playing record of the piano études of Lennie Tristano and James' was Horowitz playing the Waldstein.

Henry delved further. Glass clinked. There were drips on the carpet. "James, old lad," he said, "I brought you a bottle of gen-u-ine Tennessee sourmash, but it has not survived the trip."

After dinner, James' constant efforts with the fire had warmed the drawing room considerably, and we sat listening to the new records, and James and Henry smoked cigars and looked, as any man under forty smoking a cigar looks, like race-track touts of the most raffish sort.

"I hope you'll stay awhile," said James to Henry, lapsing into one of the several Americanisms he has absorbed from his in-laws.

"Thanks," said Henry. "I'd love to. Only I'm going skiing."

"Ooh," I said.

"No, you can't," said James.

Henry chucked me under the chin in a fatherly way. "Who asked you?" he said.

"How loathsome both of you are," I said lovingly.

So I had to make the most of Henry while he, old itchy-foot, was with us. I chugged him round the local country houses. James and I showed him where the bluebells would grow later on. We took him to see all our friends. Pauline fascinated Henry. He regarded her as a perpetual-motion machine or an irresistible force.

Darling Henry looked very American. I tried to think why. He carried his camera in the pocket of his raincoat, not slung around his neck, and he neither chewed gum nor said, "Aw, gee, sis, where can we get a hamburger?" I concluded that it was because of his crew-cut hair, the fact that he kept his cigarettes in his shirt pocket, and his slight tan. The English look very white, and in extreme cases pale blue, in the winter.

Sometimes after a freezing day on the open road inspecting a Roman ruin, or meandering through the local museum, I would put peanut butter or red caviar on small biscuits to stem Henry's hunger, his stomach being attuned to the six-fifteen dinner hour prevailing at his academic establishment, and we had conversations.

We talked about Europe so much I began to think that James ought to stop working at once and the three of us should make an effort to see everything in the world before it was too late. When Henry got bored talking to me I raised havoc in the kitchen, the floor becoming finely misted with flour and sugar, while Henry sat on the draining board and read Religio Medici, and I lost the thread because he read very fast and devoted my head to squirrel-cage thought, including a recurring worry that the reason for my not producing James' son and heir was the fact that the old green Bentley wobbled and bounced so much, but I did not confide my anxieties to Henry in case there was anything in Religio Medici about what a good idea it would be if no one had any babies.

After Henry left, Farmiloe seemed horrider than usual, and I thought the Girl Guides would never finish learning their semaphore signaling. I set myself to knit for the church bazaar some bed socks of a pattern so complex that making them was like being brainwashed.

James and I struggled with the garden and were rewarded for our past efforts by clumps of daffodils and, after them, tulips. We cleared away all the winter rubbish and planted some vines which we stuck to the house with chewing gum, feeling that the best thing to do about 43 Larches Road was to camouflage it as much as possible. James asked me if I'd like him to learn thatching and do a new roof, but I replied that this would be like putting a picture hat on a cretin.

The weather slowly got better and we got a cable from Mrs. Joseph Hartley Burgess, nee Mickey O'Brien, who said that she and her besotted husband would enter the commonwealth the first week of June and I'd better come to London because she didn't have time to get up to Farmiloe, to which she seemed to think one journeyed by dog sled, crying "Mush." I got in a twit. I looked in the glass and wailed to James that Mickey always looked so groomed and glamorous. How, I cried, could he put up with a wife who was the image of the back of a bus? Why, I sobbed, had he not left me?

"Do shut up." He gave me a small glass of something for my nerves. "You look perfectly all right."

"I'm cross-eyed from knitting bed socks," I said. "I have terrible muscles in my legs from nature walks. My hands are *ruined, ruined. That woman* at Clutch and Strangle (court hairdressers) should only be allowed to practice on camels. I wish I were dead."

"I don't," said James sweetly. He wrinkled his forehead and sat with his elbows on his knees looking unhappy.

"It's not your fault, dear," I said. "But something must be done. Are we stony?"

"Not really stony," said James. How comforting.

"Well, give me some of it," I said. "I think that I'll go up and stay with Margery while Mickey's in town. You can come for the weekend."

A couple of days before Mickey's arrival I got to Margery's and dumped my luggage and informed her that I would be very busy.

"You look as if you're working on a project," said Margery, waving her hand airily. "Treat my house as your home away from home, or a hotel if you prefer."

First I went to the Turkish baths at the Dorchester. I met Margery at Harrod's health-food bar, and we ate a large lunch of yoghurt, raw vegetables and honey. I went to Monsieur Phillippe, and said, "Do something. Create!" I went to Rubenstein's and had my face and hands done. I stopped being cross at James and thought how kind it had been of him not to leave me.

When I got back to the house in Winchester Mews, Christopher whistled and blew down my neck.

"*Where* have you been?" he said.

I looked in the glass. I had been saving up to do this all at once. The silver eye shadow was, I must face it, not *me*. I scrubbed my cheeks and eyelids with my handkerchief.

SLIGHTLY SOUCIANT SONG

By GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

He's couth and sheveled and imical;
He's pellant, traught and gusting,
And makes my heart leap up so ert
I think my ribs are busting.

My feeling's choate and effable:
It's astrous that I met him.
I hope that *his* heart's vincible,
So I've a chance to get him!



"That's better," said Christopher. He shoved me into a chair and told me all the latest dirt. When Margery came in she said I was now almost human. A blissful shop she knew was having a very special secret sale for customers it liked. We came home, put on our new things, preened all over Margery's bedroom and felt that we had not enjoyed ourselves so much since we were ten and dressed up in our mothers' presentation dress (Margery) and New Year's Eve 1928 ensemble (me).

With all these necessities accomplished I felt a new woman. I caught up on the galleries and well-loved nooks. Mickey and Joe arrived and I went round to their hotel, and while Mickey and I chatted Joe got on the telephone and was efficient. He had come on business with a bulging briefcase and I suppose he attended to that first, but I was not listening and when Joe again entered my consciousness he said, "O.K., girls, get your boots on and we'll get some lunch."

Joe looked even more American than Henry. He was wearing a tartan tie which would have looked nice in Grahamstown but somehow looked simply awful in London. His suit was of beige gabardine, very light and perishable for the London grime. He had a white nylon strap on his watch and a bulbous gold ring from his old alma mater on his third finger. I rather wished that Mickey had married Charlie Judson; an indubitable ex-creep, but he did not dress like the Great Middle West. Joe took a piece of paper out of his pocket.

"Dream girl," he said, "what do you want to do first?"

"Christie's," said Mickey promptly. "We want a picture for over the living-room fireplace."

"Swell," said Joe. "Now Wednesday is the Derby, and I've got some seats. You going to be here, Katie?"

"Well ——" I said.

"Great," said Joe. "And Mick, listen, we're real lucky. That guy at Consolidated got us some tickets for Glyndebourne. Saturday night so James can come, Katie."

"O'Brien," I said, "do you know how lucky you are with this spouse you have undeservedly been given?"

"Yes," said Mickey smugly. "I told you all about him that time on the ice."

"I know. But I didn't realize. Not half."

The music at Glyndebourne is international, and the musicians, but the setting is the very best kind of English: an enormous, beautiful Elizabethan house, of rosy brick, with formal gardens set in the rolling downland. We were spellbound by the opera, dined

The despair over the future of mankind is an act of cowardice, a want of faith in the possibilities that man's own ingenuity has opened up to him. The first rehabilitation necessary is a revival of faith in man's own potentialities and in man's own hopes.

IRWIN EDMAN
The Uses of Philosophy
Simon & Schuster, Inc.

in the interval, and soul and body nourished, we wandered in the grounds, far too happy to talk. It was a warm night, and when the opera was over, the stars were beginning to be visible in the evening sky, and the trees, green in the intermission, were dark blue and in half an hour would be black. Mickey talked about music, of which she knew a great deal, and I leaned against a wall, wearing Margery's new evening dress, and thought that this was part of life, one of the best parts.

We spent the Sunday after Glyndebourne with Margery and Christopher. James wandered about humming Mozart arias, and I spent the morning crouched on Margery's bathroom floor, alternately shivering and dripping with perspiration, being sick. Every now and then someone, in passing, would put a head around the door and say anxiously, "Is there anything I can do?"

After an hour or so of this, Margery came in with a cup of hot sweet tea in her hand. "Here," she said, "drink this."

"No," I said.

"Do as I say," said Margery.

"I'd rather die." But I took it and drank it, and the warmth going down did not kill me.

"Are you pregnant?" said Margery.

"No. I expect I got overexcited this week, being so gay."

"How do you know you aren't pregnant?"

"I just know. Don't be so silly, Margery. I have *never* been pregnant. I've never even had a *miscarriage*."

"Ha," said Margery. "More tea?"

"No, thanks."

"Poor little thing." She patted my head and went away, leaving me to more cigarettes and contemplations. Presently I felt better.

When we left for Farmiloe, my health deserted me again. I did not want James to know. I heaved quietly with my head turned to the window. James, concentrating on the road, noticed nothing, but presently he said, "You aren't very bouncy today. No songs. No jokes."

"It's this insupportable car," I said. "I hate its little green guts."

"But sweetie, I thought you loved it. You always said you liked it so much."

"Oh, James, don't *carp*."

Injured silence.

This feeling sick became increasingly boring in one way and interesting in another. I began to grasp at straws, but I had grasped at straws so often before and counted on my fingers that I was a bit cynical. I decided that the least the doctor could do, having been through this before, was to laugh at me. So I trotted round to see him. I hadn't been grasping at straws. After the usual interval, a small new voice would be heard in 43 Larches Road. I began to feel very clever. I went home and told James.

James sat down and smiled at me broadly and said I was wonderful. I said he was wonderful too. He said it was a pity that it could never be President. I said as a thankless task the presidency knew no brother. We sat quietly for a little, thinking deep thoughts, and then we cabled ma and pa in Chicago and rang up James' parents in Somerset, who were very pleased. They had never said a word about it, procreation being a forbidden topic in the Victorian age when they were taught their manners, but James was an only child, and I knew they had often wondered if anyone would be born to inherit the Jacobean swords, Carolean glass, the Persian rugs, and the small pretty manor house in which they and all these objects lived.

My pa's attitude was not that of the darling Chesneys. His avowed intent was to spend all his money while he was alive (lots of it on us, of course) and after that Henry and I were to fend for ourselves.

Hospital beds are scarce in England. So when one becomes pregnant, the first thing to do is to book a bed. The next thing is to decide whether to have it privately or "on the Health." I compared the two times I had been in hospital in England. The first, for impacted wisdom teeth, was free of charge, with the services of a very handsome master dentist, nurses pretty and sweet, and a ward in which interesting women showed me their stitches and lent their books and magazines. The second time, I had my appendix yanked by a ravishingly charming and expensive Harley Street surgeon, in a fashionable nursing home, and was lonely and bored. I told James I would have it on the Health. James refused to view it objectively. I mentioned Harrow. James didn't say anything. I asked how much prams cost. James said we could have his old pram that his mother had never parted with. I said how nice. James said wouldn't I like a delightful chintz-filled room with a coal fire in the Princess Eleanor Maternity Home. I told James where I was booked. James rang up the doctor and asked him at least thirty questions very rapidly. He came back looking reassured, and said he supposed it would be all right but that if I died he would sue them. We began to discuss suitable names.

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The next day I rang up all the friends whom I wished to tell and told them. Nobody got dewy-eyed.

Margery said, "Bags I to be a godmother."

Pauline said, "Good. I was wondering when you were going to. Now you mustn't for one minute think of stopping your Guide work. Things can be fitted in, if one has a schedule."

"Listen, Pauline," I said, "I heave all the time. I think I shall have to resign."

"No, no," said Pauline. "That will pass."

"I shan't be having a nanny," I said.

"You must have a nanny," said Pauline. "Everyone has nannies."

"I don't want a nanny. This kid and I are going to be buddies." I enunciated this last in my best Chicago accent, and Pauline was so struck that she let me resign from the Guide movement until such time as the wee one was away at school.

The next time Virginia came round, she had a messy piece of knitting with her. It was bright red wool. "What is that?" I said.

"It is going to be a tiny jersey for your son and heir. Crimson with a big white H on it for Harvard, like in Hollywood films."

"Darling," I said.

"Philip thought of it," said Virginia. "He went to a football game once in America."

Ma and pa had replied to our cable in a rapturous cable of their own. Ma said not to worry, that she would be over in plenty of time to greet her first grandchild. I foresaw trouble which I and Dr. Gesell and Dr. Spock would have to handle very carefully. James' mother and father would not operate until later on, when I expressed my views about sending children off to boarding school at the age of eight, homosexual schoolmasters, oral fixations, and English mothers not cuddling their babies enough, in the pervasive belief that to cuddle is to be soppy.

James' mother began knitting furiously, equal amounts of pale pink and pale blue wool so as not to tempt fate, though she could not help feeling that mothers who produced sons were *slightly* more honorable and favored than those who had to pig along with daughters, and my mother began to buy objects made of nylon, Orlon, Dacron and no-iron cotton, and to write me long letters about vitamin pills and not putting on too much weight. Mrs. Hardcastle told me what a distressing time she'd had with her three and to think beautiful thoughts. Pauline said that she'd been at a cocktail party when her eldest began to announce that he was due and that she stayed till the very last minute because it had been a very good party. I said, "Regimental?" She said, "No, one of the bishop's." Virginia said if I couldn't talk about anything else she thought she would get some books on euthanasia and rambling in Tibet. I devoted some time to reconsidering the burning nanny question, but I knew deep in my heart that I really couldn't bear to have one, so I arranged that my dear Nellie should become a proper daily woman instead of a Tuesday-and-Thursday woman. Nursery rhymes that I had not known I remembered began coming back into my head, and I sang "Pease porridge hot" and "How many miles to Barley bright" as I washed the dishes and dusted things. It was all terrific fun. There is nothing more wonderful in this life than feeling that one is fulfilling one's function.

I went for long walks at the doctor's behest, and thought about whether the projected would be Prime Minister or a lyric poet or a clerk in a grocer's store or a civil servant. I decided that more than anything I'd like him to be a High Court judge, or, if he was a girl, a blissful mother of twelve who did not let her mind rot in the welter of nappies (diapers) and porridge pots. I wondered if my mind was going to rot, made mental notes to start learning Russian and to read such books as Principia Mathematica and Vasari's Lives of the Painters while the projected had his nap.

I thought of all the things he would learn as he grew up: that the High Peak Hunt was cozily known as The Flag; what I Zingari was; about the J. Alfred Prufrock sign in the Cornish cove which says "Do not sit on the sides of the small boats." He would hear the lovely voices of the mourning doves on hot August days in Grahamstown and those of nightingales in Cambridge. He would see the brown bracken in Cumberland in October and the red maple leaves in Ohio in another October. When his tiny stomach was strong enough we'd take him abroad and eat snails and squid and funny foreign fish and look at everything in the length and breadth of Europe. We'd take him to America and show him where mummy was a little girl and where the Comanches attacked the covered wagons, and Brandywine Creek and the Old North Church. First he would be a darling pink baby and then he would be a little boy with muddy knees and then he would grow to look exactly like James.

I considered girls. She would be a darling pink baby and then she would be a skinny little girl with straight hair, because these are so much more attractive than plump, curly little girls, and then she would blossom, at the appropriate age, into a serene and beautiful woman, and go up to the university and get a brilliant First as well, having hundreds of attractive, intelligent (and, if possible, rich and well-born) young men to take her to dances and parties and punting on the river.

Reason, at this point, entered my rosy dreams and I knew that if the projected turned out to be hideous and cried all the time and developed a taste for tinned salmon and television Westerns, I would still adore him and give him as much freedom of choice and liberty of mind as his increasing age levels should be able to assimilate. I would always tell him the truth, I thought, full of fervor, and I wondered why one so seldom hears the truth anywhere.

I went to the maternity clinic at the large gray municipal hospital. We fruitful women, 90 per cent of us very pleased indeed with ourselves, sat on benches waiting our turns and chatting with our benchmates or reading Woman's Own. We compared notes, weights, and everyone told everyone else that she hardly showed at all. Sometimes we drank



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I'm a new me for the new fashions

All it took was a new point of view! And now I'm all enthused over the new spring lines and styles! Now I'm having a gay time shopping for the *right* frock to "go" with my way of living! For I'm a *casual* kind of girl. I like to feel *free, be natural.* That's what governs my choice of fashions. And *that's* what governs my choice of sanitary protection, too.

Because I want to feel free, comfortable, poised on "problem days"—I choose Tampax® internal sanitary protection! Puts an end to chafing pads and twisting belts. Prevents odor from forming. Is wonderfully simple to insert, change, dispose of. Wonderfully convenient to carry. No other sanitary protection is better suited to modern living—to *my* way of living!

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Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

cups of tea. It didn't matter if we had to wait a little while, because we all had pieces of knitting with us. The indignities undergone once we had stopped waiting and got round to what we were there for provided conversation well larded with giggles for about half of us, and pursed lips and blushes for the other half. Along about the sixth month I found some fellow Gesell fans, and had conversations that were less footling.

When I stopped heaving in vehicles, James drove me up to London, and we bought a couple of maternity dresses which did not look like smocks, and we laid in supplies of such baby equipment as was not going to be weighed in with by the Chesneys and the Collinses, and then we filled up the back of the car with sticky pastries, Fortnum's game pie, green peppers, avocados. We bought books at a place called "Better Books" in the Charing Cross Road, which is the only shop I have ever found where you can stand in one spot in the middle and buy *all* your Christmas presents without moving a muscle.

We bought nappies and a plastic duck to float in the bath, and only the severest common sense prevented James from wallowing in electric trains. He was counting the minutes till the projected showed any interest, however faint, in railways, and then there would come that pause in the day's occupations which is known as the father's hour.

When we were worn out, we set our faces for home. Said James, "Who knows how long we'll have to live in the North? I think we better get looking at places in the country."

"It isn't the North that I mind so much," I said. "It's Otter Dale. I hate to think that the projected won't grow up in Somerset." James' boyhood was idyllic, scampering in the delicious beechy copses round his home and messing about with his very small boat in a very small nearby river.

"I'll ring up Barker tomorrow. He may have something by now."

The next day it transpired, as usual, that Mr. Barker had no houses.

"You know what I think?" said James. "I think your mother will find a house when she gets here. She will take one look at this one, scream with pain, and scour the county in a much more thorough way than you or I or Barker would ever be able to do."

My mother arrived about a month before the projected's appearance. She looked very smart and was bursting with energy. She said pa was sorry he couldn't come too. She said Henry was fine. She unpacked quantities of all the most up-to-date baby things and my old Teddy bear and Henry's tooth-scarred rattle, cherished for years, and took command. "Now," she said every morning, forcing me to take my nose out of the Times, "let's just sit down and have a cigarette and plan our day." These were some of the most enjoyable moments of my life. The house looked better than it ever had, and Nellie thought my mother was a nine days' wonder and was occasionally caught gazing, openmouthed, as madam tore by with something on her mind.

Averting her fastidious eyes from the old green Bentley, my mother did some telephoning, and then she said, "Now, darling, you go take a nap. I just hired a little car, and I want to do some driving around." One day she came home, wind-blown and even brisker than usual, sat down, lit a king-size filter-tipped cigarette, assumed an air of spurious tactfulness and said, "Katie, how long were you thinking of living in this house?"

Just then I heard James come in the back door. "Hi," I called. "Come in here."

"I mean," said ma, "it's not such a bad little house. Of course without central heating it couldn't ever be really comfortable in this climate, but ——"

Girls we love for what they are; young men for what they promise to be. GOETHE

James came in and kissed us both. He made my mother a Scotch on the rocks and she leaned back comfortably and said, "I've found you a simply *darling* house. I was driving along such a pretty little road this afternoon, and *there* it was. It's bigger than a cottage, but it's not large. I went up and knocked on the door and the people who live there are charming. When I said how sweet it was they asked me in, and while it's very old-fashioned, of course, I think it will do very well for you."

James sat, mesmerized, like the snake of a fakir.

"But, ma," I said, "what about the people?"

"Well, darling, that's the really interesting part. They're going to live on Ibiza in April."

I thought James was going to have a seizure. I dare say prospective fatherhood was preying on his nerves, or he was wondering if he has second sight. He pulled himself together rapidly, such was his English public-school training, and patted my mother lovingly on the head. "Frances"—he would not call her ma—"just tell me one thing. Were they going to move to Ibiza before they met you?"

So that was that. After several telephone conversations, James and I drove out to see the house the next Saturday afternoon. It was compact, quaint, cold and covered with Virginia creeper, which we love. It had a tiny outbuilding in which the projected's pony could live, and it wasn't too far from the bus stop for Nellie to come to us. I saw a mouse-hole and knew that Fluffy would enjoy herself there, and the people really were going to Ibiza. James took a walk through the surrounding hills and fields and said the house looked, from a distance, like something Benjamin Bunny would live in, small, brown and nutlike, and we went home to repeat to ma how clever she had been.

Jane Barker and her husband came over after church on Sunday morning, and while Jane and ma had a nice talk about altar flowers, Mr. Barker said that he could easily sell our house and told us that Otter Dale was much sought after, and we said graciously that we could certainly see why it was, and that we would hate leaving St. James-the-Less, which was one of the nicest churches we'd ever gone to, and Mr. Barker kindly said they would miss us but it was our duty to support the village church in whatever village the new house was near. He said wistfully that he wished Mrs. Collins had some extra time and could work in his office for a bit. Ma had a sudden bout of enthusiasm for house agentry and said she would adore it, but she couldn't fit it in at the moment, and Jane Barker gave me a pale blue matinee jacket for the baby, and they went away.

One night I woke about two-thirty and shook James' shoulder. "Whoops," I said, "I think Buster is on his way."

"Jolly good," said James in a rather shaky voice, and we both got dressed, and called ma, and then we drove to the infirmary, and while James and ma churned about downstairs, I churned about upstairs and was eventually wheeled into the delivery room from which I emerged somewhat later having given birth to a six-pound girl who was the most enchanting object, red, distorted and squalling, which I had ever seen in my life. James said she was blissful. Ma cried. James and the doctor shook hands in an excessively male fashion. Ma wrote a cable to pa and Henry. James rang up Somerset. I lay and stared at the ceiling in a haze of happiness.

She was christened Caroline (after James' mother) Frances (after ma) at St. James-the-Less. I thought it very lucky that neither grandmother was named Theodosia or Ethel or Dulcie. In April we moved to the little brown house in the country, and Caroline Frances gurgled in her pram, and it didn't rain very much, and the following summer was the hottest one England had had for fifteen years.

LOVE BETWEEN THE ACTS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

lights went out and the curtain rose again. The last act was a blur for Kay. At last the curtain came down for a final call as everyone applauded.

Kay, smoothing on her gloves, heard a voice on her other side say, "Miss Brannan?"

She turned, surprised. A young man in the seat next to her was speaking. He wore horn-rimmed glasses and had a pleasant squarish face.

"Yes?" she said.

He turned quite pink. "My name is Roger Collins. Your aunt, Mrs. Trent, gave me this ticket for tonight. She told me to be sure and say hello."

Kay stared at him. "M-my aunt?" she stammered.

"I would have spoken to you right after the first act," he said, "but you seemed to be with someone and I didn't want to intrude."

Kay, still openmouthed, could not speak. At last, with a tremendous effort, she said, "I see."

"Well—I'll be running along now. Nice to have met you."

Kay turned. Her eyes were still glazed and stupefied. As they focused on the young man beside her, horror struck her. Why, he was a perfect stranger and she had spoken to him at his first overture; she had smiled and flirted and announced gaily that she lived alone. And now he was waiting, smiling expectantly. She felt quite faint. *Let me die*, she thought.

He said, "Where now?"

Her whole face felt stiff. "Nowhere, I'm afraid." It was hopeless to try to explain; he would think she was crazy. "I'm really a very conventional girl at heart. All that business about being a free soul was just talk."

He sighed deeply. "I guessed as much." He shook his head. "But I'm not going to let you slip away just because no one's introduced us. All we need is someone honest, sober and reliable to do the job."

Her eyes were gloomy. "Whom would you suggest?"

"How about one of the lady ushers? This one right here looks motherly and respectable; I'm sure she'd be glad to do the honors." He leaned forward to the woman bending over in the next row and, to Kay's horror, opened his mouth to speak.

"*Please!*" she said in a frantic whisper. "You mustn't!" And when he straightened, she said, "You weren't *really* going to ask her, were you?"

"Sure, why not?" He was grinning. "You think this introduction would be less valid than one we'd get from two strangers at a cocktail party?"

"I guess not." But she still felt gloomy.

"Can *you* think of anyone to introduce us?"

"No. That is ——" For a few moments she was motionless, staring at him. Then, suddenly, she laughed. "Yes, I can. My Aunt Isobel. She lives only five minutes away." A gleeful look had come into her face. "She's just beginning to watch the late show and it'll serve her right if we ruin the plot for her. After all, she got me into this. Now let her get me out."

He stared at her. "Huh?" he said.

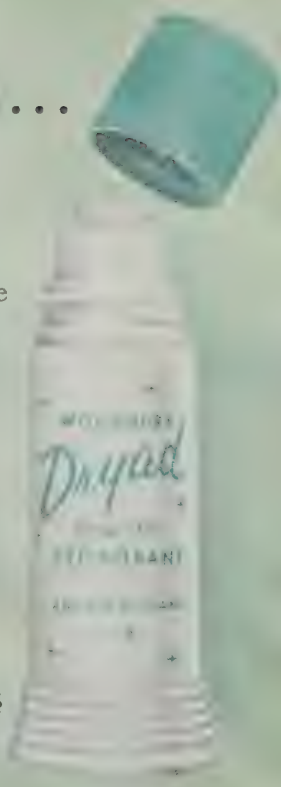
"Why didn't she tell me to look to the right," Kay said, becoming indignant, "instead of to the left? How was I to know which way to look?"

He was still staring at her blankly, but now she started up the aisle and he followed. She began telling him about the ticket her aunt had given her. It wasn't until they were on the street outside that he began to laugh. He laughed for quite a while, taking out his handkerchief to mop his eyes. Then he hailed a cab and they got inside.

They were quiet then; it didn't seem funny any more, just strange and exciting. They sat looking at each other wordlessly as the car jerked and stopped in traffic. Without either of them knowing how it had happened, they were holding hands. END

It's here! It's clear! *Dryad* ends deodorant worry...

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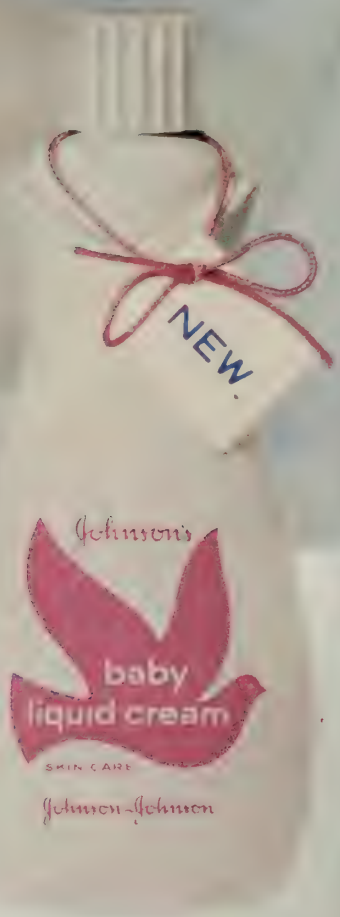
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After the frolics of bedtime come the quiet hymns and the solemn prayers.

HOW AMERICA LIVES



Clayton Hewett must hold four Sunday services to accommodate 350 parishioners; hopes to build new, larger church.

Whither Thou Goest

"I'm not the minister, I'm his *wife*—
and an old-fashioned wife at that,"
says Grace Hewett, of Morton, Pennsylvania.

By MARGARET PARTON • Photographs by JOSEPH DI PIETRO

Clayton Hewett, with the aid of his friend Bill Warren, was reaching a momentous decision. "Bill," he said, pounding his right fist into the palm of his left hand, "I can't go on working full time at the steel plant, and only giving part time to the church. I've got to give my *life* to God—to the church!"

In the kitchen of the red-brick parsonage, on that gray March evening five years ago, Nancy Warren and Grace Hewett chattered as they washed the Sunday-supper dishes. Upstairs, children laughed and romped. But the two men in the living room heard none of these domestic sounds, for they were deep in a discussion which was to change many lives.

"Help me, Bill," Clayton Hewett pleaded. "Couldn't I at least be a lay worker for the church?"

The Reverend William Warren, minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Incarnation in Morrisville, Pennsylvania, looked thoughtfully at his friend and parishioner, the wiry young steelworker Clayton Hewett—passionate, argumentative, and deeply devoted to his church. Then he smiled.

"I've been praying for you to reach this decision, Clay," he said slowly. "But even now I don't think you're aiming high enough. Have you ever thought of entering the ministry?"

Clayton Hewett stared at his friend in amazement. How could he enter the ministry? He was married, and had three small children. He



Grace is happy working behind scenes at church suppers, but feels that such affairs must always come second to the needs of husband, children, home.



"I'd hate not to be home when one of my children needs comforting," says Grace.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

"From the first, I've been willing to man is head of the house.

had only a high-school diploma. He was twenty-six years old, and had no money to speak of.

His pastor had already thought of these obstacles—and more. Clayton Hewett was often belligerent, had rough edges badly in need of smoothing, needed to acquire more compassion for others, more humor. "But two things convinced me that I was right," he says now. "One was the strong feeling that here was a man God wanted. The other was the character of his wife."

In the kitchen Grace Hewett put away the last dish and took off the apron borrowed from Nancy Warren. Then she walked into the living room—a slender young woman of twenty-six with soft blond hair and shining blue-gray eyes. Seeing that the men were deep in talk, she sat down quietly and said nothing. Bill Warren turned to her.

"Clayton is thinking of entering the ministry," he said. For a full moment Grace was very still, but her face lit up with radiance.

"I'm very surprised and very happy," she said finally. To her, there seemed to be no obstacles of real importance.

Shortly afterward the Hewetts tucked their sleeping children in the back of the car, and drove home to their neat little mortgaged house in Fairless Hills, a development five miles from Morrisville. Clayton was sunk in thought and Grace did not intrude, for she always has respected his silences. "I knew he had been unhappy for a long time, and that he wished to make a change in our lives. But he did not discuss it with me, so that I didn't know in what direction he would go. Driving home that night I silently thanked God that he had found what seemed to me the right direction."

Four years and nine months later, Grace Hewett sat in the hushed and candlelit silence of St. Nathanael's Church in North Philadelphia with her two older children, and watched her husband ordained a priest in the Protestant Episcopal



"Hey, Daryll, wanta know why it would be better to go to Venus than to Mars? And can I have a brownie when they're ready?"

Grace: "I pray constantly for patience, strength, quietness. Sometimes, examining my faults, I'm frightened to think I should be loved."



acknowledge that the

In pleasing him, I am pleased."

Church—kneeling before the altar with a bishop's hand upon his bowed head and his old friend and pastor, Bill Warren, at his side. For both the Hewetts the moment was supreme.

Today the Reverend Clayton Hewett is minister of the Church of the Atonement in Morton, Pennsylvania (ten miles southwest of Philadelphia), and Grace Hewett is still first and foremost his wife and the mother of his children, and secondly a clergyman's wife. Therefore, though Clayton Hewett's life, now almost completely absorbed by the Herculean work of trying to revitalize a neglected parish, is very different from the one he led as a steelworker, Grace's life has remained on more familiar paths.

"They told us at the seminary that our husbands were to be the ministers, not we, and that's the way I want it to be," she says firmly. "My job is to lead a Christian life as a wife and mother, and to make our home as serene and happy as possible for my husband so that he can do his work in an atmosphere of peace."

To many of her friends and some of her husband's parishioners, Grace Hewett is a baffling personality, and some people find the combination of enigma and her obvious happiness irritating.

"She always seemed so good that there were times when you wanted to shake her until she said 'damn!'" one of them recalls.

And once a neighbor burst out at her: "You don't have anything, your husband doesn't make as much as my husband, you never go anywhere, you just stay home and read—and yet you seem so happy!"

"Her ideas on marriage belong back in the last century," says another friend. And adds: "But she doesn't seem to mind."

Grace herself is so busy these days with her home and family, books, music, ecclesiastical embroidery, choir practice and plain living that other CONTINUED ON PAGE 143

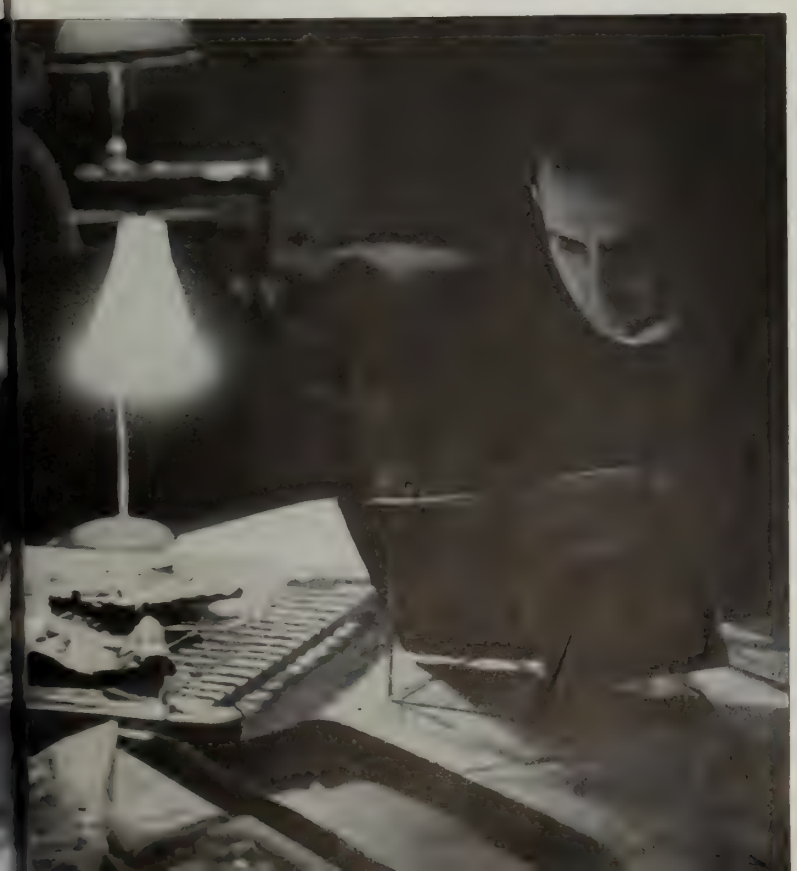


"Family gatherings should be spontaneous," Clayton says. They happen every day whenever he emerges from the hours of reading in his study.

"I'm a perfectionist. I believe even the youngest children of the junior choir must be taught how to sit, stand and hold hymnals properly."



Clayton: "Faith must be a steady process of examination and re-examination, of trying to make oneself better. I strive to do this."





Sunday school is a familiar place to Phillip and Joan, who play happily at building a new church "just like the one daddy wants to build."



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 141

people's comments are of supreme unconcern. She is not even very interested in thinking of how she acquired her "old-fashioned ideas."

Grace Carlson, who was born on February 27, 1928, grew up by the side of the sea in Warwick, Rhode Island, not far from Providence. In the big house near the beach there were five sisters (Grace was the second) and one brother—a happy family, she remembers, although her father, a painting contractor, was badly hit by the depression. Because her father was an easygoing, generous man who would give his last dollar to a friend, her mother handled the budget and made decisions about household matters. But her father in all important matters was deferred to: "Give him the big part of the steak," her mother would say. "He's a man, and he's the head of the house."

Grace's mother was English-Scottish, but her father was a second-generation Swede. Her Swedish grandfather lived in Providence, and every Sunday afternoon most of the clan would gather there, to eat Swedish delicacies and talk—the women in the living room, the men in the den. "The men would sit there," Grace remembers, "all smoking cigars and listening on the radio to H. V. Kaltenborn or Father—— What was his name? Oh, yes, Father Coughlin. And we children would run through the room in our play and smell the smoke and hear the men talking. I still love to hear men talk, and I still love the smell of cigar smoke. My grandfather was a very strong personality."

Her mother was an active member of the Episcopal church in Warwick, and very early the little girl began to go to Sunday school. By the time she entered her teens and began to sing in the choir her faith had become the deep foundation of her whole personality. "Some people acquire faith very easily and gently early in childhood, and never grow away from it," says Bill Warren. "Grace was one of these—for her it was as easy as breathing, and as much a part of her life."

Meanwhile, Clayton, just eight months older than Grace, was growing up with a younger sister in another section of Warwick. It may have been during this period that the young minister-to-be acquired his deep understanding of all that labor and are heavy-laden, for his father, a licensed electrician and skilled oil-burner installer, was forced during the depression to turn his hand to any journeyman jobs which came along—and sometimes they didn't come along very often. It was a bitter time.

But there were always the summers. In the summers all during his childhood and early youth the boy went to his farming uncle in Maine, to help with the milking and the haying and all the farm chores. His uncle was a quietly devout and thoughtful Baptist who read the Bible morning and evening, and often talked in Biblical terms out in the hayfields. "Now you look at that old crumbling stone wall," he would ruminate, pointing with his pitchfork. "It makes you think of how the walls of Jericho came tumbling down." And the boy would go and study the wall, and think of the walls of Jericho and how they must have been cracked to begin with, and how the people inside felt as they heard the people outside marching around with the drums and trumpets.

At home, during those years, Clayton went to the Baptist church with his parents and sister. But gradually he grew away, unable to believe in a literal interpretation of the Bible and in any case far more interested in athletics and, as he grew toward manhood, in war. He was finishing his junior year at high school (the same one Grace attended, although they had not yet met); it was 1944 and his country was at war. In June, just after he celebrated his seventeenth birthday, he enlisted in the merchant marine. Within a few months he was in Italy, seeing the kind of destruction and starvation he had never seen before and would never forget.

"Ever since then he's had almost a phobia about overeating," Grace says. "He still tells our children about this experience, and that's one reason why we eat very simply in our home. Just after he came back from overseas he went to a church supper where great bowls of spaghetti and meat balls were served—he was so repulsed he couldn't eat. For years he was infuriated at late snacks served in homes or after church meetings—it took him many more years to realize that a lot of fellowship is created over coffee and doughnuts. Now he's not quite so intolerant, although he still thinks Americans eat too much."

Near the end of 1944 Clayton transferred to the Coast Guard. He came home on leave during Christmas vacation and turned up at a high-school Christmas dance. He was something of a hero to the school and Grace remembers seeing him for the first time at the dance, looking at him curiously and then forgetting him. She was a pretty girl, from a comfortable home, and vastly popular; Clayton was a gawky boy who had been through some rough times, and looked it.

Two nights later she came home from a baby-sitting job and through a crack in the open living-room door saw that Clayton had dropped in to see her older sister. A little while later he came out to the kitchen and began a conversation with Grace which, even when unspoken, has never ceased.

On their first real date he took her home from a basketball game the weekend after they had first met. They had several more dates during the following week, and then Clayton returned to war with the Coast Guard. He was released from the service in June, 1945, on a medical discharge (an arm injury), and in September he returned to high school to make up the senior year he had missed. From then on they saw each other almost continuously—skating, going to basketball games, walking miles along the beach together and talking, always talking.

"It's hard to remember what we were like then," Grace says now. "We were so different and our lives were so different! But I do know that it was a tumultuous relationship—he was intense and argumentative, and so was I. We had no common interests, for he was interested in sports and politics and I was interested in music and the church. In fact, it took us *years* to develop common interests. But you can love in spite of a lack of common interests.



HOW THE HEWETT FAMILY SPENDS ITS MONEY EACH MONTH

Income: Each month the Hewetts receive two checks from the church for $183.50 each, and another check for $30 representing their car allowance. This gives them $397 a month, or $4404 a year salary, plus $360 car allowance. They need not pay income tax. Their house belongs to the church and they do not pay rent, nor do they pay for fuel, light, water, electricity or fire insurance. They have never had any savings account and do not plan to start one; the only large sum they ever anticipate paying is for the education of the children, and their life insurance can be converted to this purpose.

Food (including cleaning supplies and milk)	$120.00	Car expenses	30.00
Insurance (car and life insurance)	25.78	Stamps (church circulars as well as personal letters)	4.00
Phone (most of this is parish business)	20.00	Dues to various organizations	1.30
Newspapers and magazines	6.63	Dry cleaning, shoe repair, summer storage	6.00
Books	15.00	Medical and dental	5.00
Church ($10.00 a week)	43.33	Gifts, cards	11.50
Blue Cross	8.00	Clothing and household items	20.00
School expenses	3.00	Recreation, including sitter fees	10.00
Virginia Theological Seminary (contribution)	10.00	Total	$347.54
Savings Stamps for the children	8.00		

This leaves $49.46, which Grace labels "miscellaneous." "Extra church expenses, like buying a tray at a church bazaar. Or money for the contribution plate, aside from our regular pledge. Or maybe something we need for the house if we find that there is money left over. Or a Saturday trip with Daryll into town, to see a play."

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"I don't know when I knew we were in love, but I remember that one of the things I most admired about him, right from the beginning, was his honesty. I remember once before we were married we were driving home from a movie and we passed an ice-cream place. He asked me if I wanted any. I said it didn't matter to me one way or the other, but if he wanted some that would be fine with me. He stopped the car then and there and said, 'Look here, when I ask you if you want something I want you to give me a straight answer—yes or no. I don't want you always waiting to find out what *I* want!' But the thing is—whatever he has wanted is what I also want.

"I knew that I couldn't marry a person who was always catering to my wishes, or who ever let me be boss. With Clayton I knew there would be a definite give and take—and what I gave to him I would give because I wanted to give.

"I don't believe in fifty-fifty marriages, and I didn't believe in them then. I don't even think there is such a thing. Sometimes one person needs more than the other, and then it's a hundred to zero maybe for days at a time. And then sometimes it's the other way around. How can it ever be exactly fifty-fifty?

"Anyway, I knew that if we married, I would never be the boss, and that's what I wanted—to have a husband who was the stronger personality."

When it came to the church, however, matters were different—as Clayton found out early in his courtship. One afternoon he called Grace in great excitement, saying that by superhuman effort and wisdom he had managed to secure two tickets to see the famous basketball team, the Harlem Globetrotters.

"Be ready at eight," he ordered.

"I can't go," she answered. "It's Wednesday."

"So what if it's Wednesday?"

"Wednesday is choir-practice night."

"Who cares? You can go to choir practice any old week, but you can see the Harlem Globetrotters maybe only once—and I had a terrible time getting these tickets!"

"I have promised the church that I will faithfully attend choir practice unless I am ill," Grace said firmly.

Argument and expostulation were of no use to the masterful but bewildered young man, and finally he resorted to the final threat: "If you don't come to the game tonight you'll never see me again."

"My church comes first," Grace said, and with tears in her eyes she hung up the phone. That night she went sadly, but as promised, to choir practice. When she came home Clayton was waiting in the living room.

"Did you really go to choir practice?" he asked, still unable to understand the strength of her religious devotion.

"Yes, of course," she answered quietly. He shook his head in wonderment.

"I don't understand," he said finally. "But I guess it's all right. It has to be."

Clayton Hewett today says that three things led him to the ministry: "The call of God, the help of Bill Warren, and the constant example of my wife's sacrifices for the church she loves."

Clayton and Grace were graduated from high school, and although they both wanted to go to college they felt that college and marriage would be difficult to combine; they chose marriage. Clayton was only nineteen and Grace eighteen, "But even then," says Grace, "we were a thrifty and not very frivolous young couple. And we were very deeply in love." With their parents' consent they were married in September, 1946, in Grace's beloved St. Mary's Episcopal Church in Warwick. Typically, Grace wanted everything to be simple and modest, so it was a quiet wedding and Grace wore "something blue and a little blue hat."

After marriage the young couple lived in a small apartment on the top floor of Grace's parents' big old home. Clayton was working for the Providence Gas Company, in the training program of the coke-chemicals by-products division, earning around $2308 a year with a promise of promotion. Grace was working in a bank, but she gave it up with no regrets when they both decided that they would have a better marriage if she was at home. She continued, however, to teach Sunday school.

Downstairs in the Carlson household clergymen were frequent visitors, and Clayton formed the habit of dropping into the living room and listening to or provoking theological discussions. "I had grown away from religion," he says now, "because I was discontented with the fundamentalism I had heard in the Baptist church. Almost unconsciously I was seeking for a more liberal and enlightened interpretation of the Bible."

"When he was questioning everything and fighting for understanding," Grace recalls, "he was like a thunderstorm, with lightning dashing all around the place. It was terribly exciting, and afterward the air was always purged and peaceful. I used to just sit and listen without saying a word—I think that's the best thing you can do for a man who is really trying to think things through."

But not for more than a year after they were married did Clayton attend church with his wife. Characteristically, she never urged him to go, but neither did she ever miss a Sunday.

One Sunday in the spring of 1948, when she was dressing for church, he suddenly said that he would like to go with her. "All right," she answered. "But please don't say anything about the service if you don't like it. I won't mind if you don't come again, as long as you don't discuss it." However, he did like it, and thereafter went regularly.

Paul, their first child, was born a few months later, and the fact that he was born on Clayton's birthday, June fourth, seemed of religious or symbolic significance to the young father. That fall he started preparing for confirmation, and in April, 1949, he became a confirmed communicant of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

"I was very impressed," says Grace. "I felt that somehow things were going to be different."

But not for several years were things destined to be very different. In 1950 a little girl, whom they named Daryll Jeanne, was born. And in 1952 the Providence Gas Company closed down and the United States Steel Corporation sent representatives looking for skilled men who would be willing to come to Pennsylvania to work in a new steel by-products division. Clayton, who had been earning $3640 a year with the gas company, was offered the job of an operating engineer in the coal-chemical department for $4180 a year and the promise of regular raises.

"Let's go," said Clayton. "It might be fun to live somewhere different for a change." Grace agreed, and in November, 1952, the young family moved to Fairless Hills, Pennsylvania, a large development near the steel plant. They made a $438 down payment on a neat three-bedroom $11,500 house, Clayton went to work at his new job, and Grace settled down to await the birth of their third child. Phillip William was born in January.

The nearest Episcopal church, the Hewetts found, was five miles away in Morrisville, a gentle old town just across the river from Trenton, New Jersey. They lost no time in becoming official members of its parish, and within a few weeks Grace invited the minister and his wife to their home. They came.

"It was just another duty call to us," Bill Warren remembers. "But we soon recognized that there was something about this young couple which set them apart from similar couples we had seen. Clayton, for instance, was full of ideas and arguments—mostly about unions, sports and politics. And Grace's interest in the church was so intense that at first I was inclined to think it unhealthy, as religious preoccupation often is in young people. But I soon saw that her faith was extraordinary, sincere and very healthy."

"I was fascinated by Grace," says Nancy Warren. "She never tried to enter into the discussion when the men were talking. She never disputed her husband in anything. Yet when I was alone with her she'd chatter on for hours. I couldn't decide whether she was a door mat or an example to us all."

A year went by. Clayton was earning over $5000 a year now and taking part in many church activities, but seemed restless and un-

happy. Grace, although she said nothing about it at the time, was bored with the ceaseless domestic gossip of the housing development and increasingly uncomfortable at what seemed to her a materially comfortable but undedicated life. Both of them were ready for that Sunday evening, in March, 1954, when Bill Warren first suggested to Clayton the idea of entering the ministry.

A few nights later the two men sat down to outline the steps which would have to be taken before Clayton entered a seminary for the required three years of study:

1. Bill would have to take Clayton to Bishop Oliver J. Hart, bishop of the Diocese of Pennsylvania, and the bishop would have to accept Clayton as a postulant for holy orders.

2. Bill wanted Clayton to attend his own theological school, the Protestant Episcopal Theological Seminary in Virginia, at Alexandria, Virginia, but the school accepted very few men without a college degree. Clayton would have to study college subjects intensively in his spare time and prove that he was capable of learning before the school would even consider his application. Tutors would have to be found.

3. The school required all applicants to take psychological tests to show whether or not the applicant was fitted for the ministry (many who think they are are not). Clayton would have to take, and pass, these tests.

4. Clayton would have to go alone to the seminary, at least for the first year; Bill Warren knew that the experience and the work would be so intense that any concern over daily domestic affairs would be a serious handicap—also, he wanted Clayton to have the deep experience of shared brotherhood which comes when dedicated men live and work together.

This meant that for at least a year Grace would have to live alone with the children. She had never lived alone before, or taken complete responsibility for a household. Could she do it? Clayton, knowing her dependence in many ways on him, was inclined to doubt. Bill Warren, who recognized the firm character beneath the docile exterior, was confident.

5. Money. During his first year at the seminary, Clayton would not be permitted to hold an outside job, nor did the seminary rules permit borrowing. The Hewetts had no money saved for tuition or for family expenses during the first difficult year, nor could any help be expected from their affectionate but burdened families. All debts would have to be paid off before Clayton was admitted to the seminary; luckily, this meant only a $650 debt on the car, and about $200 on their freezer.

During the next eighteen months, step by anxious step, the obstacles were overcome.

The bishop accepted Clayton as a postulant, and agreed to contribute $1000 a year for tuition and seminary expenses. Clayton spent a whole day taking batteries of psychological tests, and after an exhaustive interview with a psychiatrist was pronounced admirable material for the ministry. Bill Warren and two other learned men (one of them a manager at U. S. Steel) began tutoring Clayton at night in English literature, history, philosophy and chemistry. Clayton continued to hold down his job at the plant, and the family started saving every cent they could hold on to.

They could never save enough, however, for Grace and the three children to live on for an entire year. So one night Bill Warren invited twenty carefully chosen families to dinner at the Parish House, and told them about the Hewetts and of his conviction that this young man was meant for the ministry. Would they be willing to give, for one year, all the money which they ordinarily would contribute, not to the church but to secular charities? If Clayton proved himself during this first year, he said, regular church funds could be used for the expenses of the next two years. He got his money, and a major hurdle was overcome.

To save money, the Hewetts returned their house to the mortgage company (taking a $1000 loss), and in June, 1954, moved into an old brown house down near the canal in Morrisville. In October the seminary accepted Clayton for admission in September of the following year.

But the jubilation of the Hewetts and of the parish—which by now was taking a warm interest in the struggling couple—was modified considerably when, early in April, 1955, Grace discovered that she was pregnant for the fourth time.

"For a while we thought our plans were wrecked," Grace says now. "We didn't see how we could manage, especially as the baby would be born after Clayton had left for the seminary. But we finally thought: 'Why should one more little baby make such a difference? We aren't going to change all our plans just for *that!*'"

Bill Warren feels that Clayton's decision to continue with his plans was a very brave one because it meant "that most difficult sacrifice of all—the renunciation of pride."

Although most of his parishioners were enthusiastically behind the project of sending Clayton to the seminary, Mr. Warren explained, there were some people (including some members of both families) who thought he was, in effect, deserting his young family and not behaving as a responsible father and husband should behave. In the face of this disapproval Clayton nevertheless gave up his job (which by this time was worth $6500 a year) and on September 17, 1955, went off to study for the ministry—just two weeks before his second daughter was born.

Even Clayton Hewett, a highly articulate man, stumbles a little when he tries to explain the impact of his encounter with seminary life during his first year in Virginia. "They shoot the works at you!" he exclaims. Then shakes his head and tries again: "They take everything you ever learned in Sunday school, roll it in a ball and toss it out the window." And: "They tore me apart. I was too individualistic—I'd always thought I could get along by myself. They showed this to me, then taught me about the corporation of the faithful."

Simultaneously, he was carrying a heavy academic program, both the collegiate studies

One-Armed Mother

HOW AMERICA LIVES in the July JOURNAL

By EILEEN SHARPE

When Helen Matthews lost her left arm in an operation for cancer, she wondered if she could ever keep house again. Slowly, painfully, she adjusted to her tasks—now does all her own housework again!

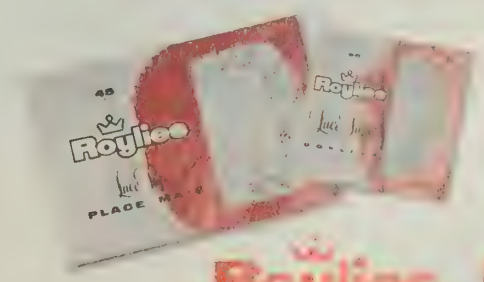
Helen Matthews, of Hartford, Conn.





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he needed to complete his college degree, and the required theological subjects: English language and literature, history, mathematics, philosophy, psychology, social science, anthropology, survey of the New Testament, Christian apologetics, personal religion, church music and oral delivery, The Covenant Peoples of the Old Testament, and elementary Hebrew, which he nearly flunked. The church was hard at work on its young minister-to-be.

Meanwhile his wife Grace was hard at work at more prosaic subjects. The lovely washing machine had been left behind at the Fairless Hills house, and all the diapers had to be done in an old wringer-type machine which didn't work very well. Paul was seven and at school all day, and Daryll was five years old and in kindergarten—that left the new baby, Joan Nina, asleep in a crib upstairs, and three-year-old Phillip probably wandering around near the large power shovels busy digging a trench in the front lawn.

The money problem was elementary: the house budget for everything (including the doctor's bills for the baby) was $2800 for the whole year, and that meant that nothing could be bought except necessities and the simplest of food.

"But it's easy to feed a family when the husband is away," Grace laughs. "The kids liked pancakes, bacon and eggs, soup, leftover chicken on toast—and of course they would have been willing to eat hamburger every night of their lives if I let them. But sometimes I changed to meat loaf."

Grace is reluctant to talk about this period. "I don't want it to seem as if I made any real sacrifices or anything," she says slowly. "After all, we were perfectly comfortable, we had enough to eat, the people in the parish were wonderful to us, and Clayton was where we both wanted him to be. I had enough clothes to carry me through the next few years, and one of my sisters sent clothes to the children. Every month my mother would send a box with something useful and also some little surprise for the children like lollipops with funny faces. So they weren't deprived, or anything."

The worst part was loneliness. The children were too young to provide much companionship and Lady, the miniature collie Clayton had bought Grace for protection, wasn't much better. Friends weren't always available, and Grace spent a great deal of time listening to classical music on the old radio "until I wore it out from too much playing," and looking out the window at the snow, the rain, and the gradual emergence of the first yellow crocuses. One great time passer and consolation was the ecclesiastical embroidery she was learning from a nearby friend: tiny stitches in gold metal or silken thread which require infinite concentration.

With the coming of the spring rains the basement of the old house flooded disastrously. The Church of the Incarnation had just finished building a sexton's house near the church, and Bill Warren offered to let Grace and the children live there until they could join Clayton at the seminary. She accepted happily, and one spring day friendly parishioners helped them move up the hill.

The Virginia seminary, as part of a revised curriculum aimed at bringing theological training into line with psychiatric knowledge, requires its students to take part in clinical training programs in either a prison or a mental institution. "The idea of clinical training," Clayton says soberly, "is to show how demonic we all are."

The summer after his first year at the seminary Clayton lived at home but worked every day at the Philadelphia State Mental Hospital in Byberry, counseling disturbed patients, studying psychiatry, suffering—and perhaps learning more than he had known of compassion and humanity.

"Once more I died, and was put together again," he says briefly.

"I knew he was tired and drained out when he came home at night," says Grace. "So I didn't bother him with questions—I just tried to keep the children out of his way and give him a good dinner."

In the fall Clayton hired a truck for $40 and moved his family to an apartment in Alexandria, a mile and a half from the seminary. Then began the happiest two years they had ever had. Clayton worked as a watchman at a local grammar school from 4 P.M. until 11 P.M., a job which brought in $83 a month and also gave him long and quiet hours for studying. On Sundays he drove sixty miles to Trinity Church, north of Baltimore, to work as a seminary assistant and earn an extra $15. Every penny helped, and they still weren't buying anything except the most meager necessities.

But in that atmosphere of religious thought and fellowship, Grace flowered. She went to lectures for wives, and was enthralled. She helped type Clayton's papers on the History of Christian Thought, Systematic Theology, Johannine Literature, Church Music . . . and rejoiced with him when they were returned marked "A" or "Very fine paper." Virginia is not noted as an easy school. And above all, she made friends.

"Most of the men at the seminary are from Ivy League colleges, and most of them have a lot of money," Clayton says. "We have none of that background, but they accepted us just as we are, right from the beginning. Sure, they'd tear my ideas apart mercilessly in group discussions, just as I would attack them. But as friends, they were wonderful."

The summer after his second year Clayton was required to do parish field work or to run a church during the regular minister's vacation. Clayton took over Bill Warren's church, but since the job didn't pay anything he worked every day at the manufacturing plant of the Essex Rubber Company in Trenton, making rubber heels. He once calculated that every day he hit 4800 separate hammer blows, and when he came home at night his right arm (which had been broken in childhood and injured during the war) was so stiff that he could hardly move it.

The Hewetts lived in the Warren house that summer, and Bill Warren joined them there

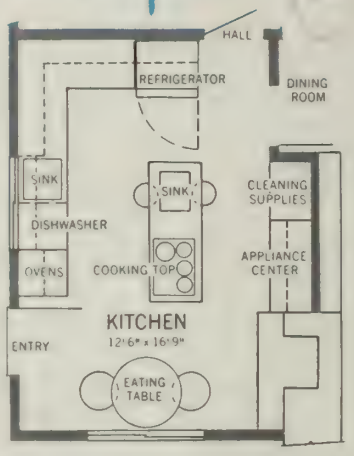
A Kitchen built for Two

Perfect for a pair who share enthusiasm for cooking.

By MARGARET DAVIDSON,
Homemaking Editor

This is a kitchen for those who like each other's company, and who make cooking an adventure. With two separate places to work, there's plenty of elbow room—no bumping, tossing a salad while your partner broils the steak.

The fireplace warms the heart, yes, but it also doubles as a grill with the Japanese *hibachi* set in place. Nothing interferes with work, walking space or "the pleasure of his company." Every appliance in the room is designed to start life brightly in the morning and wind the day up with a brilliant dinner.



Freeway—a couple can move without detours.



STUART

TWO CAN COOK HERE In the inviting middle of the room is an island unit where two can potter with a party recipe at the same time, and the shallow sink, reached from either side, has knee room so both can draw up stools. The sinks here are new stainless-steel ones that fit into counters without rims to catch dirt. Meals can be planned way ahead, for the refrigerator has a freezer section below so frozen foods are kitchen-handy; and above is roomy space for fresh supplies. The dishwasher beside the sink takes care of after-meal doldrums with a special setting for pots and pans as well as for rinsing and regular cycles.

while his wife and children were still away on vacation.

"One night while I was with them," he remembers, smiling, "I saw how much Grace had changed during her independent year alone: she actually sat still and let Clayton wipe some fingerprints off the refrigerator door! In the old days she would have been horrified to let him lift a finger in the house, and he would have simply ordered her to remove the offending prints. Yes, they had both become more human, more relaxed."

They went back to the seminary for the third year, fairly sure now that the enormous gamble would succeed. "Having been spiritually stripped, we were now being clothed," Clayton says, describing that year, "and boy, what a year!"

He studied homiletics, and learned how to deliver a sermon: "First you preach to the class. Then everyone criticizes you. Then the professor criticizes everybody. Then the tape recorder plays back the whole mess. Then you start again."

He studied many new subjects: American Church History, Systematic Christian Doctrine, and always (as he had in every semester) Pastoral Theology—in which various phases of the ministry are studied in the light of psychiatric understanding. It is this emphasis on psychiatry which Clayton Hewett believes is revitalizing the Episcopal Church, for "You have to know who you are and who people are to minister to them. The whole problem of Americans today is to find out who we are."

It was a busy spring, for Clayton had to prepare for and take not only examinations in all his seminary subjects but also examinations in all the college subjects he had been studying. And after that it was necessary to take eighteen additional examinations in ecclesiastical subjects in order to satisfy the bishop that the seminary had truly prepared him. (Not all dioceses make this requirement, but the Diocese of Pennsylvania is strict.)

On June 5, 1958, the examinations having been met and triumphantly vanquished, Clayton Hewett was graduated with his class from the seminary. On June twenty-first he was ordained a deacon by Bishop Hart in the Church of the Incarnation in Morrisville—next door to the old red parsonage where it had all started. And six months later, having served the required apprenticeship as a deacon, he was ordained at last a priest.

Today the Hewetts and their four handsome and lively children are happily settled in the small stone parsonage across the street from the Church of the Atonement. The house is comfortable, fairly new, furnished with old furniture they have picked up along the way or which has been given to them. "It would be nice to have a living-room couch," Grace says, not at all wistfully. "But we don't really need it. If we had the money we'd probably give it to the building fund."

The Church of the Atonement was built around the time of the Civil War, and is beginning to show signs of age. In any case, it is far too small, for it has a membership of 350 and seats only 100—on Sundays Clayton holds four services in order to accommodate all the parishioners. Even before Clayton arrived on the scene the vestry had decided to try to raise $100,000 to build a new church, and one of his main assignments in the parish was to help them do so.

It is not an easy job. The parishioners are industrial workers and tradespeople, resistant to change. "They average $1.35 a week in contributions and pledges," Clayton says sadly. "If they'd make a few sacrifices and average $2.50 we could raise enough to guarantee a bank loan and build the church."

For this reason—and more basically, because of what religion means to him—he is trying in every way to shake what has been a traditional apathy in the parish. He has cajoled men who have never sung a note in their lives into forming a choir, and has done the same with a women's group. He has reorganized the Altar Guild and has revitalized the youth group. He is an eloquent speaker who spends twenty hours a week preparing his sermons, and he is not averse to lashing out from the lectern against what he calls "fat-cat complacency." Once, furious at the ancient soot on the walls of the crumbling church, he brushed a white palm over the wall near the lectern and then thrust it, black with dirt, at the congregation. "Is *this* the respect you show for the house of God?" he thundered.

Clayton Hewett sees himself as more of a prophet than a pastor, and is basically far more interested in bringing Shekinah (the radiant glory of God as seen through man) into his parish and out into the world than he is in the individual counseling required of all ministers. "There is room for both kinds of men in the church," he says. Nevertheless, he spends most afternoons and evenings on pastoral calls, and has visited every family in the parish at least twice and often on an impromptu basis. "I don't want them to feel they have to get all dressed up to see me," he says. "I want them to know they can talk to me with their hair curlers on or their shoes off."

Grace and the children have also settled happily into a routine of home and school. Paul, a bright ten-year-old, is in the fifth grade and deeply interested in science; his parents gave him a chemistry set for Christmas and after he walks home from school he usually disappears into the basement to perform experiments and worry his mother with the possibility of imminent explosion. Daryll, nine, a merry-eyed little Brownie Scout, is also fond of experiments—usually in the kitchen. The cookies usually turn out well, but the time she put the wrong wax on the kitchen linoleum was disastrous. Phillip is six and a first-grader, although there are times when he clearly believes that he is the Lone Ranger. Joan is an enchanting three, busy with mysterious errands involving dolls, favorite old blankets, and tussles with Lady, the faithful collie. All the children are artistically talented, astoundingly obedient and apparently well adjusted.

The Hewetts are both firm opponents of "permissive" training. "I believe that children are little adults," says Grace, "and I expect



TWO RELAX HERE Coffee-hour table is big enough for breakfast or a cheering cup of tea. Window looks out on the terrace, an extra dining area when the weather is right. Violet-colored dotted dress material for curtains is washable, of course. All colors are restful, from the soft bluish wood grain of the hard plastic counters to the silvery gray vinyl floor with gay insets. The appliance center in the wall near the fireplace has a clock that turns the plug-in utensils on and off. More important, it has heavy-duty power behind it so the electric sauce and fry pans heat speedily. This is a kitchen for any family where teamwork is the rule.



TWO OVENS IN ONE

Bi-level oven handles big jobs in little space. Behind top glass door, meats roast or broil, casseroles cook. A rotisserie fits crosswise so meat or poultry on a spit can be basted easily. In drawer below, cookies, cakes and pies are baked and the cook watches them brown through the window at the top.

them to behave as such. For instance, when Clayton is home I expect them to be quiet and not to bother him.

"When a man comes home from work he's entitled to find an orderly home, with a peaceful and quiet family. My goodness, he's *tired!* He's been out working all day, and he needs rest. No woman has a right to say, 'Well, you should just try staying home all day with these screaming kids.' If the kids are screaming it's her own fault.

"Why, I think being a housewife is a tremendous privilege. If you're tired you can sit down, or maybe even lie down. You can listen to music, and have a cup of coffee when you want to. You can do the housework any old time of day, the way I do—just so it's done by the time your husband gets home. You can go visiting with your friends, or play with the children. But a man—he can't do any of these things. He just has to go out and work, no matter whether or not he feels like it.

"Especially when you're married to a man like Clayton, being a wife is a privilege. Clayton is a very considerate, kind man. He's easy to please because he notices everything. For instance, if I give some little new twist to a meal he notices it and compliments me. Of course he tells me if he doesn't like something, but that doesn't happen very often because I learned his tastes long ago.

"And he notices what clothes I wear, and tells me whether or not he likes them. Of course by now I know what he likes, so I usually please him. For instance, I like blue and green and lavender, but I never wear lavender because he doesn't like it. Also, he doesn't like to see me in house dresses and I don't like them either. If he doesn't want me to wear a certain color or a certain kind of dress, then I really truly don't want to either."

The Hewetts are New Englanders, and not demonstrative people. But Grace's eyes shine when she talks of her church, her husband or her children, and Clayton can put some of his feeling into words:

"In a Christian marriage, each 'calls the other into being.' This comes about through the recognition that God has given every individual a gift—and in a marriage the study and acceptance of the other's gift call that other into being. Also the study and acceptance of the faults with which the other person is struggling.

"One must be constantly on guard so as not to treat the other person as an 'it,' or to treat any persons as 'its.' The temptation is great, for it is easier to move fast (as I would like to do) by manipulating people as 'its.'

"Grace, by accepting my aggressions and hostilities, by not fighting them actively, forced me to retreat and re-examine them. When one is constantly and steadily received with love, this re-examination is forced upon one, and gradually one changes."

He stopped speaking, and stared unseeing at the painting above the mantelpiece—waves crashing against mighty rocks. Grace sat silent and alert, seeming to look at her husband and into him.

"The love in our marriage is part of our whole connection to God," he said at last, slowly and seeming almost to talk to himself. "If anything should ever be broken in our marriage—God forbid!—it would be a death to me. I would sicken, I would die—because that love is part of the whole connection with God."

MEDICAL CARE AND ITS DISCONTENTS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

better than uncertainty; which, however otherwise brave, have a very low threshold to pain, and which do not actually suffer so acutely. These and a thousand other human knowledges are not to be found on an X-ray picture or under a microscope. They belong to the *art* of healing; and if the transition of medicine from art to science is done at the expense of such knowledge and even intuition, medicine will take a step back for each one it takes forward.

I undoubtedly owe my life to a Berlin doctor only because he *knew* me. I had rarely been his patient, but we were close friends. When I was taken ill in Stockholm many years ago, a hotel doctor had diagnosed intestinal flu, which was then going the rounds. But I did not recover from it and three weeks later, at 1 A.M., I woke up my husband, this time in a Berlin hotel, and moaned, "*Please* call Dr. H. I think I am going to die."

My husband, to whom I had been married only a short time, did not know Dr. H. and protested that the call should wait until morning. When he did get the doctor on the telephone he apologized and bantered, "Dorothy has gone crazy; she thinks that she's going to die!"

Dr. H. knew me better. He knew that I was not a hypochondriac and seldom thought of my health. He answered sternly, "If Dorothy thinks she is dying, then she's very sick indeed."

Two hours later I was operated on for a ruptured appendix—before the days of antibiotics.

The operation, incidentally, was in a small hospital where all the nurses were members of a Lutheran diaconal order. And nowhere else have I ever had such loving, understanding care. The surgery was adept, but I shall always believe that the nursing pulled me through.

Nursing is also in transition—partly because of the growth of medical science, of increasing administrative duties, of necessary division of labor, but partly, also, because the idea of vocation, calling and service is all but moribund in modern society.

The nurses' duties are less and less limited to bedside care, which is more and more being turned over to L.P.N.'s (licensed practical nurses). In most hospitals an R.N. averages twenty patients. She administers all medications, supervises the L.P.N.'s, undergraduate student nurses and volunteer Nurses' Aides, may bathe a critically ill person, but not otherwise, nor does she take temperatures or make beds. She assists the floor supervisor (also an R.N.) and usually serves the trays set up in the diet kitchen, while the L.P.N.'s are themselves eating.

Unless one can afford and obtain a private nurse, no floor nurse has time for the small niceties of individual care, to give back rubs, wash a patient's hair, and keep the bed continually smooth and fresh. The nurse today must know how to give many new treatments, and to rise in her profession requires a B.S. degree. Whereas she used to be on duty twelve or sometimes eighteen hours a day, she now works eight hours, with overtime pay for anything beyond; and if she is on duty for more than twelve hours, is paid for sixteen! In short, bedside nursing is giving way to care more scientific but less comforting except in hospitals staffed with nurses belonging to religious orders, who, with equal scientific training, work for the love of God and humanity.

There is no question in my mind that many patients would be much more comfortable at home in an atmosphere of loving-kindness—where they could be fed at accustomed hours and not unnecessarily awakened from a sound sleep to have their temperatures taken! But the home has also undergone a revolution! Homes are less spacious. Women work outside them, servants have all but disappeared, and modern homes seldom house a maiden aunt, a widowed parent or anyone else to give a patient care. In my childhood, neighbors rendered such services to one another, but "neighborhood" has become a rather empty word, as has "loving-kindness."

At any rate, the enormous and expensive administrative and scientific staff is difficult to organize and keep functioning smoothly even in a small hospital. In a large medical center with thousands of beds and hundreds of staff, it becomes a Herculean task.

But, however faltering, and sometimes dishonored, I think that the medical profession, in all its branches, still has more of the vocational and dedicated spirit than others.

One cannot awaken this spirit on demand, but one must praise it where one sees and experiences it. END



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THE LION ON APPLE BLOSSOM LANE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

Aunt Nellie there any more than she could drown kittens. The doctor had patted her on the shoulder and said, "It's up to you, my dear. But either way, it can't be for long."

So here Aunt Nellie was, voluntarily received, but making exasperating remarks almost every time she opened her mouth. If the old body would only stop soaking up sugars all day long, perhaps it would be able to eat a decent meal. Also, it was unfair of Wally to have more patience with her than May herself, whose own great-aunt she was, to go out of his way, even, with lemon drops. A small income had come with the old lady, but who had to eke it out when the visiting nurse and the fabulous drugs went too high? Who had had to buy a three-bedroom house before they really needed it?

The fact that Wally paid drove May deeper into guilt, and at night she argued with him in hushed, aggrieved whispers; but she had never been able to shake his cheerful acceptance of what had to be.

May was down on her knees before the opened tin box. "There *aren't* any lemon drops here, Aunt Nellie. I think you must have eaten ——" Her eye fell on the empty candy box on the littered table beside Aunt Nellie's chair. "Oh, dear," she said severely, "you *have* eaten them, haven't you?"

The old lady's long, loose face immediately became childishly hangdog. With sudden contrition, May took her soft, plump hand. "I'm sorry, Aunt Nellie. It's this awful moving. We haven't shopped all weekend. We have practically nothing in the whole house, as a matter of fact, but Wally's coming on his lunch hour to get about a million things at the store. I don't even have anything for lunch. Honestly, you wouldn't believe what a mess the rest of the house ——" She paused and stifled her urge to tell Aunt Nellie that they had taken pains to unpack her things before tackling their own. "I was just making some tea. I'll bring you a cup right now. I looked in earlier, but you were asleep."

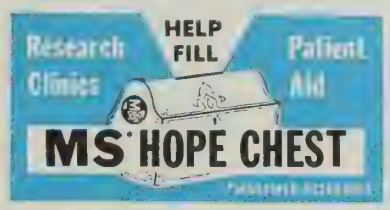
Aunt Nellie smiled sweetly. "Not asleep, dear. Having thought transferences. Such *worth-while* ones this morning. I talked to one of those dreadful Russians—I didn't catch his name, but I'm quite sure he was the main one—and I told him all about the dear little children in this country, and the splendid houses and airplanes we have nowadays, and how clever you young people are. I think I gave him *quite* a bit to think about. Then someone broke in, and I *distinctly* heard the word 'Help!' I transferred my thoughts at once, and it was a sailor—a dark-skinned sailor—floating on a bit of a raft in the Indian Ocean. I told him I would help him, and then I sent out very *strong* thought transferences to the captain of a ship nearby."

"Golly, Aunt Nellie, you're terrific. Did the captain save him?"

"I don't know, child. I heard him give orders to change the direction of his ship, and then my mind began to flag. Thought transference is very wearing—oh, very wearing for an old lady like me. I believe I *will* take that cup of tea. Then I'll go back and see if I can be of any further assistance to that poor sailor." As May went out the door she added gently, "And three sugar lumps, dear, if you please."

May did not turn on her radio until the baby woke up, which happened at 11:20, five minutes after one of the bulletins being broadcast every fifteen minutes had ended. Nicky was now eight months old, in the very golden age of babyhood, and a perpetual astonishment to his mother. The astonishment lay in the fact that she had borne such a perfect, darling baby. Coming to him at the moments of his rosy and exultant awakenings gave her such deep joy that she dared speak of it to no one—not even to Wally. He greeted her now with delirious pleasure, laughing all over and uttering his soft sounds of welcome. Was it possible that he could ever grow more perfect? She hung indulgently over his crib, calling softly, "Hi, precious!" with face transformed. Then she lifted him and put his velvet cheek against her own.

She carried him, dried and cleaned, in to say good morning to Aunt Nellie, fed him a splendid luncheon of strained lamb, applesauce and cereal, and gave him his bottle. Then she carried his folding playpen out to the back yard where he could easily be seen through the kitchen screen door. It was a lovely summer day, hot but not too hot, and she thoughtfully placed the pen at the very back of the tiny



patch of yard so Nicky would be in the shade of the wild second growth covering the hillside behind the house.

The housing development where she and Wally had bought was, in fact, called Hillside Manor, because it lay under the shaggy crest of hills, eleven miles from Bissell's meadow on the other side of the city. A loose line of men was at that moment surging through underbrush little more than a mile from where she stood. The police could only guess how far Bojangles had gone. Much of the morning had been wasted bringing together the jaws of a vast human trap five miles upstream and downstream from the meadow; at eleven o'clock, when it had closed, nothing was in it. Bojangles' cage, mounted on a truck, and his trainer were standing uselessly by. Mr. Gus Hartley, in a torment of anxiety for his property, was making a great nuisance of himself to the authorities. Now the lines were re-forming, this time twenty miles apart. The city police had been given the job of cruising the roads and warning the residential areas. There were many such roads and areas. Out from the city in both directions, an almost continuous line of suburbs, of which Hillside Manor was the newest and farthest, nestled under the hills. The city police had naturally begun within the city limits. Doggedly they were spreading outward, pausing to knock on every door.

May looked around in the pleasant sunshine, rather hoping to be noticed by a new neighbor, but what she saw was a brown sea of stripped earth, here and there an idle bulldozer, the nearby houses visibly unfinished on their half-acre plots. She and Wally had known they were the first purchasers to move into Apple Blossom Lane, and among the first to move into the West Quarter. But she had rather hoped Peachtree Circle would have people in it. Sure enough, down at the far end was a back yard with a line of diapers in it. Taking heart, May went back to her kitchen to wash two teacups and Nicky's plate.

At noon Wally Sellers parked his car short of the carport and walked in excellent spirits to the door set in the side of the house, inside the carport, screened from the road by a pretty little trellis. He was a stocky young man, with brown hair and very nice brown eyes. His face was flushed with the heat, but he did not mind this, for he wore a short-sleeved shirt so flimsy that his cigarettes and comb showed through his breast pocket. Every now and then May would try to explain to him the meaning of Ivy League clothes, but the most she ever got for her pains was a scornful spank. To May, it was one of the wonders of Wally that he knew so clearly who and what he was. His mother had loved him very much as a child, and the world had

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treated him well ever since. His deepest problems were certain office politics at the plant and a suspicion that his first-born son was cutting him out ever so slightly with his wife.

"Hi, honey!" he shouted at the door. "How're things?" and when May came running he kissed her roundly.

Together they walked into the kitchen, his arm about her. "I got news for you. I stopped at the telephone company again on my way, and they said if we're willing to take a party line they can give us one by Wednesday for sure. I told them go ahead. O.K.?"

"O.K. Oh, Wally, that's marvelous. Honestly, I feel so stuck here and all. There's not a soul around, not even the workmen or anything. Where *is* everybody, anyway? It makes me feel spooky."

"You're going to have to get used to the country life. Got a list for me?"

"Just don't faint when you see it. We need *every*thing. I don't suppose it'll be like this once we get organized. I mean, we can shop on Friday nights and things. But now—well, honey, have you got the time?"

"Sure I do. I told you I'd fix it. The boss was swell. Listen, have we got *any*thing in the house for me to eat before I go? I'm starving."

"We have some bread left. I have some canned things—here's a jar of peanut butter. Want a peanut-butter sandwich?"

"Fine. Cook her up, medium rare. Where's Butch?"

"*Butch*," said May equably, spreading peanut butter. "Why does every American father feel he absolutely has to call his boy-baby Butch? Nicky's out in his playpen." She glanced at him through the door. "*He's* already had lunch. I can give you all the strained baby food you want."

"I can believe it. That man eats better than we do. Hey, the kitchen looks fine. You got curtains up, didn't you?"

May nodded and then said in an unexpectedly small voice, "Honey—the living-room rug looks so shabby in there this morning. With the sunlight and the new walls and all."

"Now *listen*, May. We just can't buy everything at *once*. How many times have you agreed ——"

"Oh, I *know* that. I know it. Honestly, honey, I *know* it." She came up to him quickly and put her forehead on his nose, and said against his chin, "I don't know what's the matter with me. I felt so wonderful this morning; now all of a sudden I feel all bleak. It's so ridiculous. I'm crazy about the house, and we'll get all the things we need for it someday. I'm just too excited, that's all."

"You bet we will, honey, and that's a promise," he said, patting her manfully on the back.

She pushed him away and smiled. "Go on, beat it now. Here's your sandwich. Beat it."

He went into the passageway that led to the bedrooms, however, taking a large bite of peanut-butter sandwich as he went, and stepped to the door of Aunt Nellie's room. "Hi," he said. "How's my girl?"

"Oh, Wally! You startled me. Aren't you home early?"

"I'm errand boy today."

May's voice came from the kitchen. "Tell her I put candy on the list."

"May says she put candy on the list."

"Ah, you children are so thoughtful of your poor old auntie. I eat very little, you know, it's of no consequence to me. But, Wally dear, nothing chewy, if you please."

"I'll bring back a pound of salt-water taffy for sure," he said wickedly, at which the old lady looked pleased.

"Now you're teasing me. Oh, my dear, before you go, would you fetch me that blue book there on the table by my bed? I just had the most *interesting* transference," she went on comfortably, while Wally picked out One Thousand Cases of Psychic Phenomena from under You and Horology and The Journal of Parapsychic Research and gave it to her. "I *believe* it is similar to one that occurred to a man in Nova Scotia in 1927 ——"

"Listen, Aunt Nellie, I gotta run. Will you tell me about it tonight? If I don't get to that store and back with some groceries, we just aren't going to eat."

Backing away politely, he made his exit. Hurrying toward the door, he took several more heroic bites of his sandwich. As he went by the living room he glanced at the rug, but it made no impression on him one way or the other. It was a familiar sight, not requiring thought. Crust in hand, he pushed through the swinging door and stepped into the carport. Then he froze into immobility. Inside the carport, three yards away, stood Bojangles.

The impossible burst like skyrockets upon Wally's brain. His vision clouded, his lungs emptied, his heart surged painfully. Perhaps four seconds passed, while Bojangles stared with lowered head. Then Wally's right arm shot up and flicked the crust of bread out the back of the carport. Bojangles followed it with his eyes, and with almost leisurely grace turned to go after it in the back yard.

Wally felt behind him for the latch of the screen door. His fingers fumbled; the time it took to pick up his feet and move them to the other side of the door seemed unbearably long. He pulled the screen door to, shut the heavy door after it, locked it, raced down the tiny hall and gripped May by the shoulders.

"Listen," he said. "Now listen carefully. There's a lion loose. I forgot to tell you." His voice sounded to himself like the far-off din of surf breaking.

May straightened instantly. "Where?"

"Here. Here in our yard."

May's hand flew to her mouth. "Nicky!" she screamed. She broke away and ran to the kitchen door. There on the bald patch of earth, pitifully small under the looming hill, were the two living creatures. Bojangles was snuffling the dusty ground in the middle distance. Beyond him, Nicky was sitting bolt upright in his playpen, gold of skin in his little sun suit, watching him through the rails. Suddenly something about the animal frightened him—a sinister ripple of muscle, a switch of tail—and he began to shriek. Bojangles raised his head and regarded him with deep attention.

These were the happenings of an instant, and May wasted no time questioning how their improbable circumstance had come to pass. Her mind and body were gathered for a single, overwhelming purpose. Slowly, stealthily she opened the kitchen door and began her first cautious, sideways steps toward Nicky. Her attention was so riveted upon her task that everything else in the world was excluded, and it came as a shock when a firm grip fell upon her arm and she felt herself hauled bodily backward and flung into the kitchen.

"Get food!" Wally's voice rasped.

Now it was May's turn for the clamor of fear to pour through her body. She drew breath in quivering gasps, her fingers felt like clubs as she opened cupboard doors. Wally was edging out of the doorway, whistling softly between his teeth, calling gently, "Here boy, here boy!" May seized a half-empty box of crackers and put it in his hand. She heard herself sobbing, "Let me get him, let me get him!" and heard Wally's fiercely concentrated, "Shut up!"

He threw a cracker across the yard. "Here boy!" He threw another and hit Bojangles on the nose. It bounced off in the direction of Nicky's pen. Bojangles snapped it up and uttered a low, distinctly nonsharing growl toward Nicky. A hail of crackers fell about him on the ground. "Here, boy!"

Bojangles gobbled those nearest him, raised his great leonine head, opened his mouth in a horrible display of yellow teeth, and let forth a deep-throated, demanding roar. He began walking directly toward Wally. Something about his stiffened forepaws meant business.

Bravely Wally stood his ground until the last minute. He threw crackers in Bojangles' face, in a last desperate measure he sailed the empty box away to the left. Bojangles remained undeflected; his manner implied that he had been called to the more important business of dinner. May screamed in terror. Wally stepped backward and collided into her in the doorway. "Out the other door!" he yelled, and let the screen door fall shut. As they ran down the little hall they heard another roar, with a hint of bewilderment in it, and then the sound of a heavy paw going through screening.

They tumbled into the carport, and while Wally shut both doors safely after them, May darted into the back yard. Wally came running behind her, but when he saw her scoop up Nicky and gather him against her, he swept her bodily along to the car and almost pushed her in. He climbed in after her, breathing hard, locked her door and then his own. May was rocking Nicky against her, moaning, "Oh, baby, baby, baby." Tears were running down her face.

"Listen," said Wally harshly, "you're going to have to drive this car and go after help."

May raised her swollen face. "What about you?"

"Aunt Nellie's in there. He's banging around in the kitchen now—I could hear him—but I don't know what he'll do next. I wish we had some *meat*."

"He probably found Nicky's strained beef." Her shoulders began to shake with unreasonable laughter. "I was trying to open a can while you were throwing the crackers. It was the only thing I could think of. I forget whether I even got it off the can opener. I think I dropped it on the floor."

"It sounded as though he was trying to finish opening the can himself. Now *listen*." He started the motor for her and began to slide out. "Get *going*. I've got to get in to Aunt Nellie."

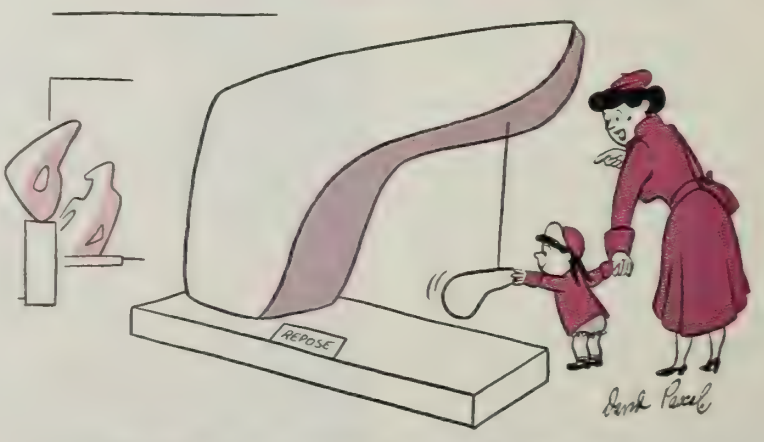
May suddenly looked startled, as though she finally understood what he was saying. "Wally?" She clutched at his arm. "Wally, I don't want to leave you."

"May—for Pete's sake!" He was half out the door now.

"Wally, *no!*" Her face had changed with instant decision. She put Nicky carefully on the seat, scrambled out of the car and slammed the door behind her. "Wally, you can't go into that house. You can't go into that house. I'm not going to *let* you. We'll drive together—there's a house over there with people in it—or I'll come in with you and maybe we can both get Aunt Nellie out in her wheel chair. Wally, I can't stand to have you go into that house alone ——"

"May!" He shook her as she clutched at him. "May! I'll be all *right*, honey. I don't intend to get myself eaten, honest! I just want to be *around* ——" A muffled roar came to them,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 152



"Don't touch, dear. You might change its meaning."

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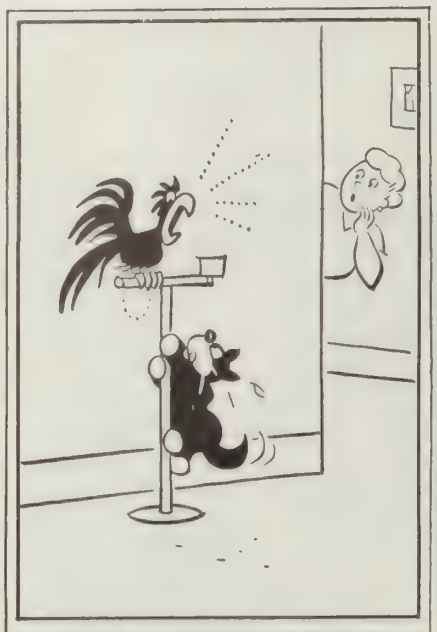
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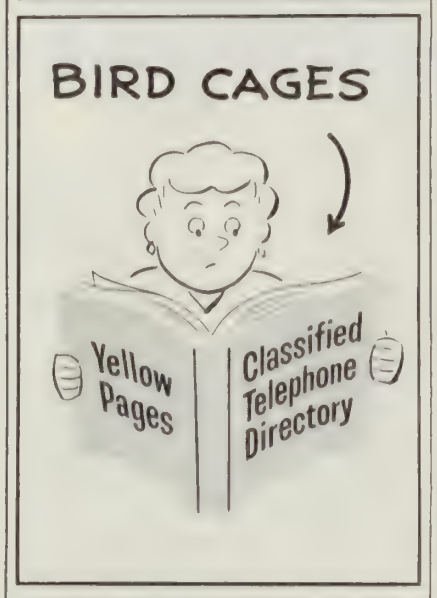
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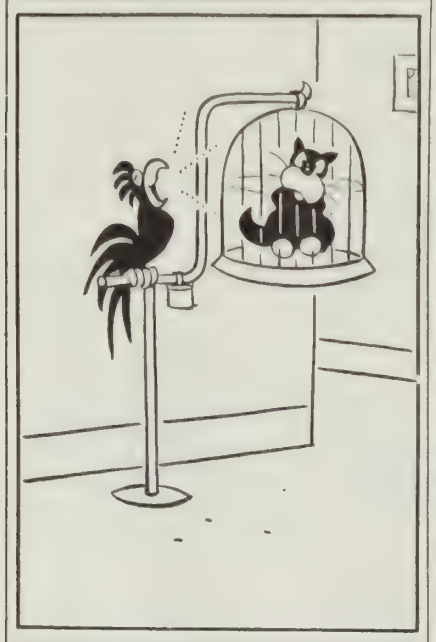
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 150

with the reverberations of a small enclosure. Now Wally's face hardened. "*Get in that car!*" he ordered fiercely, and brutally tore her away and pushed her. May crumpled a moment over the steering wheel, then looked at him with white, uncertain face.

He shook his head at her. "Now go *on!* Once you get to a phone they'll be here in a minute. He's lost from the circus. I heard about it this morning. They know he's missing." He hit the car door. "*Go!*"

He was yelling at her, and May knew she had to obey. She backed the car down the driveway with a lurch and shot down the road. She was crying again, with hard, dry sobs that sounded noisily in her ears, and Nicky was crying again, too, only this time she didn't hear him. She began crooning to herself in agony, "Wally, Wally, Wally." This was the utterly unacceptable moment. She was going to lose Wally. All she could think of was the immense reality of his face and being, of his warm skin and muscles—so known to her—torn and bloody. Yet she drove fast and well.

Wally watched her go. Then he collected himself and began to plan. His body felt full of hollow spaces as he walked, and he still had a sensation of being separated by seething distances from his familiar self, yet some deeply sheltered recess within his brain was working rapidly and with precision.

He looked quickly and expertly among the packing cases in the carport until he found his hatchet, then he dogtrotted around to the front of the house where he could look through the living-room picture window.

The front yard sloped briefly down to the road; it was the least interesting part of the yard, and the house on this side had no door. Like almost all the houses in the development, it was built to be entered from the side, through the carport. The bedrooms were on the opposite side from the carport, and Aunt Nellie's was the front corner room, because that was the only one with its own bath.

Wally peered through the picture window, cupping his hands to his eyes, and his heart gave yet another lurch as he caught across the living room a glimpse of Bojangles' huge body in motion. It appeared to be marching up and down the little hall between the door and the kitchen in a manner that, even through the silence of glass, conveyed restlessness. Peering to the right, Wally could just see the open door leading to Aunt Nellie's room. Bojangles could enter it either by crossing the living room or coming around the passageway. The whole house was open to him. And Wally's own entry by either side or back door was out.

He moved down to her window and pushed on the sash. Locked. A curse upon elderly distrust of fresh air! He heard his own heart hammering as he raised his hatchet and tapped it smartly against the glass. Aunt Nellie was awake and leaning forward in her chair.

"Wally! Why are you breaking my window? What is happening, my dear? I hear very curious noises in the rest of the house."

"Curious is right," he said as he raised the sash. He jumped lightly down into her room, but he was too late. There was a low, snarling rush through the living room, and then Bojangles himself stood in the bedroom doorway, glaring at them with yellow eyes.

His frustrations had evidently been great. He was lashing his tail and opening his mouth in a kind of silent, dismaying yawn. Yet he did not come over the threshold.

Wally froze into a crouch beside Aunt Nellie's chair. His hatchet felt light and ready in his hand. He met Bojangles' eyes. Bojangles stretched out his neck toward Wally and roared. He was plainly demanding service.

"Just don't scream, Aunt Nellie, just don't scream," pleaded Wally in a low, tight voice. "He got loose from a circus this morning, he busted into our kitchen. May's gone for help. Help's coming."

He felt, rather than saw, a tremendous process of adjustment taking place in the old lady. From the tail of his eye he saw her erect outline in her chair.

"The baby?" Her voice was like a dry leaf.

"With May. It's all right. It's all right. If he comes in I'll belt him one with this hatchet."

The room was absolutely still, humans and animal staring at each other. Bojangles turned a desperate circle in the doorway, stretched his neck over the threshold, but came no farther.

"He thinks it's a cage," Wally whispered. For the first time he dared shift his grip on his hatchet a quarter of an inch.

"Wally," came Aunt Nellie's voice, and there was a high, sweet gentility in it, "if anything happens, you must save yourself first. Promise me that. You're a young man with a wife and child. I'm an old woman, and the world will go on whether I live or die."

Bojangles' eyes were flicking about the small room, measuring its dimensions, looking for exits. But his cautious stance in the doorway still looked as though he were readier to leap backward than forward.

"You crazy?" said Wally, and to his relief he found himself able to avert his eyes from Bojangles for a fraction of a second and give her a grim smile. "We got this baby buffaloed. You and me. You just help me stare now."

In the heavy silence that followed he hardly knew which presence was more palpable to him, the lion or the massive, black-robed old lady beside him; but he gradually became

LOVERS

By ELIZABETH McFARLAND

"Come kiss me, my Mary;
Come kiss me, my Joan. . . ."

But Mary, a-saddle,
Rode on and on
And Joan, half asleep,
Stumbled dreamily down
The road toward that lover
Once moved to declare,
"I must reach the lake isles
Of your eyes, my dear,
Or drown in one kiss, for your lips
Part so fair!"

aware of an infinitely gentle sound from Aunt Nellie, as of silently moving lips.

A new sound broke the silence. Someone was dropping what sounded like cans very noisily on the kitchen floor. It was unmistakably May's voice that rang out from the back of the house. "Here, boy! Come on, boy! Come and get it!" Now it sounded as though she were beating a spoon upon the table.

Bojangles had cocked an ear immediately. Now he raised his head and sniffed the air. Slowly, warily he turned around. Slowly, warily Wally took a step forward. Warily Bojangles started back across the living room, sticking close to the wall. Three more steps, and Wally had the bedroom door in his hand. He closed it softly, and pressed the new and shiny brass lock with a most satisfying click. From the back of the house came a slam, which could only be the heavy kitchen door.

Wally ran to the window and was astride it when he saw May round the corner of the house and come flying toward him. He held out both hands, pulled her up to the sill and gathered her in.

For a moment May could only throw herself at them, sobbing and laughing. She held Wally's face and kissed him ten times, touching him and looking at him as though searching for wounds, gasping, "Oh, honey, are you all right? Are you all right?" as though she could not believe it. Then she threw her arms about Aunt Nellie s head and hugged her tightly and kissed her cheeks and the top of her head and said, "Aunt Nellie, are you all *right?* Oh, I was so *worried* about you," and finally she came back to Wally and threw her arms about him and tried to quiet her quaking in the burrow of his neck. "Oh, what a *relief.* I thought I'd never *see* you again." He held her tightly until she raised her face, brushed at her eyes, and said foolishly, "Look at me. I'm even laughing."

"What are you doing here?" he said gently. "Where's the police and everybody?"

"Oh, Wally." She broke away and ran and hugged Aunt Nellie again. "They'll be here in a minute, I'm sure. I drove down to the house I saw this morning with a clothesline, and I guess I got there in two minutes. It took about two more to tell the woman there all about it—she already knew, she'd heard it over the radio—and the next thing I knew she was gathering up her children and screaming for her boy named Jackie who was out playing somewhere, and she wanted to pile them all in the car. I was wringing my hands and shouting 'Where is your telephone?' at her, and she turned to me and said, 'Honey, I'm sorry, we don't have one either.'

"Wally, I died, I nearly died right then. When I found out she knew exactly where the nearest telephone was, at some delicatessen out on the highway or something, and she knew how to drive, I told her please, take the kids and the car and hurry to that phone. I told her I wanted to come back here."

Wally turned white. "You left this in the hands of a strange woman?" he said. "Nicky too?"

May faltered. "Actually, she was *perfectly* nice. Honestly. She had three children. She knew where our house was, too, she'd seen us moving in. She tried to argue with me, she really didn't want to leave me. But I made her. I just *had* to, Wally. I saw her go off in the car, right down the road."

"What did you do all by yourself in the kitchen?"

"I looked through the window here first. The hole in it was the first thing I saw, running up the driveway. I looked through it, and I saw *him* there in the doorway, and you with the hatchet. Oh, *Wally.*" She put her hands to her face and shuddered. "So I ran around to the kitchen and smeared peanut butter all over the top of the kitchen table. I thought licking it might keep him busy. Then I opened five cans of strained baby meats all in a row and dropped them on the floor so he'd hear me. I was so afraid he mightn't come, so I peeked down the hall and saw him turn around. Then"—she drew a great, trembling breath—"then I ran. I got the kitchen door closed too. Both doors are good and closed now." Her voice rose with understandable pride. Her face was dirty, her eyes swollen, her hair disheveled, but she suddenly saw herself as a heroine. "We've got him trapped!"

Through the open window came the first, thrilling note of a distant siren. Then another, and another. They swelled into a rapidly nearing chorus of rescue. Their arms about each other, Wally and May watched from the window.

"They're coming down the West Highway. Gee, Aunt Nellie, I wish you could see them. There must be twenty of them. Look, they've got a cage. Gee, there's more, it looks like the whole town is coming—is that an *ambulance* they're bringing?" Blinking away a fresh attack of tears, she ran laughing to Aunt Nellie.

"We made it! We made it!" Relief sang in her voice. Dirty as she was, she looked beautiful. "That old lion couldn't catch us."

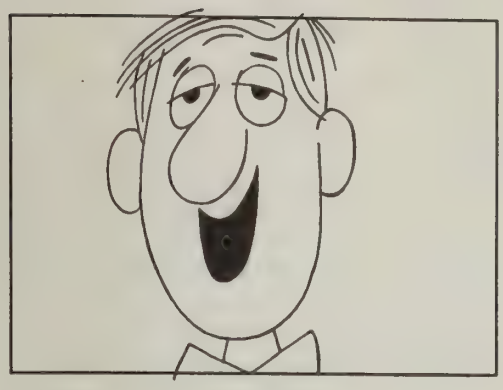
Wally put an arm on each of the two women's shoulders. "I want you to know Aunt Nellie was swell," he said roughly. "I don't know how she did it. She looked at that old lion and never said boo!"

Aunt Nellie patted them both lovingly. Her face was pale, and she laid her hand back on her heart, but she was still erect. "Wally, dear, I had no need to be frightened. We were in no real danger. All the time that lion was looking at us, I was sending him thought transferences. I put many thoughts in his mind, you may be sure, but my main one was that he do no harm to my dear young people. And you see"—and she paused triumphantly—"he did not."

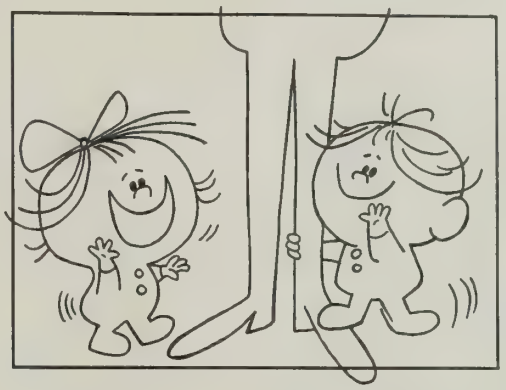
Sh looked pleased when they kissed her, and waved a most affectionate farewell to Wally as he dropped lightly over the window sill and ran down to the road to welcome the police.

END

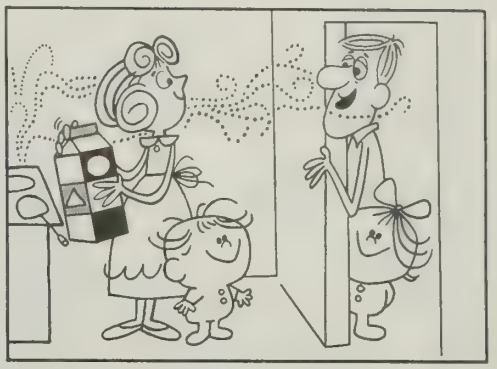
Who wakes the milkman up?



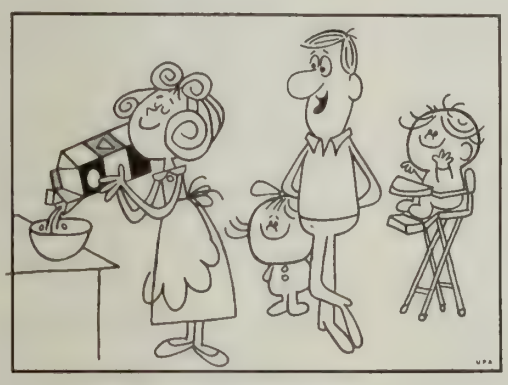
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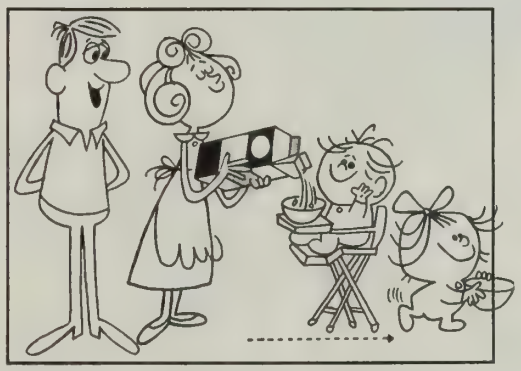
WELL-L . . . MY KIDS! And . . .



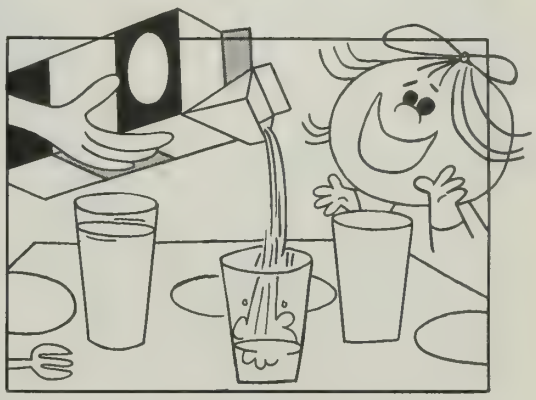
(AHHHH) . . . mmm . . .



hot cakes sometimes . . . !



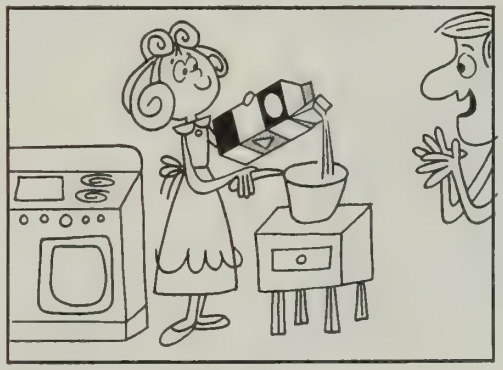
. . . and of course MILK for get up and go . . .



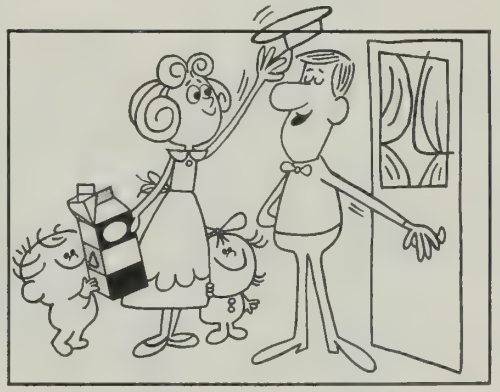
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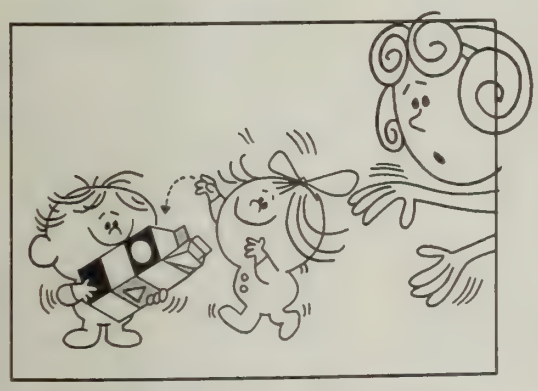
. . . there's plenty for lunches . . .



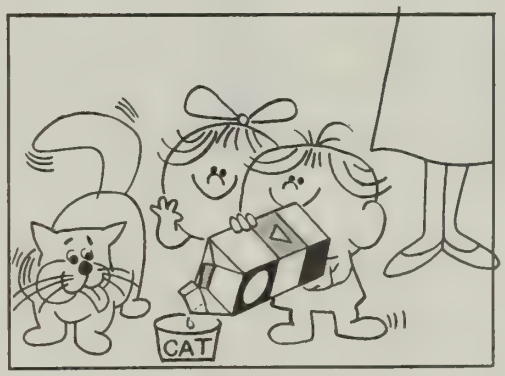
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Testaments to Love

By DOROTHY MARKINKO

Love isn't only "June" and "moon"—
sometimes love is brave as a lion,
wise as Solomon, enduring
as faith and stronger than death.

Love is expressed in many ways—in devotion and sympathy, in romantic fancy. And, in times of crisis, it often impels people to rise above their everyday selves to perform deeds of heroism and sacrifice. These true stories are testaments to love's powers:

In California a father wrestled a lion in an attempt to rescue his eleven-year-old son from mauling. The boy was standing near the cage when the animal reached through the bars, grabbed the back of his leg and knocked him down. The bars of the flimsy cage were pliable and the lion was able to part them enough to get through. When the father saw his son's plight, he pounced on the lion. "I saw red. I was about a hundred yards away when it happened, but the next thing I knew I was wrestling with the lion. I stuck my hand in its mouth and even got hold of the animal's gums—but I wasn't strong enough." Though he couldn't pull the lion away, the father did divert its attention until help arrived. The boy suffered a severely mangled leg; the father was badly scratched. The lion escaped to nearby fields; was captured five hours later.

♥

A twenty-five-year-old New York farm mother saved her ten-month-old son by fast action: She looked out the window and saw an out-of-control tractor zigzagging toward a porch where her infant son was in a playpen. She dashed to the porch and threw herself on the playpen just as the roof of the porch collapsed under the impact of the tractor and debris fell on the mother. She suffered minor injuries, but her son was unhurt.

In Maine, a thirty-nine-year-old mother who saw her ten-year-old twin sons drifting to sea on makeshift rafts almost lost her life in a frantic struggle to save them. Neither boy could swim. The mother plunged into the sea after them. Halfway there, searing chest pains and arm cramps forced her back. She floundered to shore, took a leaky abandoned skiff, and headed toward her sons, propelling the craft with a tree branch. When the boat began to fill, she dived into the water and pushed the derelict toward the boys. Though bleeding from a severed artery in her foot and exhausted, she refused to give up until an older son arrived on the scene and rescued the boys—frightened but unhurt. He then helped his mother to shore where she collapsed.

♥

A twenty-seven-year-old Brooklyn, New York, woman died of injuries sustained in a four-flight fall during a fire. Firemen on ladders reached her, but she asked them to save her parents and a nephew first. They did so. Before they could return to her, she fell from the ledge on which she had been standing.

The fireman of a freight train which was bearing down on a year-and-a-half-old boy, prostrate on the tracks, leaped to the ice-covered roadbed, snatched up the child, and then fell backward with him to safety just as the train rolled over the spot.

An eighteen-year-old Illinois boy, in cast from his armpits to his hips, as a result of a spinal injury, saved five persons from fire in a two-story building. He led his seventy-eight-year-old grandmother and a five-year-old brother to safety, and returned to rescue a neighbor and her two children, reinjuring his back in the process.

♥

A collie dog in Melbourne, Australia, took food to two other collies trapped in an abandoned mine shaft for two weeks. The dog's owner noticed him one day with food in his mouth and followed him to the mine, where she saw him drop the food down the shaft to the two trapped dogs.

A twenty-month-old New Jersey boy saved his mother who got caught in the machinery of her washer. Hearing his mother's cries, the little boy "toddled out of his home alone for the first time in his life, walked to a neighbor's front door several houses away, and stood there crying until his mother's friend realized something was wrong, and followed the boy home."

In Minnesota, a German shepherd swam out 150 yards into a lake to save his nine-year-old mistress after the boat she was in capsized; he towed her back to shore.

♥

A mother saved her two young daughters from a cave-in at a gravel pit by frantically digging them out with her bare hands.

A heroic mother's faith and courage sustained and nurtured her family (three children and husband) during three years and seven months of Communist imprisonment in North Korea. "It was her spiritual strength that sustained me and the children," said her husband. "Death was all around us. Men, women and children died by the thousands of hunger, exposure or violence. Those who fell were shot—even the little ones—but we were spared." On the death march, the mother, clad only in a summer dress, walked with unshod, bleeding feet in the snow with her youngest child tied to her back. Every member of her family fell sick—the elder daughter with malaria, her son with pneumonia—but she managed to nurse them all back to health. Her daughter recalled, "Mother seemed strong as a giant; she was all faith and courage."

A Connecticut couple adopted a boy born in a mental hospital of parents

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THE GEORGE COMPANY BABY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

"Just what would you do?" I asked.

"I don't know," Jamieson said. "We'll ask Giovanni. He's got a kid." He turned around and whispered to the guy behind him. The next thing I knew, Giovanni came walking up the track.

"Giovanni," Jamieson asked him, "what makes a baby cry?"

"They're either hungry or they're uncomfortable," Giovanni told him. "Maybe it has done a job in its pants."

"Well, let's see," Mogoluski said. He started to hand the baby over.

"Look, you guys," I told them, "if we don't get going, we're going to have Captain Jonas on our necks. Now, put the baby down."

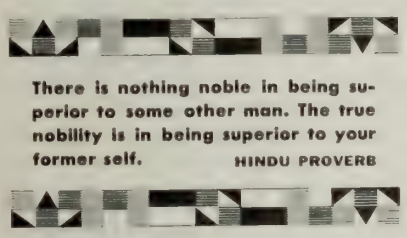
"Aw, can it, Hoppy," Giovanni told me. He knelt down and started unwrapping the baby. In a minute he looked up. "It's a girl," he said, "and I was sure right about the pants. No wonder she was crying." He threw a rag into the ditch. "Now we got to find another pair for her."

"Don't look at me," Mogoluski told him. "Mine won't fit her."

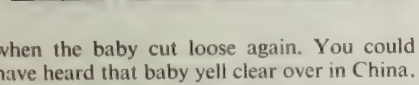
"Aw, you big ape," Giovanni told him, "I want an undershirt. You got an extra one?"

"I got one," Bergen said, and reached in his pack. Giovanni wrapped it around the baby. When he was done, he lifted up the bundle and put it in Jamieson's knapsack. Jamieson looked like one of them Okinawan women with the baby perched up there. "Now we can get going, Hoppy," Giovanni told me.

I motioned with my arm and started down the track. I took just about a dozen steps



There is nothing noble in being superior to some other man. The true nobility is in being superior to your former self. HINDU PROVERB



when the baby cut loose again. You could have heard that baby yell clear over in China. I stopped and walked back along the line to Jamieson.

"My brother-in-law used to walk his kid when it cried at night," Mogoluski was saying.

"What do you think I was doing with it?" Jamieson said.

"Listen, you two guys," I said to them. "Just put the baby down, and forget about it."

It was about then that Giovanni came up from the rear of the line. "That ditch ain't no doorstep, Hoppy," he told me. "There ain't no kind old lady going to come out and rescue this baby." He shook his head and looked at Jamieson. "There must be some way to keep it quiet."

"You said we could feed her," Bergen said. "I got an extra box of K rations on me."

"Nope," Giovanni said. "This baby's got to have milk."

"One of you guys run down to the grocery store and get a bottle of milk," I told them.

"Don't get so cynical, Hoppy," Giovanni told me. "We'll figure this thing out."

"I got an idea," Mogoluski said.

"Why is it that the dumbest guy in this platoon is always the one that has the ideas?" I asked him. "I got an idea too. I already told you what it was. Get rid of that baby!"

"The other day, when Norton got his leg shot off, Greenberg gave him a shot," Mogoluski said. "Norton never even let out a whimper. Maybe we could give the baby a shot."

"You mean morphine?" Bergen asked. "Man, do you want to make an addict out of her?"

"It's a case of making an addict out of her, or a corpse," Jamieson told them.

"Well," Giovanni said, "let's ask Doc Greenberg."

They passed the word down the line and pretty quick Greenberg came walking up. He was the aid man for our platoon.

"I don't know whether it would be good for her or not," Greenberg said.

"We ain't got time to take the question to any medical convention," I told him. "Make up your mind. We either give the baby a shot, or we park her under a bush."

"We give her the shot," Greenberg said.

Well, that took about twenty minutes. First off, Greenberg had to ask around to find out how big Norton was. After finding out that Norton was six feet, two inches, and the baby was twenty inches, and figuring out that he would have to give the baby two drops of morphine, we had to build a tent out of some ponchos so he could turn on a flashlight to measure out the stuff. I kept telling them to hurry, but it didn't do a bit of good.

"She's sleeping like a baby," Mogoluski said after Greenberg got all done.

"She is a baby, you dope," Giovanni said.

We were about forty-five minutes late getting up to Fox Company. I thought that Captain Jonas would be mad, but I didn't realize how mad. He told me that I had jeopardized the whole front line while I was having a good time. He told me that in the morning he was going to have my stripes. He told me a lot of other stuff.

"Get over there in those foxholes," he told me. "There's a machine-gun section along the road from How Company and you check with them. I'll see you in the morning."

That was that. I got the men all settled and was just getting ready to climb into my own foxhole when Jamieson came over to me.

"What do you want to do with the baby?" he asked.

"You know what I want to do with the baby," I told him.

"Leave her under a bush. I know," he said, "but I was just wondering whether maybe I should go over and ask Captain Jonas for permission to take her to the aid station."



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"You stay away from Captain Jonas," I told him. "We're in enough trouble with him already."

"Well, should we dig a foxhole for her, or should we keep her in one of ours? Or maybe you want her in your foxhole."

"Just keep her as far away from me as you can keep her," I told him.

I had the first watch and about one o'clock in the morning I was just dozing off when somebody shook me by the shoulder. I rolled over and put my rifle up to my shoulder and opened my eyes to look for the Japs. There weren't any. It was Jamieson shaking me.

"You got any spare undershirts?" he asked.

"No," I said to him, right out loud. Then I realized about the talking and I whispered to him, "You get back in your foxhole."

"If you haven't got any spare shirts," he told me, "give me the one you got on."

"You mean the shirt I'm wearing?" I asked.

"Sure," he said. "The baby's got the GI's pretty bad and Giovanni says we need all we can get to get through the night."

"I won't give it to you," I told him.

"Aw, come on," he said.

"You get back in your foxhole," I told him. "I only got fourteen men in this platoon. I don't want to lose you."

"Not until I get the shirt," he told me.

So I had to give him the shirt off my back. All the rest of the night I could hear one or another of those guys crawling around taking shirts away from people. When daylight came, Captain Jonas didn't even wait for me to get out of my foxhole before he was right over.

"Without any doubt," he told me, "this is the worst platoon in the United States Army. What did you guys think you were doing over here all night, holding a convention? It's a wonder the whole Japanese army's not wrapped around my command post. You sure issued an invitation to them."

"I didn't notice anything," I told him.

"Didn't notice anything?" I thought he was going to explode. Then he calmed down and looked at me, real slylike. "Well," he said, "I'll give you half an hour to get going."

"I can't get out of here quick enough," I told him. "In George Company, at least, we don't get bawled out for every little thing."

"You aren't going back to George Company," he told me. "You're going to help us in our attack."

"Now wait," I told him. "Nobody said anything about any attack. I was told to bring my platoon up here to fill a hole."

"That was the original idea," he said. "I asked for you because Stoke said you'd been up the road and had found a way into that little town by the back door. I was going to have you show me how you got in there, but during the night, while you guys were fooling around over here, I got to thinking that you were fresher than any of my own guys, so I called up the colonel and asked if I could use you. He said yes."

What we had to do was crawl up a ditch beside the main road until we came to a creek about four hundred yards away. Then we had to crawl up the creek for another quarter of a mile to a little town that was over in front of our battalion. We'd been trying to capture that town for three days, but the Japs had a couple of machine guns that pretty well swept the field in front of it. Every time anybody'd try to get across, the machine guns would open up and pin us down, then the mortars would open up and clobber us. The day before, my platoon found this way into town by the creek, but we didn't get all the way in before we were discovered and had to get out again. The way Captain Jonas explained it to me now was that we were to get up there and wait. Then Fox Company was going to make like they were attacking across the field. While the Japs were busy with Fox Company, we were to come in and get them from behind.

I started to brief my assistant, Sergeant Blasingame, when Jamieson came over to me.

"What do we do with the baby?"

"The next time you mention that baby to me," I told him, "I'm going to shoot you where you stand. In case you're interested, it was that baby that got us into this attack."

"I don't know about that," Jamieson told me, "but we got to do something with her."

"You do anything you please," I told him, "but don't tell me about it."

I started up the ditch about seven-thirty. I told Blasingame to space the men about ten yards apart and to tell them to keep their distance until I motioned to them to close up. The creek bed was narrow enough and deep enough so that the Japs couldn't see me from the town, but I had to stay on my hands and knees all the way. When I got up to the last turn before the creek ducked into the town, I sat down to rest and to wait for the artillery to start. After I made sure that no Japs were watching, I motioned for the man behind me to come up. He did, and nothing happened, so I motioned for the next one. It wasn't until the eighth or ninth guy came splashing up the creek that I saw Jamieson. There he came, with that baby asleep in the knapsack.

"You dumb ox," I told him. "What's the idea of bringing that baby up here?"

"I wasn't going to leave her under no bush to get run over or shot. I'm responsible for this baby."

"And I'm responsible for you," I told him. "Don't you realize that one peep out of that baby will sink us all?"

Giovanni said, "If it will make you feel any better, I'll get Greenberg up here and have him give her another shot."

He turned around and motioned. Pretty quick Greenberg came splashing up the creek. They told him what they wanted.

"Nope," Greenberg said. "I can't do it."

"What do you mean, you can't do it?"

"In the first place, I haven't got any morphine left. In the second place, I think she's had enough. What she really needs is something to eat. She's got the GI's something fierce. The way things are now, everything is going out with nothing coming in."

"This is a fine time to reach that conclusion," I told him. "Why didn't you say that before these guys got this baby up here?"

"Because nobody asked me."

It was right about then that the artillery concentration started falling in the village. About a whole battalion was firing shells in there. The whole place was full of smoke and dust and fire and I was just congratulating myself that I wasn't in it when Mogoluski pulled the sleeve of my jacket and pointed.

Well, right out there in back of the village was a goat. He must have broken loose when the artillery started, because he was dragging a big chain with a stake on the end of it.

"What's that got to do with us?" I asked.

"You've been yapping because the baby might wake up. Greenberg says the baby needs some milk," he told me. "Goats give milk. That's a goat. We ought to go catch it."

"Have you gone crazy?" I asked him.

"No," he said. "We could catch that goat in about three minutes. That chain dragging ain't going to let him go very far very fast."

"And what do you think the Japs would be doing while you're chasing that goat?"

"You don't have to worry about the Japs," he said. "They're all buried in their little holes, waiting for this artillery to get over with. They're not going to be sticking their heads out while that's going on."

I wasn't going to let those guys go out there and get any goat, and I was just about to tell him so when the baby started yelling. If it hadn't been for that artillery fire, General Buckner could have heard it, way back at Tenth Army. There just wasn't anything I could do but tell them they could go ahead.

"I'm not assigning anybody to this job, though," I told them. "Whoever goes out there goes on his own hook."

The next thing I knew almost the whole platoon jumped up out of the creek and went running out across the field toward the goat. About the only guys left in the ditch were Sergeant Blasingame and Greenberg and me. Greenberg had the baby so he couldn't go. Well, they hadn't any more than got up to the goat than it gave a jump backward. And that's when the artillery fire stopped. And there was my whole platoon out in that field, in plain sight of all the Japs when they came up out of their holes. I didn't know much, but I did know one thing. The ditch wasn't going to be a very healthy place to be when the Japs started shooting. I told Greenberg to take the baby and get back toward the road and I told Sergeant Blasingame to follow me into the town and find some cover. I told him to stay hidden until we found out what the Japs were going to do.

There wasn't much of any place to hide in that town, but there was one tree and I didn't think the Japs would be looking for an American in a tree, so I climbed up into it. I didn't have to wait very long to find out what was going to happen. In about two minutes I heard some jabbering and there came four Japs down the street. They were carrying a machine gun between them. Every now and then I saw one of them point out toward the field where my men were. The funny thing about it was that none of the men in the platoon seemed to realize that the artillery had stopped firing, they were so busy with what they were doing.

The Japs ran to a spot about twenty yards away from me, and put the machine gun down. Two of them started squatting down behind it. That's when I just dropped down out of the tree and I let them have a whole clip from my M-1. I didn't even have time to take aim. I just fired from the hip. I didn't get all of them. I got three. The other one swung around and brought his rifle up and got off a shot at me. It creased me in the shoulder. It wasn't much of a wound, but it burned, and it bled. I was trying to reload, and while I was doing it the Jap dove for the machine gun and tried to turn it around. That was when Sergeant Blasingame came to life. He was behind a wall, someplace, and he emptied a clip from his rifle and the Jap keeled over. I ran over and grabbed the bolt out of the machine gun and dropped a grenade under it so that nobody could use it again, then I made a dive for the wall where Sergeant Blasingame was.

There wasn't much use trying to hide the fact that we were in town after that. A couple of bullets pinged in at us and I figured, from the volume of fire, that there couldn't be more than about five Jap riflemen, and I knew that they wouldn't cause us much trouble because they had to expose themselves to shoot. So I told Sergeant Blasingame we'd better find ourselves a big wall to get behind and wait for them to give themselves away. We crawled along on our bellies until we found the wall of a house. I was just telling Sergeant Blasingame what to do next when I heard a racket behind me, people running and all that. I turned around and here came my whole platoon. Mogoluski was in the lead and he was thundering along on his big, flat feet, carrying the goat in his arms. All the rest of them were behind him, with Greenberg and the baby bringing up the rear. Both the goat and the baby were yelling at the tops of their voices. Everybody came sliding in behind the wall and Mogoluski plumped the goat down on the ground.

"There," Mogoluski said just like nothing had happened, "we're in business."

"You're just lucky," I told him. and pointed at the machine gun.

"Who did that?" he asked.

"I did it," I told him. "They were going to shoot you while you were out there chasing that goat."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 158

FIRST APARTMENT

By ALEXANDER TAYLOR

They climb the double flight
To the treetop garret
Where winter's at the pane
Hushed as a church
In the early dark, and yet
Their hair glistens from the winter rain,
Brief stars in a captured night.

The deeply slanted roof might jam
Smaller hearts, but the kitchen
Without its sink cannot grieve them,
Nor the peeled paper reprove.
In this hallway her face is dusk;
His lips kiss her lips that rim
All joy, all love; he turns the knob
To home, and from the skylight
All the moon comes streaming in.

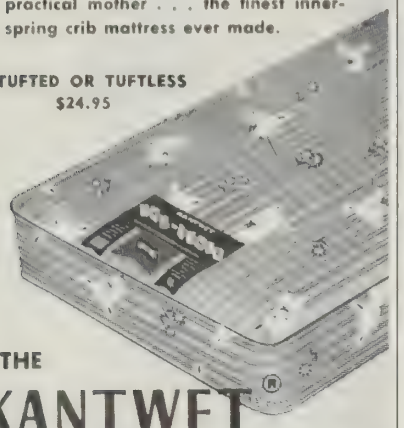


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He looked at me, then at the gun. "You don't look like any hero to me," he said. He turned and looked at the other guys, then rubbed his hands. "Well," he said, "let's get going here. We got to get this baby fed."

"Never mind the baby," I told him. "The baby can wait. We got work to do."

"But you wanted to keep it from crying so they wouldn't discover we were here."

"Everybody knows we're here," I told him. "I'm surprised the mailman hasn't been around yet."

I squatted down with Sergeant Blasingame and I gave him six men, including Glowski, with the flame thrower, and told him to circle around the back edge of the town and go after the mortars. I was going to take the rest, including Lopez with the BAR, and go after that other machine gun which was up in the front part of the village, someplace. I just got all done telling everybody what to do when Mogoluski stuck his oar in.

"Ain't you going to leave anybody with the goat and the baby?" he asked. "After all the trouble we went to to get that goat, you ought to leave Torres and Greenberg here to take care of things."

"Why Torres?" I asked him.

He looked sheepish, and didn't answer.

"Why Torres?" I asked again.

It was Jamieson that answered me. "Because Torres won't do any good, anyway."

"What's the matter with him?" I asked.

"His rifle's not working," Jamieson said.

"Why not?"

"Because we took the spring out of it. It was the only '03 in the platoon."

"What did you do with the spring?" I asked.

"We had to have a safety pin for the baby's pants," Giovanni told me. "I figured it wouldn't hurt any. Torres hasn't shot a Jap yet in the whole war."

"I just hope I never see another baby again as long as I live," I told them.

"Well," Mogoluski asked me, "can Torres stay here, or can't he?"

"No," I told him. "He can still throw grenades."

"What about Greenberg?" Mogoluski asked. "He can't throw any grenades."

"All right," I said. "Greenberg can stay."

Well, these guys set Greenberg down with his back up against that wall. Then they put the baby across his lap, and he grabbed hold of both of the goat's front legs with one hand, and he grabbed hold of both of the goat's hind legs with the other hand. After that, the rest of us took off.

I couldn't keep track of what happened to Sergeant Blasingame's squad. There was so much wreckage strewn around that they were out of sight in a few minutes. I started out by moving from the wall to a bush, then to another wall, then to a hole, and then to a ditch. I told each man to move only when the man ahead of him vacated the last spot, or when he was motioned forward. Usually I had Lopez, the BAR man, come up to me before I moved ahead so I could show him where I was going next. By the time I got into the ditch I had moved about fifty yards from where I started. It was while I was waiting there, for Lopez to come up, that all hell broke loose behind me. First I heard the goat baaing. Then I heard the baby start yelling. Last, I heard Greenberg yelling for help. I ran down the ditch a few steps where I could look back and see. Well, the front part of the goat had gotten away from Greenberg, and the goat was jumping around, trying to get the back part loose. Every time, after the goat jumped, it would turn around and butt Greenberg, then jump again. Greenberg was holding on for dear life, but the baby was beginning to slide off his lap so he had to use his free hand to keep her from slipping any farther. He had quite a job on his hands.

What was happening to Greenberg wasn't half as bad as what was going to happen, though. His yells could be heard all over town, and from way off over at the other side I heard Mogoluski answer at the top of his voice that he was coming. It was right at that point that Lopez grabbed my sleeve. I looked to see four Japs carrying the other machine gun down the street on the run. They were getting all set to put it down where it would point right at Greenberg. Not only was Greenberg going to get shot, but so was Mogoluski, and all the rest of that thundering herd that was pounding away toward him. I turned around and grabbed the BAR from Lopez and jumped out of the ditch in plain sight and let go a burst. I didn't get them all. The gunner managed to swing the gun around and like before I got creased in the shoulder, the other one. Lopez grabbed my rifle and got the gunner before I got hurt any worse.

Well, that was all there was to it. I got the two machine guns and Glowski got the mortars when the crews came out to take a shot at Mogoluski and the rest of the men. He gave one blast of his flame thrower. What Japs he didn't get were done away with when the flame thrower touched off the ammo dump. It blew Glowski up in the air, but it didn't hurt him any.

I felt pretty weak by the time all this was over, so I sat down at the wall and gave Sergeant Blasingame the job of cleaning up what snipers were left in town. Afterwhile, Captain Jonas and Fox Company came into town and the captain came over and told me I could take the platoon and go back to George Company. It was just after the captain got done talking to me that Greenberg went walking by. He stopped and looked at me.

"Hey, Hoppy," he told me, "you're wounded."

"Well," I told him, "you're the aid man. Do something about it."

"I can put some sulfa powder on it," he told me, "but I can't put any bandages on."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because we used all the bandages."

"Somebody else get wounded?" I asked.

"No," he told me. "We used the bandages to strain the milk for the baby."

We went back to George Company by way of the battalion aid station. A doctor came out of the tent and Jamieson handed the baby over to him. The doctor asked where we got it, so we told him. We also told him how long we had it. He asked what we fed it.

"Morphine and milk," Mogoluski told him.

The doctor looked at the baby again and listened to her heart and stuff, then he shook his head.

"God sure takes care of them, I guess," he said.

God and George Company, if you ask me.

END



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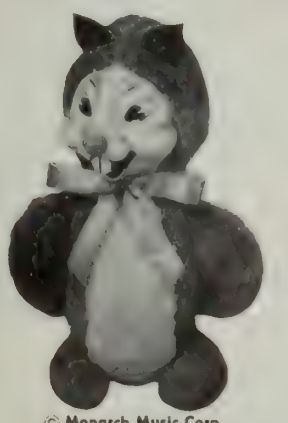
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LOVE IS NOT WHAT YOU THINK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

"Falling in love," unlike loving, does not know disappointment or defeat. "Being in love" is not love lived out. Nothing is yet put to trial. Women "in love" are summer soldiers. Where will they be when the snow flies? Every man is a hero far from the bayonet; every woman a heroine of love until she starts practicing that arduous craft.

Purified, because falling in love burns away conflicting emotions; untarnished with jealousy or animosity because unexposed to the air of life; asking nothing except "Let me love you"; content with ourselves because we desire another's welfare before our own—who would not be forever "in love"? It is a state some are reluctant to leave, willing to woo and eager to prolong.

But a desire to be "in love" forever is the first step on that downward path where finally to feel anything and by any means is a boon. "Falling in love" is not an end in itself. It is the vision which enables us to embark upon and, if we are strong enough, to endure the ordeal of loving.

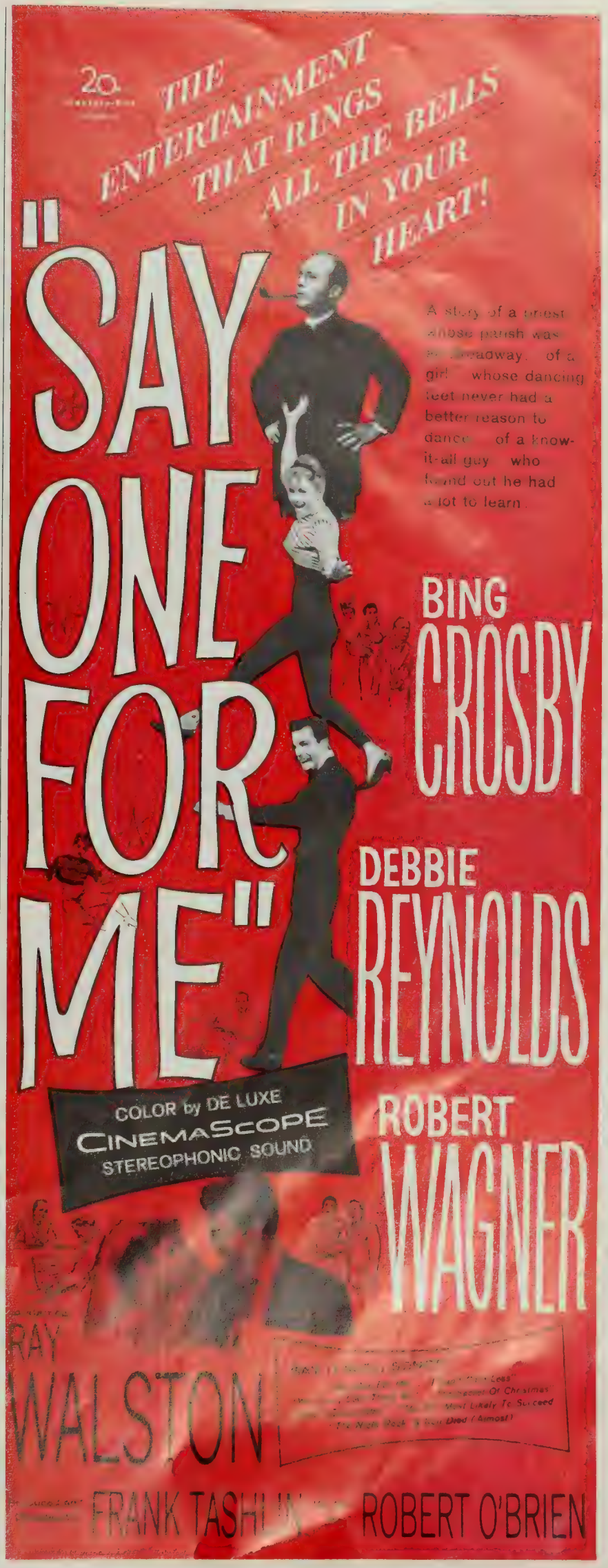
When the state of falling in love or being in love is sought for itself, or prolonged for itself, or valued for itself, there is an autoeroticism of the emotions more arid and damaging than any physical autoeroticism. Body and emotions are surely mixed up, and never more so than in love. What happens to one happens to the other. Damage the emotions and the entire structure, body and soul, suffers.

Falling in love, like love itself, comes by grace. One may be ready for it, may feel one's whole life is a readying for it. But, courted as an end, it makes one an addict disastrously able to manufacture his own drugs, with neither law nor economics to stand between him and his own destruction. Nothing can save him except his own determination to live his life instead of dream it. Why should one live one's life instead of dream it? For the reason that one cannot dream a life. One can dream only a dream. A life must be lived. A dream of love remains a dream. A life of love is a life. Love is a lived dream. And such living, by the testimony of those who have failed in it and those who have succeeded, constitutes the only completely satisfying existence in this world.

"Falling in love," which begins by gazing, proceeds by touching. And touch is difficult to speak of. A man paints, and in doing so pictures for us what he sees. A man composes, and when his composition is played, we know what he heard; he distills a perfume and the scent he first experienced we experience later; he cooks, and his dish is an expression by which our taste buds gauge his. But we are forever in the dark about what touch means to another. No man can say, "This is what I feel," as he is able to say, "This is what I see. This is what I hear." With touch, one enters a private and ambiguous world. Private, in that this sense can make no tangible report of what it experiences; ambiguous, because this least sharable sense is the result of love's most intimate sharing. In touch, there is embodied a profound mystery, wisdom perhaps beyond our understanding, an allegory of all our living. The lover is alone, an artist whose picture no one sees, whose melody no one hears except as the loved one by the simultaneity of her feeling reflects and echoes him. Each enters into the emotions of the other by making his own body the instrument which duplicates (in its own way) the experiences of the other. This is sympathy practiced absolutely. This is "Where you go, I go also" lived out.

This journey of touch begins for the young girl most tentatively and delicately. When she first leans with her whole being toward a boy, his unpremeditated finger lightly brushing her wrist, she, never before touched for touch's sake, encircles it with fire and flowers, and awakes in the night to kiss the flesh he touched, and wonder.

Does a woman live more acutely and completely in her body than a man does in his? Is she less divided than he? Less alienated



from her body? Is touch more deeply experienced by her?

I do not know. One scarcely speaks in these matters for other women, and certainly not for men; though men have not hesitated to tell women what women feel, or ought to feel. The idea of comparing the nature and intensity of her feelings with anyone's, man's or archangel's, never occurred to any truly responsive woman. Embraced, a woman no more stops to ask herself "Do I feel what he feels?" than, listening to music, she plagues herself with, "Do I hear what he hears?" Or eating a steak, "Do I taste what he tastes?" She hears, she tastes. She also feels. Her feelings are ardent or delicate according to her temperament; and what she feels contents her because it is like herself, not imitative nor truly comparable.

For the woman, and particularly the young woman, there lies a dangerous power in what happens to her body. She is committed by its commitments, whatever her intentions may be. She may kiss lightly, through resolution, but it is not in her nature to do so. Men, if we are to believe what they say, frequently remember for a lifetime the headmaster's wife whom they worshiped from afar. What a man imagines is apparently more important to him than what his flesh experiences. The life of a man is shaped by the girl he imagines; the girl he embraces he forgets. Women are more earthy. Their lives are shaped by what their flesh experiences.

Because of this life in the flesh, woman has not man's freedom to experiment. It is not touch and go with her, but touch and stay. She must for this reason exercise care to touch only the one she desires to touch. Touch follows sight, and she must be sure that eyes were delighted. She cannot, even in small matters, prostitute touch: kiss tall, when only short is appealing; embrace dark, when only blond delights. This divides body and soul; it causes a wound that may continue to bleed a lifetime. I believe this to be a real predicament for many women: the power of the first to form ties, while at the same time teaching the irksomeness of the bond.

Love has not yet been reached by the young girl who is often in love. But she has had already a chance to practice the means of demonstrating love. Most women are by nature more or less domestic. They may not care equally for all the pleasures of housekeeping. Cooking is a real chore for some; others hate dusting; washday fills some women with despair. But there are few women who do not take deep pleasure in making rooms into a home. A woman scrubs floors, picks flowers, hangs curtains with love. She fills the house with the scent of a spongecake baking, of blackberries stewing, of sunned clothes being ironed. She puts the clock where the pendulum catches the light, figures a way to use the leftover tomatoes; she opens the windows as the day cools and evening breezes begin to lift the phlox. She enjoys pink plates on a blue tablecloth, and is pleased to find time to polish the silver. These things she does with love. The good fortune of a woman's life is this: that what she does naturally, with love, she can do also *for* love. She can do these things for the man she loves, as she practiced, as a girl, these expressions of love for her mother and father, her sisters and brothers. Though it is true that pink plates and blue tablecloth may never appear to a man as love's supreme expression (and indeed he may never even notice them), yet he is aware of a climate of love in his home.

Marriage, whatever else it may be, is an arrangement for the expression of love in time; and the woman especially needs time. She especially needs marriage. When she marries it is quite likely that she will only be "in love." The man is more likely than she to love, or to be prepared to do so. He has far more to lose in marriage than she. He can live outside marriage as she cannot; he has not her need to express love against a domestic background; he has had to make renunciations and face hardships for the sake of marriage; he has fewer illusions than she about physical union; he does not believe that marriage is a means for the perpetuation of the feverish tremors of courtship. Still, it is no tragedy that he has married a girl who, though "in love" with him, does not yet love him—*unless* she is a woman capable only of being "in love," or is one who did not follow her senses in marrying.

All love is a meeting. It is sorrowful for a woman if she is not met in all the potentialities of her nature, for she needs to be encompassed by her lover. Still, if faced by that bitter predicament, a woman had better go against her judgment than against her senses. A woman judges by her senses. There is no use telling her that something is right which she does not feel to be right. Especially a man. Sometimes she believes that if she tells *herself* this lie, the curse will be taken off it. Poor fool! The curse is doubled. Women are an all-or-nothing breed. The ragpicker she feels to be right is right; the pasha she feels to be wrong is wrong. She may suffer with either. But the suffering she has with the ragpicker will be her own, vital and unique. She loves him. The suffering she has with the pasha, a man she does not love, is common and available anywhere; by electing him she will lose herself, and probably, if the pasha has any sense, she will lose him too.

Love is more than the coming together of two bodies, but without this earthy soil there can scarcely be any growth, let alone blossoming. "I dearly love him, but I cannot bear to touch him." This is a denial of love, for love loves to touch. When a man possesses the body of the woman who truly loves him, he creates in her a state so luminous and lucid, so compassionate and loving as she is convinced no one has ever before experienced. Particularly not the man who, by his own admission, lives in the act rather than in the subsequent transfiguration.

"The act of love," as it is called—as if love were expressed by one act—is filled with irony for women. It is filled with fable for all. The well-brought-up girl used not to know much

CONTINUED ON PAGE 162



Full-blown red and pink roses massed with delphinium, sweet stock and babies'-breath typify summer. Beautiful on a buffet table!

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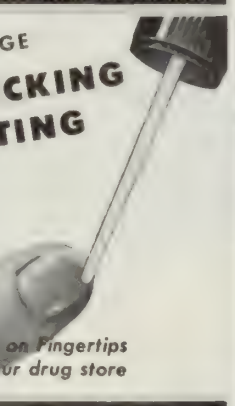
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 160

about it, outside her textbooks. The realistically-brought-up girl was not encouraged to expect much of it. It was an act necessary for reproduction, and as such to be respected. If not desirable, it was at least endurable, something men liked and women suffered; of about the duration of a violent sneeze, and nothing an affectionate and healthy young woman should find unbearable. So, because she was in love with the man and wanted to serve him, she would "give herself to him."

The irony for the woman is that through this death of her own will and consciousness there is realized so much radiance, a radiance which suffuses mind and body.

The fable for all is in the exemplification, here at the source of our being, of the sometimes doubted statement that he who loses his life shall find it. The paroxysms of love are killing. They obliterate consciousness, consciousness even of the loved one. But the woman, at least, dies into a beatitude; into the eternity of an afterward, a time of serene open lovingness toward the world generally, but particularly toward the man. This afterward is not a matter of moments, but of hours or days, when with serenity of soul the woman wishes to serve and please her benefactor. If the man remains entirely outside this state, if the woman opens her soul with her body only to find her soul denied, she is widowed indeed.

This feminine radiance, which has its source in the being who has clasped her, is perhaps not possible for the man. If it were, we might have a different world. If men felt this completion, they might be content to sit in the sun, to smile, to caress, to remember. What then would become of progress, the big wars, the intricate machines, the generalizations? The generalizations for which they will kill and are killed? A man completes a woman in a way—alas for him and for her—in which she cannot complete him. He arises from her arms, his hunger for joint-stock companies, turbo jets, and plantations on the moon unappeased. While she has him, her sun. What do the moon and outer space mean to her?

When he cannot companion her in the benevolence of her afterward, when his departure is in time and space as well as in spirit, the woman knows an anguished abortion. This is why woman needs marriage more than man. She needs time: eternity can't be fathomed in half hours. She has been prepared for the giving of a benefice, a giving only to him. He has made every activity meaningless except those which can express her emotions toward him. Sexually she is fulfilled; she now needs to give in return. Whatever is needed: slave or save; perspire or inspire; sacrifice, produce, delight, commune. The grace which he, by his act, has stored in her body cries for expression.

The woman who teases and does not then permit a man physical expression of the desire she has aroused is not well thought of. What of the man who calls into being lucid joys which he does not share? To tease the flesh is child's play. Mephistopheles thought spiritual teasing a trade hellish enough for the master of hell himself to ply.

It is better, if one must make the hard choice, to love than to be loved. Without love in one's own heart, the love of another is a burden. But for the woman there is one exception to this hypothesis of "love or be loved." In the act of love, if she cannot have both, she had better be loved than love. Without love or desire, she can still come to the man with compassion and kindness. Her act may be more maternal than wifely, but she does not go against her nature in it. The man who loves a woman can accept her when she comes to him dutifully, without deep damage to either himself or the loved woman. The physical release and comfort he wants is given him; the act, if rudimentary and incomplete, is at least a clean and unambiguous transaction. But the woman, herself loving and desirous, cannot be taken by a man who does not love her. The woman who loves a man wants more than physical release. She wants to exist with him in the hours or the days of her afterward in the fullness of their shared humanity. If he does not love her, he cannot possibly meet her there, where all the smiles begin, the delight and the little jokes; the eternity which does not lie in these small things but which is revealed in their sharing.

It is not in man's nature to be kind in the essence of his sexuality. Ideally, there should be no kindness in the role of either the man or the woman: self-seeking, in one of the paradoxes with which love abounds, they find each other. Dying to each other, they come into fuller shared life. But a woman's body is made to be used as a man's is not: to contain, cradle, nurture. She prostitutes herself with damage; but if she prostitutes the man, she damages herself still more.

The woman who loves a man who does not love her must keep her hands off him. (If he loves her, she may do what she likes.) Man is capable of a response which does not truly involve *her*, to which she is accessory only in an impersonal way. She, loving and responding, will find such an act beyond her nature to support.

"Falling in love," "being in love" are sometimes paths to love; "making love" is sometimes an expression of love. But not always. It is possible for a woman who has often been in love and often made love to reach the end of her life without ever having truly loved. The wonder, rapture and illumination of being in love do not often carry over in their full force to love *lived out*. Other adjectives may better describe later love; but these earlier adjectives will not be repudiated. The old woman, once lissome and ardent and ignorant, is now steadfast and wise and foursquare. But she is that vanished girl, too, though her aspect has changed. So, too, with love. Love, which begins with one's feelings about a man, becomes, if it is truly love, a life act.

Camus, writing of Don Juan, says that Don Juan believed there were "those who are made for living and those who are made for loving." Camus, who writes often of the absurdity of life, no doubt knows that woman is that absurd creature who believes she was made for both living *and* loving, can reconcile both; and in fact does not feel that she has lived unless she has also loved. Her life may have been filled with hardships, with sorrow, with tragedies. But so long as she has loved and has been able to live out at least some of that love, she will not call it a failure. And whatever the achievements of her life, she will not, without love, call it a success.

What does "love lived out" mean?

It means different things for different men and women. Love is that realm, above all others, in which one lives as no man's copy. Love is always pictured as naked. It is interesting to recall how man in ages past has pictured love: when he pictured love as a woman, she was the full-breasted crescent-thighed Aphrodite; when love was masculine, he was the boy Cupid. Woman herself would picture masculine love as Jove with his lightning; Apollo with his horses of the sun. Even Hell, with the devilish but full-grown Pluto, is preferable to life with this rosy little boy, capable of inflicting flesh wounds only. Woman wants a deep wound, a heart wound. Love is something she is willing to die for; it must be, if it is something she is willing to live for.

In any case, whether depicted as Aphrodite or Cupid, love is naked. Love sees through disguises, doffs the apparel of the merely current; so there is no use pretending. It is sweet to come home to love and be oneself. Wherever a woman tries to impose upon a man, in the name of love, some self other than his own, you may be sure that the love is self-love.

Love, then, is lived out in as many ways as there are lovers. The stewed blackberries and starched white curtains which grace one woman's world of love may be the disfiguration of the world in which another woman lives, loving as truly and ardently. And if the world in which the woman's love is expressed differs so, the man she loves must always be a particular man, not the collar-ad man of past years, nor the cigarette-ad man of current times. Man, because he lives more in his imagination than woman, can love Woman with a capital *W* and not notice that he does not have any woman in particular. Woman loves a particular John, Jack or Johnnie. He represents nothing but himself to her; he is not an expression of infinity, although she may feel that in loving him she is nearer God than elsewhere. Man has often believed that the opposite was true: that woman separated him from God.

Man lives in what he thinks more than does woman. When what he feels does not square with what he thinks, it is not his thought he questions. Not only does he live in his ideas more than woman, but he desires to do so and judges himself by his success or failure in doing so. And woman is no idea. The man with a woman-centered life disappoints himself; devoted to her, he feels himself divorced from his true mission of cerebration. Woman has no mission whatsoever except to be and to express her being in loving a particular man.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164



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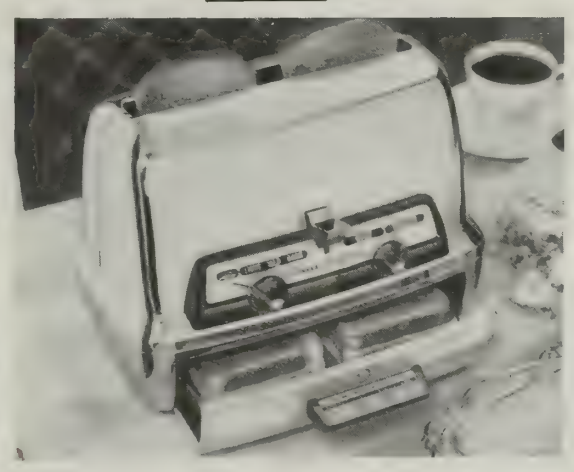
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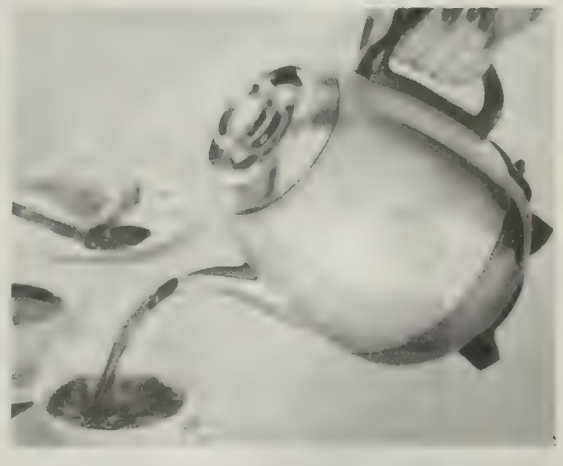
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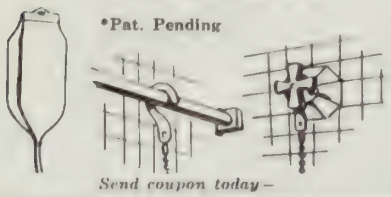
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MOUTH WASH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 162

Not many experience, let alone live out, real love. Occasional glimpses are perhaps caught of that realm where one's whole desire is to uphold and comfort a man in his every effort to be. To be what? That is not for us to decide. But to be. To respond from moment to moment out of the center of his being as best he can. When a woman desires this for a man, she loves him. When she unites with him in a day-by-day effort to realize this, she is living out her love. This is by no means a selfless love, for love which desires a true self must give a true self. "Love," says Martin Buber, "is not the enjoyment of a wonderful emotion, nor even the ecstasy of a Tristan and Isolde but the responsibility of an I for a Thou." It takes a real "I" to assume the responsibility for itself—let alone another, a "Thou."

"Assume" is the wrong word. Love does not assume responsibility; it *is* responsible, cannot be otherwise. When one is conscious of assuming responsibility, one acts dutifully or conscientiously. "Responsibility" is in any case a hard word. We all want the emotion, the ecstasy of love—but God spare us the responsibility. Until responsibility is a natural part of what we feel for another, perhaps we should find some other word for the ecstasies, felicities and downright conveniences we experience in our relationships with men.

Love is more than the sharing of bed and board, no matter with what rituals the sharing has been blessed; nor without which the sharing has been damned. Love is not measured by duration, nor by intensity either. We judge intensity by its effect on the human being, and when we call strong the love which impels the lovers to leap into the crater, we should perhaps have called the lovers weak. But though devices, praise God, are lacking for the measurement of love, the report of lovers is that growth is possible, that the early transports were no more than the first shiverings of wind in the fronds before the deep-voiced leveling winds arrived. Why should it not be so? We develop elsewhere. A taste for The Sunbonnet Babies is replaced by an inclination toward Chekhov; a concept of God as Rainmaker, who can give us fair weather for the picnic, is replaced by another concept of responsibility in the sky. What a woman feels about love differs with her age; and what she feels in the middle years is a mingling of history, today's news and prophecy of tomorrow. Whether or not a woman feels that love has brought her more pain than happiness, few women will be able to find any other happiness to have equaled that of love.

AUTUMN DUET

By IRVING PETITE

When all night from the tree
the emerald toad,
Full-throated with his slim
September load
Of longing, sang . . . then night
long I was burning
With echoing, silent song for
your returning
In winter, to this house against
the hill.
If trust can call you back, I
know mine will.

Much is now written about love. In a time of hatreds and violence, of cruelties which rack the mind to contemplate, what once was seen as a grace is now regarded as a remedy, a remedy for which there is a desperate and immediate need. Love is preached as therapy. "Love or perish," they say, and very truly. Woman, unloving, always feels emotionally perished, whatever the state of the world about her. But "Love, because it is good for you" is a cold ethical call: all true-natured women want to love because they cannot help themselves, because it is good for someone else. Love which seeks its own practical good is as contradictory as the Christian who loves his brother with his eye on heaven instead of on his brother. There is a duty of loving-kindness toward all; this has nothing to do with that complete turning of a woman toward a man.

When that turning is met by the like turning of a man toward her, the meeting escapes arithmetic. It enters the mysteries, mysteries not only physical but of the mind and spirit. The union goes beyond the sum of the two. They build, without trying, meanings of which neither alone is capable. Each is needed in the creation of an edifice which amazes both. Word fits word; the insight of one functions as key to open the insight of the other; both face outward to a landscape neither ever saw so lighted and so hospitable alone; together they make the world their home.

The Eden lost to Adam and Eve is found again in love. The world is sometimes spoken of as being loveless; if it is so, it is because it is filled with unloving people. It is odd to consider this fact: nothing, unless we wish to part from it, can separate us from our love. "He killed my love." Nothing can kill a deathless love. If love dies, it always commits suicide. Love is never the measure of the person loved, but of the person loving.

It is, woman feels, her measure. I do not know what, to a man's mind, constitutes manliness. To be womanly is to be loving. To be happy is to be given the opportunity to express that love. To be blessed is to have that love returned. Love is not what you think. It does what mind cannot do, it goes where mind cannot follow. Its nature is transcendental, and when we love we at once transcend ourselves and are most ourselves. This is the way man conceives God; and woman feels that in truly loving she is nearest heaven.

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

assume the responsibility—and then he forgets or puts off writing and mailing the checks. Our mailbox is regularly filled with second and third notices that are unnecessary—and expensive. We always have to pay a penalty on utility bills and interest on department-store charges.

"Other men in our neighborhood take pride in keeping their cars in tiptop shape; I often see them washing and polishing and tinkering. If I scream loudly enough about the grime on our car, Brice wastes money having it washed in a garage. He refuses to make even minor repairs, although he is very close to being a mechanical genius. Our automobile expenses run twice as high as other people's expenses. Brice neglects to check the air and alternate the tires, and the rubber wears out; we miss bargain gasoline because he heads into the nearest station, regardless of price. One time last year we were hit by another car whose driver conceded he was to blame. His insurance-company representative called next day and left forms for Brice to fill out. Brice fooled around so long filling out the insurance forms that the company eventually refused to settle and we had to pay for a new rear fender ourselves.

"To this day that fender—the cost would have covered a shoji screen—makes me furious. I've tried to stop yammering about the matter and to keep quiet about Brice's other failings for the sake of the boys. My efforts haven't been strikingly successful. I've turned into a nag and a shrew, the kind of woman I detest. Yesterday I stumbled over the toolbox for the thousandth time and happened to notice a wrench Brice borrowed from a neighbor back in Delaware three years ago. He still thinks he intends to return it—someday. I got so upset looking at that wrench I had hysterics. It was so typical of Brice's sloppiness. I hate borrowing, and I think borrowing without returning is just about the same as stealing. Last month, rather than borrow a cup of sugar, I dressed the little boys and drove ten miles to the grocery store. It took us an hour, but I baked my cake without borrowed sugar. Brice thought I was absurd.

"Even our two youngest sons, who are four and five, realize their father and I are getting on badly. The five-year-old, an especially sensitive youngster, has nightmares two or three times a week. Fourteen-year-old Billy is being damaged both emotionally and scholastically by the atmosphere at home; his teacher has told me as much.

"Billy is classified as a gifted child, but his marks are down in the cellar. I'm sure Brice is concerned about our son's education, but he evades taking any responsibility for it just as he evades and postpones everything else. Last night I handed him the latest note from Billy's teacher and he laid it aside to read later and went on with his hi-fi listening. At once Billy was confirmed in a growing belief that study isn't worth while. Yet if Billy doesn't jack up his grades soon, there isn't the ghost of a chance of his being accepted by a good Eastern college.

"Boys need fathers as much as they need mothers. The other night I maneuvered Brice into bathing the little boys; he didn't clean the tub and he tossed the soggy towels on the floor. He knew I was coming in to check and would drop them in the hamper and scrub the tub. He wouldn't have left a mess at his place of business. On the job, according to all his bosses, he is meticulous.

"Two Sundays ago I dragged him out of bed and off to the beach with the boys and me. Billy collects unusual seashells and I thought it would be a splendid opportunity for him and his father to enjoy an adventurous afternoon together. What happened? Well, while I was settling the little boys with their sand pails, Brice vanished. Billy and I had to do the shell collecting on the beach near the younger ones, thus spoiling the whole point of the expedition. Three hours later Brice returned from his solitary walk. On the drive home he placidly remarked that he'd had a fine afternoon and that we should go to the beach more often.

"He then wondered why I blew my top. When I told him exactly what was wrong with me, he didn't listen. I am aware that many couples complain they can't communicate with each other, but I think ours is an extreme case. By choice I don't believe Brice would talk at all. When I yell at him about some necessary chore—if I keep my voice low he simply doesn't hear—I never get an answer. Maybe he will do the chore and maybe he won't. It depends on his mood. He thinks he has fulfilled his conversational obligations if he looks up from the hi-fi and tosses me a couple of commonplaces in the course of an evening. In the morning his conversation consists of, 'Be seeing you.' Nor does he bother to kiss me.

"Back in our courtship days Brice was by no means a rapid-fire conversationalist, but he and I didn't talk in commonplaces. We talked about the same things and we enjoyed and admired the same things. In comparison to him, the other college boys of my acquaintance seemed callow and limited, strictly surface people. Brice had depth; he was interested in what was happening in the world. Oh, we had plenty to talk about in those days!

"Our backgrounds are very similar. Our mothers were schoolteachers; both, in point of fact, are still teaching. Both are indifferent housekeepers. They are intellectuals who consider themselves superior to outward appearances; they scorn such mundane things as a shiningly clean house, a smart new dress. To me a smart, perfectly fitted dress, a becoming hat, a pair of spanking-clean gloves are important; they are part of the image of myself

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The battle of the sexes in

Hollywood's war against fat

by Jane L. Wright



A handsome couple—Mr. and Mrs. Alan Ladd. Sue Ladd says, "I know how important it is for stars to keep figure perfect."

LUNCHING recently at the Paramount Commissary, the wife of Hollywood's romantic swashbuckler, Alan Ladd, watched curiously as her companion devoured a rich dessert of strawberry shortcake with whipped cream.

"Hungry for some?" she was asked.

"Not at all," replied Sue Ladd. "I curb my appetite, keep my weight down a perfectly safe, natural way. I eat what I want, only I want less, because I take these." And she reached into her purse and held up a caramel candy. That's right, a piece of candy.

The battle of Hollywood stars against overweight has been a much-hushed subject for years. Film studios, afraid of de-glamorizing their high-priced properties, would rather not admit that actors and actresses have to fight fat like the rest of us.



Hollywood stars—Rory Calhoun and his lovely wife, Lita Baron—have discovered the secret of staying slim.

Fact is, there's probably no place in the world as weight conscious as the cinema city, or where the sexes have struggled to reduce so many different ways. The reason is, the camera has an unflattering way of adding pounds to the picture.

Swedish massages, sweat boxes, jiggle tables, Epsom salts, mechanical couches, amphetamine pills, starvation diets—these are but a few of the methods actors and actresses have used to lose weight.

And so, publicity stories to the contrary, movie stars—men or women—are not all naturally thin. Just like you and I, Hollywood celebrities need help to keep slim, trim and attractive.

Well, how do they safely fight fat in Hollywood today? Like this: they eat candy. Not ordinary candy, but a special low-calorie, vitamin and mineral enriched candy, called Ayds.

As Debra Paget says, "Working before a movie camera is like standing in front of a magnifying glass. It makes you look bigger than you are. But losing weight is no hardship for me. I always carry a few Ayds with me wherever I go to control my appetite."

Many will remember Mrs. Alan Ladd when she was a star in her own right. For ten years, pert and pretty Sue Carol was featured in a series of movies. Then she decided to switch careers. Sue gave up film work to devote her time to being an actor's agent. Then came marriage to Alan and a family of four children.

In this new role, Sue began to put on weight, until one day she realized something had to be done about it. "Many of my friends had had such wonderful results with Ayds candy for reducing that I decided to take them, too," she said. "They really are 'the candy that makes you thin.' I have actually lost 12 pounds."

The secret of this reducing-plan candy is that it works on an entirely different principle from old-fashioned methods. It's neither a "pill" nor a drug. It's what doctors call an "appetite depressant." Taken before meals as directed, Ayds curbs your appetite. You automatically eat less and lose weight naturally.

What started the trend in Hollywood was a clinical investigation by six doctors at a medical center in Boston, Massachusetts. Reported in one of the leading medical journals, it was a comprehensive study to determine the value of appetite depressants in achieving weight loss. The leading weight-reducing products were tested. And the physicians discovered that Ayds Reducing Candy gave by far the best overall results. Other doctors recommended it to their patients. Naturally enough, the word soon spread throughout Hollywood.

But if you think this war against fat in Hollywood is strictly a woman's battle, you're wrong. When George Brent was rehearsing for a TV series, his director warned him that he'd have to lose weight before the final shooting. The camera angles were bad! Luckily his wife, Janet, had heard about Ayds. What's more, she decided to join him in trimming down.

"We reduced together with Ayds and found it so much easier than reducing alone," said Janet. "I took the chewy vanilla caramel Ayds and George the new chocolate fudge-type."

"What I like about this low-calorie candy," commented George, "is that you don't have to starve yourself to lose weight. Why, you never even feel hungry on the Ayds Plan."

Another case in point is Rory Calhoun and his lovely wife, Lita Baron. Rory recently finished that hard-hitting Western drama, "Hemp Brown." It was to be a few months before the filming of his new television series. So, Rory decided that he'd trim down a bit, by following his wife's example. Lita had started on the Ayds Plan just a short while before.

"Staying down to your ideal weight is sometimes hard—until you discover Ayds," said Rory in an interview. "But I'm convinced two can reduce, lose excess pounds easier than one."

"Absolutely," agreed Lita. "You can make it a kind of game, by competing with one another. Even when one of us needs to lose more pounds than the other, Ayds helps each of us lose just the right amount."

What seems to appeal to these people who can afford the costliest salon treatments is the safety and simplicity of taking Ayds. They know from experience that exercise alone isn't enough. Like Rory Calhoun, who gets plenty of exercise on his ranch, dancer Ann Miller also relies on this miracle candy. "The real secret of losing weight," says Ann, "is simple appetite control. But that's not easy if you're depending on will power alone. That's why I've switched to Ayds. I've tried all kinds of diets, but nothing works as well."

As Alexis Smith, beautiful wife of Craig Stevens (star of TV's "Peter Gunn"), remarked: "Taking Ayds is such a natural, easy way to stay slim. Every couple should keep a box handy."

So, who's winning the battle of the sexes in Hollywood's war against fat? The answer is . . . both sexes, as evidenced by the number of husbands and wives "teaming up" to lose weight. In fact, drug and department stores everywhere are reporting more large-size boxes of Ayds are being sold. We suggest you see your doctor before reducing and have him write to Campana, Box MD, Batavia, Ill. for the Medical Journal Report on Ayds. Mother *must* have been right when she warned you as a child that eating candy before dinner would "spoil" your appetite.



The George Brents get plenty of exercise on their ranch, but they know this alone is not the answer to controlling their weight.

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I am presenting to the world. I feel the same about my home: that it represents me. The cleanliness of crannies and hidden corners is as important to me as a spotless living-room rug. The home I live in now drives me crazy because it mirrors me as poorly as the home I occupied as a child.

"My mother didn't care how *anything* looked. I can still recall the times I ran after her to say there was a hole in her stocking or to beg her to hoist up her slip, which invariably hung below the hemline. On the rare occasions I ventured to bring home a schoolmate, I had to dash ahead to wash the dirty breakfast dishes and pick up night clothes dropped on the floor that morning.

"My sister—Elise is eleven months younger disliked our messy house almost as much as I did. If mother had been willing to mend her ways for anyone, she would have changed for Elise, her favorite. I was colicky for months and mother had to apply for extra leave from school and she never forgave me that crime. I wasn't as healthy, as pretty or as smart as Elise, the brain in our family. One time I got ninety-seven on a test and that same day Elise racked up a mark of a hundred. Another time, in college—Elise and I were roommates—I can remember watching her simultaneously knit a sweater, listen to a symphony and study trigonometry. She didn't drop a stitch, miss a note or forget a theorem—that's Elise for you.

"When Brice and I announced our engagement, my mother told his mother and told Brice, too, that Elise would have been a better choice for him—that I had been difficult to raise and was hard to get along with. His father and my father neither approved nor disapproved of our marrying—they weren't sufficiently interested to express an opinion. My father had wanted sons and he referred to Elise and me, whenever he referred to us at all, as his boys.

"Brice and I had a nice wedding—we paid for it ourselves with our savings from college jobs—and my father could easily have taken the day off from his mediocre job. He came to the church only long enough to stand up with me and then he went straight back to work without putting in an appearance at the reception. People wondered.

"The only ones who genuinely favored our marriage were Brice and myself. In those days we had big plans, huge dreams. Identical dreams. We wanted order, neatness, an organized and admirable home to be proud of and entertain friends in. To be sure, we had small differences about details. I wanted a Cape Cod or salt-box house with antique furniture. Brice preferred modern. With very little argument he sold me on the clean lines in modern furniture and the uncluttered modern house. But modern must be perfection or it is nothing. The modern house Brice and I owned back in Delaware, our third house, was a model of what good modern can be. It was sheer perfection.

"The way I think is that a couple's first home, the home of their early married years, doesn't matter so much. Their friends and acquaintances will overlook shabby woodwork, three-legged chairs propped with books, tables that tip. Their second home, after they're past twenty-five and have begun to get established, should be better. In their third or fourth home, after they pass thirty, they should be approaching the ideal in the background they expect to be judged by.

"Our present house isn't nearly as desirable as our place in Delaware was. The house could be outstanding, but it isn't. Until the remodeling is completed, I will feel that I have retrogressed and will be miserable. I won't have the heart to seek friends or make a social life for us. Brice and I are in our late thirties; most of the other couples in our neighborhood are several years younger and yet they have nicer houses. Instead of progressing, Brice and I are slipping behind in our lives and in our marriage. It's all because of his indifference and procrastination and lack of respect for my ideals."

Brice tells his side:

"Vera thinks far more of having a proper house than she thinks of having a loving husband," said Brice. "I produced three proper houses for her and am working on the fourth, and still she isn't satisfied. Somehow we never buy a house that in Vera's estimation isn't in immediate need of remodeling and renovations. I'm not a carpenter, a painter or a plumber, and I'm fed to the ears with knocking out partitions, boxing in beams and plastering ceilings. Not to mention installing bathroom fixtures and applying paint by the gallon.

"On weekends I'm exhausted from the job that supports us, and frustrated too. I feel like staying in bed and pulling the blankets over my head or just sitting in a chair listening to music on the hi-fi. Vera and our son, Billy, play the selections they fancy while I'm not on the scene. She plays light operas dripping with melody as she does her housework. He rushes home from school to play Beethoven when he should be studying. But just let me put on my Aaron Copland records and they both groan.

"When I came west a year ago I quit a big corporation to join forces with a small, newly established company, a mistake that is costing me dear. A man with a wife and three children can't afford to gamble. The treasurer of our company and I eat lunch together and consequently I am familiar with the desperate financial straits the business is in. I race to the bank with my pay check the minute it is presented, afraid the company may fold while I'm in transit. I know so much about our operations and our shaky financial position I cannot in all fairness throw in the towel and hunt a job elsewhere. I can't even hint I may soon be in the market for a job because such hinting might damage my associates. I must say Vera hasn't protested my decision to stick with my present employers until the sailing is smoother for them or their ship sinks.

"In view of our unsettled circumstances, however, I can't understand why she wants to pour money into improving a house we may have to sell at any moment. She nagged until I knocked through an opening from the kitchen to the present dining quarters, another opening from the old dining room into the master bedroom. I'll admit the naked ceilings and the raw woodwork look crude and unfinished. That cannot be helped.

"This is no time for us to increase our investment in living quarters. If anything, we should pull in our horns and economize. I'll grant I am probably not as thrifty as I could be and should be. If I weren't thoroughly convinced that the man of the house should control the family pocketbook—my mother doled out nickels and dimes to my father as though she was handing him gold pieces—I might be willing for Vera to manage our finances. I'm inclined to be absent-minded. Unhappily, I know she would start bossing me and telling me what and what not to buy—she has a strong tendency in that direction—and I also know she is just as extravagant as I am.

"She isn't satisfied with anything short of perfection in clothes, furnishings, housing. She continually laments the home we left back in Wilmington, Delaware, because at the end of eighteen months of steady application on my part and vast expenditures for just the right hardware, just the right cabinets and fixtures, the house finally suited her in every respect. Apparently she forgets that we left Wilmington and moved to the West Coast as much on her account as on mine. We had no friends in Delaware, only relatives. She wanted to branch out socially. We both wanted to put a continent between ourselves and our two sets of parents.

"Also, I was eager to escape from Vera's sister, who used to visit us nearly every week-

THE GATHERED CRUMBS

By HANNAH KAHN

What shall I do with her
poems . . . the scattered bits
That were her life, her moods,
her subtle mind;
The scraps of paper shaped like
little kites
That will not fly again in any
wind?
A phrase leaps out . . . reading,
I recall
The day she wrote this poem,
the way she read,
Her voice, her hands, the
broken interval
That marked the moment with
the word unsaid.

Now they are catalogued,
indexed for time,
The life she gave them lives
beyond her own.
The lyric rapture and the varied
rhyme,
They too shall yield to ashes
and to stone.
The poet dies . . . the poem
then becomes
The living word, the feast, the
gathered crumbs.



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ARE you looking for the right school? Each one of the listings on this page is packed with important, interesting information to help you select the right school. Read the advertisements carefully, then write for complete information and catalogs from those that interest you.

end. Living up to Elise's standards was even more complex than living up to Vera's standards. Shortly before my sister-in-law's last visit to us Vera heard she had a new spring outfit and promptly spent $50 on material to make a tailored suit for herself. Vera is an excellent seamstress and I thought the suit was a real triumph. But Vera didn't think the coat fitted well enough for Elise's eyes and she went out and bought a new dress. I wasn't impressed with Elise's spring outfit, but Vera thought it looked superb and that her own new dress was a dismal failure. She has never worn the suit.

"Vera is intensely critical of herself and everybody else. It is virtually impossible to please her; this makes working at home under her direction plain slavery. What she refers to as a *professional* job doesn't mean a job done by a professional carpenter, a professional painter, a professional plumber. No indeed! Very few professional workmen are sufficiently skilled to earn her approval. Three months ago she fired a master carpenter because his work wasn't satisfactory to her, and then she expected me to improve on his craftsmanship. When I told her I had no union card, she was furious. So furious she wouldn't let me kiss her for days. I don't like collecting a kiss in exchange for performing some tedious household job better than an expert in the field. Vera uses sex as a bargaining point, though she may not know it. At any rate, our sexual relationship has just about ceased.

"If Vera were content with an average good job and would let me set my own pace, I imagine I might be more co-operative and more helpful to her. I enjoy a serene, peaceful house almost as much as she does. The Lord knows I didn't have it as a boy. In my boyhood home there were open encyclopedias lying everywhere, and books and magazines and unopened mail tumbling from any chair you undertook to sit on. My mother was county chairman of the Red Cross, state president of the Garden Club and I don't know what else. On the side, she found the time to teach school. She had time for everything except to make a pleasant home for my dad and me. She bossed us unmercifully.

"When Vera nags and tries to seize control of my every waking minute, she reminds me of my mother. As a young boy I made up my mind I would choose a wife completely unlike my mother. I thought I had found that wife in Vera.

"We met on a college bus carrying students from a concert back to the dormitories. There was a lot of laughing and talking and soon we were laughing too. The very next day Vera and I went to call on my blind grandmother, a softer, sweeter woman by far than my mother. At Vera's suggestion we stopped and bought her a potted plant. It would never have occurred to me to take flowers to a blind woman. My grandmother was delighted and I was pleased I knew a girl so thoughtful.

"In Vera's company I could be comfortable without needless talk. I learned at an early age to hold my tongue around my mother; whenever I spoke I invariably reminded her of some chore she wanted me to do. Nowadays Vera is likely to react in the same way. To avoid arguments and dull work, it's best for me to keep my mouth shut. Silence is restful to me and Vera used to find it restful herself.

"Vera hasn't grown as a person in our marriage; since our last move she has lost ground. Back in Delaware she used to talk about joining the League of Women Voters. She didn't get around to it, but one time she worked with a group collecting for the Community Chest and once a month she screwed up the courage and went to a meeting of the P.T.A. Here she belongs to nothing. She sits indoors by the hour and broods about the shortcomings of our house and my shortcomings as a husband. When I open the door she lets fly with the bitter thoughts she's been garnering all through the day. I can hardly turn on the hi-fi fast enough. She would be better off if she got out and stirred around, and so would I. I would appreciate having her let up the pressure on me and I wouldn't mind having a few friends to call on in the evenings. We haven't made a social engagement with

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another couple since we came to California a year ago.

"Vera enjoys books and art and music. Her nature isn't materialistic. Yet she has convinced herself that people judge her only by her surroundings. She talks as though a house, a pile of bricks and plaster and mortar, were an extension of herself. She thinks of our car in the same light; she picks at me to keep it in top condition. Polishing and repairing an automobile offers me no challenge. I meet and deal with too many similar challenges on my daily job. Also, I'm bored with that fatuous type of male character who cherishes his automobile as though it were alive and yearns for the biggest and shiniest in the neighborhood.

"Vera is on sound ground when she complains I don't give our sons enough attention. I intend to make amends later on when the little boys are older and Billy is in a less trying phase. Right now I don't like to be caught alone with Billy; he's an unformed, uninformed kid and yet he feels qualified to lecture me for neglecting his mother. When I turn the tables and bring up his neglect of his studies he sulks.

"To a certain extent I realize I procrastinate and evade my responsibilities as a father and a husband. I'm so harried in my business life I can hardly avoid it."

The Marriage Counselor Says:

"It is always a pleasure to work with intelligent people. With a little better understanding of themselves, Vera and Brice, who were almost at the point of divorce, could probably have solved their problems unaided. In the first place, Vera knew almost nothing of Brice's business worries for the simple reason that he had scarcely mentioned them to her. Like many taciturn men, he seemingly assumed that his wife could read his mind. My prescription to Brice was that he break the habit of years and deliberately force himself to put his thoughts, his worries, his hopes into words.

"When Vera was informed of the shaky financial status of his company she became more modest in her own financial demands. The house she had planned was perhaps overambitious, but it was hardly to be expected that any woman would be willing to live indefinitely with unplastered ceilings and paint-spattered dropcloths on the floor. Moreover, as was pointed out to Brice, an unfinished house has small resale value. Incidentally, he and Vera had reaped a handsome profit from the other houses they had remodeled.

"Vera and Brice eliminated frills and stripped their remodeling blueprint down to the bare essentials. Brice then made out a work sheet listing his various home projects, similar to the work sheets he used in carrying out engineering projects. Checking off each job as he finished it helped him to conquer his persistent procrastination. Vera was so cheered by the signs of progress that she became able to curb her sharp tongue most of the time. When Brice was greeted with smiles instead of criticism, naturally he felt more affectionate. Vera had depended on his affection more than she realized and missed their love-making. Both were made happy by the resumption of their sexual relationship.

"Vera admitted to me that she had felt insecure all her life, overshadowed by her younger sister, rejected by her mother, scorned by her father. Her only way of bolstering her wobbly self-esteem was to be tiresomely perfectionist, and to criticize and denounce others, notably Brice. When she understood what she was doing, she made immediate and fairly successful attempts to change her personality. As a result of her childhood conditioning, she was abnormally sensitive. She agreed that it was ridiculous to compare Brice's expertness as an engineer with his inexpertness as a handy man, and equally ridiculous to interpret his inefficiency, forgetfulness and procrastination as evidence of hostility toward her.

The obvious is that which is never seen until someone expresses it simply. KAHLIL GIBRAN
Sand and Foam
Published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

"My approach in counseling Vera was to encourage her to accept herself for the person she was and to end her lifelong rivalry with her sister. Her fierce competitiveness where other women were concerned was an echo of this rivalry. One day she and I spent our entire interview discussing Elise, her beauty, her brains, her possessions, as contrasted with the many good things in life that Vera possessed. Quite suddenly Vera appreciated the emptiness of her jealousy, and realized that Elise, who was unmarried and childless, might well be envious of her.

"That particular interview represented a turning point. When Vera stopped using Elise as a measuring rod and acknowledged her own worth as an individual, she became less self-conscious, less rigid, less critical, more giving and less greedy. She began to examine Brice's regular routine. She soon perceived that his physical strength was limited, that he couldn't burn up energy all day and then work half the night carpentering and painting. When she saw he needed relaxation and rest, she voluntarily suggested the hours on his home work sheet be curtailed, although this meant delaying completion of the house.

"She resigned herself to the dissonance of modern music. If the sight of Brice's scattered tools and gear annoyed her, she put away the things herself. She didn't ask Brice to mail a letter if she wanted to be sure of delivery; she ferried it to the mailbox herself. In short, she didn't demand the impossible.

"Vera expected too much of Brice partly because she had no outside outlets for her unusual energy. She needed outside interests, friends. She had missed out on friends because of her self-consciousness and pickiness and because she and Brice had moved around a great deal. As she gained confidence in herself and as the house neared completion Vera telephoned her neighbor that she wanted to join the P.T.A. In that group her talents for organization and hard work were quickly recognized and she won friends. She is now the president of the local chapter and has been responsible for numerous innovations. At her suggestion, the P.T.A. sponsored the teaching of foreign languages in the elementary schools; for a fee of $15 a term small classes of youngsters meet for three hours a week of lessons in French, German or Spanish.

"To a couple like Vera and Brice, a budget was vital. Both were careless with money, but my guess was that Vera would be a better manager and bookkeeper than absent-minded Brice. In surrendering the money management, however, he needed to be reassured that he wasn't handing over the management of his life. His antagonism to bossy, nagging women, of course, stemmed from his relationship with his bossy mother. When Vera took charge of the family finances, she took pains not to nag Brice about his spending. Nowadays the family bills are paid on the dot and Brice himself is comfortable in the new arrangement.

"In Vera's case, forewarned was forearmed. She now strives with all her might not to be like Brice's domineering mother and her own domineering mother. When she wants Brice to enjoy the companionship of his eldest son, she doesn't push the two at each other; she uses tact and suggests an expedition that will appeal to both. Young Billy's school marks are gradually climbing and at least once a week his father voluntarily assists him with his homework. Occasionally, and without wifely prodding, he reads a bedtime story or helps to bathe the little boys.

"A few weeks ago Vera and Brice invited me to their housewarming. Brice had changed his job, but they hadn't been obliged to move from the old neighborhood. Their home, at last finished to the last detail, was as beautiful as Vera had pictured it from the beginning. She and Brice told me they felt the place was well worth all their efforts. Then they exchanged a smile and Vera announced they had made a solemn pact: 'never to remodel another house!'"

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by
DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

TESTAMENTS TO LOVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 154

who were both schizophrenic. Psychiatrists termed the infant a bad risk. "He was tense and weepy with ugly red splotches of eczema. Behind him the shadow of the mental hospital—his future a question mark." The couple adopted him in spite of this prognosis "because we had faith in him and in ourselves." Adopted at eleven months, at three years of age the boy seemed normal and happy; result of love and a happy family life.

In the spring, a young man planted his sweetheart's name—J U L I E—in grass letters one quarter of a mile high on a Wisconsin hillside. In the summer, the grass flourished, their love flourished, and they eloped.

"This is a demonstration of mothers, sisters and daughters for the men they loved," shouted one of the 30,000 Budapest women who marched in defiance of massed Russian troops in the 1956 uprisings to lay flowers on the tomb of Hungary's unknown soldier. Clutching their pathetic bouquets of flowers, the women threw themselves against the cordon of tanks and soldiers which ringed Hero Square. Many were pushing baby carriages or leading young children by the hand; the soldiers fired a fusillade of bullets over their heads, but still the women marched on to accomplish their mission.

In Utah a couple celebrated their seventy-ninth wedding anniversary and credited "love and plain living" for the many good years together. She was 96; he, 97. They had been childhood sweethearts. They have 10 children; 48 grandchildren; 149 great-grandchildren; and 32 great-great-grandchildren.

A Florida husband who always forgot his wedding anniversaries put up a billboard on a busy Miami street to celebrate his twentieth. Sign read: "To a wonderful wife who has borne with me for twenty years," and pictured him salaaming On the morning of their anniversary, he drove his surprised wife past the sign.

In Pennsylvania a girl married her high-school sweetheart knowing he had only a short time to live. His parents told her that their son had cancer, though he hadn't been told because they wanted him to lead as normal a life as possible in the time left him (the doctors predicted two to eleven years). The young couple were married fifteen months—the wife was five months pregnant—when he died. She did not regret her decision to marry—was happy for what time she had with her husband and to bear his son four months after his death.

A doctor and his wife adopted a two-year-old boy crippled from infancy by polio. Doctors said he might never be able to walk. He had been turned down by six couples. His foster mother under her husband's supervision worked tirelessly with the little boy, massaging his thin legs, giving him hours of planned exercise. At six, he walked and ran with only a slight limp, demonstrating, says the official who handled his adoption, that "love can do almost anything." END

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